CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.

NEW POEM BY ALRED TENNYSON.

I

The charge of the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade;
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen drew to the valley—and stayed,
For Scarlett and Scarlett's Three Hundred were riding by;
When the points of the Russian lances broke in on the sky;
And he called "Left wheel into line!" and they wheeled and obeyed.
Then he looked at the host that had halted, he knew not why,
And he turned half round, and he bade his trumpeter sound
"To the charge!" and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade
To the gallant Three Hundred, whose glory will never die,
"Follow and up the hill!"
Up the hill, up the hill followed the Heavy Brigade.

II.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight!
Down the hill, slowly, thousands of Russians
Drew to the valley, and halted at last on the height
With a wing pushed out of the left, and a wing to the right.
But Scarlet was far on ahead, and he dashed up alone
Through the great gray slope of men;
And he whirled his saber, he held his own
Like an Englishman there and then.
And the three that were nearest him followed with force,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made,
Four amid thousands, and up the hill, up the hill
Galloped the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

III.

Fell, like a cannon shot,
Burst, like a thunderbolt,
Crashed, like a hurricane,
Broke through the mass from below,
Drove through the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow and blow,
Brave Inniskillings and Greys,
Whirling their sabres in circles of light.
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for awhile from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze.
When the dark muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right
And rolled them around like a cloud.
Oh! mad for the charge and the battle were we
When our own good red coats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark gray sea;
And we turned to each other, muttering all dismayed,
"Lost are the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!"

IV.

But they rode, like victors and lords,
Through the forests of lances and swords,
In the heart of the Russian hordes
They rode, or they stood at bay;
Struck with the sword-hand and slew;
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle, and threw
Under foot there in the fray;
Ranged like a storm, or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day;
Till suddenly, shock after shock,
Staggered the mass from without;
For our men galloped up with a cheer and a shout,
And the Russians surged, and wavered, and reeled,
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
Over the brow and away.

V.

Glory to each, and to all, and the charge that they made!
Glory to all the Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!

THE YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY.

There was a grand council of assembled Crows at the agency during my visit, not less than 3000 persons being present. They swarmed all over the premises, passing freely in and out of the court and through the halls, gathering in groups, and transacting their little business with the agent and his clerks; but there was no unwarrantable intrusion into any of the offices or agency quarters. There were sights and novelties as strange to some of them as to rural visitors in a great city, yet none allowed an idle curoisity to get the better of their decorum. Doors of chambers and sleeping rooms were left unlocked and open day and night, but not the smallest trifle was pilfered by grown person or child. Even the grateful odors of the kitchen did not induce the few who lingered near the open door to ask for a *douceur de cuisine*. No treacherous knife point lifted the hair of the sleeping whites. No tomahawks repeated the massacre of White river; for the Crows have made it a public boast for generations that they have never killed a white man. Steal horses they will when out on their foraging expeditions, for horse-flesh is fair plunder at all times, and an expert horse-thief is accounted next in honor and personal accomplishments to a brave. (Some white people who become inoculated with this idea, have attempted to carry it out, and got hung.) Sometimes the Crows have captured from other tribes as many as 3000 horses at a single raid. They seldom steal from the whites. Sometimes they temporarily appropriate or borrow. In some cases, Crows have been killed by renegade white men, but the murder has never been retaliated by indiscriminate reprisal, according to the Indian code, but has been satisfactorily compromised with the relatives of the murdered men by gifts of ponies. Horses constitute the surplus wealth of the tribe, and pass current as money. Many of the chiefs dress expensively, a single holiday dress costing fully $500. Some of the dresses appropriated to dances and state occasions, cost even more. Their ordinary attire is usually inexpensive, but generally of gaudy cloths and flannels. One of the leading Crow chiefs at present is known as "Smoky." He is a full-blooded negro from Missouri, and a very civil fellow to every one. In times gone by, not only negroes, but Mexicans, Frenchmen, Irishmen and Americans have been adopted into the tribe and become big chiefs. Any great achievement or mysterious performance is always accounted as "big medicine," and entitled to a proper recognition. By such deeds, as well as by valor in war, men become chiefs. It is to be hoped that the existing amicable relations with this very friendly but brave tribe may never be disturbed by designing speculators, dishonest agents or broken treaties. I have heard the present officers of the agency declared brothers in open council, and seen the head chiefs place their own rich robes over their shoulders in token of confidence and esteem.

