

## —POETRY—

## Be Careful How You Speak of Others.

In speaking of a person's faults,  
Pray don't forget your own;  
Remember, those with homes of glass  
Should never throw a stone.

If we have nothing else to do  
Than talk of those who sin;  
'Tis better to commence at home,  
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man  
Until he's fairly tried—  
Should we not like his company,  
We know the world is wide.

Some may have faults (and who has  
not?)  
The old as well as young.  
Perhaps we may, for ought we know,  
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan—  
I find it works full well;  
To try my own defects to cure,  
Ere others' faults to tell.

And though I sometimes hope to be  
No worse than some I know,  
My own short-comings bid me let  
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we begin,  
To slander friend or foe,  
Think of the harm one word may do  
To those who better know.

Remember, blunders sometimes, like  
Our chickens, "roost at home;"  
Don't speak of others' faults until  
We have none of our own.

## BUFFALO BILL'S LONG RIDE.

On returning from a long ride, in which I had been much harassed by the Indians, I was one night accosted by Curtis, the chief of scouts, who was in a difficulty. The general was anxious to send some dispatches to General Sheridan at Fort Hayes, some eighty miles off. The scouts available did not freeze on to the job. They urged that they were not sufficiently well acquainted with the country to go by night. The dispatch was important, and so Curtis came to me and asked me, if I was not too tired, to volunteer. It was rather a ticklish piece of work. The whole country was lined by Indians. It was a dark night and a storm was threatening. However, the dispatches had to be sent off, and so I assented, bargaining only that I should be provided with the best mount in the fort. This was readily assented to, the scouts took a fond farewell of me, and with their wishes for success ringing in my ears, I set out on my long ride.

The night was dark as pitch, but this gave me all the better chance of escaping the Indians. My greatest danger was lest my horse should stumble in a hole, and run away leaving me on the prairie. To prevent such a catastrophe I tied one end of my rawhide lariat to the bridle, and the other to my belt, a wise precaution, for within a few miles my horse fell twice in prairie dogs' holes, and got away before I could get hold of the bridle, but when he got to the length of the lariat he discovered that he was picketed to Bison Bill, which considerably abated his playfulness. In this way I proceeded through the night, and reached Walnut Creek, twenty-five miles out, in good time. It was here that I met with my first adventure. Going slowly through the darkness, I suddenly found myself in the midst of a number of horses which, becoming frightened, moved in all directions. I knew at once that I was near Indians, so without waiting to apologize, I cleared out as quickly as possible. Just as I thought myself clear, a dog barked a few yards away, and then I heard some Redskins talking. They mounted their mustangs and gave chase, I urged my horse to full speed and succeeded in getting away without loss of life.

I continued my way for several miles in a straight course, and I pushed on toward Smoky Hill River I reached this point soon after 3 o'clock in the morning, and then pushing northward I struck the old Santa Fe trail ten miles from Fort Hayes just as day was breaking. Arrived at the post soon after reveille, I made straight for General Sheridan's headquarters, and presented my dispatches in person. I was most cordially received by the general, and having taken food, and seen that my horse was well cared for, though I would proceed to take a little rest. It was, however, not to be, for I was suddenly sent for by the general, who wished to see

me. As I approached headquarters I noticed a number of scouts grouped together, and evidently engaged in discussing something important, and I soon learned what this was. General Sheridan desired to send an important dispatch to Fort Dodge, a distance of ninety-five miles. Volunteers were requested, but none responded. The general told me this, and what could I do? "General," I said, "if there is no one ready to volunteer, I'll carry your dispatches myself."

The general expressed himself greatly pleased at my offer, but at the same time said that he had not thought of asking me to undertake the duty, as I had been fully hard-worked already. But it was very important that the dispatches should go.

"If you don't get a courier by 4 o'clock this afternoon, I'll do the business," I responded, "but I must have a fresh horse, and meantime will take a little rest." It was not much rest I got, but punctually at 4 o'clock I announced myself ready, and mounting a fresh horse, started on the road. I crossed Smoky Hill river at dark, and it was just daylight as I rode up to Sam Long Crossing on the Pawnee fork, where a company of colored cavalry were posted, under Major Cox. Here I got a fresh horse, and continuing my lonely ride, covered the remaining twenty-five miles to Fort Dodge, and arrived soon after 9 o'clock without having seen a single Indian.

