

### A Very Short Courtship.

DR. GRAHAM having passed a very creditable examination before the Army Medical Board, was commissioned an assistant surgeon in the United States army in 18—, and ordered to report for duty to the commanding officer at Fort M'Kavett, Texas.

There were no railroads in the western country at that time and the usual way of getting to Texas was by the Mississippi river to New Orleans, and then crossing the Gulf to stage it up through the State.

Dr. Graham was very desirous of examining the western country mineralogically, so applied and received permission from the War Department to go by way of Arkansas and the Indian Territory to his post.

On his arrival at St. Louis he shipped the greater part of his baggage by way of the river, and taking only what he could carry on horseback, started on his journey.

While in St. Louis, at the Planter's Hotel, he formed the acquaintance of a gentleman who, learning where he was going, gave him a letter of introduction to his brother, who was a farmer living on his route to Arkansas.

It is not necessary for us to follow him on his road, or tell what discoveries he made in the interest of science; sufficient it is that one day, toward dusk, he reached the house of the gentleman to whom he had the letter, and dismounting, knocked at the door and presented his letter to the judge (even in those days every one was a judge in Arkansas), who would not have needed it to have accorded him an open-handed welcome; for travelers were a God-send and news was as much sought after then as now.

After a short visit, he proposed to go on to the next town, about four miles off, where he intended to put up for the night. The judge would not listen to his leaving, and was so cordial in his desire for him to stay that he would have been rude not to have done so.

The judge, after directing one of the servants to attend to his horse, invited him into the dining-room, where he was introduced to the wife and daughter of his host, and also to a substantial western supper, to which he did ample justice.

After supper they adjourned to the parlor, and he entertained his new-made friends with the latest news from outside world. The judge brewed some stiff whisky punch, which Graham, so inclined inelined, imbibed quite freely.—The old couple retired, and left their daughter to entertain him; and whether it was the punch, or what, at all events he made hot love to her, and finally asked her to be his wife and go to Texas with him, to which she consented. She being very unsophisticated and innocent, took everything he said in downright earnest, and with her it was a case of "love at first sight."

But I am anticipating. During the night our friend, the doctor, woke up, and remembered what he had said, and it worried him; but he said to himself, after emptying his water pitcher:

"Never mind, I'll make it all right in the morning. I must have made a fool of myself. She's lovely, but what must she not think of me!" and rolled over and went to sleep again.

Morning came, and upon his going down to the parlor, he found the young lady alone, for which he "blessed his lucky stars, and was just about to make an apology, when she said:

"I told mamma, and she said it was all right," at the same time giving him a kiss which nearly took his breath away. "Papa is going to town this morning, dear, and you ride in with him and talk it over; but he won't object, I know."

"But, my dear miss, I was very foolish, and—"

"No, indeed; you were all right."

"Well, I will go to my post, and return for you, for I must go on at once."

"No; I can go with you."

"You won't have time."

"Oh, yes, I will. Papa will fix that. It would be such an expense for you to come back all the way here."

"But I have no way of taking you."

"I have thought of that; that does not make any difference. Father will give us a team."

With nearly tears in his eyes he went in to breakfast, to which at that moment both were summoned; but, alas! appetite he had none. It was not that she was not pretty and nice; but he thought what a confounded fool she must be not to see that he wanted to get out of it. But it was no use. When the judge started for town, Dr. Graham was sitting beside him. The judge saved him the trouble of broaching the subject by starting it himself:

"I always, young man, give Nell her own way; so it is all right; you need not say a word."

"But I've got to go on to-day."

The old judge turned his eyes toward him. He had an Arkansas bowie in

each, and one of those double-barrel shot-gun looks as he said:

"You ain't trying to get out of it, are you?"

The doctor, taking in the situation, said, promptly, all hope being gone:

"No, sir."

"That's right. I will fix everything for you; give you that black team of mine, and a light wagon to carry your wife's things" (here the doctor shuddered) "and a thousand as a starter. You can be married to-night, and leave early in the morning. That will suit, won't it?"

"Yes, sir," answered Graham, faintly. But on the judge turning toward him, he said, "yes, sir, certainly."

"After you get fixed at your post I'll come down and pay you a visit. I have been thinking about selling out and moving to Texas for some time; it's getting crowded here, and things are a-moving as slow as 'lasses in winter-time."

Things were arranged as the old judge said. The marriage took place, and the army received an addition to its ladies in the person of the Arkansas judge's daughter, and Dr. Graham has never regretted the obduracy of his father-in-law, or the unsophisticatedness of his wife.

### An Incident of the Rebellion.

IT WAS General Gordon's command which struck the flank of the Eleventh corps on the afternoon of the first day at Gettysburg, and after a short but desperate conflict broke its line and swept it from the field.

