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Maxham & Wing

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WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

BY WM. ANDREW SIOGREN.

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they drank at the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you my brother, plain as I can,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones of flesh are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow man,
It matters much!

It matters little where my grave,
Or on the land or on the sea;
By purring brook, or on a stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel of Death counts down
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

[Packard's Monthly.]

THE RESERVED LOVER.

We may boast of understanding human nature, and value much our estimate of human character, but how often do we find ourselves at fault. There is often so much where we expect to find so little, so little where we had hoped to find great volumes; so much roughness under an outward polish; so much gentleness sometimes hid by a forbidding aspect; such a great current of genial warmth flowing sometimes under an icy surface, that wondrous wise is he, who half the time is right in his estimate of character.

Any man who has arrived at the age of forty can look back and see such a jumble of estimates as must convince him that even his most cherished rules of weighing or estimating human character will not stand the test of ten years. The first schoolboy friend—the one who met him first on the playground—he remembers only as the selfish booby, who, on the third day of their acquaintance, stole half his marbles, while another boy, with whom he had scarcely exchanged a word during the first quarter, has been, for twenty years, his confidential adviser, and firmest friend. He remembers how bright the world looked at twenty-one, of how high he placed then the character of those who were associated with him; but the niches are filled with other images now, and the idols of the past, after a series of changes, alteration of estimate figures, repairing of broken features, strengthening of weak points, lie now as worthless rubbish in the most faintly lighted of those much talked of halls of memory.

We look upon a face—into an eye; listen to a man's voice and laugh; watch the play of features; the movement of his person, and commence at once the process of figuring up his worth. We do not wait for facts. Like a pupil anxious to succeed without the aid of a teacher, we hasten to solve the problem in advance of Time, who is solving it for us, and proud of our work, flaunt the estimate in the face of all the world.

The next day we alter a figure here and a figure there; in a week erase a whole line; in a month reason on a different basis, and arrive at different conclusions, so that when Time, the unfeeling reckoner, comes round to look over our shoulders to compare results, he finds us willing pupils, and humiliated rather than proud that the blurred scale, after a hundred changes, presents the same result as is marked upon his record in one bold, clear dash. The old are as ready to make mistakes as the young, though they deem themselves very wise from their vast experience. The smooth tongued scoundrel, who imposes upon the school girl a brilliant description of startling events that never occurred, and of scenes that do not exist, will talk law to the old judges, and medicine to the old doctor, and horses to Frank, and butter and cream, and good dinners to the housewife; and they will all be his dupes, all be made, sometime, to play the fool's part in some drama, of which he is hero and villain.

Experience makes us more charitable. It causes us to see less positive wrong in every person, and more possible good. It makes us more careful without making us suspicious; but it does not make our estimates of character always good ones.

After becoming well acquainted with a reserved man, after discovering that there is manliness where you thought there was only a selfish independence, it is a little humiliating to shake yourself up and down to an entirely different conclusion, but we do it. It is a sort of military necessity in the great war of conscience with egotism, and some means are found to justify the procedure, as well as to carry it forward to successful conclusion.

A thousand stories in life illustrate these truths, and if all these could be cited here no further argument would be needed. My good, staunch old friend, the Judge, honest, and straightforward and charitable in spite of his experience on the bench, declares at last in open court that he misjudged the young German. I went to him some days since and he seemed as uneasy as a conscience stricken child, until he had unburdened himself, and by free acknowledgment made right with his conscience the wrong that had been done by him.

I had missed the young man from his old home, on recovering from a long illness, but was told at first opportunity by old Franz that he was happily married and doing something immense in some very immense city. The new daughter to old Franz was a brighter Angel. Picture than Fanny had ever been, and his boy, in his congenial employment, was the grandest personage that ever fought his way to success and fortune. This was somewhat indefinite, and I went to the old Judge for "further particulars."

"That young German," said he, "is a mystery to me. I never made many mistakes in judging men, but I made a wrong estimate of his character, from the first figure up. I disliked him from the first. His very dress and manner impressed me strangely. The first meeting with his father shut my heart against him, and every fault of his seemed an unpardonable one. I could see no merit in many things that the world applauded. The young fellow had talent; I was forced to admit; courage, I knew; but I saw no manliness. Whenever he came near me I felt abashed, and always indignant that I did feel so. His very bust in dress and accomplishments vexed me."

"He met in some way a pretty, light hearted, whole soul, high spirited, strong willed young miss, a niece of mine, acknowledging me as a sort of guardian or adviser. Met her at a fair, I believe; again at a picnic; then here at my house. I managed to have them kept apart as much as possible without seeming to do so, but the fates were against me, and I saw the girl was learning to love this strange man, and with a love that seemed to me too much like a worship to last long. He seemed content to worship at a distance. After meeting her a hundred times he was as reserved as at their second meeting. There was no mistaking the man's sentiment. He lingered about her like an artist about a grand old picture—afraid to touch, content to look and dream. I saw this

love grow, and the thought of it almost maddened me. I suggested to my niece, one night, in the young German's presence, that she write to her father at what time he might expect her home. A quiet, inquiring glance—an easy knowing smile, was all that this brought from the young man, while upon the girl it had a peculiar effect. She turned and with her face full of hidden tears, looked out of the window. He said, with some agitation, an hour afterwards, that it was sad to see such good friends as this girl had been to him depart, yet it was best.

