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Poetry.

The Perfect Death.

Where shall we learn to die? Oh, gaze with a steadfast eye On dark Gethsemane, Or darker Cavalry, Where, thro' each lingering hour, The Lord of grace and power, Most lowly and most High, Has taught the Christians how to die.

When in the olive shade, His long last prayer he prayed; When on the Cross to Heaven His parting spirit was given, He showed that to fulfill The Father's gracious Will, Not asking how or why, Alone prepares the soul to die.

No word of angry strife, No anxious cry for life, No speak and torture torn His spears not given for scorn; Calmly forgiving those Who deem themselves his foes, In silent majesty He points the way at peace to die.

Delighted to the last In memories of the past; Glad at the parting meal; In slowly tasks to kneel; Still yearning to the end For mother and for friend; His great humility Lives in such acts of love to die.

Beyond His depths of Woe A wider thought arose, Along his path of gloom Thought for his country's doom, Attendant all pain and grief, Thought for the contrite thief— The far-stretched sympathy Lives on when all he shall die.

Here! but not alone, The world is still his own; The realm of deathless truth Still breathes in youthful youth; Pure, though in shuddering dread, That all is foisted, With purpose fixed on high The friend of all mankind must die.

Of by these weary hours Of slowly ebbing power, By those deep lessons learned In each expiring word; By the unfolding love; Lifting the soul, above, When our last end is nigh, To teach us, Lord, with thee to die!— Dear Stanley in Macmillan's Magazine.

Trip Lightly. Trip lightly over trouble, Trip lightly over wrong; We only need give our hearts To dwelling on a wrong. Way-steps were band so tightly? Why sigh we, when we are dead? Why cling to things we cannot get? Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow, Though all the days be dark, The sun may shine to-morrow. Angrily sting the lark. Fair hope has not departed, Though roses may have died; Then never look down-hearted, But look for joy instead.

did not dare to stir outside the stockade, and we lived in hourly expectation of an attack which we had little hope of being able to resist. For the Urapapas were now being joined by numbers of the worst characters from other neighboring tribes of Sioux, who, like hungry wolves, were drawn to the place where there was a prospect of blood.

Meanwhile cold weather came on, and the river froze over. There was not much snow, but just a thin layer of it over the hard frozen ground and ice. For more than a month no couriers from below had come to us, nor had I dared to send out messengers. But at length it became necessary, in view of the threatening hostility of the Indians, to communicate with Fort Union and Buford, at all hazards.

On the morning of the nineteenth of November, the men were called together, and after telling them of my dislike to detail one of them for such a service, I inquired whether either of them would volunteer to take a dispatch to Fort Union—a distance of nearly or quite one hundred miles.

There was hesitation, as I had expected. No one responded for some minutes. Presently a private Freeman A. Starbird stepped from the line and said he would try it, if he could be furnished with a good pair of skates.

Starbird was a young man of about twenty three, from one of the Eastern States, New Hampshire, I think. His name was Freeman A. Starbird. I remember distinctly his name distinctly, because the boys used jokingly to call him "Aun Maria," from the similarity of the sounds.

He was a long-legged, rather tall youngster, with a clear brown complexion, black eyes and black hair; a good soldier, who took what came and never grumbled.

"Can you skate, Starbird?" I asked. "Oh, I need to skate a little," said he. "I rather guess I can get down to Fort Union by night—if I can't come to too many open streets."

"And the redskins can't get you from the bank," says one of the boys. "You will hardly reach Fort Union in one day," I said. "But I was only too glad to accept the offer of his services."

Mr. W.—The Indian agent and trader at the post, had by his side some skates. From these Starbird selected a pair, and mentioned I wrote a dispatch to Major P., at Fort Union, informing him of the good news.

Within twenty minutes Starbird was bounding on his skates at the river bank. An ordinary skater's outfit with head and waist, and a revolver and knife in his belt, completed his equipments. Jumping to his feet, he crept out upon the river, then coming round, he dashed past us, with a smart military salute, skimming away down the broad stream, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

The sun had risen bright in the azure winter haze. Every bush sparkled with frosty particles. There was just a dust of dry snow on the smooth ice, not enough to impede skates. Away went our man round a high bluff, at a bend, half a mile below.

minutes he was far past them, and not a little elated with his feat, he tucked his face and twinkled his fingers at them in a lively fashion.

