The Lehigh Register.

VOL. XXV. ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 9 1871. NO. 32.

ADVERTISING RATES,

	3t	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos	1yr.
One Square	1.50	1.75	3.50	6.50	12.00
Two Squares	3.00	3.50	6.50	9.00	20.00
Three Squares	4.50	5.25	9.00	12.00	22.00
Six Squares		11.50	17.00	23.00	45.00
Quarter Column		15.00	22.00	40.00	60.00
Half Column		20.00	40.00	60.00	110.00
One Column		30.00	60.00	110 00	200.00

Professional Cards $1.00 per line per year.
Administrator's and Auditor's Notices, $3.00
City Notices, 20 cents per line 1st insertion 15 cents per line each subsequent insertion.
Ten lines agate constitute a square.

ROBERT IREDELL, JR., PUBLISHER,
ALLENTOWN, PA.

ROBERT IREDELL, JR.
Plain and Fancy Job Printer,
No. 603 HAMILTON STREET,
ALLENTOWN, PA.
ELEGANT PRINTING
NEW DESIGNS
LATEST STYLES
Stamped Checks, Cards, Circulars, Paper Books, Constitutions and By-Laws, School Catalogues, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Letter Heads Bills of Lading, Way Bills, Tags and Shipping Cards, Posters of any size, etc., etc., Printed at Short Notice.

Coal and Lumber.

A. FILBERT. D. OTTO. H. M. OTTO. G. W. MILLER
FILBERT, OTTO & MILLER,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
LUMBER,
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.
MILL ON CANAL, WEST OF MAYNARD STREET
OFFICE AT THE MILL
W F CRANE AGENT. 4 aug 70-1y

JAS. M. RITTER, CHAS. W. ABBOTT, OWEN RITTER
JORDAN STEAM
PLANING MILL,
SASH, DOOR,
AND
BLIND MANUFACTORY,
Union Street, near Jordan Bridge, Allentown,
RITTER, ABBOTT & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Sash, Doors, Outside Blinds, Inside Blinds, Mouldings, Brackets Balusters, Pickets, Stair Railings, Window Frames, Door Frames, Glazed Windows, Black Walnut Mouldings, &c.
SCROLL SAWING,
TURNING,
PLANING, MATCHING,
FLOORING and SHIPPING.
DONE AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.
ALSO, STAIR BUILDING done and HAND RAILING made to order.
Having now had almost three years' possession of the Mill, refurnished it almost wholly with new and improved machinery, and having none but experienced workmen, we are prepared to defy competition from at home and abroad, both in price and workmanship.
Do you contemplate building? Call at our Factory and satisfy yourself with a personal examination.
Drawings for buildings, brackets, patterns for ornamental work, scrolls for porches, can be seen at all times by calling at our office. Any information to the builder furnished cheerfully and freely, by calling at the Manufactory, on Union street, at the Jordan Bridge, Allentown, Pa., or by letter through the post office.
RITTER, ABBOTT & CO
aug 3-1y

REVIVAL!!
The subscribers having leased the "Old Hope Coal Yard," would respectfully announce to the citizens of Allentown and the public in general, that they have just got
IN
a superior assortment of
COAL
Consisting of Stove, Egg, Chestnut and Nut from the BUCK MOUNTAIN MINES.
Orders left with A. A. Huber, Siegor & Hottenstein, at the Eagle Hotel, Hope Rolling Mill, or the Yard will be attended to in a
BUSINESS
like manner.
Orders for Coal by the car filled at short notice the lowest prices.
Always on hand a large stock of
BALED HAY,
which will be sold at the lowest market prices.
L. W. KOONS & CO.,
at the "Old Hope Coal Yard,"
Hamilton Street, corner of Lehigh Valley Railroad,
ALLENTOWN, PA.
L. W. Koons. R. E. Donaghey.
oct 12 -1y

A NEW FIRM AND NEW LUMBER YARD
TO BUILDERS!
TREXLER & WEAVER
Would hereby announce to the public that they have just opened a new Lumber Yard on the spacious and convenient grounds so long occupied by TREXLER BRO.'S on Hamilton street, near Tenth, north side, where they are now prepared with a full assortment of everything pertaining to the business, comprising in part
YELLOW PINE, WHITE PINE, SPRUCE and HEMLOCK FLOORING, WHITE PINE BOARDS,
SCANTLING and PLANK of all sizes and well seasoned,
FRAMING TIMBER, Superior HEMLOCK JOIST and SCANTLING of assorted sizes,
CEDAR, CYPRESS AND WHITE PINE SHINGLES of extra quality,
HEMLOCK and SPRUCE PLASTERING and SHINGLING LATHS, and a large assortment of WEATHERBOARDING, also WHITE OAK PLANK and BOARDS of all thicknesses,
WHITE PINE and SPRUCE PALINGS and PICKETS, superior to anything in the market,
WHITE PINE and HEMLOCK FENCE RAILS, WHITE OAK and CHESTNUT POSTS, &c., &c.
All desirous of purchasing lumber to as good advantage as is offered at any other Yard in the county, are requested to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.
Satisfaction Guaranteed in Quality and Price.
The Senior member of the firm would hereby express his thanks for past favors while a member of the firm of Trexler Bros., and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, promising to apply his best endeavors to render satisfaction to all patrons of the New Yard.
Respectfully,
ED. W. TREXLER. THOS. WEAVER
august 31 -1y

Silver Plated Ware.

