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For The Bloomfield Times.
OUR DAYS.

Our days pass by with frequent change—
Some bright, some dark and gloomy,
A few we give to making friends,
And more to making money.
A few are happy, joyous days,
But these are much too rare,
When we in childish, trusting faith
Build castles in the air.

And there are days to mem'ry dear,
Though cast with shadows o'er,
When we retire within ourselves,
And softly shut the door.
A lock of hair; some faded lines;
From friends no longer here,
Will often change to thoughtful days,
Our pleasant days of cheer.

And there are days—oh! listen not,
Sweet spirits up above—
When passions rankle in our breasts,
And not a drop of love.
When all our steps are downward turned,
And sinful all our ways;
And these we call, and well we may,
Our dark and evil days.

Sometimes we have our blessed days.
The sweetest of all given,
The days of love and peace and joy,
Ruled o'er by Holy Heaven.
O, may our future days like those,
By Heav'nly love be blest,
Until on yonder golden shore,
We find our day of rest.

A Story of the Frontier.

The first white settlers of West Virginia experienced a dark and troublesome time in effecting a permanent lodgement on the banks of the Ohio. The Indians being subsidized by the English were hostile, and conflicts were inevitable whenever a colonist met a native. To protect the pioneers of this then far remote region, a stockade was erected at Wheeling, somewhere about the close of the Revolutionary war, and a small garrison put with in it, which was more than once unsuccessfully besieged by the northern tribe of red men.

Game of various kinds, particularly wild turkeys, abounded in the vicinity of the fort, and was sometimes hunted by the soldiers to relieve the tedium of their monotonous life, and vary their ordinary rations. On one occasion the seeming call of one of these birds from a rocky ledge, not far to the rear of the stockade, prompted a soldier to go out in search, who, at the expiration of his leave of absence, had not returned. The autumnal sun declined and set in the hazy forests beyond the Ohio, and still his quarters in the fort were vacant, nor did he ever again fill them. Known to be of a restless disposition, it was surmised that, wearied of his confined garrison life, he had taken this opportunity to desert.

A day, or two afterward, the same bird call from the same direction invited a more trusty soldier to solicit permission to go out and hunt. The report of a rifle was heard anon in the direction he had gone and his companions began to look for his return, successful or otherwise. But he, too, came not, nor was he ever seen alive. These disappearances were accounted very singular, and parties were sent out to search for the missing, in vain. Before the excitement occasioned thereby had subsided, a squad of recruits to make good the places of men whose enlistments had expired, arrived from Pennsylvania.

Among them was one Lewis Wetzel, a veteran Indian hunter, acquainted with all the subtleties of Indian strategy, and a boldness equalled only by his success. Learning the recent mysterious occurrences, he quietly remarked that he could solve them if the like invitation to hunt should happen and leave to do so be given him. Fortunately he had not long to wait for it. One foggy morning the same sound echoed through the eastern forest and Wetzel stole forth on his perilous expedition. An hour passed on sufficiently tedious to his intensely excited comrades in the fort and then the sharp crack of a rifle broke the stillness of the woods.

"That's Wetzel's gun!" exclaimed the newcomers. "We should know it among a thousand." Shortly the long lithe figure of its owner stalked out of the forest into the clearing, and as it drew near a bloody scalp was seen dangling by its single grey lock of hair from the muzzle of his rifle. A rousing cheer welcomed his return through the sallyport, and the tale was told on this wise:

Ever suspicious of Indian devilry, and fertile in his inventions to meet it, he went out believing that the ominous bird call issued from a wary biped without

and was uttered to bring some unsuspecting victim within reach of his deadly tomahawk.

A repetition of it having enabled him to fix more definitely its direction and distance he slung his gun over his shoulder and climbed a tall pine, which gave a view of the ledge of rock from which the sound seemed to proceed. Shortly, from between the branches of his lofty perch, he espied the gray scalp-lock of an old Indian warrior, esconced behind a large rock, over which he was cautiously peering to watch the result of his craft. Instantly covering the mark with his unerring rifle Wetzel drew trigger, when the head dropped behind the rock and disappeared. He had obtained too sure an aim to distrust the success of his bullet, and waiting only a few minutes to ascertain whether the enemy were single or not, he descended and taking a circuit so as to bring him above the rock, got an observation into a kind of cavern behind it, where lay the wild turkey with a perforated brain. Hastening down he secured the rifle and other weapons of his foe, and found attached to his belt, the scalps of the two missing hunters, to which he immediately added that of their murderer and returned to the fort.