A prolonged whooping answered this signal of defiance. There was long straight stretch, down which Starbird flew at full speed, thinking himself safe from that party at least.

But he did not know the ground as well as the redskins knew it. Glancing back a minute later, he saw that four or five of them had creased the ice and were hurrying mounting the bluffs of the other bank. Yet he did not at once mistrust what they intended—which was to get him off at the next "bow."

For some three or four miles below, the river turns north again, sweeping round in a majestic bend. By running overland not much more than two miles, the Indians would reach the river, whereas Starbird had to skate more than seven miles to reach the same point.

Not knowing this, and seeing that the savages were not in pursuit on the ice, Starbird went on for a couple of miles, and then coasted for ten or fifteen minutes, and took breath.

To his surprise, just as he was starting out from the bank to go on, he saw two Indians coming after him on skates, a mile back up the river.

He watched their skating a moment or two, and concluding from their movements that he could keep out of their way, he crept off again at an ordinary speed. They did not get within one of the contrary, he saw that he was leaving them.

Four or five miles were soon gone over, when his life conservation instincts overtook him, and he concluded to take a little rest. He had been headed off and there, too, were the redskins behind.

For some time he was on the point of cutting his skates across and taking to the bank. But knowing the redskins would have the advantage of him there, he resolved to remain on the ice and bore down toward them.

"Halt, halter!" (Halt up, halter!) the redskins shouted to him, and then—reaching his companion—twined their fingers at him with a whoop of defiance.

But Starbird had no thoughts of halting. As he drew nearer the savages presented their guns that he dashed toward them, till he was within ten hundred yards, when gliding round he dashed half up stream.

average was an immense fellow, and kept charging straight at Starbird, who played round him pistol in hand.

Two shots that he fired missed the redskin. A moment after, mistaking a point on the Indian's part, Starbird lunged to avoid him, and the two came in such forcible collision that both went sprawling on the ice eight or ten yards apart.

Both scrambled to their knees. The savage swung his gun for a blow, with better aim, Starbird so injured the Indian's leg that it was useless, for he could not move it.

Meanwhile the other Indian on skates, who had stopped with the other three, half or three-fourths of a mile above, was coming, with them not twenty rods away. Starbird had barely time to leap to his feet and dash away—with both skipping round him again.

He was not again waylaid however and reached Fort Union early the next afternoon. Two days later, we had the satisfaction of seeing three companies of the— Cavalry rate up to the stockade.

The American Husband. It is an acknowledged fact that the average American man makes a wretched husband. He recognizes his wife as an equal in all things. He appreciates her services, pities her in illness and sympathizes with her grief.

He strives to be in all things her burden-bearer. But as an effect against these good qualities he is, in every respect, too much of a husband. He is too good, too kind, too generous.

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The Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.

We stand in the presence of a great fact. No act of ours of any elevated intelligence can annihilate it. That fact is the Bible. The Bible is not a thing upheld by the Church; it is a power that upholds Christianity. The world in the presence of the Bible, where it is accepted, studied, believed, differs widely from the world where it is unknown.

We are all the world to believe and strive to obey the Bible, it would become infinitely superior to its present condition. It is that part of the world of man.

This Bible is a book whose authorship is as true as that of no other book ever written. It is the first and only book that has ever been written which is the product of inspired men.

It is not claimed that it is now, or ever was, perfect in its external arrangement. It is not perfect in its internal arrangement. It is not perfect in its external arrangement. It is not perfect in its internal arrangement.

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Value of Coins.

We print below the prices paid by most of the large dealers in the United States for the coins mentioned. Private collectors would in many cases pay more, as there are very few complete collections, the one at the Philadelphia mint not even being complete.

1793—Half cent, 75 cents; one cent, \$2. 1793—Half cent, 20 cents; one cent, 10 cents; five cents, \$1.25; ten cents, \$1.50; one dollar, \$10.

1793—Half cent, 5 cents; one cent, 2 cents; five cents, 10 cents; ten cents, 20 cents; one dollar, \$1.50. 1793—One cent, 2 cents; ten cents, \$1; one dollar, \$10.

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There was no skulking now. The