PUBL:SHED EVERY THURSDAY

Joseph, Union County, Oregon

S. A. HECKETHORN, Preprietor

Subscription Rates

Advertising rates furnished or application

THE FATAL MISTAKE.

The tale of a Cat, or the Effects of Cold

The following illustrations are from a book of illustrated humor by Arthur B. Frost, published by Chas Scribner's Sons, an I have no reference to The New York Sun office cat:







THE PANG.







THE KITCHEN AND THEN THE CELLAR



OUT THROUGH THE COAL-HOLE



e of our pages to-day will be striking and instructive illusmparative worth of



THE DEATHLESS.

some never die. Not all are dead who seek Serene repose after the life-long toll,— They sleep so sweetly 'mid the grassy knolls, knolls.
The solemn elms and early violets, who set
Their houses all in order and arranged
Their tired limbs for slumber calm and deep.
It can not be that they, the good, the great,
The useful, faithful servants of the Lord,
Are dead—gone hence from this the earth
they blessed?
They live in all their thoughts, their words and
works.

works, ney live in countiess lives, in history's jewels snatched com cold oblivion's relentiess grasp, es, there as shining as the stars of heaven, and there (as here) they thrill the grateful

uls.
cheer and bless unnumbered "eary hearts
That faint upon this thorny road of life,
Deeming the journey endiess. They in song
Do live; in lays of passion, beauty, power,—
Song with its thousand tongues of locaty

praise, of bliss, its brilliant flowers of fancy, stender sadness, dearer far than joy, sey live in homes their gracious deeds have

ey live in beautiful or they have lit.

lofty aspirations they have lit.

lofty aspirations they have lit.

logy live forever in a nation's strength,

food's eternal covenant with Freedom.

h say not all must die! It is not death

hen labor pauses in her sacred serv.ee;

hen love exchanges worlds, ren 'ws itself;

hen knowledge roams to brighter shores to

that day's labor which it shall achieve. great, the good! Oh many such have And are, who never can know death-they Eternal as the hills and votceless stars

And being parts of all things beautiful, Having blest life in all things good and true, Like Truth herself, are deathless. —Helen Rich, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican. ONE OF THE WOUNDED.

On the Field of Battle, Among the Dead and Dying.

Case of Remarkable Vitality-From the Bloody Ditch at Groveton to a Clean Cot by the Potomac.

editor of that paper. It deals not only with a remarkable episode, but tells of

upon in published narratives : A little before five o'clock in the atternoon of August 30, 1862, at Groveapple" (about five inches below the left ear), passed between the windpipe (which it grazed) and the jugular and arotid veins and made its exit at the ack, a little lower down, between the pinous processes of the fifth and sixth rvical vertebrae, which it fractured. ried jets, responsive to the throbbings of my heart, as I fell, covering my face. getting into my eyes and mouth as I gasped for breath; but ye' wonderful as it may seem, I never lest conscious-On the contrary, my min ' appeared more keenly active, although for a moment the sense of sight failed altogether and sounds were confused as if I were in the midst of a hurricane.

A CURIOUS SENSATION. posture, and while I was endeavoring to repair damages by stopping the leak in my anatomy with a small ball of lint and handke chief I chanced to have. the fighting was going on fiercely all about and over me and men were falling by dozens. But I did not mind that much. I was in no pain. I regarded the bullets that flew by and sang their deedly music only with a languid interest. It was a curious sensation; the lying there so helpless in the very vortex of death without realizing the danger of the situation. To think of it now, after more than twenty years

have passed, causes me to shudder. AN OVERPOWERING THOUGHT. It was not until I saw our boys driven and going back that my mental facul-ties took fairly hold of realities. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, came the thoughts: "I must die here, with no familiar face to cheer, no voice to comfort, no kindly hands to care for my dead body when I have done using it. It was terrible. Never before had I. nor have I ever since, felt the awful anguish of that moment, nor do I ever expect to again, not even in the final grapple with the great destroyer. Death was then bending over me; I was gazing into his fearful features; his breath was stealing its way to ny heart; but the mental agony did

not long continue. A SPEEDY CHANGE

most exquisite a piece of shell that struck my left hip as I lay upon the earth. The benumbed sensation produced by the bullet as it torced its course through the bundled network of nerves and muscles of neck and spine gave way to the most excruciating pains, which manifested themmost cruelly throughout my left side, no part of which, above the waist, was sensible to the outward touch. It seemed as if millions of rednot needles were being thrust into my flesh, or as if each nerve and muscle were being reeled off my bones by some massive enginery of irresistable

