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—FOR THE—
Farmer, Business Man, and Family Circle.
ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.
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By order of N. G.

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HENRY HUMBEL,
HAVING purchased the above Brewery, wishes to inform the public that he is now prepared to manufacture a No 1 quality of
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As good as can be obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled.

Late October.

How peacefully the sunlight fell
Across the woodland's pleasant reaches,
And like a shower of gilded rain
The leaves dropped from the golden beeches.

Far down the shadowy aisles I heard
An undertone of plaintive sighing,
As if the waning Summer wept
For all her glories dead and dying.

The golden-rod, with drooping plume,
Has lost its aureole of gladness;
The starless mullein by the road
Dropped down its seeds like tears of sadness;

The far-off hill, veiled like a bride,
Seemed wedded to the sky immortal,
And through the sunset's golden gate
There flashed the gleam of heaven's portal.

O peaceful hour, O faith renewed,
That touched the fading earth with sweetness
And lifted up my heart in thanks
For life's glad measure of completeness.

Though dead leaves rustle at my feet,
And all the fields are brown and sober,
The heart may blossom with new hope
Beneath the gray skies of October.

A Very Old Song.

"To-morrow, ma, I'm sweet sixteen,
And Billy Grimes, the drover,
Has popped the question to me, ma,
And wants to be my lover;
To-morrow morn, he says, mamma,
He's coming here quite early.
To take a pleasant walk with me,
Across the field of barley."

"You must not go, my gentle dear,
There's no use now a-talking;
You shall not go across the field
With Billy Grimes a-walking.
To think of his presumption, too!
The dirty, ugly drover—
I wonder where your pride has gone,
To think of such a lover!"

"Old Grimes is dead, you know, ma'am,
And Billy is so lonely!
Besides, they say, to Grimes' estate
That Billy is the only
Surviving heir to all that's left;
And that, they say, is nearly
A good ten thousand dollars, ma—
And six hundred yearly!"

"I did not hear, my daughter dear,
Your last remark quite clearly,
But Billy is a clever lad
And no doubt loves you dearly;
Remember, then, to-morrow morn,
To be up bright and early,
To take a pleasant walk with him
Across the field of barley!"

For Twenty Years.

It don't seem much of a story to tell, though it was a tough one to live. You see it was more than twenty years ago that my twin brother and I sold out our homestead in New York, and went to California to seek our fortune. All the rest of the family were dead, and we two were the more attached to each other for that.

Well, we tried mining, and we tried everything we could think of, but nothing seemed to prosper with us; we only grew poorer and poorer.

Finally, we thought of the idea of separating, so as to work two fields at once, before the last of our capital was gone. There was great talk just then of some new gold region, and we agreed that one of us should go there and try his luck, while the other staid in San Francisco, and carried on a little business we had started there.

Of course, everything was in partnership. I never thought of an interest separate from his, and he, I knew, felt the same.

Well, the question arose, which of us should go. It wasn't very tempting, the mining life, and neither of us was anxious for it, and so we drew lots to see who should go.

The lot fell to me.

There was another reason why I didn't want to go, besides the uncomfortable life, but I would not tell Rob; for I would not drive him off to the mines, and I knew his generous heart so well, that I was sure he would insist on going, if he were aware of all.

But—well, the truth is, in a word, I was in love, and I couldn't bear to leave my dainty Susy to fight the world alone—she was a music teacher, poor thing!—nor for other fellows to fall in love with.

However, I submitted, of course, to the lot and made my preparations to go. It was a sad heart that I bore around to Susy's rooms that night, and I couldn't bear to tell her; but, bless you! she no sooner saw my face than she knew something was coming, and she braced herself up to meet me before she asked me a question. After we had spoken of the weather, and the book I had brought her the day before, at last she said, quietly:

"Well, Ralph, what is it? I know you have bad news for me."

"It's bad for me, Susy, and I'm afraid it will be bad for you; though you know—"

I couldn't go on, and she spoke again, brave as she always was:

"Ralph, you know I'm used to misfortunes. Tell me at once."

