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RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1876.

NO. 22.

NOT PROVEN.

There were few prettier pictures than that disclosed in the old rectory garden on that bright winter morning. Tip toe, holly, her golden hair falling from her face over her sealskin jacket, and her violet eyes sparkling, was May West-leigh, the rector's daughter; while within a few feet of her, watching her efforts with much amusement and a vast amount of admiration, stood Thomas Mildmay, a handsome young muscular Christian, attired in a tweed suit and felt hat. Suddenly, the latter burst forth-

"It is the rector's daughter,
And she has grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles in her ear."

"Don't be absurd, Tom," interrupted the lady. "You are a gallant gentle-man, truly, to see a female in distress and not aid her."

"Have I not offered six times at

least, May, and been refused?"
"And will be again, sir. This is the most lovely piece of holly I have seen this season, and I am determined that no other fingers than mine shall touch it, until I give it to dear Jack when he comes this evening. They don't grow holly in India, do they, Tom?"
"No. I think not."
"Then it will be a welcome offering

to an English heart. Oh, how glad, glad, very glad, I shall be to see the dear old fellow!"

"If you speak so enthusiastically, May, 'pon my word, I shall be jealous,"

remarked the gentleman.
"Jealous—you! and of Jack! Nonsense. Why, Tom, I love him like a
brother. We were brought up, you

know, as children together."

"So he told me, May, when we met in India, and he gave me the letter of introduction to the rector. Indeed," proceeded Thomas Mildmay, still inspecting the gathering of the holly, which persistently clung to its parent term. The graphs so increasantly about stem, "be spoke so incessautly about you that I fancied"— ery." Jack !" exclaimed the girl, pale and

"Pray, what, sir?"
"That there existed a deeper affection than a brother's and sister's, May."

"Which shows how you were de-ceived. Talk of women jumping at hasty conclusions! Men are a thousand times worse. There, after all, you must lead me your knife, Tom; the branch will not break, it is so tough." Thomas Mildmay produced it, again offering his services, which, notwith-standing the obstinacy of the holly, were again rejected.

"Cut upward, not downward, May, he cried, suddenly stepping forward;

"the knife is sharp."
The warning came too late; the keen blade had flashed through the tough thers and penetrated May's white, slender finger. le was not a very serious cut, but

The cry she uttered was leap forth. echoed by her companion, whose arm quickly encircled her dainty waist, as he caught her hand in his.

"Ob, dearest!" he exclaimed, in concern, "why did you not permit me?" "Because," answered May, a little pale, "I said no one should touch this branch but myself, Tom, and no one shall. But see!" and, a quaver in her voice, she held the holly toward him; "there is blood upon it! It is a ball omen.

He glanced at the bough, and truly, fallen on it, as bright as the berries themselves, were a few crimson drops "Pad omen, May?" he laughed, wrapping her wounded finger in his handkerchief; "what childishness!

Why, you are absolutely pale! 'Por my word, your concern for Jack is al-ready making me jealous." "Don't letit do that, Tom," she said, gravely. "Why not?" He smiled, amused at

her serious tone. "Because, Tom, you are, I believe, the best tempered man I ever knew; "But?" he questioned, fondly re-

garding her. "I am sure you love me so truly, that were you jealous of any one, I fancy you would not be accountable for your action.

He caught her in his arms and pressed a kiss on her smooth cheek. "My derling, you are right," he re-plied, grave in his turn. "If I thought should lose you, or another was seek ing to win you from me, I think I should

either kill him or myself." "Now you are talking pure nonsense, Tom, dear. Let us go in," she laughed, as, taking his arm, they moved over the crisp, frosty lawn to the quaint old rectory, a very Jack-in-the-green of ivy, which encircled its highest gables. But even during the embrace, May had kept the holly branch from coming in contact with Thomas Mildmay, and did so still.

Was this an omen, too?