At the base of my skull, too, a hand's breadth above the place where the ball had made its exit, there was a curious sensation, which can only be described by saying that it felt as though some one were endeavoring to bore into my brain, upward, with a gigantic auger. Yet, at first, this feeling was not so very painful; it was simply annoying and uncomfortable. It was, perhaps, two hours after I fell that thirst began to torment me, but I had no water. The last drop from my canteen had

been given to a dying comrade.

In the edge of the evening a guard of Confederates was formed about the of Confederates was formed about the field, and I was borne back a hundred yards or so beyond the railroad cut, on the edge of which our line of battle had stood, and there, until the atternoon of September 3d, four days and nights, I lay in the midst of some 1,800 dead and wounded men. Until about two o'clock p. m. of the 2d of September not a drop of water touched my lips except as the rain fell, and taen each drop that struck my parch d and

swollen tongue, which protruded from tempted to take I made my way to the my mouth, felt like molten lead.

battle—three small army crackers—on other trees surrounding it, the sur-the morning of August 30th, so that in geons were at work at their bloody yet my weak condition hunger as well as merciful trade. It was only a trifle thirst came to increase my sufferings. over a mile distant, but it took me all

DEATH OF A COMRADE. The night of the 80th it rained quite bard and chilled the badly wounded to the marrow. On that night, also Sergeant Jerrolds, of Company E, of my regiment, died. He was wounded in the abdomen and hand by a shell, and it chanced that I had been laid down close by him. He could not rest, complained of the position of his head, and, as we were alongside of each other on the sloping ground, I managed to "spoon up" near enough to slip my right and only useful arm beneath his neck, forming a pillow. "God bless you, that feels better," he murmured, and those were the last words he ever During the darkness I felt uttered. him shudder and heard him give two or three short quick gasps. "Sergeant, are you cold." I inquired. There came no response. and, supposing he might be sleeping. I said nothing more. In the morning I found him dead.

A PILLORIED ARM. I attempted to withdraw my arm flow of blood, keep off the flies and act Ward 6 from under him, but failed. It was as a supporter. not until the afternoon of September 2d that any one came to lift away his oody, then very much swollen, flesh discolered, and after being the

The day and night of the 31st of August were passed in about the man-ner that the preceding day and night tive morsels. My throat was dry and had been. I was much weaker, in greater misery, owing to my constrained position, and during the daytime had been greatly pestered with flies, such as lust after flesh. My clothing, which had been partially dried by the sun, was saturated again at evening by another shower. Meanwhile the sullen thunder of the guns, the occasional volleys and scattering fire of musketry, with the groan-ings of the wounded, had been almost continually ringing in my ears, to-gether with now and then the despairing death cry as some poor anguished soul upon all of us who needed water at death cry as some poor anguished soul yielded up his life to Him who gave it.

THREATS OF DELIRIUM. Sentember 1st and the night of that day (a very rainy night, too) I seemed to have reached the crisis of my fate. I had grown somewhat used to the pains, continually felt, but the want of The following article taken from the sleep added a new horror for me to Philadelphia Times, was written by contemplate. Maggots began to bur-Philadelphia Times, was written by contemplate. Maggots began to bur- Colonel, afterward General, Thomas S. of mind and body to which even the row into my wounds and I was Flournoy, of the Sixth Virginia Caval- of mind and body to which even the helpless and unable wholly prevent their desecrating touch. a phase of soldiering rarely touched delirium. My ears were harassed by musical sounds of purling streams feasted upon delicious springs of water - clear, shaded pools, wherein ton, Va., I was wounded. The missile, a large sized minie ball, struck me in brakes and feathery ferns were the throat, close alongside the "Adam's pictured, but beyond my reach; my apple" (about five inches below the palate was tantalized by visions of tables spread with richest viands set just heyond my grasp. Language is inadequate to describe even faintly the sufferings of those far-off, awful days.

