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than 3 months 10 cents a line.
All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and it is not paid the person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

Poetry.

SHOWING.

Gone theilly-fated snow,
Gazing down below,
Down below,
To the chilly, naked earth &
To the brooklet by the mill—
Lying still,
I can see a near my heart
Every pretty blossom flake
Wife awake,
While the sturken woods are dum
When they come.

Oh, there's language in the snow/
How it dances! see it go!—
See it go!
Every starry like a voice,
Though it utters nō a word.
Can be heard;
Yet the gentle wind rejoices,
For they hear the inner strain;
And again
To the breathing heart it calls
As it falls.

To the listening soul that yearns
For the beautiful; and tears
Mysteries the bower torn
Lugh to score.

Gone theilly-fated snow,
Moving desolately and slow—
Wings it reverently the grove
Where, never lifting her blue eyes
Hearst lies,
Like stalks in a core,
Or a little vein of gold
None bold;
Like a star that wears a cloud
For its skirt,
Flakes a tips, ois by one;
Flower, flower; they are done.
As afraid to break her sleep,
Silence keep.

Select Poem.

CHASED BY WOLVES.

A Tale of Wild Western Life.

BY BROOKS

All Californians, who has ever traveled in the Golden State in which have either seen or heard of coyotes. Therefore, it will be unnecessary for me to give a very minute description of the animal.

As a general thing they resemble the dog; are however, smaller and have a long pointed nose; they are inveterate cowards, and very rarely attack man, unless hard pressed by hunger.

Many a weary minor has had his chamber ruthlessly broken by the quarterly howlings of coyotes, and in his extreme indignation has seized his gun with the intention of putting an end to some of his tormentors, but pulled out only to see the whiz pastem scamp off. However, cowardly coyotes may usually be, I, for one, just cause for bid or battal for the animals, as I once had an adventure with them that came near costing me my life.

In the winter of 53 I was residing in one of our mountain towns, and often, by way of recreation would take my gun and go to a small stream called Dry creek, about three miles from the town, in pursuit of ducks—which articles of game was very plenty there.

One afternoon I took my fowling piece and sought my usual haunts for ducks. I was very fortunate, and before nightfall had bagged more than I had anticipated; consequence was I ran out of powder. Inwardly upholding myself for not bringing more I started for home. By this time it was probably an hour after sunset.

It was a glorious night. The stars were out in all their brilliant magnificence; the moon soared high in the unclouded sky, affording me sufficient light to travel with ease.

I was charmed with the beauty of the evening, and was walking at a slow pace, humming snatches of tunes I had often heard from the lips of loved ones, when suddenly I heard the familiar howl of a coyote.

"Ah, you cowardly beast!" I mentally ejaculated, "were you only within gun-shot, and I had my revolver ready, I would send you into the midle of next week making a different noise from that."

As I proceeded further, the howlings increased, and occasionally a howl more bold than the rest would venture out of the thicket, like a good look at me and disappear.

"Supposing they should attack me now?" thought I, "here is this desolate and lonesome place, with no power to aid in my defense. Pooch!" I laughed at the idea. "What coyotes attack a man? Those skilling devils that throwing a stone at would drive away? Ha, ha!"

As I proceeded further toward home the howlings became more numerous, and gangs of two and three would cross my path at a distance of probably 100 feet, and scamper off on my throwing a stone at them.

I was probably a mile and a half from where I had been hunting when I noticed that the coyotes began throwing off their timidity, and would approach quite near me. "Getting tame," thought I; "undoubtedly know I am out of powder, and think to impress me with the idea that you are a courageous set of hounds. Oh, you can't come that game!" and I threw a stone at a large, long-eared fellow, which struck him on the head and had a tendency to accelerate his movements.

"Coward and snare the ugly things



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would come, till finally I noticed that some were following at about fifty feet distance. Still this did not excite any suspicion that I was to be attacked.

I was now about half way home, and began to feel uneasy, as the pack had steadily increased, until they numbered some twenty-five, all the while snapping, growling and fighting, and, you may imagine, making rather no unpleasant noise for a lone traveler, at night, and full a mile from any house.

Closer and closer they passed as I walked along at rather a brisker pace than when I started. They seemed to really mean mischief by their actions.

I admit a cold perspiration broke out upon my forehead; but still I would not admit that I was in danger. Thus, I had heard of instances where men had been killed by coyotes, but had never placed faith in such stories.

Snapping and growling like a lot of hungry dogs over a bone, the whole pack were following close upon my heels, and at every step they seemed to gain upon me, until they were within ten feet of me.

Turning round, I shouted with all my might and threw a handful of small stones at them, with the idea of frightening them away; but it wouldn't do; they were not to be put to flight by either bad words or stones. Nature and reason they advanced, stretching out in the form of a semi-circle, and presenting a very formidable front. Occasionally one would make a faint as though to fasten his teeth in my leg. So bringing my gun from my shoulder, I used it as a sort of club in defense.

Grasping it by the barrel firmly, I would raise it over my head and bring it down with considerable force on the body of any coyote that would make a dash at me.

By this time they were very close together; so close, in fact, that I could hit one every time I swung my gun, and now the starting fast brought my mind that I was the game upon which they were after. I had cast of horrible adventures with wolves, and here was a species of animals equally formidable as any wolves, and having as unfeeling and treacherous a nature as any wolf ever had.