So I told her, and she bore it nobly—as I knew she would—though I was the only friend she had in San Francisco, except her pupils.

But I had thought of another plan to make my going a little easier. That was to make her my wife before I left, so as to leave her in the care of Rob, and relieve her from the hard life she was living.

After some persuasion she consented to it.

So, a day or two afterward, we three—I had told Rob—went into a quiet church, and Susy was given to me to cherish and protect till death.

Brave little woman! how trustingly she gave me her heart, and how basely I failed her! How ready I was to believe——"

But let me go back. I took her to our cosy boarding-place, which was indeed a home to us, installed her as its mistress, made every provision that love could suggest for her comfort, enjoyed the bliss of a few hours honeymoon, and then left her.

I needn't speak of that. It was hard, I tell you.

Ah, well! I'm an old man now—older by sorrow than by years; but I shall never forget the fresh, dainty look of my darling, as I left her on the steps that bitter day—a bride in the morning, a widow at night. And I never did forget it through all the black years, though it seemed the very memory of it would drive me mad.

Well, I went to the mines, and I tried faithfully, eagerly, for my heart was longing to get back to her. But I could not succeed. Mails were not then established, so I did not hear from my two dear ones; but all the harder I toiled, for never a thought of doubt entered my mind. I was only too glad to have my dear brother to care for her, and save her from all rough contact with the world.

Finding no luck in the mines, I determined to push on into the Indian country, and try a little hunting and trapping—for that was good business then. I succeeded a little better at that, but wandered on, and finally came out at Grazer river, where the gold excitement had broken out fiercely.

I don't know now whether it was months or years—days and weeks were alike to me for a long time—but at last I was successful, and got together five thousand dollars in the yellow dust. Of course, my only thought was of my wife, and I seized the first opportunity to send off the treasure.

A miner, going home, willingly took charge of my little pile, and soon I began to look for letters.

Bob's I could easily imagine—noble, manly, like himself. Susy's I thought of, and tried to fancy, hundreds of times, for I'd never had a letter from her. I knew it would be delicate and dainty, and like my pretty snowdrop.

Well, well, fancies may do very well, but they won't feed a hungry heart.

Day after day passed by, and no letters. My soul grew sick. I made all sorts of excuses for them. I imagined all sorts of delays. But the long, dreary days went by with leaden feet, and not a word came to the wanderer.

I grew morbid and bitter, and at last I wrote to an acquaintance in San Francisco, asking for tidings of my brother and wife.

The friend was not so neglectful as the wife and brother.

Soon—too soon—I got a reply. I can see it now in letters of fire. "My dear fellow," it ran, "I have made inquiries, as you requested, about your wife and brother, and I can only find that they disappeared from here a few months ago, telling no one whence they were going, but evidently having plenty of money."

What more the letter contained I never knew; that much of it was burned into my brain, and at that point I lost myself. They do say I was a raving maniac. Perhaps so; I don't know.

I only know I found myself an old man, blasted before my time, like a tree struck by lightning.

Yet I could not feel angry. How could I blame him! Was I not mad to leave him, with his loving heart, to care for a tender young beauty like my Susy? How could he help loving her? Wasn't she all that was lovely? He was not to blame, poor fellow.

And she? Did she not love me, and was he not my twin-brother? What so strange, that, seeing his love, she should grow to return it?

What should I do? Should I search them out, and blast their lives for ever? Should I come with my ignoble revenge and tear her from his arms? Would she love me for it? Should I get back my wife and brother?

Oh, no! I had been gone long enough to give her divorce—she had undoubtedly got it, and was even now his wife. His wife! Oh, God, and I could live!

Weeks, months, years, dragged on. I scarcely knew they passed. Mechanically, I worked on. Fortune, no longer sought, showered gold on me. I cared naught for it, but instinct prevented me from throwing it away. Gambling was utterly repugnant to me. No form of dissipation lured me. I was an old, old man at thirty. I only worked and thought, and lived over the old days—my one brief day of perfect joy.