Wetzel's subsequent exploits along the border rank him with Daniel Boone in daring and success. The Indians considered him invulnerable, and from his ability to load his gun on the run thought the great Spirit had endowed him with an ever ready weapon. They stood in great fear of him and were never able to harm him, for he died at an old age in his bed.

A tall, long-legged Yankee from up the country, distinguished by a little head perched on a crane's neck, accoutred with a swallow-tailed coat and pantaloons that refused to be coaxed down to his ankles, boots shining with tallow, and hat that scorned over a half inch of brim, stalked into a city hotel to get what he called a "fancy dinner." Being seated at the table, and asked by a servant what he would have:

"Wall, I swan, I didn't know," said he, casting his eyes down the long array of friandeaux, cotelletes, ragouts, altogether, "kickshaws" on the bill of fare which confounded him with their variety while despaired of grappling with them all, "what would you take squire, if you were in my place? I can't eat all if I never was to have another meal of vittles from now till the snow flies."

"Wouldn't you like some soup?" said the waiter.
"Wall, squire you're 'bout right, I reckon; bring on your soup, and then I'll pitch into your bil vittles. You tax all the same they say, and its hard choosin', so I'll jist try one plate through the lot—I will if I bust!"

A young sport, gifted with a melodious voice became acquainted with a lovely female in a country town, and the evening following his introduction went to her residence where his voice was aired in serenading the house, for the lady chanced to be absent. He sang until he was hoarse patiently awaiting the looked for face at the window. Disheartened, he went home, but returned the next, and renewed the serenade commencing with the song, "Tis Years Since Last We Met." He had just uttered these words when a window was raised and a gruff voice shouted, "Hold on, young man; I think there's some mistake. It isn't long since last we met" for you were here last night. "Now git," and the old man hastened the serenade's departure by a shower of old boots and crockery. The young man has not since attempted to utter his musical notes in that neighborhood.

Gray, the celebrated poet, greatly dreaded fire, and kept a ladder of rope in his bed-room, so that he might the more readily escape, should the house take fire at night. Some mischievous young men at Cambridge knowing this, roused him in the middle of a dark night with the cry of fire. Up went the window, and down came Gray on his rope ladder as fast as he could, plump into a tub of water, which was placed there to receive him.

"It is only by labor that thought is made healthy; it is only by thought that labor is made happy." This maxim of Ruskin is traveling in all the newspapers, and will stick in the head of every worthy man who reads it.

The town of Wheelock, Vt., passed the following vote in 1797: "Voted, That the town be at the expense of rum for vending off the new meeting-house pews."

A Night on a Battle-field.

THE Prussian Captain Furstenberg, who was wounded and left for dead at Gravelotte, gives a frightful picture of what he witnessed after darkness had fallen upon "the ensanguined plain." Recovering from a fainting fit, he was surprised to observe human figures flitting about the heaps of dead and dying near him; and rising to his elbow he could detect quite plainly the white monastic design of the Knights of St. John upon the armet of the nearest man. Believing them to be priests, he called faintly for assistance, whereupon the bearer of the St. John's cross, instead of complying, hurriedly signaled three other figures to leave their mysterious work and come to himself. One of the three wore the garb of an ordinary field-priest, the two others appeared to be monk-knights of St. John; and to his unspeakable horror the stricken captain presently discovered that they were both robbing and murdering. Reaching a group of the fallen, they commenced cutting open the uniform of each at the breasts with knives and scissors; if a body gave signs of life, it was deliberately choked to death; pockets were emptied; rings were dragged, or even cut from fingers; and the pretended priests pocketed the horribly stolen valuables. Having given the captain time to understand their awful business, these human hyenas at length approached the spot where he lay, with an evident intention to strangle him, but his cries brought assistance and his life was saved.

Grave Humbug.