The clear winter's morning had given place to a bleak, wintry night, and the snow dashed sharp and cutting in the faces of the rector and his old pupil, John Westmacott, as they walked along the drear Scottish road from the railway

station to the rectory.
"Now, doctor," said Jack, merrily,
"let me take the reius while you tell me all the news. Remember the road? Aye, every stone of it, as if I had traveled it but yesterday. How kind it was of you, on such a night, to come yourself to meet me! How jolly I feel to see old Caithness again! What song is that May used to sing about there being no place like home? Neither is there. And how is May?-bless her heart! Older, of course—and prettier, I'd

"Well, all the change you will find in her, Jack, is for the better; and I have one piece of news that will surprise you, perhaps, but I think I'll leave it for May rself to tell or your own eyes to read.

grow nervously auxious for that news, and no other ! "Nay, doctor," he remarked, "re member how long 1've been away. Don't tantalize me. What is it! Does it con-

cern-concern May?" Not so much, Jack. She is engaged to be married.' "Married !"

"Only since you have been on your

voyage home, dear boy, or she would have written to tell you. You will have to wish her joy."
"I do, and "—but this was under his breath-"him. He has robbed me of

It was so. John Westmacott had ome back to marry May, the companion of his childhood, the love of his youth. In those days he had termed her his little wife; laughingly she had accepted the title. In nothing had he been more serious. During his absence, all while fighting for that fortune he had realized,

amid care and trouble, one idea had up-held him—the returning to England and marrying May Westleigh. He had never doubted that she knew of and recipro-cated his affection. He had come back to find his happiness scattered to the

Winds.

How he went through the evening which ensued he never knew. How he so calmiy kissed the cheek May, in all her innocence, presented to "her brother;" how quietly he listened to the the story of the holly bough, and how he took Thomas Mildmay's hand, was a mystery he never knew. All seemed the act of another person, not himself. He and his secret somehow stood apart. Only when he found himself unexpectedly alone with May, just before leaving, did he lose self-control. Flinging out his hands toward her, he cried, bitterly :

"May, why have you thus deceived me? You knew I loved you. Why did you not warn me of this? Why allow me to be so cruelly disappointed? Why, of all men, did you select Thomas Mild-may, who knew my secret? He is a crafty coward to have won you from me; but, by Heaven, he shall rue his treach-

alarmed, "what do you mean?" "That I love you, May-have loved

you, must love you to my dying hour."

Before she divined his intention, he had taken her in his arms, pressing a kiss on her forehead, then he had gone, and the girl, full of grief, dropped weeping on a chair. A voice roused her. Looking up she beheld Thomas Mildmay by her side. His face was white, his brows contracted, and his lips

"May," he asked, hoarsely, "I have heard every word. I was yonder," pointing to the conservatory. "What is all this? What does he mean by your deceiving him?" Tom, I know no more than you; un-

less he has taken a childish joke in seri-ousness. Papa shall put him right."
"No. He has called me coward, and used me of worse. The task must be mine, and the explanation and apology alike must be made to-night.'

He moved away. She tried to stav him, but for once he was deaf to her voice. The outer door banged, and, striding over the snow, Thomas Mild may followed John Westmacott, who, with a persi-tency for which his old tutor could not account, refusing a bed at the rectory, had started for the

The snow had ceased, but a tempest of wind had arisen; the leafless trees streamed like wands before it, and the waves were heard breaking in bursts like thunder upon the shore not a mile distort. The sky was leaden and drear, only the earth was white. A mountain stream, which, when the rains or snow came s elled into the dimensions of a river, intersected the road leading from the rectory to the willage, and on this night it rushed and eddied in whirling foam between its banks and the sea. Spanning its flood was a rustic bridge,

about which grew a few firs and larches. It was here that Thomas Mildmay overtook John Westmacott. What passed between them we used not minutely recount. It was accusation and refutation at first, speedily followed by angry words, blended with threats; then there was a blow, a sharp, short struggle, and one man quitted the spot, while the other bay on the river's bank, his face on the snow, motionless and still, and by his ide a spray of the holly branch May Westleigh that morning had gathered.