I never cursed them. The hurt was too deep and too sharp for curses. From the depths of my torn heart I pitied them.

Well, twenty years rolled on, and I had got to be forty-five years old, feeling and looking more like sixty-five, bent and stiff and gray-haired.

One day, in my wanderings, I came on a traveling party of miners, bound to the gold regions. I joined them, frontier fashion, and was soon seated at their fire, exchanging news of the Indians and from the States. I chanced to mention my name.

"We've got a namesake of yours in camp," said one fellow.

"Have you?" I said carelessly. "It isn't a common name."

"No; and that's why it's odd," said he. "Besides, you somehow remind me of him, though you are much older than he. By-the-way, there he comes!"

I turned—something, I knew not what, shot through me; I rose, and knew my brother.

My heart gave one great bound. I forgot my wrongs. I saw only my dear other self, the companion of my boyhood. I sprang forward.

"Robert! dear old boy! is it you?"

He looked at me eagerly—incredulously.

"Ralph! it can't be you!"

"It is!" I cried, and—well, I don't know as I'm ashamed of it—I embraced him like a school-girl and wept.

And so did he, poor fellow, though he could hardly believe the wrecked old man was his brother.

But what struck me, even then, as strange, he did not shrink from me, nor act as though he had injured me.

"Robert," I said, when we were alone, and calmer, "I've forgiven you long ago. We won't speak of the past—let me only be happy in the bliss of seeing you once more. I'll never come around to trouble you."

"Forgive me?" he said inquiringly. "I don't understand. You'll never trouble me—and we'll not speak of the past? Why didn't you write to us, Ralph? Your poor little wife——"

"Don't speak of her!" I cried in sudden agony. "I can bear anything else—spare me that!"

"But, Ralph, there's something very strange here. Why didn't you let us hear from you? Why can't I speak of her? Since you are not dead—as we supposed—why did you desert her?"

"Desert her! My God!" and I fairly laughed.

A horrible laugh, I dare say, for Robert turned pale. I could see he thought I was mad. I resolved to control myself, and since we must have it out, talk it over. So, after a turn or two, I came back, and stood by him once more.

"Now, Robert, if there is any mistake here, let us understand it at once. I left you, twenty years ago, in charge of my wife, in San Francisco——"

"You did, and I——"

"And you," I interrupted, "took good care of her, and did not hear from me; and she grew tired of waiting, and loving a shadow; and you—and you—loved her!"

"Hold!" he shouted, his eyes blazing. "Who told you that infamous lie?"

"And she," I went on, not heeding him—"she grew faint and tired; and she saw your love, and she—returned it."

Robert seized my arm as though he would murder me; but I went on, coolly:

"Hush, till I have done. When you received the money I sent, you were too far gone to go back. She got a divorce; you married her, and left the city. I don't blame you."

"And you!—you've believed this thing for twenty years?" he said, calmly now, though it was the calmness of a smothered volcano."

"I have."

"You have for twenty long years believed that your wife and your brother were infamously false to you?"

"I have."

"Then, hear me, Ralph, while I swear"—and his form seemed to fairly dilate, and grow grand, as he said—"solemnly, that the whole story is a most infamous falsehood! That your wife is as true to you to-day as she was the day you left her, twenty years ago!"

"What do you mean?" I cried, frantically, overwhelmed by his manner and his words.

"What I do say, Robert. Oh! there has been some great mistake! Hear my story. After you left us, I struggled on with the business, though not succeeding very well. Susy drooped at first, but soon grew cheerful, and began to plan for your return."

His words brought the dear little creature so plainly before my eyes, that I sank to the ground, and covered my face.

"As weeks and months and years passed on," he went on, slowly, "her cheeks grew thin and pale, and a hungry look came into her eyes. I saw she was pining, and wrote letter after letter to you, but no word could we hear. There came to me in a simple envelope, directed to both of us, a draft of five thousand dollars, with not a word to tell how or from whom it came. Of course we knew it was from you, but whether gift or legacy, who could tell?