No strangers are allowed upon the reservation without permission, but the chiefs have been liberal in granting stations to the stage lines at every fifteen miles, and are equally generous in giving leave to small parties of sportsmen who wish to hunt. It was my good fortune to accompany the officers of the agency thirty-five miles up the Rosebud canyon to a mountain lake, which temporarily receives into its bosom the rushing torrent from its birthplace among the peaks, and then dismisses it roaring and thundering on its headlong journey to the opening valley six miles below. With difficulty the saddle horses and pack mules picked their devious way among thickets of trees and fallen boulders which filled the bottom of the gorge. So lofty were the towering steeps on either side that their pine-clad summits seemed clothed with moss; so deeply did they enfold the shadowy glen that they hid from sight all view beyond. Into this secluded spot but few persons come, but bleaching antlers of elks scattered along the pass showed that even this upland retreat was not a sure refuge from the hunters. Chattering magpies flew from tree to tree in the open glade, and mountain grouse rustled through the underbrush, scarcely deigning to fly. At length a sudden turn around an intercepting spur revealed a marvelous sight. Mountains of every hight, and hue, and shape towered in front and inclosed a vast amphitheater. In the immediate foreground rose vast mountain slopes whose almost precipitous sides and rounded summits were densely robed with pines. Behind them, far above the line of verdure, were lofty pyramids of naked crags, while higher than all, glittering in the noonday sun, towered those mighty peaks which are white with never-melting snow. The upper atmosphere was bathed in effulgent light; shadows filled all the valleys. In the very heart of this impressive grandeur, nestling at the base of frowning mountains which seemed envious of the contracted space, reposed the silent lake, 8000 feet above the sea, green as an emerald, icy cold, and fairly alive with gigantic trout! On one side a stupendous cliff walled in the liquid gem; on the other the intruding mountain vouchsafed a little space for a grassy lawn which sloped gently from the border of the lake up to a small grove of lodge-pole pines at its base. A few straggling cedars fringed the shore. Out of an adjacent crevice in the rocky wall poured a gelid brook, so cold that it benumbed the hands. Never before were all the requisites of a camping place so perfectly supplied. The whole area occupied by the lake, the grove, the lawn, and the foaming torrent, was less than a mile in diameter. A ringe of pine trees stretched across the inlet at the head of the lake, like the drop curtain of a theater, and hid the impetuous stream above; but the noise of its roar was heard unceasingly day and night. Just where it shot into the still water was the angler's favorite fishing ground. The unsophisticated trout never once refused the lure of bait or fly; they were caught by hundreds, and averaged a pound apiece. Over by the foot of the cliff which dropped almost plumb into the lake, heavier fish were caught among the detritus and boulders which had fallen from above, some of them weighing two pounds and a quarter. On the shallows where the lake sloped to the margin, was a growth of weeds, at the edge of which the trout skulked like pike, and were easily tempted out. In fact, wherever the line was cast the offer was responded to at once. All the previous experiences of veteran anglers were thrown into the shade. These fish were the black-speckled trout of the Rockies, with crimson slashes across the gill-covers, which has now become almost as familiar to the angler as the crimson-spotted favorites of the east. They are a trifle less active, but gamy enough in the impetuous water of a mountain canyon where the pools are forty rods apart, the tackle light, the banks bristling with protruding brush and overhanging trees, and no footing to be obtained except in the slippery boulder-covered bed of the stream. Under such conditions I caught five big fish above the lakes, but the capture involved some tumbles in the flood, and many bruises. I followed up the creek until the canyon became so contracted that the imprisoned torrent had scarcely room to flow, and further progress seemed impossible. We were now within seventy miles of the famous National park, but the gates were closed. A mighty barrier of rocks and snow-capped mountains interposed, which only the big-horn sheep can traverse. So cool was the temperature of the morning air that the vapors condensed into frost; twice in a single week snow covered the ground, but melted after the sun had risen. Everywhere signs of elks and bears were found. Behind our camp there was hardly a tree whose bark had not been rubbed by the elks to rid their tingling horns of their discarded velvet. The experience was worth the long journey to enjoy.