The morning of the 2d of September my thoughts were turned homeward. Step by step memory led me back over The blow benumbed me, as a matter life's track to my earliest childhood, for hours. youth as I had previously remembered. een and known them. Blessed visions of childhood's early dawn rose up before me; dearly loved, smiling faces of my early boyhood's friends thronged into view; a tender mother came to soothe all pain. I was her boy again, sitting upon her knee, then-a twinge of pain-a feeling as if the fin-A comrade helped me to a sitting gers of death were groping for my sture, and while I was endeavoring heart and I was returned to the realities that enveloped me.

MENTAL PHENOMENA.

Hour after hour, like the second hand of a watch, my mind kept darting from one thought to another, but with so much regularity that the sameness soon grew monotonous and tiresome. The circle of ideas traveled over was always about the same at the start, and gradually narrowed down, like the vessel's course in a maelstrom, to the central abyss, which then for me was home. I realized the precarious condition of my mental faculties, but yet, though striving hard to do so, could not control them. I believe I could have died then feeling comparatively little of mental anguish-the physical pains of dissolution had been already

But it was not to be. In the afternoon assistance came. The corpse was lifted from my arm, water was brought in the crown of an old slouch hat to quench the fever burning in my veins. Hope grasped me firmly with her good right hand. I resolved, God willing, to do my share toward living.

It was difficult, at first impossible, for me to drink; but drop by drop the liquid blessing trickled down my throat; slowly I fest its refreshing influence within, throughout my system, and up-on the wounds which were bathed with it. You who have suffered deeply in m nd and body endeavor to think, if

AN ATTEMPT TO WALK.

Oa the 3d of September a Confederate officer came and told us that those able to get to Centreville could do so and be paroled. I resolved to make the attempt. At my request I was helped to my feet, but the moment those who had hold of me let go I fell to the earth like an empty sack. They were about to leave me, one remarking that I could never again walk a dozen steps. but at my earnest entreaty they gave me another trial. To meet it I summoned up all my strength and resolution. Where I was, if I remained, death seemed inevitable. Thirty miles or so away were all the comforts necessary to minister to a sorely wounded body and wearled brain. I might die on the way—but then I would be nearer friends. Thus I

reasoned and started.

On lifting me up they steadied my form until I "got my head." so to speak. I was quite dizzy at first, and then, hope's taper aimly burning. I started to follow it to death or Wash-lasten. ington. I was desperately weak, and staggered when I walked like a drunken man. With my right han' I was obliged to support my head, and the paralyzing effects of the bullet and piece of shell upon my left side retarded locomotion, so that it required great caution to keep from falling, and when once down I knew I could not get up without assistance. Before leaving the other prisoners I saw a number of comrades from my own regiment who were unable to travel, and bade them good-bye—some forever, others to meet good-bye-some forever, others to meet

A SITHT OF THE SURGEONS.

pulled them loose, and the pus an y mouth, felt like molten lead.

I had eaten my last food prior to the beneath the shade of the fruit and upper portion of my person with

of an hour to traverse the intervening space. Several times I was on the point of giving out; the exertion of walking caused the wound in my neck to bleed afresh. I grew faint—a slight to deaden the pain. I had not slept nausea set in. but the prospects of relief cheer d me, and I persevered-succeeded. By this time the wound in my neck had become by rapid increase one festering mass of maggots, some of which, ever and anon, went rolling down inside my clothing, which I had loosened, their cold, bloodless, squirmhad done on the field of battle.

ng bodies producing no agreeable feelfirst real symptoms of home-sickness ing as they came in contact with the subsequent to enlistment. near home, only a couple of hundreds I went up to one of the surgeons and of miles away, with a loving mother asked him to dress my wounds. He waiting for a son whom she never exrepulsed me rudely with an oath, which pected to see (for my name had been struck me harder and hurt me more published in the list of the killed than did the bullet that came so near though I was not then aware of the taking my life. His assistant, howfact)-it was terrible beyond the power ever, a more humane man, gave me of language to describe. about two yards of bandage, which I Next day, the 5th, at high neon, I succeeded in twisting about my neck in

a manner to somewhat staunch the

Then Dr. R.K. Gregory, a pleasantarted Confederate sur-is name, for I met and several years after the of brandy and two oyster crackers. I was ravenous for food, but the hardest

bare skin.

undertaking of my life thus far was my fearfully swollen, the muscles of the neck and jaw were stift and inflamed. It was only by moistening the crumbs thoroughly that I finally succeeded in placing them where they would do the

I would like to say here that absence of food and water while I lay on the field was not through any fault, so far as I could see, of those having the prisoners in charge. The Confederates were generally kind, but they had once. Some of us had to wait-others were unintentionally overlooked. I stature, and assisted me to lie down bewas one of the latter.