SAMUEL K. SMYTH,
724 CHESTNUT STREET,
(SECOND FLOOR),
PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER OF FINE
SILVER PLATED WARE,
Would respectfully announce to his patrons that he has a full stock of the latest styles of
DOUBLE AND TREBLE
ELECTRO-PLATED WARE
ALL OF HIS OWN PLATING.
Plated on Nickel and White Metals, suitable for family or city trade.
As the quality of plating can only be known to the plater, the purchaser must rely on the manufacturer's statement; there being so much worthless ware in the market, all represented as treble plate, at prices impossible to be manufactured.
All his goods are marked "S. K. SMYTH."
Call and examine the goods before purchasing elsewhere.
OLD WARE REPLATED.
may 12-1y

Carpets and Oil Cloth.

RICH AND ELEGANT
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, &C.
S. C. FOULK.
NO. 19 S. SECOND ST., PHILA.,
(First Carpet Store below Market, East side.)
Invites attention to his splendid assortment of Imported and American CARPETS, which will be sold at a very small advance. Goods warranted as represented so that all can buy with confidence and satisfaction. nov 23-1f

For the Farmer.

For Pure Water, use this celebrated Pump, entirely tasteless, durable and reliable; equal to the good old-fashioned wooden Pump, and cost less than half the money. Easily arranged so as to be non-freezing, and in construction so simple that any one can put it up and keep it in repair.
Send for Circular & CUCUMBER WOOD PUMP.
CHS. G. BLATCHLEY 624 & 626 FILBERT ST. PHILA.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST PUMP NOW MADE.

PANCOAST & MAULE,
THIRD AND PEAR STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA,
PLAIN AND GALVANIZED
WROUGHT IRON TUBES.
Lap-welded Boiler Tubes,
Brass and Iron Valves and Cocks; Fittings for Gas, Steam and Water; Rough and Finished Brass Work; Gas and Steam Fitters' Tools, etc.
Bath Tubs and Sinks, Bath Boilers, Enamelled Wash Stands, etc., Coils of Tube; Steam Kettles and Traps.
Pipe of all Sizes fitted to Sketch.
Successors to MORRIS, TASKER & Co., as
CONTRACTORS
For the Heating of Buildings of all Classes with Steam Hot Water, by the most approved methods.
Estimates Furnished Gratis.
feb 1-1y

Financial.

7-30 GOLD LOAN
OF THE
NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.
RAPID PROGRESS OF THE ROAD.
The building of the Northern Pacific Railroad, (begun July last,) is being pushed forward with great energy from both extremities of the line. Several thousand men are employed in Minnesota and on the Pacific coast. The grade is nearly completed 266 miles westward from Lake Superior; trains are running over 130 miles of finished road, and track-laying is rapidly progressing toward the eastern border of Dakota. Including its purchase of the St. Paul & Pacific Road, the Northern Pacific Company now has 413 miles of completed road, and by September next this will be increased to at least 560.
A GOOD INVESTMENT. Jay Cooke & Co. are now selling, and unhesitatingly recommend, as a Profitable and perfectly Safe investment, the First Mortgage Land Grant Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. They have 30 years to run, bear Seven and Three-Tenths per cent. gold interest (more than 8 per cent. currency) and are secured by first and only mortgage on the ENTIRE ROAD AND ITS EQUIPMENTS, and also, as fast as the road is completed, on
23,000 ACRES OF LAND to every mile of track, or 500 Acres for each $1,000 Bond. They are exempt from U. S. Tax; Principal and Interest are payable in Gold; Denominations: Coupons, $100 to $1,000; Registered, $100 to $10,000.
LANDS FOR BONDS. Northern Pacific 7-30's are at all times receivable at ten per cent. above par, in exchange for the Company's Lands, at their lowest cash price. This renders them practically interest bearing land warrants.
SINKING FUND. The proceeds of all sales of Lands are required to be devoted to the repurchase and cancellation of the First Mortgage Bonds of the Company. The Land Grant of the Road exceeds Fifty Million Acres. This immense Sinking Fund will undoubtedly cancel the principal of the Company's bonded debt before it falls due. With their ample security and high rate of interest, there is no investment accessible to the people, which is more profitable or safe.
EXCHANGING U. S. FIVE-TWENTIES. The success of the New Government 5 per cent. Loan will compel the early surrender of United States 6 per cents. Many holders of Five-Twenties are now exchanging them for Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties, thus realizing a handsome profit, and greatly increasing their yearly income.
OTHER SECURITIES. All marketable Stocks and Bonds will be received at their highest current price in exchange for Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties. Express charges on Money or Bonds received, and on Seven-Thirties sent in return, will be paid by the Financial Agents. Full information, maps, pamphlets, etc., can be obtained on application at any agency, or from the undersigned.
For sale by
JAY COOKE & CO.,
Philadelphia, New York, Washington,
Financial Agents Northern Pacific Railroad Co.
By BANKS and BANKERS generally throughout the country. may 3-3m