Not proven. That was the verdict. John Westmacott, there was a good reason to believe, had been murdered, and by Thomas Mildmay. The two young men had quitted the rectory ai most together, each bound for the Only one, however, Thomas Mildway, had arrived at the inn, his clothes in disorder, his manner sgitated, his hirt front blood stained. The next morning, John Westmacott was missing. Search was made, and not only indications of a fierce struggle were discovered on the left bank of a river, but also the impress of a mau's body in the snow, and a sprig of holly, a gold seal and caue, all of which were John Westmacott's property. But the body of John Westmacott was missing. On being arrested. Thomas Mildmay confessed that he and John Westmacort had fought, by the bridge, upon what matters he re-fused to state. But he declared that the unpress on the snow was his own, that he had been struck down insensible by he had lost not a moment in returning whenever taken they proved to be his opponent; that, on recovering, he to Scotland in the first ship that sailed, Crows, who had been with Gen. Custer. had found himself alone, and had, fear- which, by a singular chain of circuming to alarm the inmates of the rectory, gone on to the inu.

Some believed the story. May did from her heart. Nevertheless, circumstantial evidence was against him. On such a night the body of a man thrown into the river would have been whirled down to and lost in the ocean like a whisp of straw. Still, as no body could be found, and direct proof of murder was wanting, the Scotch jury brought "Not proven," and with the brand Why did John Westmacott start and of Cain on his forehead, which only the appearance of John Westmacott could remove, the accused was released, condemned mutely, if not openly, by the

public voice. "Then what do you think has be-come of him?" asked the rector, sadly, after hearing Thomas Mildmay's recital

of his quarrel. " I cannot imagine, sir, unless he has John Westmacott gripped the reins so committed suicide," was the rejoinder. ade. The coroner's jury returned a versharply that the horse reared. It gave "He was mad at the moment. His ac- dict of "Death from gluttouy."

an excuse for his temporary silence; then rather huskily came the interrogation:
"To whom, doctor?" cusation, his language proved it. He was capable of anything."
"What do you intend to do, my poor

rather huskily came the interrogation:
"To whom, doctor?"
"Your friend, Thomas Mildmay."
"My friend!" muttered the ex-pupil between his teeth, "curse him!" Then aloud—"Howlong has she been engaged, doctor?"
"Save to me, dear Tom," said May." "Save to me, dear Tom," said May, moving to him, and lifting her brave eyes to his. "If you go, it shall not be alone. I do not think you guilty. I

believe all you have said. I have promised to be your wife, and I will be so now, dear, as ever." For some moments his emotion was too great for speech. Then, embracing

too great for speech. Then, embracing her tenderly, he exclaimed:

"Heaven bless you for those comforting words, my darling. But, no; you shall not make this sacrifice; you shall not bear a name shadowed by such a verdict, which implies my guilt not sufficiently proved for the law to punish, but couplly guilts. but equally guilty.

Two years had elapsed, during which

pell-meil upon the beach.
"The boat is done for," said the rector, regarding it, Lut praise Heaven,

ould swim it. It is impos ejaculated the rector. sible, "The boat is useless. We have no means to of his officers and men, the bodies of relp bim, nuless any here would risk his horses, some of them dropped along their own lives to meet him with a the path, others heaped where halts ap-

There was silence. The ready—the man wanting. They were sistance was offered by the troops, but not cowards, but few there could swim, they were beset on all sides by overand those who were able regarded the ttempt as pure madness. Suddenly, in their midst, stood a man

dready divested of his coat. "Fasten the rope round me," aid, quietly. I am a strong swimmer, and perhaps can do it." At the sound of the voice May sprung

orward with a cry,
"Tom—Tom Mildmay!" she daimed. "Oh, no, no-not you!" He smiled encouragingly upon her, through the billows. In that stormy sea as to May, who leaned, half fainting, vet too anxious to lose entire consciousness, upon her father's arm. A quarter of an hour, and the signal was given pull in. Rapidly it was obeyed. But sch haul found the weight heavier, until it was evident the swimmer or hani they were landed. The two were found speechless, clasped in each other's the crowd gathered round, and a murmurdered man, John Westmacott.