Similar in character to the Rosebud are the headwaters of all the mountain tributaries of the Yellowstone; sequestered little parks alternating with areas of forest and rugged canyons, with a background of mountains frowning in somber grandeur, or flashing in sunlight where they are mantled with snow. The streams generally flow north, and run about seventy-five miles. As soon as they leap their mountain barriers, the walls which confine them gradually spread out into gentle slopes inclosing grassy valleys, and sweep in far-reaching undulations toward the table land which forms the summits of the divides. The river bottoms are filled with trees of different varieties and luxuriant undergrowth. The coulees are carpeted with green grass, and upholstered with shrubbery, in which bull-berries, choke cherries, juicy rosebuds, and luxurious plums predominate. In the season of ripening the grizzly bears come down from their fastnesses to regale themselves on the fruit, and become an easy prey to the hunter. Last August, a Mr. Jennison, of Dublin, hunting for sport, killed twenty-nine. Red and black-tail deer are very numerous in the thickets, into which the hunters ride on horseback, and jump them from their beds. On the higher slopes of the foothills are elks and mountain sheep. Antelopes throng the open plains in autumn. Better fields for sport were never known. A ride over these sweeping swales is like a holiday jaunt through Central Park or the Bois de Boulogne. At times one discovers broad avenues worn smooth by horses' hoofs, and apparently traveled by wagon-wheels, which he learns are lodge pole trails where migrating bands of Indians have passed. When Indians move camp, they fasten their lodge poles to their saddle girths, and let the endsdrag behind. These ends, having been crossed by parallel bars, and the lodge-covers thrown over them and fastened at the edges, a capacious bag is formed, into which domestic chattels like decrepit old women, pappooses, sick dogs, and kettles, which cannot be conveniently carried on pack horses, are thrown promiscously. Almost constantly narrow trails are seen, deeply worn into the grass, and generally running in parellel lines. These are old buffalo trails. There are no surer guides for the traveler, are more certain paths to water, practicable fords, or rich pastures.

Once, starting out from Fort Custer, with some officers of the post, we followed up the Little Big Horn river some twenty miles to Lodgegrass creek, and then a like distance up that stream, where we camped for a week. This brought us into the heart of a famous game country. Unfortunately, fires had burned the grass over a large area, but the thickets fairly swarmed with deer, and occasional bears and elk. The results averaged three saddles of venison per day to five guns, besides prairie chickens, ducks and hares. Had the quest been more for meat and less for pleasure, the trophies of the chase would have been greatly multiplied. Speaking of bears, there is an old-time hunter who has lived on the Stinking-water for many years, not far from Fort McKinney, some forty miles from Custer. One day, early last September, he descried a stray buffalo bull near his ranche, and started out with his Winchester rifle after rawhide. It did not take long to bring the animal to his knees, but the noise of the shot which struck him jumped two black-tails out of the bush. In a minute old John Worth, that is the hunter's name, and he is sixty-three years old, pumped two rifle balls out of his magazine and stopped them running. He had taken his knife out of his belt to skin the handiest, when a big Ephraim, with four other grizzlies, waltzed out of the bush, where they had been eating plums, and commenced feeding on the carcass of the other deer, scarcely three rods away. Worth thought himself in luck. Meat seemed to rain down like quail and manna for the Israelites. So he pumped away once more and killed four of the bears in the tracks; but when he pulled trigger on the fifth, he found that his magazine was empty! Before he could finger a loose cartridge out of his belt, Ephraim had him down and would have killed him had not a little whiffet dog which was with him teased his flanks and heels until he let go long enough to let the man get in his cartridge. A shot at close quarters then finished the bear; but Worth was laid up at the military hospital for a month.

Fort Custer is located on a commanding cliff at the junction of the Big Horn with the Little Big Horn, now made historical by the lamentable Custer disaster. It is a first-class post, in charge of the 11th infantry and 2d cavalry, larger than Fort Keogh, but hardly as homelike or pretty. It is cast in a rougher mold, and stands in the center of a vast wilderness, like an oasis of civilization, extending its grateful protection over the fledgling settlements which nestle beneath its sheltering arms. The road from the fort to Lodgegrass creek passes close by the hights where Custer fought his last battle. A monument of cut granite inscribed with the names of every man who fell in the engagement overlooks the bloody ground, the fatal ford which Custer foolishly attempted to cross, and broad bottom beyond the river where the camp of the hostile Sioux extended for nearly two miles. The retreat of the soldiers from the ford to the crest of the hight where the last stand was made is marked by stakes placed where their dead bodies fell. The celerity with which the guilty, panic-stricken Indians abandoned their camp at the approach of Gen. Terry is indicated by the lodge-poles and utensils which strew the ground even at the present day.