ALLENTOWN SAVINGS INSTITUTION,
Organized as "Dimes Saving Institution,"
NO. 58 EAST HAMILTON ST.,
(NEARLY OPPOSITE THE AMERICAN HOTEL.)
PAYS SIX PER CENT. INTEREST FOR MONEY ON DEPOSIT.
This Institution, the oldest Saving Bank in Eastern Pennsylvania, has been in continuous and successful operation for ten years, and continues to pay SIX PER CENT. INTEREST on money for one year, and special rates of interest for shorter periods.
All deposits of money will be held strictly confidential.
Executors, Administrators, Trustees, Assignees, Treasurers, Tax Collectors,
and other custodians of public or private moneys, are offered liberal rates of interest.
Farmers, Merchants, Laborers, and all who have money to put on interest for a long or short period will find our institution an agreeable and advantageous one in which to do business. We especially invite LADIES to transact their banking business with us.
MARRIED WOMEN and MINORS have special privileges granted by our charter—having full power to transact business with us in their own names.
Money deposited with this Institution
IS SAFE AND WELL SECURED,
by a capital stock and surplus money of SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, and the security of over Board of Trustees have, as required by charter, given bonds under the supervision of the Court, in the sum of FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, which bonds are registered in and held by the Court of Common Pleas of this county for the security of depositors.
Our Iron Vaults are of the most secure and extensive kind known in this country, as a personal inspection will show, and to which we invite our friends and customers. We refer to this, believing that a safe Burglar Proof Vault is a complete the safety and reliability of a good Saving Bank.
WILLIAM H. AINEY, President.
CHRISTIAN PRETZ, Vice President.
REUBEN STAHLER, Cashier.
TRUSTEES:
William H. Ainey, Christian Pretz, F. S. Samuels, George Brobst, Nathan Peter, Charles S. Bush, John D. Stiles, Benj. F. Hagenbuch, Samuel Sell. jan 12-tf

MILLERSTOWN SAVING BANK
MILLERSTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY.
This Institution will be opened on or before the 1st day of April. Money will be taken on deposit at all times and in any sum from one dollar upwards, for which
SIX PER CENT. INTEREST
per annum will be paid.
Deposits may be withdrawn at any time. Also, money loaned out on favorable terms.
JAMES WEILER, *President*
FRANKLIN SHIMER, *Cashier.*
J. F. M. Shiffert, Frederick C. Yohst, David Donner, Isaac Griebel, Horatio T. Hertzog, James Sinzmaster, Georg Ludwig, Christ. N. K. Henninger, Willis n Saliday, Gideon F. Egner, Benjamin J. Schmoyer. mar 16-6m

GIRARD SAVINGS BANK,
(Organized under a State Charter),
NO. EAST HAMILTON STREET,
NEARLY OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE.
Monies received on deposit at all times from one dollar upwards. Pays SIX per cent. interest for six months or longer. Four per cent. on daily balance, subject to check at sight. Gold and Silver, United States Bonds and other Securities bought and sold. Interest collected on Government Securities at fair rates.
All deposits of money will be held strictly confidential, and may be withdrawn at any time.
Married women and minors have special privileges granted in our charter, having full power to transact business with us in their own names.
This Institution is a legal depository for monies paid into Court, and receives money in trust from guardians, administrators, treasurers, tax collectors and others.
MONEY LOANED ON FAVORABLE TERMS.
PHAON ALBRIGHT, President.
H. S. HARTZELL, Cashier.
Directors—Phaon Albright, James F. Kilne, Tilghman Mertz, David Welda, Aaron Eisenhart. 1c1-3m

FARMER'S SAVINGS BANK,
Incorporated under a State Charter of 1870.
Fogelsville, Upper Macungie township, Lehigh Co.
This Institution has been organized and opened under a State Charter. MONEY will be taken on deposit at all times and in any sum from $1 and upwards, for which
6 PER CENT. INTEREST
WILL BE PAID.
Deposits may be withdrawn at any time.
Also money loaned out on favorable terms.
WILLIAM MOHR, *President.*
R. H. FOGEL, *Cashier.*
TRUSTEES:
Dr. H. A. Saylor, Daniel Moyer, Jonas Rauch, Daniel H. Creitz, J. H. Straub, David Peter, Samuel Kuhns, William Stein, William Mohr. apr 6-6m