Little remains to be told. John Westmacott, on recovering, heard with conafter striking Thomas Mildmay down, he had set off to walk to a neighboring the morning of the 25th. The infantry the rectory again. A vessel, when he the most difficult country which I have retail dealers to satisfy customers. his misery. In Norway he had remained miles further, reaching camp at miduntil a week back, when chance had night. The scouts were sent out at halfthrown into his hands an old newspaper containing Thomas Mildmay's trial. Shocked and overwhelmed with remorse,

"You have saved my life, Tom," he said, warmly pressing his friend's palm, "and I am here to prove your innocence. Forgive the past, and"—taking May's hand, and himself placing it in the other's-"I pray you may be happy. If your guilt was not proven, your devotion | the Little Big Horn. is, and fully merits the reward of sweet May Westleigh's love."

haracter, but ate for dinner a potato pie, a plum pudding, a sheet of gingeroup, washing the meal down with three basins each of beer, water and lemonTHE FATAL BATTLE.

General Terry's Official Report Relative to the Loss of Custer and his Command.

the Less of Custer and his Command.

The following is Gen. Terry's official report of Custer's engagement with the Indians, received at the headquarters of Gen. Sheridan. It is dated June 27th:

It is my painful duty to report that on the 25th inst., a great disaster overtook Gen. Custer and the troops under his command. At twelve o'clock on the twenty-scoond he started with his whole regiment and a strong detachment of regiment and a strong detachment of scouts and guards from the mouth of the Rosebud. Proceeding up that river about twenty miles he struck a very heavy Indian trail, which had previously been discovered, and pursuing it found that it led, as was supposed, to the Little Big Horn river. Here he found a village of almost unexampled extent, and at once attacked it with that portion of his fcree which was immediately at hand. Major Reno with three companies, A, G, and M, of the regiompanies, A, G, and M, of the region intelligence had been heard of John ment, was sent into the valley of the Westmacott, were he living, nor lately of stream at the point where the trail Thomas Mildmay, when, one stormy night, the anniversary of John Westmander of John Westman cott's disappearance, the inmates of the rectory were aroused by the deep, melanchely beem of the minute gun. It left bank, and dismounted and fought on was a sound, unfortunately, too often heard on that wild, rugged north coast, but it frequently did not deter the inhabitants quitting their beds, anxious to render aid. The rector was even among looked its right bank. Just as he rethe first on the spot to encourage and reward. On this night, despite his persuasion, for she had grown very delicate lately, May, her plaid wrapped around lately, May, her plaid wrapp to send the stormy sea, as black as the tempt to renew the fight in the valley he to return, came to send the stormy sea, as black as the tempt to renew the fight in the valley he to return, came a stirring day among the soldiers and officers here at Camp Douglas, and a sad the identical warriors who committed day for the wives of those who are unfortunate enough to be married, for this tempt to renew the fight in the valley he fortunate enough to be married, for this renew the fight in the valley he recompanied him. sky above, except when the white crests of the waves flashed out, before they broke with a deafening roar upon the shore. Among these waves, gored by the hidden reefs, was the ill-tated ship, Reno soon. This united force was near the hidden reefs, was the ill-tated ship, Reno soon. This united force was near o'clock train, and officers and more have number until their force amounted to have a number until the hidden have the hidden reets, was the ill-fated sulp, rolling as in mortal agony, while clinging to the shrouds and rigging were tiny specks, known to be men, whose numbers, after each sweeping wave, were mournfully lessened.

With difficulty the lifeboat was no escape. Rifle pits were dug, and the fight was maintained by brave-hearted volunteers, and pulled in its mission of rescens. Twice successfully, it made the rescue. Twice, successfully, it made the journey, but the third time, caught by a side wave, it and its freight were hurled pell-mell upon the beach.

Twice, successfully, it made the fill six o'clock of the twenty-sixth, when the local loc

"The boas is sector, regarding it, but praise it."

"No, no! Oh, papa, in mercy look!"
cried May, catching his arm. "There is yet one on board who has been left behind."

Her words attracted every eye to the item and there, holding to the shrouds, and there, holding to the shrouds, to the bank of the river, but at once diverges from it, as if he had unsuccessively. the five companies under his immediate comm and closes. It is marked by the remains pear to have been made. There is abundant evidence that a gallant rethey were beset on all sides by overwhelming numbers.