Sometime ago, as a gentleman was quietly passing along one of the streets of Boston, his attention was attracted to a woman just opposite, who appeared to be in great distress. He stopped and inquired what troubled her so much. She replied in a piteous tone, "My husband is dead, and I have no money to bury him." The gentleman hesitated but she repeated her story. "If you do not believe me, come and see." He followed her into the house, and there, sure enough, her husband was lying in the coffin ready for burial. The gentleman pitying her distress, removed his gloves and gave her money sufficient to bury her husband, bade her good-morning and departed. He had gone but a few steps when he missed his gloves, and on returning for them, entered without ceremony, and found the supposed dead man quietly sitting up in his coffin, counting the money he had given the woman a few minutes before. He took his gloves and remarked to the man that he need not trouble himself to count the money, as it was all right, and departed a wiser man.

Living Without Money.

Hundreds of Mormon farmers, living in reasonably comfortable circumstances, and having large families to clothe and educate, will not see a dollar in money for years. Such a farmer wishes to purchase a pair of shoes for his wife, he consults the shoemaker who avers his willingness to furnish the same for a load of wood. He has no wood, but sells a calf for a quantity of *adobes*, the *adobes* for an order on the merchant payable in goods, and the order for a load of wood, and straightway the matron is shod. Seven watermelons purchase a ticket for admission to the theatre. He pays for the tuition of his children twenty-five cabbages per quarter. The dressmaker receives for her services four squashes per day. He settles his church dues in sorghum molasses. Two loads of pumpkins pay his annual subscription to the newspaper. He buys a "Treatise on Celestial Marriage" for a load of gravel, and a bottle of soothing syrup for the baby, for a bushel of string beans. In this primitive method until the advent of the railroad was nine-tenths of the business of the territory conducted. And even now, in the more remote settlements, a majority of all transactions are of this character.

A fascinating youth of Louisville was very badly "sold" by the matron of the Kentucky State prison, in whose daughter he seemed to evince a very strong interest while traveling in a railroad car. Thinking the flirtation had continued long enough, she suddenly changed her seat to the side of the young man, and whispered in his ear, "Sir, you are a total stranger to me; but I think it may be my duty to warn you of impending evil. That young lady is just out of the State prison." A passenger got off at the next station.

SUNDAY READING.

Mothers Speak Kindly.

Children catch cross words quicker than parrots, and it is a much more mischievous habit. When mothers set the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid, while in many a home, where the low firm tone of the mother or the decided look of her steady eye is law, they never think of disobedience, either in or out of sight. O, mother, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that 'excellent thing in woman' a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient words never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. Read what Solomon says of them, and remember he wrote with an inspired pen. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own as well as for your children's sake, endeavor to learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, will they remember a harsh and angry tone. Which legacy will you leave to your children?

A River in the Ocean.

There is a river in the ocean. In the severest drouths it never fails, and in the mightiest flood it never overflows. Its banks and its bottoms are of cold water, while its current is warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other so majestic flow of water. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out as Carolina coasts, are of indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that the line of junction with the common sea water may be traced by the eye. Often one half of the vessel may be perceived floating in the Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and the want of affinity between these waters; and such too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream, to mingle with the waters of the sea. In addition to this there is another peculiar fact. The fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics by the Gulf Stream. Think of the Arctic fishermen burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras and the precious woods of the Amazon and Orinoco.

A young native of the Sandwich Islands while in our country, was spending the evening in a company where an infidel lawyer tried to puzzle him with difficult questions. At length the native said, "I am a poor heathen boy.—It is not strange that my blunders in English should amuse you. But soon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall all be there. They will ask us one question, namely, 'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' Now, sir, I think I can say yes. What will you say, sir?"—When he had stopped, all present were silent. At length the lawyer said, "that as the evening was far gone, they had better conclude it with prayer;" and proposed that the youth should pray. He did so; and as he poured out his heart to God, the lawyer could not conceal his feelings. Tears started from his eyes, and he sobbed aloud. All present wept, too; and when they separated, the words, "What will you say, sir?" followed the lawyer home, and did not leave him till he was brought to the Saviour.

Habits are forming like masonry. Every thought seems small, as every brick seems small. And yet, I notice, in the building that is going up behind my dwelling, that, small, as bricks are, one by one being set in mortar day by day, and man by man, the wall thickens, and rises, and solidifies, and the huge structure is piled up at last. Now, a man's life is made up of little thoughts, any one of which is not much, but the multitude of which are like bricks in the hands of the builder, The walls of your character are going up day by day. And you are building, not alone for time, but for eternity.