FRANKLIN SAVINGS BANK,
Located at the corner of Hamilton street and Church alley, in Linn Hall, second story, opposite the German Reformed Church, in the City of Allentown, is organized and ready for business. *It will pay SIX per cent. interest on all deposits except business deposits, for any period of time, to be calculated from the date of deposit.*
To secure which, the Trustees of the institution have filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Lehigh County, under the direction of the Court, a bond in the sum of Twenty-five Thousand Dollars, conditioned for the faithful keeping and appropriation of all such sums of money as shall be placed in charge of said FRANKLIN SAVINGS BANK, whether as deposits, or shares of stock, which bond may be enlarged by the Court whenever it may be deemed necessary.
In addition to this, the Act of Incorporation makes the Stockholders *personally liable to the depositors in double the amount of the Capital Stock* of the Bank, which is fifty thousand dollars, with liberty to increase it to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.
These provisions will make it a very desirable and safe place of deposit.
Besides, it may be proper to state that the deposits will be kept in one of the *safest and best protected vaults in this city.*
Arrangements will be made to furnish drafts on the cities of New York and Philadelphia.
S. A. BRIDGES, *President*
J. W. WILSON, *Vice President*
J. E. ZIMMERMAN, *Cashier.*
Trustees:
Daniel H. Miller, John Holben, William Baer, D. H. Creitz, S. A. Bridges, J. W. Wilson, J. E. Zimmerman, Peter Gross, Edwin Zimmerman. mar 30-

LUMBER! LUMBER!!
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL!
HOFFMAN'S
STEAM SAW MILL,
AND
LUMBER YARD!
KINDLING!
BILLS CUT TO ORDER!
OFFICE AT THE MILL,
FRONT AND LINDEN STS.
WHITE AND BLACK OAK SAW LOGS wanted, for which the highest market price will be paid upon delivery. jd-w July 12-1y

SILENT BILL.

I had been for nearly a year roaming over the West. In the course of my wanderings I came upon an emigrant train which was just starting out from "the States," and joined it.

The novelty soon wore off and I found the days fatiguing, the nights and sleep only being desirable. I had been conscious for days of a fever in my veins, but had scorned to complain, and taking a sort of savage delight in seeking to an extra amount of toil. It was my turn to prepare supper for our mess, but once ready I went off as far as I could crawl from the noise of the camp and the odor of the cooking. The last I remember of that day was my dropping down by the side of some shrubs.

Two weeks afterward I opened my eyes upon a different team from the one I started with, and the driver was the largest, most uncouth looking man I ever saw. I was on a straw bed, made up on one side of the wagon, and in answer to my call, the strange man bent over me. I asked all the questions I had strength for, and then waited for the answers. He told me in the fewest possible words that I was missed from the train, and he sent back to look for me. That I had "been dead beat for two weeks, and had better keep still and go to sleep if I could."

I obeyed, because I could not help it. I received my food and medicine from the hands of my strange-looking friend, but it seemed impossible to get any information from him.

My recovery was rapid, and as soon as I made my appearance in the camp I was warmly greeted by our company and treated to many an extra dish by the kind-hearted people.

I learned that I had not been missed until nearly noon of the day that I was left, and then they had halted, and "Silent Bill" had volunteered to look me up, had found me, and had taken upon himself the whole care during my sickness. I could find out very little about the man who had thus brought me back to life. He had joined the company, like myself, at the last minute, had given only the one name, to which the boys added another, until he was called all over the camp "Silent Bill." His team was good, and he was well supplied with provisions, which he handed out generously to any one who had need.

With my returning strength, I felt a strong interest in everything, and would gladly have been companionable and useful, but he never called on me to do anything, unless some one needed help, then he would leave the care to me for a time. He was always ready to walk that others might ride; fatigue seemed unknown to him. Foremost, when danger threatened was his gaunt form, and it was always his rifle which brought in the earliest game. It came about that he held the gratitude of almost every one in the train, but loud thanks seemed to offend him greatly.

I never saw him hesitate but once; then some children, two little girls, had been running along with their mother, and she asked him to lift them up into his wagon and give them a ride, as their own team was far behind. He went up to one of them, laid his hand upon the arm of one, started back, rubbed his hands together and finally called to me.

"Put them in, will you?" said he.

I lifted them up and gave each a kiss as I seated them upon the straw.

He was still looking at his hands.

"What's the matter?" I asked, "both of them together wouldn't be as heavy as the man you bore to camp that day, only a few weeks past."

He said nothing, but held his hands open before me. They were brown and hard. "Are they dirty?" I asked.

"Yes," said he emphatically, and shook them out at arm's length. Then he started up his team and did not speak again for hours.