The officers known to be killed are: Gen. Custer, Capts. Keogh, Yates and Custer; Lieuts. Cooke, Smith, McIntosh, Calhoun, Porter, Hodgson, Sturgis and Reilly, of the cavalry; Lieut. Crittenden, of the Twentieth infantry, and Acting Assistant Surgeon De Wolf, Lieut. Harrington, of the cavalry, and Assistant Surgeon Lord, are missing. Captain Benteen and Lieut. Varnum, of the cavalry, are slightly wounded. Mr. watching for the retreating wave, and Boston Custer, a brother, and Mr. the next instant was battling his way Reed, a nephew of Gen. Custer, were through the billows. In that storns, to follow his course was impossible. They only knew his progress by the are among the killed, wounded and missing. It is impossible yet to obtain missing. were killed and wounded, but the num ber of killed, including officers, must reach two hundred and fifty. The number of wonuded is fifty-one. At the mouth of the Rosebud I informed Gen. Caster that I should take the supply steamer Far West up the Yellowstone to swimmers were no longer able to assist ferry Gen. Gibbons' column over the emselves. So it proved; by one more river; that I should personally accompany that column, and that I would, in all probability, reach the mouth of the arms with a grip like death. Auxiously Little Big Horn on the twenty-sixth inst. The steamer reached Gan. Gibmur of surprise burst from many, as in bons' troops, near the mouth of the Big the preserver and the preserved they Horn, early in the morning of the recognized Thomas Mildmay and the twenty fourth, and at four o'clock in the afternoon all his men and animals were across the Yellowstone.

At five o'clock the column, consisting siderable emotion who had been his of five companies of the Seventh inresener, and eagerly he explained the fantry, four companies of the Second mystery of his disappearance on that cavalry, and a battery of Gatling gues, eventful night. Maddened by passion, marched out to and across Tullock's marched out to and across Tullock's seaport, resolving never to place foot in | made a march of twenty-two miles over arrived, was on the point of starting for ever seen, in order that scouts might be Norway-a place he had long desired to sent into the valley of the Little Big visit-and he took a passage in her, Horn. The cavalry, with the battery, hoping by travel to find distraction from | was then pushed on thirteen or fourteen past four, on the morning of the 26th. The scouts discovered the Indians, who were at first supposed to be Sioux, but They brought the first intelligence of stances, happened to be wrecked on the the battle. Their story was not credited. very portion of the coast he wished to It was supposed that some fighting, perhaps severe fighting, had taken place, but it was not believed that disaster could have overtaken so large a force as twelve companies of cavalry. 'The infantry, which had broken camp very early, soon came up, and the whole column entered and moved up the valley of

During the afternoon efforts were made to send scouts through to what was supposed to be Gen. Custer's position, and to obtain information of the condi-George Eliot died at Sheffield lately, tion of affairs, but those who were sert aged seventeen. He did not portray out were driven back by parties of Indians who, in increasing numbers, were seen hovering in Gen. Gibbons' front. bread, a rice pudding, five squares of At 8:40 o'clock in the evening the in-Yorkshire pudding and three basins of fantry had marched between twenty-At 8:40 o'clock in the evening the innine and thirty miles. The men were very weary, and daylight was fading. The column was therefore halted for

in a straight line above the stream. This morning the movement was resumed, and after a march of nine miles Major Reno's entrenched position was reached. The withdrawal of the Indians from

around Reno's command and from the valley was undoubtedly caused by the appearance of Gen. Gibbons' troops. Major Reno and Captain Benteen, both of whom are officers of great experience, accustomed to see large masses of mounted men, estimate the number of men engaged at not less than twenty-five hundred. Other officers think that the number was greater than this. The village in the valley was about three miles in length and a mile in width. Bemiles in length and a mile in width. Be-sides the lodges proper, a great num-ber of temporary brushwood shelters were found in it, indicating that many men besides its proper inhabitants were gathered together there. Major Reno is very confident that there were a number of white men fighting with the Indians. It is believed that the loss of the Indians was large. I have yet received no official reports in regard to the battle, but what is here stated is gathered from the officers who were on the ground then and from those who have been over it since.
ALFRED H. TERRY,
Brigadier-General.

A Prophetic Letter.