"We instituted new inquiries. Nothing that love could suggest was left undone. At last we were forced to conclude you were dead. By my advice the money was invested in a farm some distance from San Francisco, and Susy went to live on it, while I started out on a sort of vagabond, wandering life, in hopes at least to find your grave—for we never believed you could be alive these long years and never let us hear. That life I have lived for fifteen years, returning once in three or four years to see to the comfort of Susy; and now I find you——"

"You find me," I interrupted, "a wreck—a miserable wretch, who has blasted three lives by his criminal weakness, his childish credulity in believing evil, and who will soon rid the earth of his presence," and I started to go, for verily despair had seized upon me.

That I should have believed that horror for so many years, and find it all a stupid mistake; that I should have thrown away my life, the blessed love of my true wife, the warm affection of my brother, for an idle scandal! It was too much to endure.

Robert laid a detaining hand on my arm.

"But Susy, Ralph! what shall I say to the loving little woman who has suffered so much for you?"

"Let her still believe me dead," I said gloomily.

"Nay, brother; let me rather restore you to her. Ralph, go home, and let us be so happy together as to partly make up for these years of mistakes and error and grief."

Well, he persuaded me, and soon I was eager enough myself. Now the gold I had despised was valuable, as it could add to Susy's comfort. I gathered it up, and we started for home.

Home! I had not spoken the word for fifteen years.

As we went, Robert tried to prepare me for a change in Susy.

"She has had a life of sorrow as well as you, Ralph, and you must remember she isn't the girl of eighteen you left. She is nearly forty years old."

As I drew near, I seemed to grow young again, and I wanted to rush through without stopping a moment. But Robert refused; and he wanted to get me into civilized clothes, and under the hands of a barber. He wouldn't take such a wild man of the woods home to the little, waiting wife.

So we stopped a few hours in San Francisco. I had my long white hair and beard trimmed, and my dress arranged to suit Robert, and hastened on toward home.

As we approached the blessed spot where my darling lived, I could scarcely breathe, and I dreaded to frighten her to death. In sight of the house, I sent Robert ahead to tell her, and I basely hid in the shubbery, where I could look into the window.

There she was! the same dainty figure—the same lovely face; but dressed, oh, my God! in widows' weeds, and her bonny brown hair thickly sprinkled with silver.

I saw the rapid, eager conversation. I saw the color come quickly to her face, then leave it pale as death. I saw her turn to the door and fly. And I sprang to meet her, and—and——

Well, I can't tell about that.

And what said the little woman, when she knew that I had staid away all these long years, had blasted her life, disappointed my brother's life love, made deep misery for four, by my stupid belief of a piece of gossip that, even to hear repeated, she shrank from as though it would wither her? I always knew she was an angel. She said, though with quivering lips and tearful eyes:

"Dear Ralph, let us speak of it never again. It was a dreadful mistake. Let us be happy in the years we have yet to live, and leave it to another life to adjust the errors of this."

A Talk About the Stars.

It is very pleasant to know the stars—to be able, like Milton's hermit, to

"Sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show."

And it is not at all difficult to learn all the chief star-groups—or constellations, as they are called—if only the learner goes properly to work. Perhaps I ought rather to say, if the *teacher* goes properly to work. I remember, when I was a boy about twelve years old, being very much perplexed by the books of astronomy, and the star-charts, from which I tried to learn the stars. There was "Bonnycastle's Astronomy," with a very pretty picture of one constellation—Andromeda—in which, if one looked very carefully, one could perceive stars, though these were nearly lost in the carefully shaded picture of the Chained Lady herself. Another book which I found in my father's library showed a series of neat pictures of all the chief constellations, but gave no clear information as to their whereabouts. And the charts which I found were not at all easy to understand, being, in fact, the usual star-charts, which give no information whatever about the places of star-groups *on the sky* of any place at any time. So that it was only by working my way from the Great Bear to constellations close by it, then to others close by these, and so on, that I slowly learned the chief star-groups.