PAROLED. to ry, in charge of paroling prisoners. Several hundreds of unfortunates, who thus tenderly cared for was ecstatic. ides, mentally. I was approaching had gotten ahead of me, were in line, from the rear to headquarters and in of Harrisburg, Pa., came along and could not look upon; my eyes were fifteen minutes, with a copy of my pa- dressed my wounds. He relieved my Alexandria.

> fax Court-house, and knowing of a path down my back that I knew the ball had that would cut off some distance I passed clear through.
>
> concluded to take it instead of the pike. The surgeon under whose care I for the darkness like a wounded animal. was past. My wound began to bleed afresh and

of my own regiment, whose left shoulder-blade had been shattered by a bullet. I lost no time in attracting his attention He worked with his one good arm for fully ten minutes before he got traveled together, he suiting his pace to | who were under his charge. mine and occasionally steadying me over rough ground.

The next morning, September 4th, about daybreak, we met between Fairfax and Annandale, our ambulances going to the battle-field with surgical and medical supplies and provisions under a flag of truce. We borrowed a loaf of bread apiece, but my tongue and throat were so inflamed that I made little headway at eating; besides, I had all the time to steady my head in some manner, else, on account of my injured neck, it would be dropping over and causing the most excruciating

After we left Annandale my comrade stopped to rest, but I continued, reachng Alexandria about 12 m. of the day. From Cloud's Mills to the city limits, on both sides of the way, sat people with food for the wounded coming in, and such a display! Hog and hominy, bacon and greens, baked beans, "biled dinners," cakes, pies, fruits, chickens, roasted, fried—anyway one liked—it was a perfect paradise for a hungry man, and yet I could not eat. But it was difficult to refuse to make the attempt. The banquet was furnished without cost by Union-loving people ret to the volunteer host

I that one old colored aunty me so hard that I took a bit of nice corn dodger and "greens," with vinegar, which went first rate (the little I succeeded in swallowing), and she thanked me as though I had done her a favor.

MANSION HOUSE HOSPITAL.

Reaching the city limits I met a brigade surgeon, who, after inquiring when and where I was wounded. rode on. Presently he came galloping back, dismounted and accompanied me to town, supporting me with an arm. He took me to the Mansion House Hospital, introducing me to the surgeon in charge with: 'This boy has walked from Bull Run with his head half shot off; do what you can for him;" and left me. The first question asked, "Do you wish something to eat?" I of course answered in the affirmative.

They gave me a cup of bean (army strength), bread and coffee and sent me to the surgery, where one of the attendants, after looking at the wound in my neck, insisted on putting dressed, if at all, but he prevaled, squeezing the sensitive flesh together regardless c: the handkerchief and lint of her husband. "Yes, as you were away I thought it would do no harm. The stop asked me to, being detained to the sensitive flesh together with the sensitive flesh together."

ON A TRANSPORT. The night of the 4th the vessel re nained at Alexandria, and the space being crowded I lay in the stern sheets of the small boat on deck with my neck resting upon the gunwale for a pillow moment since the night of the 29th of August and then for not more than an August and then for not more than an hour, and during the long hours of darkness I listened to the groanings and moanings of those about me while my mind darted from one thought or memory to another unceasingly, as it