The following communication, dated

that his troops have been very severely force of 450 men. After some skirmish-handled. I am afraid it is true, too, for ing, Gen. Custer gave the order for an the miserable economy of our government only gave Crook 1,500 men to fight 5,000 Sioux, the fiercest warriors on the continent. They are beginning to see the folly of sending such a hand-foll into their field country and to see the folly of sending such a hand-foll into their field country and to see the folly of sending such a hand-foll into their field country and to see the folly of sending such a hand-foll into their field country and to see the folly of sending such a hand-foll into their field country and to see the folly of sending such a hand-foll into their field country and the sending such as true, too, for an attack, and the assurance soon gained by the savages that the charge was made in earnest led them to a speedy and complete flight. The loss of the Inful into that wild country, and troops are being ordered there from all directions. If anybody but Crook had the command, every scalp would be raised before the re-enforcements arrived; fortunately, however, he is the best Indian fighter in the army, and will probably hold his own until more troops

"Those papers who have been yelling Reduce, reduce the army ' will have to change their tune now, for there are hardly men enough in the whole army to whip these Sioux. I suppose that you folks in the East don't pay much at-tention to the Indian war, but when one sees men leaving their families and startknows that the chances are even whether they ever come back or not, it is almost impossible to keep from worrying about them as much as if they were kin. Then 500 miles east of this place, and as many Salt Lakers are up there mining, we are always hearing from them, and consequently feel interested, and I have taken it for granted that you are too; but I must not bore you too much, especially as Gen. Crook's fate will be decided before this reaches you."

Beware of Kerosene! Between 5,000 and 6,000 people per-

ished in the United States last year victims of kerosene oil accidents. Mr. Rufus S. Merrill, of Boston, in an address before the American chemical society. Mr. Merrill contended that every lamp in the land when burning, in a temperature of seventy-five or eighty iegrees, oil of the igniting test by -110 degrees-is in an explosive condition and needs but ignition in the bowl to produce disaster. Many scientific men, the speaker said, had supposed that the flash point was the point of safety, but he demonstrated by experiment to the satisfaction of his andience that thirty or thirty-five degrees below the igniting point. Oil, after burning fifteen or twenty minutes, will produce an explosive gas. It was also demoustrated that oil with an igniting point of 150 degrees is in an explosive condition when burned inclosed as in lanterns on shipboard and in railway cars. Naphtha. the speaker claimed to be the most dangerous of all preparation of petroleum. sample of it at seventy degrees was subjected to the test usually applied by lighted match was held to an open vessel of it without ignition taking place. A small portion was put into a can, shaken up, and a light introduced, when an explosion occurred, showing that the stuff becomes explosive upon mixing with the oxygen of the atmosphere The speaker claimed that oil should stand a test of 300 degrees in order to be safe, and that no device could be contrived which would render safe the burning of an article inherently dan-

Wealth Without its Anxieties.

The newsboys who gather about in hour, either fairly roll in wealth or their conversation is to some extent imaginative. Said one of them to another: "Billy, did yer buy that \$50 plaid winder Saturday?"

"No, Blinkey, I didn't take it in. Ther wus only one watch rocket in the trowsis, an' I allus carries two tickers, one ter c'rect t'other by."
"But yer ain't goin' ter wear army britches all summer, be yer, 'spe-

cially when yer go drivin' out even-in's?" 'No, Blinkey, my dear, I ain't," Billy's grave reply, "but don't yer worry about me. It's silk undercloz as "but don't yer preserves my precious health. Silk's the thing, Blinkey!" the night at a point about eleven miles

Custer's Yellowstone Victories. The fatal fight on the Little Horn

river was in the immediate vicinity of two other noted battles with Indians, with which the late General Custer's with which the late General Custer's name has been intimately associated. One of these was on the Tongae river, a branch of the Yellowstone, flowing into it from the south in a direction parallel with the Big Horn, of which the Little Horn is a branch, having its source in the county between the paralel streams and flowing northerly. The en-gagement on the Tongue river took place on August 4, 1873. General Custer had proceeded up the Yellowstone as far as the mouth of Tongue river, with a squadron of ninety men, to explore a route over which the main col-umn of his forces could pass. When waiting at that point for the arrival of the forces of the expedition, and his men being dismounted, six Sioux In-dians on horseback dashed before them and attempted to stampede their horses. Failing in this, they retired as though tempting pursuit, and on seeing that the squadron did not fall into the net they had prepared, with characteristic yells over 300 mounted warriors dashed in line from the woods and attacked the government soldiers. With the river on one side, they were able to encompass the squadron by forming a semicircle on the other. But after a fight of three and one-half hours, the Indians June 23, from a voung New York gen-teman in business in Salt Lake City to their dead with them, but leaving five