All hearts became lighter as we ascended the Sierras and began to think of finding an abiding place.

When it came to leave-taking "Bill" was missing, the others started on with their teams, and I staid by his until sundown. Any number of good bys and kindly messages were left with me for him. And one woman gave me a little package saying: "He was so kind to Willie when he was sick, and his hand made that precious little grave on the mountains." I thought, to know the full value of the gift, Bill should have received it, as I did, wet with the mother's tears.

When he came back, we were alone upon the hillside.

He asked, "Why didn't you go on with the others?"

And I answered, "Because I did not choose to leave you alone, after all you have done for me. I shall go with you, if you will let me, it does not make much difference to me where."

He looked at me keenly.

"You had better not," said he slowly; "you will wish you hadn't some day."

We had started a fire, and I could see his face by the light of the blaze.

I felt drawn to him, not from any sympathy of feeling, but because I was convinced there would come a time when I could in a measure repay him for his kindness to me.

I reached out my hand, "We'll stick together a while, old fellow."

He wouldn't take it, but said; "The kettle boils, we might about as well eat our grub as to waste time a talking."

I gave him the messages, which were received in silence, and when I handed the package he only said, "Lay it down."

We made ready for an early start in the morning, then I rolled up in my blanket, and with my feet to the fire lay down to sleep. When I waked up the blaze had died down, but I could see Bill at a distance, bending over what proved to be a hole in the ground. After a while he broke off some green boughs, threw them in, and then hastily threw in the earth.

He came and sat down by the fire. I watched him for an hour or so, but he never moved, and when I woke in the morning, he had not changed his position.

We started off, but I made an excuse to return, and hurriedly opened the ground where I had seen him working in the night. I do not know what I expected to see, but I certainly was surprised when I found under the covering of earth and green, the little package, which had tearfully been entrusted to my care.

I broke the string and found a small copy of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress."

"I will keep it," I said, "and when he needs me most he will need this too."

When he reached the first miners' camp, Bill waked up and was eager enough until he had scanned the face of every man. That day he looked weary, and it was the first time he laid down when I did for the night.

In the morning he sold his team, all but two horses; those he packed with blankets and provisions, and we struck off down the canon, stopping wherever any one was at work, and going out of our way if we heard of a solitary miner.

After a while he left off telling me to leave him, and I think the companionship made him feel more human. Once he stopped a week when I seemed tired out, but was restless and uneasy, and declared "another day would kill him."

"Tell me;" said I, one day, "why you will not rest; this life is wearing upon you; you cannot endure half the fatigue you could upon the Plains. Let's take up a claim and settle down, or if you will go on—let me help you; couldn't I?"

"No," he answered, "and I believe you are holding me back. I have felt it ever since I first looked upon your face when I found you half dead by those bushes that day. I wish I had left you to die."

He sprang up and confronted me, "I will have no more of this, I shall go on alone, and don't you dare get between me and my work or I'll——"

His eyes fell before mine. "Do you think I am afraid of you, who wouldn't harm even an insect? Haven't I seen you go out of your way rather than tread the life out of a crawling worm? Shall all those months of unselfish care for nothing, and your hasty words make me leave you. Besides," said I, "I have a work as well as you." He looked inquiringly at me. "Shall I tell you what it is?"

He sat down by the fire which he had lighted.

"Keep still," said he, "for one month more, then you may have your say."

In the morning when we started out, the air was heavy with smoke. When we reached San Francisco, after a day or two, we found there had been an extensive fire. Bill was unwearied in helping build tents for the homeless, and his money went freely to feed the starving hundreds, who were likely to find only a grave in the land which had promised them so much. I felt that I had never known half of his genuine goodness of heart until those days, and I left off watching him as I had done.

We were stopping at one of the places dignified by the name of "Hotel," and in those "early times" considered magnificent in the way of accommodations, quite worth the fabulous prices which were demanded for them. But our parlor was the bar room, and our "room" a bunk, one of a dozen or so in the same apartment. We had been staying there perhaps three weeks, when one night I was awakened from a sound sleep by the fall of some heavy body. I listened, but there was no repetition, then I groped my way to Bill's bunk. He was not there, though I had seen him "turn in" when I did.

I took my hat and passed out through the bar room into the darkness and night. Drunken men of all nations and tribes were to be met on the muddy sidewalks, their horrid oaths and obscene jests, muttered or shouted in half-broken language, reminded me of a terrible description I had listened to when a child, of the abode of the lost.

The gleaming lights from the drinking saloons and gambling hells only added another touch to the picture.

I hurried on, peering into every place where was light or sound, and I kept up the search until the first rosy tints in the East told of the coming day.

When I came round to our hotel, I found I had been sent for three times, and was to remain there until the messenger came again. I waited two hours, and then saw the bar-tender pointing me out to a Spaniard. He beckoned to me, and I followed without a word. We went through lanes and by-paths, until I lost all idea of locality. Finally we came to a cabin, when he motioned me to come round by the side, then he pointed me to look through a slight aperture.