Now the ancients, when they called a group of stars by any name, really imagined some resemblance between the star-group and the figure after which they named it. I have heard it said that the liveliest imagination cannot form figures of familiar objects out of the stars; but this is certainly a mistake, for I know that when I was a lad, and before I had learned to associate the stars with the constellations at present in use, I used to imagine among the stars the figures of such objects as I was most familiar with. In the constellation of the Swan, I saw a capital kite (it is there to this day.) In the Great Bear, I saw the figure of a toy very common at that time in England, representing a monkey that passed over the top of a pole. The three stars forming the handle of the Dipper made the tail of the monkey; and if you look at the Dipper in the position it now occupies in the early evening, you will readily see the figure of a climbing monkey. In Perseus I could see a garland of flowers such as my sisters used to make. Orion was a climbing giant when rising, but took the attitude of a giant going down hill as he passed over to the west. In the Serpent-Bearer and Serpent I saw a monstrous sword, shaped like the curved saber which Saladin wielded; and so forth. No doubt, in the infancy of astronomy, or perhaps of the world itself, men were fanciful in the same way, and the figures they assigned to the star-groups really seemed pictured in the sky. The idea of separating the constellations one from another was a much later one than that of merely naming the more remarkable star-groups. If one set of stars seemed to resemble any object, and another set to resemble another object, I think the corresponding names would have been given even though some stars of one set were included within the other set. In fact, I think this very constellation of the Dragon seems to me to show that our modern constellation figures have been largely reduced in extent.

You may, perhaps, think that it matters very little what figures the ancients really imagined among the stars. But you will be disposed to think differently when I mention that the supposed want of resemblance *now* between the star-groups and the figures assigned to them, has led some to form the bold idea that there was *once* a strong resemblance, but that some stars have gone out, others have shone forth more strongly or are altogether new, and that thus the resemblance has been destroyed. When we remember that our sun is only one among the vast number of suns, it becomes rather a serious matter for the inhabitants of the earth if so many suns have really changed. For, in that case, our sun may soon change in his turn, and either broil us up with excess of heat, or leave us to perish miserably from extremity of cold. However, I think the explanation which I have given shows that the resemblance formerly imagined still remains, and that it is only because modern astronomy has docked the dimensions of the old figures that they no longer correspond with their names.—*St. Nicholas.*

POPULATION OF RUSSIA.—It is anticipated that the population of Russia in 1883 will amount to 90,000,000. At the last census there were eighty-five millions, apportioned among religions, as follows: Fifty-nine millions Greek Church, eight millions Roman Catholics, four millions Protestants, three millions Jews, and seven millions Mohammedans.

IT is only by labor that thought can be made healthy and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity. —*Ruskin.*

A Sad Picture.

Correspondents sent to Servia and Bulgaria give fearful accounts of the horrors of the Eastern war, with all the inseparable incidents of social and domestic affliction. One writing from Nissa to the London *Standard* describes the field of the dead after the last great battle there:

Near an Adjutant lay two photographs, which must have slipped from his dying hand; one represented the dead man, but in the uniform of a Russian major or colonel, and the other a young woman with fair tresses, a prominent nose and light-colored eyes. The photograph had been taken in Moscow; on the back of the man's stood in pencil Nicolay Komoff. I know not in what relation the woman stood to the officer; but whether wife, sister or betrothed, it is certain his last thoughts were of her. Not far from him lay the body of another officer, his right hand pressed on his breast, where the splinter of a shell had hit him, and grasping a piece of paper. A strong man, he appeared to have struggled long with death, his face, which had the unmistakable Russian type, being distorted from pain. It was with difficulty that the paper was removed from his hand. It was a letter, without date, in cyrline writing, and evidently from a child's hand. Colonel Mehmed, who was once in the Russian service (he is a Circassian from Daghesban, subjected by Russia more than fifty years ago), and understands Russian, translated the letter into Turkish, and then one of the Cossacks, a Pole, who had been brought up in France, gave me the contents in French, as follows:

"DEAREST FATHER—Be good enough, dearest father, to come back from the war. Since your have been away mother weeps continually, and she dreams every night that thou liest dead under a tree. Come to us, dear father, for mother has become so pale, and is always crying. I am very good, so that she may not cry still more, and when thou comest back will remain good, and never be naughty again. But thou must come soon, father, and must kiss mother, that she may become red again, and also kiss thy little Minka."