In that fight General Barlow, of New York, commander of the First division, fell dangerously and, it was thought, mortally wounded. He was shot directly through the body. Two of his men attempted to bear him through the shower of lead from the field; but one was instantly killed and General Barlow magnanimously said to the other:

"You can do me no good; save yourself if you can."

Gordon's brigade of Georgians in its wild charge swept over him, and he was found by General Gordon himself, lying with upturned face in the hot July sun, nearly paralyzed and apparently dying. General Gordon dismounted from his horse, gave him a drink of water from his canteen, and inquired of Gen. Barlow his name and wishes.

General Barlow said:

"I shall probably live but a short time. Please take from my breast pocket the packet of my wife's letters and read one of them to me," which was done. He then asked that the others be torn up, as he did not wish them to fall into other hands. This General Gordon did, and then asked:

"Can I do anything else for you, General?"

"Yes," replied General Barlow, earnestly. "My wife is behind our army. Can you send a message through the lines?"

"Certainly I will," said Gordon, and he did. Then directing General Barlow to be borne to the shade of a tree at the rear, he rode on with his command.—The wife received the message and came harmlessly through both lines of battle and found her husband who eventually recovered.

Since General Gordon's election to the United States Senate both he and General Barlow were invited to a dinner party in Washington, and occupied opposite seats at the table. After introductions, General Gordon said:

"General Barlow, are you related to the officer of your name who was killed at Gettysburg?"

"I am the man," said Barlow. "Are you related to the man who is supposed to have killed me?"

"I am the man," said General Gordon. The hearty greeting which followed the touching story, as related to the interested guests by General Barlow, and the thrilling effect upon the company, can better be imagined than described.

### Damage Done by a Worthless Dog.

The *Cleveland Leader* says: The report of a singular occurrence comes from Brecksville. About a fortnight ago Mr. Ritchie, a farmer living in Brecksville township, discovered, on going out one morning, that something extraordinary had taken possession of his flock of sheep (six in number). They were frothing at the mouth and biting viciously at one another, and tearing the wool from their own hips and sides. Nearly all bore marks of violence as if they had been attacked by some wild animal, and their wool was bespattered with blood.

Mr. Ritchie, becoming alarmed and scarcely knowing how to act, drove them all into a pen and locked them up. Their malady increased, and one by one they all died. At the same time another farmer by the name of Burr, a neighbor of Mr. Ritchie, passed through a similar experience. He had four sheep, and all were taken with the same malady, dying in the course of a day or two. These also bore marks of bites and scratches. The

general impression arrived at after consultation was that the flocks had been attacked by a mad dog, and that hydrophobia had caused their death.

Now thoroughly aroused, the two families set out a day or two ago and made a careful examination of the ground where the sheep had been pasturing. In one place in the field they found unmistakable signs of a struggle, and, aided by the snow they tracked the foot-prints of a dog to a distance of two miles. Here they came to the house of a laboring man, and found the cause of all the trouble to be a worthless, starved-looking cur, that barked and snarled as they approached. They carried guns, and it took but a minute or two to send a couple of bullets through the dog's carcass.

It may be here stated that the sheep have all been buried and that the steer will probably be killed, so that there is no danger of any of the meat being brought into the markets. The matter has been investigated by Dr. Stuart, veterinary surgeon, and by him reported to the health officer.

### A Man with a Weak Stomach.

THERE came to the dinner-table at the Lawrence House the other day two strangers, one a lean and hungry-looking customer, the other a decent-appearing young fellow. As they reached the table the other man clutched frantically at the bill of fare, and remarked as follows:

"Let's see what they've got. You know I can't eat everything. Been nearly dead for ten weeks with dyspepsia. Ah, oyster soup, guess that won't hurt me. Waiter, bring me some oyster soup, and, let's see, boiled white fish, yes, I'll just try a little of that, too."

The soup and fish were devoured with terrific voracity and with all the external evidences of intense relief.

"Now, let's see what else they've got, you know I've got to be mighty careful what I eat; it's awful annoying, I can tell you, to be limited this sort of a way. Roast turkey—well, now, that oughtn't to hurt me; gimme some. Roast beef—I think that's safe enough; I'll have some. And, hello, chicken pot-pie, that's easily digested; waiter, you may fetch me some of that, please. Let's see, now, I've got to be so confounded careful—I guess you needn't fetch anything else but a piece of boiled ham, a little macaroni, and some chicken livers and vegetables. If you have any chow-chow and pickled cucumbers you may fetch some to whet up my appetite a little."

The waiter took the order, and the man with the weak stomach reached this way for crackers, that way for butter, here took a piece of bread, there a mango and a stalk of celery, and frequently remarking that it was bad to be restricted this way, stayed his stomach till his dinner was brought. He looked it over, sent the waiter back for some roast veal and another onion, remarking that his stomach was weak, he had been suffering terribly from dyspepsia, and couldn't eat everything and not much of anything, but at last got to work and cleared the dishes.