Oh! the terrible thought of being made food for this, at any other time, cowardly set of wolves! A thousand thoughts crowded through my mind. Home and friends, safety and loved ones, when I had left far away, and journeyed to this land. I grew faint, and would have fallen, but the thought of my position gave me no strength and served my aim for the unusual contest.

With all the force I could muster, I swung my gun right and left, striking a coyote every time, but without any apparent effect; for as speedily as one would fall back, two or three would crowd in his place.

Some ten minutes I thus combated my terrible enemies, advancing and retreating, and finally, as the last of the pack had hit Joe's pistol, he got up, and after getting the breath out of her mouth started to her father. Joe got up too, and after giving one unearthly yell started after her. As he started in his blindfold by blood, he stumbled over a chair and landed flat on the top of the dog and knew his name of the day.

Hearing the racket, the neighbors who were not greater than he could be, ran and looked the man to lay aside his pistol.

The pistol was loaded and Nieman pulled off his coat and began to dance.

"Woop it up," yelled the man, "I'll pull off your drawers."

The trooper came off and the dancing continued.

"Pull off your drawers!"

The drawers dropped to the ground.

"Off with your shirt."

The shirt flew into the air. A noise was heard outside and the landlord, his wife and daughter were on the porch.

"Lead me go, for God's sake," pleaded Nieman.

"No, sir, I'll kill you if you attempt to leave. You are a coward."

The door-knob turned. Nieman sprang towards the door and dashed up stairs as the pistol snapped.

In a few minutes the landlord came up and handed Nieman his clothes. "I forgot to tell you," he said, "that my brother is deceased. He has an old pistol, but you couldn't hurt anything with it. He is harm less, but likes his little joke."

The next morning the wild man was in such a god humor that he offered to beat Nieman throwing rocks at an oyster can.

An Arizona judge has just shown his appreciation of modern improvements in firearms by shooting and killing an editor. The editor's part in the affair immediately sent the magistrate and was himself waylaid and extinguished the same night by some parties unknown. The total bag for the day's sport was a judge and two editors.

The true journalist is a free, untrammeled creature, governed by none," proudly wrote the editor in his leader on "That Mighty Engine the Press." Then he went home to dinner, and was ingloriously carried under the bed by his wife and a broom for omitting to send up the noonday meal.—*Rockland Courier.*

"Open your mouth, you rascal!" cried the master, seizing him by the arm, and shaking him. "What has happened?"

"O, master! A man came to your house last night, and got into the chamber window by a ladder, and carried off."

"Speak! Speak!" yelled the old man, sinking his servant furiously, while his own face was the very picture of moral terror.

"What—what—did he carry away?"

"O! ha—he—carried away your wife, sir!"

The old scientist let go his servant's arm, and drew a long, deep reviving breath.

"Was—was—that all?"

"Yes, sir."

"You rascal! You come here frightening me out of my wits. I forced the villain *had been robbing me* of my specimens."

Kindness is stowed away in the heart like rose leaves in a drawer to sweeten every object about them; to bring hope to the weary hearted.

"Come and smear the ugly things

Interrupted Family Prayers.

Joe Brown lives not far from Sedalia, Mo. He has a wife and three children. There is also a dog and cat, and, we suppose, plenty of rats. Joe is very poor. Last Tuesday morning, as usual, Joe called the family to prayers.

Bethany didn't have prayers Tuesday morning. No indeed! If Joe can pay worth a cent now. After announcing the family around him, and looking at the clock that was ticking so loudly on the mantle, Joe found out that he must push things this morning, for time won't wait on religion.

After getting the family seated around him, Joe gave out the hymn. After this he read two verses of the gospel according to St. John.

Joe's eldest boy, during the mean time, had concluded to have a little fun. The dog wanted a drink and had gone behind the house.

Snapping and growling like a lot of hungry dogs over a bone, the whole pack were following close upon my heels, and at every step they seemed to gain upon me, until they were within ten feet of me.

Turning round, I shouted with all my might and threw a handful of small stones at them, with the idea of frightening them away; but it wouldn't do; they were not to be put to flight by either bad words or stones.

Nature and reason they advanced, stretching out in the form of a semi-circle, and presenting a very formidable front. Occasionally one would make a faint as though to fasten his teeth in my leg. So bringing my gun from my shoulder, I used it as a sort of club in defense.

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The Drummer's Dance.

The Little Rock Gazette says: Goo Ninaman, a St. Louis drummer who arrived in Little Rock recently, stopped some time ago at a small cross-road hotel in Grant County, Southern Arkansas. The house contained 4 rooms and a kitchen. After supper Ninaman was told he must spend part of the night alone, as the family would sit up a protracted meeting in the neighborhood. The host, with his wife and daughter, left the house and Ninaman sat in one of the rooms alone. His foolishness was added to by the fact that he was tickling the owl in the yard which hooted dismally and an old red cloak on a shelf which tickled solemnly. The drummer, not having been assigned to a room, could not go to bed, and he tried to keep away by reading the "Life of St. Paul," the only book he could find. The big grease lamp was spattering in unison with the tickling of the owl, when the door of an inner room opened and a tall wail went in.

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