Gloomy Winter Prospects.

The present is beyond doubt the gloomiest winter prospect that has been known in New York since the war. I do not mean in the ordinary social sense, as affecting the silken circles of Fifth avenue and Murray Hill; but with reference to the poor, the working classes and the small trades-people all over the city. Business has been steadily growing worse since the election and there is no likelihood that it will improve while the great political question remains undecided. The hope that confidence and prosperity were surely returning has been dashed to the ground, and a feeling of anxiety and painful suspense now seems to possess the whole business community. No man knows what the final issue will be, but all classes regard the future with doubt and uneasiness. This, however, is not exactly the point. What I mean to say, without any beating around the bush, is, that we have every indication of a hard, and probably a disastrous winter. The ranks of the unemployed are steadily increasing, business at the small stores has fallen off so much that storekeepers can hardly pay their rent, already the station-houses are thronged nightly with persons looking for shelter, and several instances have recently occurred of respectable workingmen and workingwomen applying to magistrates to send them to the almshouse to escape starvation. An utter prostration of spirit seems to prevail, in consequence of late political developments, and it is almost certain to continue through the winter. The poor—that is, the working people who cannot get work to do—will need more assistance during the next three months, to keep them barely alive, than in either of the past three winters, all of them severe on this class. The outlook here in the metropolis is certainly discouraging in the last degree, and since the setting in of cold weather much actual suffering has taken place. A change for the better may possibly come, but the present aspect of affairs does not warrant much expectation of it.—*Cor. of Detroit Free Press.*

A GRAVE MISTAKE.—As a resident of Woodward avenue stood at his gate yesterday morning, a boy about thirteen years old came along with a snow-shovel on his shoulder.

"Ha! boy—come here—want a job?" called the gentleman.

"Sir!" answered the boy with great dignity.

"Pitch the snow off my walk and I'll give you a quarter," continued the Avenuer.

"Sir! you don't know me," said the lad as he marched on. "I am on my way to clear the walks in front of my father's fourteen lots up here. All our eighteen horses are lame, and our gold-mounted snow-plow is out of order, or else you wouldn't see me carrying this shovel around. I'm offering five dollars to any one who will carry it up as far as Parsons street."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A FOX STORY.—The York (Penn.) *Daily* says a farmer set a trap to catch a cunning fox which had been annoying him considerably by its midnight visits among the poultry. For fourteen successive visits to it he found the trap sprung, a stick of wood between its jaws, and the bait eaten up. The circumstance, so often repeated, surprised him. There were no other tracks to be seen but his own and those of the fox, and who sprung the trap was a question that puzzled him sorely. By continuing to rebait his trap, he hoped to catch the author of the mischief. On the fifteenth night he found a fine old fox hung to it by the nose, and in his mouth was a stick of wood!

BE frugal, not mean; patient, not subtle; complaisant, not servile; active in business, but not its slave. There are also four other habits which are essentially necessary to the happy management of temporal concern; these are punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and dispatch.

WASHINGTON City is full of pickpockets. (No disrespect to Congress.)

Crazy Horse Pursued.

POWDER RIVER EXPEDITION, Nov. 15.