I think that night I experienced the

reached Georgetown College Hospital, just opened, and was taken into

IN HOSPITAL AT LAST. I sat down upon the cot assigned to with a sense of relief. I had won the goal for which I had striven, reached a place where even death, should it come, would be robbed of some of its terrors, and was glad, had not sat there long before an old darkey with a bucket of warm water, she sat beneath green trees and I stened to such a west small that Old Nan was

soap and a sponge came along.
"Boss, you'se lookin' mighty like's if you ought'n be wash," said he, with cood-natured grin. I agreed. Then in her fury; and she beat the child as if she meant to kill her. a good-natured grin. I agreed. Then blood and dirt encrusted clothing, send-

washed me from head to heel. Talk of your moments of luxury. As the liquid water and castile soap were softly sponged over my person I forgot pain, fear, everything but the exquisite skin grew cool and clean under his skillful manipulations. And when he robed me in one of those wonderful hospital shirts, made to fit any size or tween fresh white sheets upon a straw mattress, Heaven opened before me and I was almost willing to die. Some may About 2 p. m. I left Dogan's for think this extravagant language, but I Centerville, which place it took me four felt as I now write. The thirst, the hours to reach, owing to my pitiful hunger, the hard bed of the battle-field, condition. I met there a friend in the walk of many weary miles and my

In about an hour the surgeon of the when the Colonel espied me, took me ward, Dr. William R. DeWitt, formerly role in my pocket, I was on my way to neck of a handful of maggots, removed the handkerchief and lint and cleansed It was well on toward midnight. I the gaping cavity with a syringe. It should judge, when I came near Fair- was not until I felt the water trackling

I had gotten about half way to where I tunately happened to fall was the only would again strike the road when a one among scores who saw me who sudden taintness came over me, and, as thought recovery possible, and his fath I was walking alongside of a steep bank on my right, I thought I would lean up against it and take a brief rest. was not very strong until a month had passed and more. When sloughing set in at its worst there were continual I did so, but the instant I got out of hemorrhages occurring, and I remem-But not so much upon the in a sort of dick that ran along the large arteries were threatened he rescenes and associations of my later edge of the path. I tried to get up, but mained by my bedside during two encould not do so. I wallowed around in thre nights until all immediate danger

Though I regretted leaving the good I thought the daylight would find me Samaritan who cared for me so fa the fully and tenderly, yet it was a glad I had lain there probably an hour day when he accompanied me to the when I heard footsteps approaching. depot and saw me off for a brief season. The comer proved to be Billy Glasgow, at home. He was one of God's nobleat home. He was one of God's noble-men, with sympathies tender as a woman's; a firm, steady hand and a strong faithful heart. I pay this tribute to his worth and goodness, not only for what | seat he did in my behalf, but because of his me balanced on my feet, and then we kindness and unremitting care of all he is may he dwell in the ver.table presence of all that makes life pleasant.

BISMARCK.

His Personality and How He Addresse

the Reichsrath. Bismarck is the greatest figure which has appeared in the statesmanship of Europe since Richelieu, and he carries with him all the outward signs of majesty and power in a greater degree than any personage of his time. He is a head the size of Webster's and a breadth and massiveness of body equal to those of the late General Scott. When he enters the Reichstag it is like the entrance of Jupiter among the hierarchy of Olympus. His eyebrows are thick, white and overhanging; his mus tache, likewise snow white, and, as a recent correspondent describes him, his face is covered with folds and wrinkles, broad rings surround his eyes, and even his forehead is drawn into minute corrugations like the skin upon a withered apple. His head is naked of hair and shines like a dome of polished ivory. His eyes have a cold and

somewhat cruel expression, and when he begins to speak the color of his face changes from pale to red, and gradually assumes a light bronze shade which gives his powerful skull the appearance of burnished metal." His voice is soft, almost weak, and when he has spoken for a while it grows somewhat hoarse. He speaks rapidly or with deliberation, according to his mood, but never in a loud voice; is courteous, though some-times ironical in manner and gives token of his rising wrath, which is frequently excited by his opponents, rather by the swelling of the huge veins in his neck and by clutching at the collar of his uniform than by any furious rhe-torical outburst. He makes the memoranda for his speeches on loose sheets of quarto paper with pencils more than a foot lear and the words which he jots down with them and utters in so soft a tone have the weight of cannon balls. The old Chancellor draws now to the end of his career; his imperial master is slumbering away the remnant of his hours, and when he passes away, which may be at any time, the work of his nighty minister, the greatest who has ever served the house of Hohenzollern or wrought in the political concerns of the Fatherland, may be regarded as practically accomplished .- Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

regardless c. the handkerenief and lint within or of the agony he caused me.

Then I was directed to the wharf and placed upon a boat that was to take a cargo of wounded to Washington, and there offered more coffee and bread, but my sufferings were so great that I declined. Meantime, the compresses had caused such acute pain that I

TAKEN HOME.