Having delivered my dispatches and rested an hour I was informed that the commander wished to send some dispatches to Fort Larned, my own post. I, of course, readily undertook to carry these, and my offer was gladly accepted by the general, provided I thought I could stand the trip after my recent fatigue.

"All I want is a fresh horse, sir," I said. Here was the difficulty. There was not such a thing as a decent horse available, the only animals to be had being government mules of which there was a large choice. I made no difficulty about this. "Trot out your mule," I said, "I am ready now."

The mule was rapidly forthcoming, and at dark I started once more on the road for Fort Larned, and proceeded without interruption to Cook creek, thirty miles from Fort Dodge.

Here I dismounted and led my mule to a pool to give him some water. I also stood myself a drink, using my hat for a dipper, and, while engaged in procuring this refreshment, my mule suddenly jerked off, and ambled away down to the creek. Then it flashed across my mind that in the hurry of departure I had omitted to make my lariat fast to him, and that he was at large.

I followed him gently in the hope of getting hold of his bridle, and that he would perchance stop. He did not. He made straight for the wagon road, but instead of making for Fort Dodge, as I expected he would, he turned toward Fort Larned, and jogged merrily along, with a most happy and unconcerned air. Several times I succeeded in getting just up to him, when he would put on a spurt and go ahead easy, slackening down as soon as I gave up chase. I was sorely tempted to shoot him with my gun, which I fortunately held in my hand, but the report would have probably brought the Indians down on me, and as he was, besides, company for me, I refrained. And thus the mule marched on, and I followed on foot—cursing.

From Cook creek to Fort Larned is thirty-five miles and we—that is, the mule and myself—made pretty good time. There was nothing to hold the mule, and I was striving hard to catch him—which urged him on. In addition to the excitement of this pedestrian competition, I had the knowledge that I might any moment be pounced on by Indians, and have my hair lifted.

The mule stuck to the road, and I stuck to the mule. Just as day began to break we found ourselves still in the same order of procession on a hill looking down on the valley of Pawnee Fort, with Fort Larned looming in the distance, and as I surveyed the scene, and the mule surveyed me, the morning gun belched forth half a mile away.

We took stock of each other with

expressions of mutual distrust. Then, addressing my opposite neighbor, I spoke.

"Time's up," I said; and its my turn. I am deeply indebted to you for your company, but we must part." Then I raised my gun to my shoulder and blazed away, hitting the beast on the hip. Inserting a second cartridge, I fired into him again, and twice more until at last he lay stretched out nice and comfortable. Like all government mules, he was a tough one, and died hard.

My shots brought out the troops, and when they learned what had happened, they all said it served him right. I then walked into headquarters and delivered my dispatches, and received the compliments of the general. I proceeded to put in some hours of solid sleep, and then left that same night for Fort Hayes with more dispatches, which I delivered early the next morning to General Sheridan. My record of these rides is as follows: Fort Larned to Fort Hayes; 65 miles in 12 hours. Fort Hayes to Fort Dodge; 95 miles in the succeeding 24 hours. Fort Dodge to Fort Larned, 35 miles on mule, 35 miles off mule, the same night; and back to Fort Hayes, 65 miles, the next—total, 235 miles, over a rough country, infested by hostile Indians, without any definite interval of rest.

On arriving at Fort Hayes I was highly complimented by Gen. Sheridan on my achievement. "Cody," he said, "I have decided to appoint you guide and chief of scouts, with the command."

And thus it was I came to be chief of scouts, United States Army.

## DUNDER DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF.

"What! you here?" exclaimed Sergeant Boudal, the other day, as he looked up and found Carl Dunder standing by the desk.

"Well, I believe it was my duty to come down on report on some case. My name was omitted again."

"I presume so; most anybody can swindle you, it's a wonder you have a dollar left."

"I was awful green, eh?"

"Yes, you are."