Fort Custer is a sort of asylum and outfitting depot for way-farers and disabled sportsmen. There is no other place within a hundred miles where shelter and requisite necessaries can be procured. During the past season Custer received visits from no less than seven hunting parties of English, Irish, Austrian and American gentlemen, including three ladies, most of whom wanted pack mules, provisions, arms, guides or something of the sort. Its officers are most hospitable, and glad to entertain agreeable guests, whose presence relieves the monotony of guard mount and dinner call. The approaches to Fort Custor may readily be recognized by the empty beer bottles which line the sides of the road—the tributes of departing guests to the hospitality left behind.

Taking the back track down the Yellowstone valley, and traveling by easy stages for seven days, one can look the country over a second time with more leisure and more intelligently. The strange characters which people the territory have now become familiar. The tourist has learned to distinguish the study ranchman, the leather clad stockmen, the dark-visaged rangers in full panoply of beads, buckskin and pistols, the wandering Indian bands with their herds of ponies, the freighters and the pilgrims. There is a large floating population of idlers in Montanna, worthless vagabonds with a keen eye to the main chance; leeches upon the tenter-foot and new-comer. One of the most thriving branches of extraneous industry, is horse stealing. Horses change hands so fast and so often that they imagine themselves in a twenty mile race. Every prudent ranchman rigs a bell wire from his barn to his beds; every government wagon train doubles its horse guard; every stockman sleeps on the corral fence; every plainsman ties his lariat to his arm. One of these days a new industry will arise in the territory, and then horse thieving will be practiced no more.—*Charles Hallock.*

A Romance of a Century Ago

On the 23d of December, 1783, the floor of the Senate-chamber at Annapolis was filled to overflowing by stately dames and gentle maidens who had flocked to the Capitol as if the weight of state questions had been for this one hour entrusted to their wise deliberations. Washington, the mighty yet unambitious hero of the time, while yet the idol of the public heart, was on this day to lay down his laurels by resigning to Congress his commission of commander-in-chief of the brave little army whose triumphs he had directed and whose sufferings he had shared.

Accompanied by his aides, Colonel Benjamin Walker and Colonel David Humphreys, and the officers appointed as escort, Washington entered the hall where the assembled Congress awaited him, every manly voice among the spectators cheering, and every feminine kerchief waving an enthusiasm of approval and welcome; but the cheers were hushed into breathless silence by the first words of the great hero's dignified address, to which General Mifflin, as President of the Senate, made an eloquent and appropriate reply.

On Washington's left stood the valiant soldier Colonel John Eager Howard, of Maryland, and facing Colonel Howard, conspicuous among the foremost group of Senators, was General Read, of South Carolina, the hero of this short legend of a by-gone love. How little did either of these young men, strangers to one-another, dream of the day to come when a son and a daughter of each were to become husband and wife to the daughter and son of the other.

Many were the men whose names were already distinguished, or to become historic, who were present, either as members of Congress or spectators of the impressive scene. Madison, Jefferson, Monroe; Lee, of Virginia; Osgood, of Massachusetts; Morris, of Pennsylvania, McComb, of Delaware, and General Otho Williams, Generals Smith and Swan, of Maryland The well-known Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was accompanied by his two daughters, one of whom was afterward, as Mrs. Caton, mother to the trio of celebrated beauties who became respectively Lady Stafford the Marchioness of Wellesley, and the Duchess of Leeds.

But absorbing as was the attention given to Washington by the august assemblage of heroes and patriots, who recognized in him the greatest hero and patriot of any, the young Carolinian's eyes wandered up to the gallery above, where Mrs. Washington, with her grandchildren at her knee, was seated in all the dignity and legitimate pride of the wife who crowns herself with her husband's glory.

Grouped around her were the three Calvert sisters, Maryland's blood royal, the family of Lord Baltimore; and never was the fame of Maryland beauty better maintained than by the contrasting loveliness of the youngest, Miss Ariana Calvert, with the more brilliant charms of her elder sisters, who had been espoused during the perils of the war, both on the same evening, the one by Washington's step-son, Parke Curtis, and the other by Mr. George Stuart, of Maryland.

It is told of these gentlemen that each received the announcement of the birth of a son—born on the same day, a year after the marriages—while on the battlefield.