A Poor Orphan Girl Borne in the Em-brace of the South Wind to Her Dead

One night, after she had crept to her el of rags, bruised and sore from Old Nan's daily beating, she had heard the South Wind softly blowing past the

window, and she whispered: "Oh! South Wind, have pity on me! am beaten and worked and starved! Bu

kind to a poor orphan girl!" "But I can not soften Old Nan's eart," answered the breeze, "nor can l

oring you food." "You can take a message for me." "To whom?"

"My mother in Heaven."

"What is the message?" "Tell her that my days are full of nisery, and my nights are long with sorrow. I want to be with her in The well known preacher who addresses Heaven."

of joy and awoke Old Nan.
"How dare you!" growled the hag:
and she beat the child again and again

for her dream. The next night the South Wind whispered at the window, and the child rose | Here he remained thirteen years, occasiona up and asked: Did you find my mother

to such sweet music that Old Nan was charges brought by Professor Pa

aga'n awakened by her words.
"Wretch! Ingrate!" cred the old hag

from Presbyterianism and preached in Vicker's theater as an independent mi On the third night the South Wind until the completion of Central music b ing it, all save blouse and cap, which I was late in coming. The child was kept, away, and, naked as I was born, alone in the gloomy room, and te fever was on her until she to ed and moaned, and fancied scrange things.

"It won't come-it won't come!" she kept calling; but by and by she heard the rustle of the South Wind sensations developed as the feverish afar off, and she had her face to the window as it came up.

"Did you find my mother?" 'Aye! and she bids you come!" "Wait a little while and sleep

again And the child slept and dreamed of a path winding through a dark valley She traversed it in fear and trembling,

and more than once she would have

faltered had not the South Wind whispered "Be of brave heart-Heaven is be

vond! By and by the darkness was dispelled, and at her feet she saw the waters of a great river. On the other shore were gates of pearl and gold, and as they opened to the strains of sweetest music, an angel issued forth and cried out to the cowering child:

"Be not afraid! I am thy mother!" And as the South Wind spread its wings and bore the child ac oss the silver waters her joy was so intense she "Death! Mother! Heaven!"

hag, who had just returned; and she knelt beside the bed of rags to best the child. "Too jate!" said the South Wind, with its face at the window. Aye! it was too late. - Detroit Free

NOT HIS PROPERTY.

The Explanation That Prevented a Disturbance on a Texas Railroad. "Will you be kind enough to take that grip-sack off that seat," said a countryman, who got on a train at Lul-

"No, sir, I don't propose to do anything of the sort," replied the drummer. who was sitting on the other side of the

"Do you say that you are going to let that grap sack stay right there?

"Yes, sir, I do. "In case you don't remove that grip sack I shall be under the painful neces

sity of calling the conductor." "You can call in the conductor, the engineer, and the brakesman, if you want to. Perhaps you had better stop at the next station, and send a special to old Jay Gou'd himself about it "The conductor will put you off the

train. "I don't care if he does. I am not going to take that grip-sack from that place where it is.

The indignant passenger went taller than the late Czar Nickolas, has through the train, and soon returned with the conductor. "So you refuse to remove that gripsack, do you?" asked the conductor

> "I do. Great sensation. "Why do you persist in refusing to

remove that grip-sack?" "Because it's not mine." "Why didn't you say so at once?" "Because nobody asked me."-Texas

Siftings. Cannibalism of Fishes.

A few weeks ago I opened the stomach of a codfish weighing nine and a quarter pounds. I found in it two full-grown herrings, one large whiting, one eodling, even flounders, one small sole, and one small skate, all newly swallowed. From the mouth of the whiting a large live worm issued. Besides thes there were half-digested remains of other fish, chiefly flounders. All the large mouthed fishes are curiously voracious and usually cannibals. have seen a small eel swallow a still smaller eel, head first, the tail half of the swallowed fish projecting from the mouth of the swallower and moving for some hours. The swallowing thenceforth proceeded very slowly, evidently according to the rate of digestion of the part that had reached the stomach some days elapsed before the end of the tail of the swallowed fish disappeared. To show the mouth capacity of some fishes take two John Dorys of equal size, open the mouth of one to its full capacity, and it will be found large enough to take in the whole of the second fish. - Gentleman's Magazine.