"And I was innocent, like a child?"

"About as innocent as a boy three years old. What's the matter now?"

"Sergeant, maybe you have seen a fellow take three cards and throw 'em all around on a table like lightning?"

"I have."

"And he likes you to bet dot you can pick out dot ace of hearts?"

"Yes. That's called three-card monte. How much did they get out of you?"

"A man comes to my place yesterday and says vbas I Carl Dunder. I vbas. All right, Mr. Dunder, but I like to show you a trick to play on der poyas. It vbas called parlor magic, and everybody was wildt oafder her."

"I see! And he got \$50 out of you I presume?"

"Vvelli he take a seat at der table and pulls out three cards and does so und so—und so, und he laughs all der time und says it vbas a good shoke on der poyas. Py und py he like me to pick but oot ace of hearts."

"And you bet you could."

"Of course."

"Mr. Dunder, you are a bigger fool than I thought for."

"Sergeant excuse me. If I vbas a fool I can't help it. I bet dot man \$20 I can pick out dot card."

"Shake comes oafder und holds der money, und I pick out a card."

"And it wasn't the ace of course?"

"Oh, but he vbas! I pick her right out ash elias vbas, und I put dot money in my west pocket. Der feller shokes oop und says dare vash a pig mistake, und he vvasnts me to try oafder again, but I vvas not on some try."

"You don't say?"

"Und he gets madt und says he put some heads on me if I doan't oop dot twenty. Vvelli, I vbas a greenhorn und a fool, you know."

"And you gave it up?"

"Oh, no! I take dot feller by der neck und make his heels proak two tables und five beer glasses, und his coat und vest vbas all in schmall pieces, und he cries out dot he gives me \$10 more of I let oop on him. Dot vbas very reasonable, und I let him go."

"And you made \$30?"

"You see for yourself. It vbas a

twenty und a ten, und in dis package vbas his boot heels und west-buckle und coat buttons. I like you to put on a ticket of 'Lost Property' und take charge of 'em. Sergeant, good day."

"But, I want to talk with you some—"

"Sergeant, I vbas a greenhorn und a fool, und I can't shup any longer? 'But, here—"

"Dot vbas all right. Maybe I vbas some oldt Dutchman from a pack county, und eaferybody can shvins dle me, und maybe I vbas oop to some shnuff. Good bye, Sergeant. It vbas going to be a hot day, und Shake vbas all alone in der saloon!"

## Snakes Without Boots.

About two weeks ago, says the Brighton News, a little English lad named Sorby, who lived in Fatterman, took a run for berries. On the road home while crossing a field he found a number of round, white balls about as large as walnuts. These he put in his basket and carried home. As soon as his father saw them, he pronounced them turtle eggs, and as they had at the time a hen that was anxious to set, and in fact had been sitting round on brick bats, lumps of coal and other things of like nature, he concluded he would try an experiment just for curiosity. So the supposed turtle eggs were placed under the hen carefully and she was left alone in her glory.

About a week after that, one bright morning, the family was startled by the greatest commotion in the chicken yard. Upon running to learn the cause, what was their horror to see the place literally alive with black snakes, that were darting in and out beneath the old setting hen and wiggling round at a great rate. The supposed turtle eggs were those of a black snake and the hen had hatched them out. The snakes were, on an average, about six inches long and as lively as eels. They were crawling about the hen's wings and dart their little red tongues out at any one who would approach them.

The Sorby family looked on in astonishment until one of the snakes wrapped itself round its foster mother's neck and began to choke her to death; then they procured sticks and went to work killing off the horrid brood. After killing 18, the remainder, about half a dozen that had taken refuge under the old hen were allowed to live, and it is said she takes as much care of them as if they were little chicks. Wherever she goes they follow, and seem to know her cluck. She scratches diligently for them all day, but no one has yet seen them eat. At night they crawl under her wings and sleep soundly. It is a queer family.