The matter of dessert troubled him some because his stomach was so weak, but he finally ordered mince pie, plum pudding and ice cream, with a cup of coffee, not too weak.

They were brought and devoured, and then he called the waiter and made her a confidential communication to the effect that he had been sick with dyspepsia, that his stomach was weak, he couldn't eat everything, and would she be kind enough to bring him a bowl of milk?

The milk was brought; he crumbled some bread therein, and, as his younger companion had departed, the man with the weak stomach remarked to the gentleman across the table from him that it was darned rough to have to come down to bread and milk, but he had been sick, he couldn't eat everything and he had to be very careful.

### Persecuted Lovers.

A MOST laughable trick perpetrated upon a young man of Fremont has just come out. He is a tip-top fellow, high-minded and honorable, but he is not blessed with a very large share of this world's goods. He is in love with a very pretty girl, who in turn would go through fire for him.

Her parents have done everything they could to annoy the young man and prevent him from coming to the house, but he is persistent, and the high-spirited girl says if he can't come to see her, she will go to see him and stay for good. As, unfortunately often happens, there is a boy in the family who sympathizes with the parents. This imp has succeeded at last in carrying the day against the lovers. The young man called, a few evenings since, when the old folks were away from home, hoping to pass a pleasant evening.

It was not long until the parlor stove

stove was doctored but it grew worse. In a few minutes the smoke became unendurable, and the couple took refuge in the family room. They were not more than comfortably seated before they were treated to a repetition of the smoke in the parlor. It fairly poured out of the fireplace, and soon the room was so full of smoke that, had the couple not retreated, they would have been converted into good cured bacon. The lovers, determined not to be undone, went to the kitchen. Here the same fate awaited them.

It seemed as if the very elements conspired against them. The fire burned brightly at first, but in a few minutes, the giant black volumes came puffing out of the room. They were in despair. Wherever they went the smoke followed them. They were literally smoked out. The young lady, half in anger and half from the blinding smoke, had a hearty cry, and the young man went home. It has since been learned that the rascally boy had secured some broad boards and climbed up on the roof and laid them over the chimneys.

### A Woman's Unpleasant Predicament.

WHEN the train on the Erie road arrived at Lackawaxen, one day last week, a handsome young lady, carrying several bundles in her hand, entered the car and took a seat. It being the last car on the train, it was some time before the conductor, Van Wormer, came along to gather the tickets. When he approached the young lady, she handed him a ticket for Honesdale, over the Honesdale branch, only to be informed that she was on the wrong train, and, instead of going to Honesdale, was rapidly approaching Narrowsburg. The conductor passed on, and the lady immediately burst into a flood of tears, and wished to know what she could do. A passenger, taking compassion on the young lady, who was crying as if her heart would break, endeavored to make light of her misfortune. But they didn't console her at all. She had to be at Honesdale at 8 P. M., and if she couldn't get there by that time she did not want to go at all. In fact she was to be married at that hour, and had run down to Lackawaxen to procure a few articles she required. If she didn't get back she was afraid her soon-to-be husband would be offended, to say nothing of the disappointment and anxiety it would cause her parents and the invited guests.

Her fellow passenger was now more interested in the weeping young lady, and, as he says himself, would have given \$10 had it been in his power to waft her back to Honesdale and her lover. He immediately interviewed Conductor Van Wormer, told him of the young woman's plight and asked him if it wasn't possible to get her back to Honesdale, in time for the wedding ceremony. The conductor said he would try, and did try, and succeeded. He procured her a passage back from Narrowsburg to Lackawaxen on a freight train, which fortunately happened to be standing at the depot, and telegraphed to the agent at Lackawaxen to have a horse and sleigh in readiness to convey her to Honesdale. Everything worked well, and the young lady reached her destination in time for her marriage vows. She will never forget the kindness of that conductor.

### A Joker Caught.

One day last week a tramp entered a Hollidaysburg hotel and asked for a meal, when the landlord, playing smart, directed the nomad to a friend in the bar-room, who is irritable, saying, "That's the landlord." Tramp did as told, and asked the supposed landlord for something to eat, when he, instead of exploding, took the "traveler" into the dining-room and served him sumptuously. The landlord has concluded that jokes on regular boarders don't pay.

### Interesting Perhaps to Lawyers.

A very good story is told of the late Judge Cadwalader who died in Philadelphia a few weeks ago. He had a wealthy brother who for a long time took a commanding position in the business interests of Philadelphia. While the judge was seated on the bench of the supreme court one day this brother appeared and in his bluff fraternal way said: "How are you, John. I have been summoned to act as grand juror." Said the judge: "When I am on the bench I am addressed as judge." "Don't be a d-d fool, John," said the business man.—"Fine Mr. Cadawalader \$100," said the judge, and fined he was.

### Shrewdness and Ability.

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