-Judging from the annexed local from the Blanco (Tex.) News, borrowing is apparently done with some talent in that town: One of our young men while out gathering in some wood with which to make himself a fire last Wed-nesday, got badly left, as when he came back he had no stove in which to build the fire-it had gone mysteriously. The fact was he was borrowing from a neighboring woodpile, and while out the neighbor borrowed his stove.

-A sleigh in Waterbury, Conn., is said to be 136 years old. Sleighs did not get smashed up in the olden t mes as they do now. Young colonists were bashful; and drove with both hands.—

Hartford Courant.



Central Music Hall every Sunday an audi-"Sleep, child, and I will bear your message!" whispered the wind; and sie orgot her wretchedness and, sleeping. dreamed of green valleys and such beautiful flowers that she cried out in tones removing to Readsburg, O., when David was seven years old. Three years later his family removed to a farm near Williamsburg, O. At eighteen years of age he entered Miami University, at Oxford, O., graduating in 1852. He studied theology at C.ncinnati for one year, when he was appointed professor of Latin and Greek at the Miami University, preaching till 1866, when he was called to t new Westminster church, of Chicago, "Tis a long way to Heaven!" and som united with another (or the with another than the with a with soon united with another (old lept, and in her dreams church, and he preached in a ter. In 1873-74 he was tried the Chicago presbytery. Dur'n long trial which ensued Mr. Swin

> where he now preaches A Celebrated Detective.



THE LATE ALLAN PINKERTON. The founder of Piakerton's Detective agency, who died at his home in Chicago on July I, was a native of Scotland where he was born in 1819. He learned the cooper's trade. During the Chartist excitement in England he was compelled to flee to this country for attering seditious sentiments, Settling in Dundee, Iil., he continued at his trade as a cooper. While gathering hosp poles on an island in a neighboring river he liscovered a deserted camp, which he be "Didn't I tell ye!" screamed the old lieved had been the resort of counterfeiters. By following up clews suggested by him the result was that the gang of counterfeiters were caught and punished. This incident led to his being frequently employed by the sheriff in capturing the desperadoes that infested the sparsely populated section in which he lived. His fame reached Caicago, to that on his removal there he was soon after appointed deputy sheriff and afterward appointed the city after detective. In ISSI he founded the celebrated detective egency which has since ferreted out some of the most desperate crimes of the age, and has fa tamed its respectability and the confidence of the public through the rule lais. ...wn by its founder never to operate in a divorce case, or where family matters were in dis

British Foreign Secretary.



EARL GRANVILLE In the cabinet of Mr. Gladstone, Earl Granville holds the most difficult position, bit one in which by revious training he is better fitted than probably any other man in the kingdom. He is 69 years old, and was first appointed under secretary of foreign affairs in 1840, since which he has several times had charge of the office. His face indicates the cool deliberated judgm nt he brings to matters of state. His popularity is equal to that of the premier.

Conher-Tall Currency. [Bismarck Tribune.] Some of our counties pay five for cophers, and in La Mou-currency. A man goes into a for a drink throws on the coun When the drawer is full taken to the county office and redeem ee goph r narratives going into the

-Kossuth, while still alive. the satisfaction of knowing what the world's opinion of him will be after death. He has, it is asserted, cut out all the obituary notices that have reached h m. and they fill half a dozen scrap-books, hundreds of newspapers having been sent him from different countries as soon as it was known that the report of his death was untrue.

-Twenty-five Germans who have entered the Chinese service were required to take Chinese names. One of them, who was formerly cartain of a corvette, is now called Wang-Li-Triang. which, when turned in o English, means Mr. High Wall. He has just been promoted to the rank of Admiral, and commands the Chan Yung. Another German officer is now named Lin-Pao, or Mr. S.x Cannons.

-In Paris they have "morphine par-ties" of the small and early kind. Those invited to such little gatherings are known to the hostess as being in the habit of resisting ills to which flesh is heir by subcutaneous injections of the narcotic above named. The inject on is performed with a little instrument, the manufacture of which is passing from the surg cil instrument maker to the ieweler, and is becoming an objet d'art. Guests and the lady of the house sit in a circle and list in to a concert ir a dis-tant room. They describe their sensa-tions to each other.