But it was not the rich bloom or dark eyes of the beautiful young matrons which so riveted the attention of the young Southerner that even the sublime presence of Washington was for a time forgotten. To his eyes the youngest sister was much the fairest; and he gazed up at the unconscious young girl until the friend at his elbow, Mr. James Monroe—too thorough a Virginian not to recognize the phenomina of a love at first sight—whispered her name in his ear, and the offer to present him before the lady quitted Annapolis town for home in the country. The offer was gratefully accepted, and ere the winter was half over Miss Calvert was affianced to her eager and enraptured young lover; but not, alas! with the entire consent and approbation of her family and friends, and thence arose the cloud which darkened the horizon of this love legend.

As usual, the passion youth deifies, age coldly ignored. The Carolinian was wealthy, of prominent position and good birth, and of distinguished education; but the lady was threatened with decline. She was also the youngest darling of the household; her sisters had married so well, yet remained in their midst; and her family grew more and more reluctant that this comparative stranger should bear away their tender and fragile flower to his far-off Southern home, to pine away, and die perhaps, out of sight and hearing of those who had loved her from her cradle; and the angered lover saw the feeble health of his lady-love give way under the conflict of duty with feeling, until she became indeed seriously ill.

But the passionate Southerner was not to have the woman of his heart granted to his wishes. The sensibility which could doom the gentle Ariana Calvert to an early death could not permit her to sacrifice family affection to her own and her lover's happiness. What bitter tears and faltering words were exchanged in their parting none can tell; but the miniatures, given once as the fair tokens of union, each still retained, to be sorrowful consolation and reminder of a life-long separation.—[Elizabeth Read, in Harper's Magazine for April.

The Story of a Hat.

Poor Philip Vanderdonk! All his life he had toiled, and saved, scraped, and pulled every string that had a dollar at the end of it. And now all his heard-earned wealth was gone, and a great, hateful, interest-eating mortgage spread its black wings over all that he owned and loved on earth. He sank into a chair, and folding his arms upon the table before him, bowed his gray head upon them, and groaned great groans from groanville, groan county. His heart seemnd breaking.

"Did you mortgage the farm?" asked his wife, stealing softly to his side.

"Yes," he growled; "both farms and sold the wood-lot."

"And did you have to mortgage the town house, too?" she asked, with quivering lips and glistening eyes.

"Oh, yes," said the man, in hollow tones. "Oh, yes, and all my stock in the railroad, and hypothecated what I had in grain."

"And was it enough?" she asked, trembling with eagerness. "Was it enough?"

"Not quite," he growled; and then he saw the ghastly pallor of disappointment spread over her face, he added, "but the milliner let me have it on ninety days' time for the balance, as eight per cent.

"And you've brought my new hat home, then?" she caroled, joyously. "Oh, Philip, you dear old duck!"

"Well, no, not all of it," he said. "I brought the plume and one of the bows down with me in the express, but the express, but the hat itself is coming down on a flat car."

And the next week after that, eleven dark-browed men, who sat behind Philip's wife at the theater, waylaid the wretched man on his way home, hauled him off down an obscure street, rolled him up in a wad, and stopped u new sewer with him.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

Deceptive sounds: Doctor to patient—"Do you ever knead your bowels?" Patient—"Well, yes, I suppose I need 'em sometimes, same as other folks."

Electro Motive Powers.