between 800 and 1,000 men, halted on the banks of the river as though ready for an attack. Sitting Bull was in comfor an attack. Sitting Bull was in command, and upon the mounds and high bluffs along the river were gathered large numbers of squaws, old men and children, who had assembled to witness what they evidently believed would rewhat they evidently believed would rehaving a big fight with the Sioux, and salt in the destruction of Gen. Custer's of forty warriors, together with a large

His Retainer.

Some time ago a young man and his sweetheart straggled into an attorney's office and awkwardly inquired if the justice of the peace was at home. The young limbs of the law were sitting inside reading a newspaper and took in the ing out to fight with the Indians, and . "One of them said: "Yes, sir; what

can I do for you ?" "Well, you see, Emaline and me want to git married, and ".

"Ah, I see; you wish to get married, you see the Black Hills are only about and you want to be sure the thing is done away nearly enough money to go to his properly, and everything all straight, Is that it?" " Well, I suppose "-

the young man, extending his hand; killed, \$5 is my usual fee." The young man forked over the V

and said: " Now, drive ahead, 'squire. The youthful scion of Blackstone excused himself for a few moments, stepped out and hunted up a justice of the ice, and taking him one side, said: My cousin is here from the country, and wants to get married. Come up and do the job, will you?" Together they entered the office, and

while the ceremony was going forward, the lawyer applied himself to the work of transforming a page of legal cap into manuscript. After the holy bonds of edlock had been properly welded, and the marriage certificate duly signed and witnessed, the justice requested the sum of \$1.50 as his fee. The young man was tonished. He said: " Why, I thought "-"That's all right," broke in the at-

"That's all right, broke in the attorney, "that's all right, pay him."
"Why, look here; I just gave you 85 to pay for the business, didn't I?"
"That, my dear sir," said the youthful counselor, smiling blandly, and

deprecating the young man's ignorance, that was a retainer; and here, sir, is my opinion, written out, guaranteeing the marriage to have been perfectly formal'and legal in all respects !"

The countryman, in a dazed and be wildered manner, pocketed the opinion, paid the justice his fee, and went out, eeming ashamed to think he didn't know that a marriage would be utterly void unless supported by an attorney

Not his Horse,

The latest Detroit Free Press story is of a rawboned, spavined, knockkneed old horse that limped along, smelling of hitching posts and nibbling at the street | ness, and sat down, without thinking of car track. Three blocks behind him the danger, on the table of one of the was a man with a rope halter, who was inquiring if anybody had seen a stray state that, owing to the necessity of horse. The old brute stopped in front of a grocery to snuff at some bars of soap. The clerk ran out with a broomthe afternoon, awaiting the publication stick, and in trying to dodge a blow the horse fell over, struck a bushel basketful of eggs and a great quantity of crockery, ly (if necessary) above the surface of the and the crash was terrific. He didn't table, throws it into gear, and works it make an effort to get up, and just as the at the rate of 3,000 revolutions a minute summer suit I seed yer lookin' at in a clerk's yells had gathered a crowd the man with the rope halter came up. was his horse, and \$10 wouldn't pay the damage. "Here's the man who owns the horse!" shouted the clerk. "No, I don't !" was the calm reply. "Then what are you doing with that halter ?" yelled a policeman. "I'm going a on the lever, throwing the swiftly refishing?" was the ready answer. The clerk tried to detain him, but he jumped through the back, so that one of his legs into a woodyard and escaped, calling " Gen- | body. out as he went over the fence: back and go off after a few bass !"

The Soul's Hope.

Behold! we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all—
And every winter change to spring. So runs my dream ; but what am I? An infant crying in the night— An infant crying for the light— And with no language but a cry.

