

A GIRL JUMPED HIS CLAIM.

A year ago last spring a young man named Belden came to this county, took up 160 acres of land and built himself a shack. Two weeks later a girl named Helen Chapman took up the claim adjoining his on the west, and also built a cabin. The neighbors became slightly acquainted, but both were too busy to do much visiting. Belden was an easy going fellow, none too fond of work, and Helen was an active, aggressive, good-looking and ambitious young woman. She did two days' work to his one, and had a better farm at the end of sixty days than he would have had at the end of a year if had kept on in the way that he was going.

After Belden had been on his place about three months he became weary of the monotonous life, and going to town to have some fun, found so much enjoyment that he came pretty near forgetting to go home. When he had been gone longer than the time permitted by the land law, Helen, who had been watching her opportunity, jumped his claim, and in less than ten hours had a shack of her own standing on the farm. Belden returned at last, and finding that a woman had jumped his claim, he said nothing. If it had been a man it would have been his duty to go out and fight to the death, but as it was a woman, and a rather comely one at that, he thought he would say nothing and trust to luck to get rid of her. Occupying his own shack, he was not more than 300 feet from her new habitation. She held her ground well, treating him as an interloper, and never acting as though she had an idea that he belonged there.

Belden's wrath began to rise finally and when he reflected on the comments that would be made if he permitted a girl to jump his claim he grew furious. Knowing that the temper of most settlers would brook no interference with a girl farmer, he went to town for consultation. First he talked with some of his friends who drank his whiskey. They shook their heads and said it was a mighty bad job. Then he consulted a lawyer who gave him some hope.

In the course of a day or two he got two of his friends and the lawyer to go out to his place with him to see what they could do toward patching up a settlement. Once on the ground it was agreed that the lawyer should go and see the girl. He was absent an hour and a half, and when he returned he said it was no use. The girl was posted, and he didn't see what could be done about it.

"If it was a man," he said, "we could go over there and throw him by the heels into the next county, but it won't do to harm a woman."

The four talked the matter over, and it was finally agreed that the lawyer should call again in the morning, and represent to her that Belden's friends were coming to his assistance, and that if she wanted to avoid serious trouble she had better abandon her shack and leave his claim alone. The lawyer started out on this errand the next day, but he was back again in fifteen minutes with a lump on his head the size of a horse chestnut, where he said she had hit him with an axe handle.

After talking the matter over, every body being mad, it was decided that they would give her a scare as soon as it became dark. At about 9 o'clock all hands went over to the girl's new shack and surrounded it. At a given signal they yelled and fired their revolvers in the air. The reports had hardly died away when a shotgun was discharged from one window of the shack, and a moment later another shot was fired from the other side of the house. The men waited in silence for a few minutes when two more barrels were fired. This convinced them that the girl was not to be frightened, and they crawled away as stealthily as they could. All that night the girl's shotgun thundered at intervals, until her adversaries, who were vainly trying to sleep, wished that it would explode, and blow her and her shack to kingdom come.

In the morning Belden's lawyer and two friends started for town, leaving the jumped farmer alone in his misery. After their departure Belden did some work on the place, taking care not to run across the girl,

and though they saw each other frequently they both avoided a meeting.

Things went along in this way until fall. Helen worked on her own farm a good part of the time, and Belden passed many days in hunting. He had made up his mind that he could tire the girl out, and he believed that after she found that he was not to be got rid of, she would voluntarily abandon the claim. In this he was mistaken. One day, while out on a hunting expedition, he discharged his gun accidentally, and received several shot in his arm and side. He got home without difficulty, and examining the wounds, made up his mind that he would go to town in the morning to have them attended to. The next day he was in no condition to move, and was obliged to keep his bed. Growing rapidly worse, and fearing that his injuries would result seriously if not attended to, he watched for his next door neighbor, and when he saw her he signalled for her to come to him. The girl came up and heard his story, and volunteered to go to town for a doctor. When the physician arrived and dressed Belden's wounds Helen told them that she would look in occasionally and attend to the sick man's wants and she kept her promise religiously. For nearly a month she visited the Belden shack regularly, cooked and served Belden's meals, dressed his wounds, and helped him as tenderly as a relative could. When he got so that he could sit up and help himself, her visits became shorter and at longer intervals, and at length they ceased altogether.