## A Worm that Eats up Steel Rails.

The existence has just been discovered of a detestable microbe which feeds upon iron with as much gluttony as the phyloxera upon the vine. Some time ago the greatest consternation existed among the engineers employed on the railway at Hagen by the accidents occurring always at the same place, proving that some terrible defect must exist either in the material or the construction of the rails. The German government directed an inquiry to be made and a commission surveillance to be formed for the purpose of maintaining constant watch at the spot where the accidents—one of them attended with loss of life—had occurred. It was not, however, until after six months had elapsed that the surface of the rails appeared to be corroded as if by acid, to the extent of 100 yards. The rail was taken up and broken and it was perceived that it was literally hollowed out by a thin gray worm, to which the qualification of 'railworm' was assigned, and by which name it is to be classed in natural history. The worm is said to be two centimetres in length and of the size of the prong of a silver fork in circumference. It is of a light gray color, and on the head carries two little glands filled with a corrosive secretion, which is ejected every ten minutes upon the iron. This liquid renders the iron soft and spongy, and of the color of rust, and it is then greedily devoured by the insect.

"There is no exaggeration," says the official report of the commission, "in the assertion that this creature for its size, is one of the most voracious kind, for it has devoured thirty-six kilograms of rails in a fortnight."—Cologne Gazette.

The following touching story of Lincoln is related to the Chicago 'Mail' by Colonel Dayton. Shortly after the battle of Gettysburg, Gen. Sickles, badly wounded, was brought to Washington by some members of his staff, and was taken to the private house of a Mr. Dale, on F—street, opposite, or nearly opposite the Ebbitt House. The brave hero of many a hard won field was very near his last muster. The morning after his arrival President Lincoln lay hardly gasping. We all thought he was dying. Dr. Simms was holding his pulse, and as Mr. Lincoln approached the bedside with Tal, he was much affected. He raised his head to heaven, while big drops of tears fell from his eyes, and uttered the most fervent prayer I ever heard. Not a dry eye was in that room; all, even Tal, were sobbing. I cannot remember the exact words of the prayer, but this portion will never be effaced from my memory: "Oh, God, let me not lose all my friends in this war. Lincoln was very fond of General Sickles and visited him almost every day, and sent flowers of the choicest kind to his room daily from the White House conservatory."

A man said to me the other day 'This Temperance movement is a very good work for the women to be engaged in, but it's poor business for the Governor of a State.' I replied, 'My dear sir, I wish you would stay at home and beat like your wife, over the wash-tub, nurse the babies, darn the socks, and attend to the duties of the house, and something else of that character which tends to wear out the physical strength of women, while your wife could loaf for awhile around some gossip-shop, you would then be a 'fanatic' yourself upon this question. If there is one of you here to-day who should catch your wife loafing around a saloon, you would apply for a divorce inside of twenty-four hours; you would think if she were guilty of so infamous a thing, she would be unworthy such a specimen of manhood as yourself; and yet, for all this, you can linger about these places week after week.'

## A SEVERE SHOCK

'I saw something new up in Wisconsin the other day,' writes a correspondent. 'A patent medicine man was selling something or other from a carriage in which he had a rather pretty young woman and a gasoline lamp. The lady sang one or two songs very sweetly, and then the man talked and sold his nostrum at a dollar a bottle. When he had disposed of 30 or 40 bottles he said: Now, gentlemen, before bidding you good night I will give you an exhibition of wonderful magnetic powers of my wife, who sits here by my side. I hold in my hand a common piece of thread. Now, one of you take hold of the end of it and walk off and then let all the others take hold of it, and at the signal which I will give she will take hold of the other end and you will feel the shock instantly.' 'About 150 men and boys grasped the thread and walked off about half a block with it. 'Now keep perfectly quiet and you will feel the shock, delicate at first and then strong enough to tingle at the ends of your fingers and toes. Are you ready?' 'They all said 'yes.' 'Well, then, I will put out the light' said he, and my wife will take the thread in her hand at that instant.'

'The light went out and the man's voice was heard. 'What have you in your hand, my dear?' 'The longest string of suckers I ever saw in my life,' came in a sweet musical voice, and at the same moment the horses and carriages were driven off at great speed, leaving the crowd holding on to the string completely dumfounded. It was the worst shock a good many of those fellows ever got.'

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