Items of Interest.

Too many friends hurt a man more than none at all.

A common rat has one hundred and fifty bones under his hide.

An old lady of ninety sells newspapers for a living in North Boston.

It is a blessed thing to live in a land f plenty, if you have plenty of land. When in doubt which way to take, al-

ways step to the right, and avoid the possibility of getting left. Every dog should have his day; but it appears as if the supply of dogs great-ly outnumbers the days.

A well known floriculturist says: "Not one violet seed in a bushel will grow.' Perhaps not, unless he puts some earth

in the bushel. "You never saw my hands as dirty as that," said a petulant mother to her little girl. "No, but your ma did, I'll bet," was the reply.

"Did any of you ever see an ele-phant's skin?" inquired a teacher of an infant class. "Yes, sir." "Where?"

"On an elephant." A Western paper announces the ill-ness of its editor, adding: All good paying subscribers are requested to mention him in their prayers. The others need not, as the prayers of the wicked avail nothing.

Farmers in some sections of California are making experiments in cultivating the almond, with every prospect of ultimate success. One man has 2,500 almond trees, which are now three years old, and blossomed this season. "I make it a principle never to lend

"You must cu'tivate decision of char-

acter, and learn to say 'no," said a father to his son. Soon afterward, when the father told the son to chop wood, the boy said "no," with an emphasis that showed a remembrance of the lesson. Whitehall Times: A Boston tailor has had his billheads stamped with a picture of a forget-me-not. This is all

right as long as customers have anemo-ne. Norristown *Herald:* Yes, but these dandy lions are apt to lilae blazes. Says the Burlington Hawkeye: It is the blissful serenading season, and these bright moonlight nights it is not an uncommon spectacle to see a young man strutting down some quiet street sandwiched in between a guitar and a whole dog.

The lawyers of Ireland are indignant at a barrister who advertises in the newspapers. The ancient etiquette of the legal as of the medical profession is to starve rather than publish one's business in the same column with announcements of dry goods and greceries.

A fellow was accumulating a formue in Amador, Cal., by robbing the sluice boxes of miners. Every night for years he worked faithfully, and had stored home in the East and live upon the result of his enterprise, when he unfortunately ran against a cord that was at-"Very well; \$5 if you please," said tached to a gun trap, and was instantly

A lady who lived near a church, was sitting near a window listening to the crickets which were loudly chirping, the music from the choir rehearsal being faintly audible, when a gentleman dropped in familiarly, who had just passed the church and had the music full in his mind. "What a noise they are making to-night!" said he. "Yes, said the lady, "and it is said they do it with their hind legs!" A ship on the broad, boisterous and

open ocean needeth no pilot. But it dare not venture alone on the placid bo som of a little river, lest it be wrecked by some hidden rock. Thus it is with ife. 'Tis not in our open, exposed deeds that we need the still voice of the silent monitor, but in the small, secret, every day acts of life that conscience warns us to beware of hidden shoals of what we deem too common to be dangerous,

A Colorado village lately had its first bananas. One young fellow wanted to know if "they growed on the stick;" another asked it they were not beaus, and John Chinaman said they must have grown at the South, as such big beans could not grow at the North. A hotel clerk, when told they were good to eat, laughed incredulously. Another bought one, just to see a bystander eat it, and then trembled with fear lest he had been the cause of poisoning a fellow being.

A Strange Beath.

One of the most shocking accidents which we have ever been called on to record occurred at a mill in St. Paul, says the Press. David Pascal Spafford, one of the oldest and highly respected residents, stepped into the mill on busieconomizing space in the mill mentioned, the saw under or in the upon which Mr. Spafford seated himself is worked by an improved lever which raises half the saw instantaneous-In a few moments after he had scated It himself his foot accidently came in contact with the lever, raising the saw, it is presumed, until it touched his person, and then springing forward to escape "Then from the sudden and fearful danger, rested the entire weight of one foot and hips was almost severed from the Of course, no surgery could tlemen, these are mighty curious times prove effective, and death came to the when a man can't take a halter on his unfortunate man's relief in a very few moments after the accident occurred.