Two men lay on the floor, which was covered with blood.

I saw at a glance that one was Bill, and the other bore the same face I had often seen in my dreams.

I thought at first that they were both dead, but a low groan came from Bill, and I rushed to the door. I knelt down by him and spoke.

"I did not do it," said he, "but I meant to."

I asked him no questions only if he was able to be moved.

"Yes, but never mind."

We made a litter of the door, and by the help of some men the Spaniard brought, we carried him to our boarding place.

I summoned a physician, who pronounced the wound dangerous, but not necessarily mortal.

I watched over him, and saved him in spite of his own desire. He chose to die, but by my care he came slowly back and took up his burden again.

One day as I sat by his bed, I took from my pocket the little book I had found buried under the green boughs. I read two or three chapters aloud, then put it up without a word. He became interested; and I read on from day to day, as he could bear it until the book was finished.

The he asked, "Where did you get it?"

"I dug it from the ground," said I, laconically.

He held out his hand for it, and so it passed into his keeping.

When we became strong enough we took walks together, which gradually increased in length until we would spend whole days down by the bay.

I knew he would tell me his story when he could bring himself to it. He was two weeks going over it, sometimes giving me a single picture, and at another time unrolling whole years like a panorama before me.

His first remembrances had been of a hovel where rum had left nothing but ruin. Had never heard a kind word, or had a kiss left upon his childish face, but he hated the meanness and filth which surrounded him and ran away to sea, when only fourteen years of age. When he came back, grown to manhood, his old home had been swept away by the tide of improvements, and his relations were all gone save one fair-headed sister, who might have been his idol, but she vanished out of his life without a word of farewell, and for years he never heard of her or the man who had lured her away.

The year that I met him he had been through the West; he couldn't tell what for, except that he had made money and wanted to spend it. Vice and luxury were strangers to him, so his wants were few and simple.

He came to a cabin, one night, and as it was late, asked to be allowed to stay; the man consented, and bade the woman provide some supper for the traveler.

His host went out, and his voice could be heard at some distance from the front of the house. The woman eyed him closely from a window, then motioning to Bill; led him to a slide window at the rear of the cabin, whispered to him that 'twas only a mile to the next house, slipped a piece of paper into his hand, and bade him run for his life.

He said he could not tell how it happened, but for the first and only time he ran from danger. He aroused the people, and was given a place on the floor to sleep.

Saying nothing about his adventure, he managed to read by the light of the coals the paper which the woman had given him. Imagine his surprise when he found that he had seen his long lost sister, and that she had sought to save his life by getting him away from her husband, who mistrusted that he had money, and would not hesitate to murder him in order to obtain it. She said she had witnessed dreadful things, but begged him not to try meet her, as his life would be imperiled.

The next morning he determined to return and have an interview with, and if possible pursuade her to accompany him.

The house was closed, boards nailed up before the windows, and no sign of life upon the premises.

He looked for his horse; that of course, was gone, and he was about leaving, when he heard moans. Again he listened, and traced the sound to the window out of which he had escaped the previous night.

He wrenched off the boards and soon found the sister he sought, but she was in a dying condition. She had been terribly beaten by the brutal husband; upon her had come the full brunt of his disappointment when he discovered his victim had left. She told of terrible sufferings and crime, but death hastily closed her recital, and left poor Bill a life-less form in his arms. He called in the only neighbors, within several miles, the people where he stayed over night. Together they buried the bruised and mangled body, and over the grave the brother vowed to revenge the life which had been sacrificed for him.

He heard of "his man" crossing the plains, and so had followed, nursing all the time the deepest hatred in his heart, never doubting that he should find him, and then the end was plain.

He held up his hands. "I have seen his blood upon them all the way," said he.

"That night," he continued, "I could not sleep, and something whispered that he was not far from me. So I went out and continued my search. I heard his voice on the street. I should have known it anywhere. I followed him to his cabin and entered close behind him. I had something to say to him, and you know I couldn't shoot him down without giving him a chance; 'twant in me to do that.

"But he turned upon me quicker than thought and gave me this shot through my shoulder. My right arm dropped powerless, but I sprang upon him, and as we closed he gave me a stab in my side, his own pistol, pointed toward himself, went off, either by accident or design, I shall never know which, and we fell together on the floor.

"That Spaniard came in, attracted by the firing. I had helped his family to food and shelter, so I easily prevailed upon him to go for you, not because I thought you could do anything for me, but I did not want you to spend your time hunting me up.

"The wretch died; although I didn't kill I meant to, so I am a murderer to you. My work on earth is done, and you had better leave now. I am afraid I shall get to care for you if you stay, and that would be foolish as there hasn't been any love in my life. I shan't trouble you with any more talk. I guess I have lost my right now to the title the boys gave me."