The action and reaction of chemical and electrical energy in the store battery of M. Faure, and the action and reaction of the mechanical movement and electrical currents in coupled-up dynamo-electrical machines, have conspired together to advance the cause of the electrical transmission of motor power, and to favor the utilization of the vast natural sources of motor energy that are at all times present in blowing winds and in flowing water. Precisely as the store-battery is necessary to render the fitful impulses of the capricious wind available for steady and reliable work, so also is it essential for the practical utilization of such periodic recurrences as the flowing and ebbing of the tidal currents of the sea. Sir Wm. Thompson appears to have been led to cast a longing and loving eye upon windmills on account of the suspicion that it would not answer to construct basins along the coast for generating currents of electricity out of the influx and efflux of the tide, because the land, which might by the same amount of labor be reclaimed from the dominion of the sea, would have a higher money value for agricultural purposes than the water reservoir would have as a source of motive power. It must be remembered, however, that this argument does not at all apply to the various well known instances in which vast irreclaimable basins are already within the dominion of the tide. Thus Prof. Sylvanus Thompson has pointed out that this is essentially the case in the neighborhood of Bristol, where he resides. Nature seems there almost to have taken it in hand to provide before hand for the working out of the problem. Prof. Thompson states that the construction of only a few yards of embankment would in that instance provide a tidal basin with a rise and fall of twenty-three feet; and where at the present time power runs to waste every year which would suffice, if converted to mechanical account, to charge 10,000,000 of Faure batteries and to raise 20,000,000,000 of pounds one foot high. He calculates that one-tenth part of this power would be quite enough for the permanent lighting of the city of Bristol. He further estimates that a fifth part of the tidal flow which now runs to waste in the channel of the Severn, where the rise and fall are of a still larger amount, would suffice to light every city and to turn every loom, spindle and axle in Great Britain. It will be thus seen how even the boldness of the idea of utilizing the Falls of Niagara is already on the point of being surpassed by the aspirations of scicentific men. If this dream of the application of the tidal pulsations of the sea to the production of mechanical movement through the instrumentalily of store batteries and transmitted electrical currents is ever realized, this indeed would be a case of the conservation of energy upon the most stupendous scale; for under such circumstances it would be the majestic roll of the terrestrial globe itself in its inexorable whirl in space, which would have been harnessed to work the machinery of man. With such a prime dynamo-electrical generator there would assuredly be no limit to the work which might be performed.

The Game of Rhymes.

The game of rhymes may be made quite amusing if the company of young folks who play it exercise ingennity. One of the company thinks of a word rhyming with another word which he mentions. The aim of the party is to guess what the word thought of can be. The rule is that no one should give a name to what they guess, but describe it instead, and each of the company in turn is entitled to a question. Suppose the word thought of is "bag," rhyming with "tag," then the question should be put as follows:

"Is it a necessary part of a bootlace?"
"No, it is not a tag."
"Is it the name of a horse?"
"No, it is not a nag."
"Is it the name of a joker?"
"No, it is not a wag."
"Is it the name of an elegant horned animal?"
"No, it is not a stag."
"Is it the stars and stripes?"
"No, it is not a flag."
"Is it good to go to mill with?"
"Yes, it is a bag."

Flavor of the Mind.

There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the efforts of wit upon the different characters of men than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness, teaching age and care and pain to smile, exorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholly and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the flavor of the mind. Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor and brightness and laughter and perfumes to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm" the painted steps over the burning marl.—[Sidney Smith.

A Woman of Business.

Mrs. Miriam Florence Leslie, the widow of the well known publisher, has, upon application to the courts of New York, had her name changed to Frank Leslie—the name her husband bore. It was not a mere whim with her, but a business idea, as she wishes to perpetuate the name of the Frank Leslie Publishing House, of which she is now the proprietor and manager. Every morning she is found in her office by half-past 8 o'clock and remains till 5 in the afternoon. She signs all checks and money orders, makes all contracts for supplies of every sort, looks over the proofs of all articles before they are published, and makes suggestions concerning the make-up of every periodical before it is sent to press. In a word, she is the head of the whole establishment. In Mrs. Leslie's employ are over four hundred people, comprising artists, engravers, editors, compositors, etc., and thirteen different periodicals are issued.

OREGON TO MASSACHUSETTS.

Some time ago Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., of this city, read in a Massachusetts paper that Hon. Charles R. Ladd, auditor of that state, was afflicted with an incurable kidney disease, and had been obliged to give up work and return to his home. They immediately sent him a box of their celebrated Oregon Kidney Tea, and from time to time sent him other boxes. A few days ago they received from him the following letter:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
Auditor's Dep't, Boston, Nov. 11, 1881.

Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co.: Dear Sirs—I have no hesitation in saying that I have been much benefited by the use of the Oregon Kidney Tea as a remedy for a kidney difficulty which has troubled me for six or eight years. I can heartily recommend it to those who are similarly afflicted, as a safe and agreeable remedy. I shall test its virtues further, for I have great faith in it as a specific for many diseases of the kidneys. Respectfully yours.

CHAS. R. LADD.

The original of this letter can be seen by calling on Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., Portland, Oregon, and the Oregon Kidney Tea can be bought of any druggist or dealer, in Oregon or Washington. Price $1 per box.