This last spring it became necessary for somebody to put in the crops if anything was to be done. Belden had had no settlement with the girl, and she appeared to be making preparations to work his farm as well as her own. He didn't want to give up beaten, and he could not quarrel with a woman, especially one to whom he was under so many obligations. Finding that things were becoming intolerable as they were, he called on her one evening in May and they had a long talk, the result of which has just been discovered. After that consultation they were frequently together. They worked both farms this year and made big crops, and last week they were married.

GRANT'S CIGAR STUMPS

General Grant, when President, used to walk out every evening for a smoke. Just at dusk he would come out of the north gate of the White House alone, with a cigar in his mouth his head bent down just a little, and his left hand behind him holding a cane. That was his favorite attitude, and the striking figure was familiar to everybody. The hackmen on the streets would take off their hats as he went by and he always returned their salutes. He would walk down past the Treasury Department, down fifteenth to the avenue; thence past Willard's past the National Theater, and up thirteenth toward New York avenue. All the newsboys, bootblacks, and street arabs generally, knew him and would follow him in his walk, waiting for him to throw his cigar stumps away. There was always a scramble after the stumps either because they were better than those ordinarily found or because he had smoked them, and there was some dignity attached to smoking after him. The urchin who got the stump would put it between his lips and stand with his back up against the door post of a National "peanut gallery," with his thumbs in the armbolts of his vest, and puff away with a dignity that was the envy of all his admiring associates. One day the General turned to two little urchins who had been following him for several squares, watching his cigar very eagerly, and asked them what he could do for them.

"Pleesh mishter," one of them replied, snatching his ragged cap off and holding it with both hands in front of him, while his companion got close behind; "pleesh, mishter, we only want a smoke what the President hash had."

The General smiled good-humoredly, and taking an expensive cigar from his pocket—the only one he had left—he cut it in two and gave, each of them half. The two little rascals ran off with their hearts in their throats, and for many weeks were held in awe and reverence by the whole of urchindom.—*Washington Star.*

Wonderful.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch, Sept. 25th, 1880.
"Very seldom do we read of an actual case of recovery, where hope had altogether been lost, to parallel that which was Monday investigated by a Dispatch reporter, who had heard in various quarters persons talking to their friends of a cure, seemingly little short of marvelous, that had been performed. The plain facts in the case referred to, without exaggeration, are these, as they were learned from the mother of the young man, his pastor and other persons well known in the community:

"William Lincoln Curtis is the name of the young man in question. He is now employed at H. K. Porter & Co.'s locomotive works in Pittsburgh, Pa. A year ago he resided with his mother on Grant street. About that time he went to bed one evening with a violent pain in his shoulder, the result, he thought, of a cold. The next morning the shoulder was greatly swollen, the pain was intense, and aches were felt all through his system. His case was speedily developed into a violent form of chronic rheumatism, among the first notable features of which was the paralysis of his left arm.

"He gradually grew worse, and in a few months the elbow and knee joints and both ankles became enormously enlarged. In March last the cheek bones began to enlarge, and upon his left side particularly, spreading his face out of all resemblance to his former self. The pain in all his joints became intense, fever, with its deteriorating effects, was now added, and he became rapidly reduced to the semblance of a skeleton, while vitality reached its lowest possible condition, and his sufferings were of such an indelible character that those who most loved him sometimes thought it would be better if he were called away. At this time physicians well known in Pittsburgh informed his parents that they could give no hopes of recovery.

"The young man finally commenced taking that wonderful medicine, PERUNA. In two weeks quite a change for the better was perceptible. In six weeks all the enlargement had been reduced completely, while in spirits and strength the patient was quite as well as he had ever been in his life. Nearly three weeks ago he resumed work as a machinist at his old place, able to perform as much labor as ever in his life.

"The mother of Willie Curtis, in stating all these facts, said: 'Indeed, I can not look upon the cure much less than as a miracle. I do not hesitate in sounding the praise of PERUNA, and in recommending it to all my friends.'

"The pastor of the church where the young man attended Sabbath school was visited, and he cordially confirmed the facts of the deformed bones, the emaciated condition from disease, and of the doctors having given him up. He was greatly surprised at his improved condition, and said he, 'If he had not spoken, I would not have known him.'

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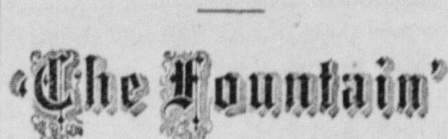
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