As soon as he was able, we went back into the country and pitched our tent among the grand old trees. There came days when the hushed stillness brought thoughts of rest, peace and almost believing.

Under the branches where the stray sunbeams touched us with light and healing, I told the story of Him whose blood can wash the deepest stain from human hearts and hands, and into nature's temple came the great, invisible, loving presence which stands human as ever, though unseen—in our very midst, and whose coming into any life will lift it from its mire and defilement, into the loss Paradise which lies about us everywhere.

As I dwelt upon the wonderous love and compassion, he asked earnestly, "Why has my life been so dark and loveless?"

Ah, how many aching hearts have asked that, as they look back over dwarfed and thwarted lives.

But there came a time when his questionings ceased, and he changed his lifelong burden for a cross.

And for years, "Silent Bill" was known all through the mines and camps as "The Big Elder."

THE CANADA HORROR.

The London, Ont., Advertiser of the 22d, says: The Missouri tragedy, in which a farmer was butchered for ten cents, is becoming more and more involved in mystery every day, and it would seem as if the detectives have been completely nonplussed by the strangeness of the circumstances connected with the horrible crime. It was agreed upon by all who examined the scene of the murder that the crime was committed by novices, and in the most bungling manner, and it was also generally surmised that the murderers were not strangers to the place, and that they had not left the neighborhood. Three men were arrested, but there was no proof against them. Then Thomas Coil and Priestly, farm laborers working for McQuain, father-in-law of the murdered man, were pointed at, and last night they were lodged in jail. Now to-day the hunt for the criminals has assumed a most startling aspect, the murdered man's wife, his father-in law and brother-in-law being arrested for the murder. So far as we can ascertain the circumstances that led to the last arrests are as follows: the pistol found in the house after the murder, and which Mrs. Campbell stated had been brought there by the murderers, was traced to the store of Freeman & Co., St. Mary's, where it had been purchased, and from them it was learned that two such weapons had been sold within a short time—the one on the 1st of July and the other on the 8th. They do not appear to have any distinct recollection of the features or appearance of the parties to whom the pistols were sold, but generally describe them as a man and a boy.

In the search for these parties it was discovered by Detective Phair that a young man named Thomas Coil, in the employ of the elder McQuain, had been in St. Mary's on the evening of the eighth, and it occurred to the detective that he might have been the purchaser of the pistol. Other rumors as to a quarrel between the McQuain's and Campbell about money matters—the former being deeply indebted to the latter had served to raise a faint suspicion that the murder might have been the result of a family quarrel, but the idea was almost too horrible to be entertained, and it was dismissed from the mind with a shudder. Yesterday, on arresting Coil and his fellow laborer, Priestly, Phair states that he was met by old McQuain with a torrent of abuse—his anger being aroused to a terrible pitch at the thought that the detective should cast suspicion upon his household. He said he could cause twenty people to be arrested on better grounds than any Phair had in his possession, and he invited the latter to enter his house and examine the clothing for stains of blood.

The abuse he poured forth, and the anger he exhibited, led the detective to suppose that his investigations were becoming too hot to be pleasant, and the suspicions he had previously half formed were strengthened almost to a belief. He brought his prisoners to the city, reaching here about ten o'clock, and was followed in by the McQuan's father and son, and the widow Campbell.

This morning the latter party, who appears to be greatly incensed against Phair—as they say for his bungling in the matter, and also for an alleged insult to Mrs. Campbell—lodged information against him for attempting to take improper liberties with the latter while travelling in from Thorndale and also while in the city. Mrs. Campbell's statement is to the effect that while coming in with Phair on Wednesday last he engaged her in conversation and soon turned it in an insulting way, at the same time endeavoring to take undue liberties with her. She reproved him for insulting a woman in her troubled condition, and he desisted, but while waiting in the city to give her deposition he renewed his advances in a more determined manner, and she was compelled to use force to resist him. This is in effect the statement made by her to-day, and on which a warrant was asked for the arrest of Phair.

About noon to-day, Phair put his suspicions concerning the family in shape, and lodged information which resulted in the arrest of the elder McQuain, his son, a lad of about seventeen, and his daughter, Mrs. Campbell, the wife of the murdered man. This makes eight persons now in jail on suspicion of having been concerned in the murder.

TIM BUNKER ON PAYING CORPS.

"Ye see, Squire, taters don't pay, blamed if they du. Ye see, I've been rais'n' 'em nigh on to forty years, and I don't git ahead a bit. When taters are high, ye see, I han't got any; and when I've got 'em, which seldom happens, they don't bring any thing if ye sell 'em. I'm gettin' sick of rasin' things that don't pay."

"How do you know they don't pay?" says I. "Do you keep any account of expenses? Do you know what it costs to plow or manure, to plant, to how, to dig, and to store? Do you know what the crop has cost when you have put it down where you get your money for it?"