No better Blood Cleanser than Wm. Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier. Rheumatism Case No. 1125. After ten years suffering with rheumatism and using during that time every recommended medicine and the best physicians' advice without finding relief, I tried a bottle of the Oregon Blood Purifier, and feeling better after its use, I continued taking it, and am glad to state that after two months' continuous use of your valuable Oregon Blood Purifier, I am perfectly free from rheumatism. ALBERT YOUNGER.

MARRIAGE INSURANCE.

The Methods by which Young Couples are Swindled.

Suits are about to be instituted by three young couples residing near Reamstown, Pa., which will expose the methods of the marriage insurance companies, in which the complainants are interested. The plaintiffs were married just thirteen months ago. Prior to their marriage they were approached by three agents, who, it is alleged, promised that the companies would pay each member $450 one year after their marriage. The young people paid $10 apiece for their policies or certificates, and $4 annual dues. Two weeks after their policies were received they were married, and hopefully looked forward to the time when they would receive their money. The three couples live near together, and the numbers of their certificates ran from 475 to 480 inclusive. Three weeks ago they sent the companies notice that their year was up, and that they wanted their money as promised. They received word that the companies were paying off as fast as possible, and that they would have to wait until their turn came. The next day's mail brought six envelopes, each of them containing fifteen notices of assessment, amounting in each case to $18.75. The very next week another batch of notices was received, and they continued to come so fast that before a month had passed their assessments called for $50 each. They refused to pay, and consulted an ex-agent of another company. He told them that they would either have to pay their assessments or forfeit their policies. Said he: "And that is not the worst of it, either. Your policies are exceedingly high numbered. I dare say that out of the 475 persons who are ahead of you at least 350 are married now and waiting for their money, just as you all are. Before your turns come to get your money each of you will have to pay at least 350 assessments of $1.25 each; so you see the very best thing you can do is to stop right where you are and go no further. The chances are 100 to 1 that by the time you will have paid your 350 assessments the policy holders who come after you will be utterly unable to keep up the drain on their purses, and you cannot get your money. Do not invest any more. Make up your minds that what you have already paid out is lost forever, and thank your stars it is not more. The companies you are in are perfectly willing to carry out their part of the contract, provided you are. Your certificate plainly shows that you must pay up all assessments that the company calls for in order to satisfy the just claims of those whose policies are ahead of yours. If you do not comply you cease to be a member, and your policy becomes null and void."

The young people declare that they had no such understanding, and that they were insured to get $450 one year after their marriage. A number of lawyers are examining into this matter with a view of beginning a war against these marriage insurance companies if there is any possible legal way to get at it. They are aware that hundreds of young persons have been induced to become insured prior to their weddings. The Pennsylvania courts now positively refuse to charter any more of the companies on the ground that their business is corrupt and fraudulent; and the probabilities are that the next important move will be made against those who have been chartered, but whose duped members are waiting in vain for their money. Very many officers are quietly withdrawing, anticipating the impending conflict. Other companies are quietly consolidating and transferring their business.

Nevertheless, the object of marriage endowment or insurance is a splendid thing for young folks, and we would advise those wishing such insurance to take a stock company that has fixed rates, like the Northwestern, of Oregon.

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If you have a thorn or splinter in your finger and you put on Chloroform, or some other drug, you stop the sensibility of pain for a time only. The thorn is still there, and as soon as the effect of the drug dies away the pain returns. In order to get rid of the pain you must have that thorn plucked out of the flesh. That is precisely the same way with Rheumatism; you might rub on the skin some drug to stop the pain for a little time, but the pain is sure to return as soon as the effect of the drug dies away. Now it has been proven beyond the slightest doubt that Rheumatism is in the deepest Channels of the Blood, and that there is no other way to reach it only through the Blood. This has been demonstrated right here in Portland by dozens of people that have been cured by Dr. Henley's Rheumatic Neutralizer. That it is the only Medicine that has Ever Reached the case and made Lasting and Permanent Cures. In fact, the only true principal for Eradicating Rheumatism from the system is through the Blood. It is a pack of nonsense to attempt any other method, that is, if you would wish a Permanent and Lasting Cure.

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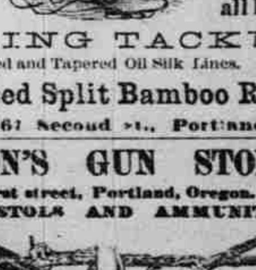

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