Two days' marching, over the dreariest country ever gazed upon by human eye, has brought us to the South Fork of Cheyenne river, here a desolate looking stream of muddy water, bordered by banks of yellow clay too barren and lifeless to produce even sage brush. Along the bed of the stream grows a few cottonwoods, sufficient, fortunately, to furnish fuel for the night to the command. Happily the weather is mild, although a strong wind from the northwest made today disagreeable for travelling. The roads are good and we reached camp early in the day. So far the march has been without incident, other than the usual trifles that become magnified into more or less importance in contrast to the utter monotony of such a march and the total absence of any outside matters of interest. The Indians, scattered far over the bluffs on the flanks of the command, succeeded in shooting a few antelope. The arrival of one of them in camp with game of any kind is greeted by a fiendish yell from his fellows, who surround him, knife in hand, and cut and slash and pull at the carcass until it is literally torn to pieces before he can alight from his pony. Any capture of the sort is common property and the Indian who can get the biggest slice is the lucky man. They receive the same ration that is issued to the troops, but are always hungry. As a precautionary measure they are issued but one day's allowance at a time, otherwise a week's allowance would vanish in forty-eight hours. Their capacity is enormous, almost incredible. Last summer I traveled through the Black Hills with a party of twelve Sioux and fifteen white men. The Indians one day killed three black-tailed deer, fine big bucks. One hind-quarter was ample for a hearty supper for the whites. The Indians finished what was left of the three that night and were out for more for breakfast. Fact. Before leaving Fetterman a deputation of them visited Gen. Crook to ask if they might be allowed to keep any ponies captured by them on the trip. He informed them that any captured by them individually should belong to them. Of those captured by the command in general they would receive a share. He did not want them to fight, but to find the villages for him; to remove their uniforms and go dressed as Indians into any villages they might find, and discover the number of warriors, etc., etc. They were to find the Indians, and his soldiers should fight them. His reply seemed to please them hugely; was received with most enthusiastic "how-hows," and they departed, evidently in high good humor. They have been fully armed and equipped, clothed in the regular cavalry uniform and the non-commissioned officers appear wonderfully proud of their bright yellow stripes and chevrons. The boots give them trouble. Accustomed as they are to the light and easy moccasins, they find it hard work to manage the heavy cowhides, and their locomotion is anything but light and graceful. I expect that in case of an engagement, boots, caps, overcoats and all will be flung to the winds, and they will return to the original style of blanket and breech-clout. The topic of general interest in the command is the question, shall we find the Indians? It is thought by some that Crazy Horse, learning of Sitting Bull's disaster, and knowing that Crook—the Red Fox, as the Sioux designate him—is after him, and especially on account of learning that his own people have been enlisted against him, will clear out and leave the country entirely. Others go so far as to prophesy that we shall find Crazy Horse or some of his people, at Reno, when we reach there, wanting to surrender, while Crook stated at Fetterman that he expected to strike the village four days after leaving Reno. What information he may have respecting the matter nobody but Crook knows, and he is good at keeping a secret. A generally expressed hope, however, is that in one way or another this expedition may settle the Sioux question, the popular sentiment being that "glory gained on the field is but too dearly won." IDLER.

Who Are Our Antipodes?

It is a popular error that prevailed fifty years ago, and is more or less current still, that our antipodes are the Chinese. Now, the truth is, our antipodes, if we have any, are more than three thousand miles from any part of China. A little reflection will show that if a straight line extend from any point in the Northern Hemisphere and through the centre of the earth it must meet the opposite surface as far south of the equator as the starting-point was north of that circle. Hence we should find our antipodes at about 40 deg. south latitude, and, of course, at a longitude differing from ours by 180 deg.

I said our antipodes, if we have any, for it so happens that the whole region antipodal to this we occupy lies in the southern portion of the Indian Ocean, with scarcely an island to hold an antipode. The country most nearly antipodal to this is Western Australia, and to make the location more definite, it may be stated that Albany, a town and seaport in the southwestern part of West Australia, is antipodal to a point in the Atlantic Ocean, about five hundred miles east of Norfolk, Va., and that the island of St. Paul, lying midway between Australia and the Cape of Good Hope, is antipodal to a point in Eastern Colorado, not far from Pike's Peak, or Colorado City.

THE sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its numbers sleep without monuments. All other graveyards, in other lands, show some distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor, but in the great ocean cemetery the king and clown, the prince and peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same waves roll over all; the same requiem by minstrels of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storms beat, and the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep on forever.