"Well no I don't keep an count in ritin', but kind o' keep the run on't in my head, and what a feller knows, he knows jest as well as if it was ritten. Ef I raise taters forty years and don't git ahead, it is pretty sartin 'taint a payin' business. No amount of ritin' would make it any plainer that they cost more than they come to."

"Well, neighbor Frink, has any thing paid on your farm? You haven't got ahead much."

"You see, Squire, I'm here, gettin' pretty well along in life; the farm is pretty much paid for, and the stock, and the clothes I stan' in. Ef suthin' hadn't paid, I shouldn't av been here, for I hadn't a red cent to begin with."

Thousands of people are just in Jake Frink's state of mind. They don't know what pays on the farm, and what brings them into debt. They keep no debit and credit with particular fields, or particular crops, or kinds of stock. They have a very indefinite notion that some things pay better than others, but they cannot hole the fox, big or little, that eats up the grapes and destroys their profits. They keep raising a great variety of things, some at a profit and some at a loss, on the whole getting a living, and that is about all. Now, I know just about what Jake's potatoes cost him, and I will figure up a little for his benefit and the public's: Plowing one acre, two dollars; 10 bushels seed at eighty cents, eight dollars; planting, three dollars; cultivating twice six dollars; digging and storing, six dollars; 8 cords of manure, twenty-four dollars—forty-nine dollars.

The crop is 50 bushels of potatoes, of which 10 are small; 40 bushels, at eighty cents, are thirty-two dollars, and the small potatoes are worth five dollars, total thirty-seven dollars; which, taken from forty-nine dollars, leaves twelve dollars as the loss on the operation. But if we take off one half from the cost of the manure as left in the land, the account stands even and Jake has his potatoes for his labor. They are all eaten in the family, and they cost in labor eighty cents a bushel. This kind of potato-raising does not pay much, as any one can see, and if the question is between raising this crop in this way and abandoning it, we had better abandon it at once; the farmer makes nothing, and the land is not improved. As most Eastern farmers raise corn, it pays no better; the crop costs more than the price of Western corn brought a thousand miles, and put down at their doors.

"Lost twelve dollars, did ye say, Squire?" asked Jake, when I showed him the figures. "I guess it's true as preachin'. Ye see, every tater in that swale rotted. I've been gwine to drainc it ever sense you knocked the bottom out of that hoss-pond lot, but somehow I didn't git up to it. Ef them had been sound, I should have had 100 bushels strong. But that's jest my luck. When taters are high I ha'n't none to sell."

I got into the way of ciphering on my crops quite early, and I do believe the tallow candles and the slate and pencils that I have spent in this business, have been about as good a crop as I ever raised in Hookertown. It don't take a great while for a common-sense farmer to tell whether a crop pays or not. I raised last year a crop of rye, on a little less than three acres of land. The cost was: Plowing, six dollars; seed, three dollars; harrowing, two dollars; harvesting, three dollars; threshing, four dollars and fifty cents; total, eighteen dollars and fifty cents. Sales, forty-five bushels of rye, forty-five dollars; straw, forty-eight dollars and fifty cents; total, ninety-three dollars and fifty cents. Deduct eighteen dollars and fifty cents, cost of crop, and we have seventy-five dollars as the profit. This is about twenty-five dollars an acre profit. Now, if I can get 15 bushels of rye to the acre without manure, and can add ten bushels to the yield by putting on five dollars' worth of bone dust, or fish guano, to the acre, I can afford to buy the manure. The bone-dust will not only help the present crop, but will add to the yield of grass for several years to come. It is a safe business operation for me to enlarge the rye crop on the old pasture. I can kill the briers, sweet-fern, bayberries, and other brush, and increase the grass crop and get paid for the job. If I take up twenty acres, and get only twenty bushels to the acre, I shall have 400 bushels of rye, worth as many dollars, to sell, or to consume upon the farm; and the straw will be worth as much as the grain, at the present market prices. It can be done with the present working force of the farm, and eight hundred dollars is an item worth looking at in the year's receipts of any small farm. Rye pays in Hookertown; it might not pay where the grain was worth only fifty cents a bushel, and the straw was considered worthless.

Then there is another little crop that I have found out pays better than rye. In some districts there is a great outcry against sheep, and the farmers sell them for a song. Last February I bought ten ewes of a mongrel sort, having some South-Down blood in them. They brought ten lambs, and the sheep sheared thirty pounds of wool. My principal object in getting them was to help keep down the brush and briers in an old pasture. They ate before they went to pasture about half a ton of good hay. Their pasturing I do not count, for it has not interfered with the other stock, and almost any pasture improves where well-fed sheep graze. The cost of the sheep was forty dollars; feed, ten dollars and fifty cents. The lambs average six dollars each, sixty dollars, and the wool sold for fifteen