"The next day he came to me and frankly told me of his love for the girl. She was visiting my daughter and I called her. She came eagerly and without a word took the young man's hand. She said she had written to her father and mother 'all about the affair, that he had written also, that there had been no promises. The man seemed cold as an icicle—proud but not loving—a great dread shadowing his eyes. I expressed the wish that they should not meet again until the answer of the parents came. He replied without a moment's hesitation 'certainly,' and with an ordinary good-bye left us. Any other man it seemed to me, would have shown some emotion. I stopped him to say '—' Perhaps the girl's parents will wish to see the man to whom they are to give their daughter, before giving their answer.' 'I will go to them,' he said 'I prefer that they should see me. I can wait until they know me well.' This was said with a self-confident air that vexed me still more, and I turned to reprove the girl, but there was such a defiance in her eye, such a look as warned me not to venture, that I kissed her and said, 'God bless you.' I know not what the two wrote to the old people, the girl's parents, but in a week came a letter giving their unqualified consent to the marriage, asking that their daughter come home immediately. She started the next day. The young German seemed now perfectly happy, but happy in a dreamy way. In parting from her he simply shook her hand—returned, pressed it silently again, and then walked away, never turning his head.

"Cold, heartless lover," was in my mind, but I did not speak it. During the girl's absence frequent letters passed. Each wrote promptly, and the joy that a letter gave the man caused me to have some respect for him. I accompanied him when he went to meet his lady-love at her father's some days in advance of the ceremony. The ride was a long one but not unpleasant. I discovered the man's power. He talked charmingly, and in literature, art, and music, I seldom found him at fault. He laughed at his ignorance of our laws and customs, said he felt sometimes like a fool, and very often as if dreaming. The whole family met us at the station. The central figure was, of course, the girl that was soon to be his bride, and as she came bounding forward, I expected him to receive her with open arms and repeated kisses. But he did not. She greeted me warmly, kissed me twice, then turned in an embarrassed manner to shake hands with her lover. He started as if awakening from a sound slumber, merely whole volumes of surprise and love, but merely pressed her hand. The coolness was unparadiseable, and I had serious notions of protesting against the marriage. In five minutes his dreaminess was gone, and the great trust the two seemed to have in each other, and the favorable manner in which he seemed to impress the family, puzzled as well as annoyed me. And this feeling grew. He was reserved as ever, but it was reserved in soft tints, mellowed down to something that seemed more like reverence or respect than reserve. The night of the wedding he was as cool as ever before, and both were free from embarrassment.

His promise was made proudly, lovingly, earnestly, as though he wished all the world to know; and then, as the parents stepped forward to kiss the bride, he stopped them, and whispering reverently, 'My first kiss,' touched his lips to the beautiful girl's forehead, as delicately as a mother would kiss a sleeping babe; kissed her then on each cheek, and putting all his soul into his eyes and face, pressed his lips to hers with all the pent up earnestness of a long absent lover. You can scarcely imagine the scene. The face of the girl seemed like one inspired. There was so much of the proud 'I told you so,' in her looks, that I saw that she all the time had known the man who stood unasked for the first time.

And he is a man now, manly in every sense of the word. Proud still, calm, brave and earnest. The parent's blessing fell upon him like a benediction, and every woman in the room kissed him in their fervency of joy. He said to his bride as they were seated, 'Never before did I kiss woman's lips but my mother's. I always said my wife should receive my first kiss as a man. Think, my dear, how much it means.'

"They will come to me soon," concluded the judge, "and then you will see how completely I misjudged the man." [Farmer's Chronicle.]

"HOLD YOUR TONGUE."—My Grandfather used to tell me a story that had a strange fascination, while at the same time it vexed me because it was never finished. He would begin: "Once there was a king, who had three daughters, and he promised to give each of them any thing they would ask for. Their names were Orange, Lemon, and Hold Your Tongue. Now tell me their names as I call them, and I will tell you what they asked for. What was the name of the first one?"

"Orange," was my prompt reply.

"Well, Orange said she would like to have a gold watch and gold chain with charms on it. What was the second daughter's name?"

"Lemon, grandpa."

"Well, Lemon said she would like a horse, and saddle, and bridle, beautifully ornamented. 'You shall have it, my dear,' said the king."

"Now," said my Grandfather, "what was the name of the third daughter?"

"Here I always felt a little timid and replied in an under tone, 'Hold Your Tongue.' Then my Grandfather would invariably add, 'There, my little grand-daughter has told me to hold my tongue, and of course I can't go on.'

[The Advance.]

In digging the Chicago Lake Tunnel there were frequently found, in the bed of compact drift clay, irregular masses of clean gravel, sometimes in such a perpendicular position that they could only have retained their form and place while deposited as frozen masses, and

covered with drift before they had time to melt and sink to the level of the drift on which they first rested. The conclusion is inevitable that the drift must have been formed with a rapidity out of all proportion to the slower process of the present day, and that it is quite unsafe to predicate an interval of untold centuries on real or pretended discoveries like those of the California skull.

AN ARMY REMINISCENCE.

The following is an extract from an entertaining paper, "My Man Antony," in the April number of Putnam's Magazine. The incident related took place at the time of the evacuation of Harper's Ferry by General Banks's army, in August, 1861. The statements in regard to John Brown will be read with especial interest.

As the darkness gradually settled on the ferry that Sunday night, and we could no longer distinguish the river from the land, and could recognize the ford only by the line of lanterns stationed at intervals, I was walking down the hill to the gate of the arsenal, whether our regiment had been withdrawn, after a picket guard had been detailed and sent out to hold the line of Bolivar Heights. As I neared the gates, I saw on the sidewalk, standing half-irresolute, doubting, apparently, whether to go forward or back, a tall, well-dressed negro, about twenty-two years old. He was so well-dressed, that I could not help turning to look at him as I passed. His large features were purely negro, but there was a look of sad disappointment in his eye, and a working of the corners of his mouth, which seemed to tell of some deep grief. But disappointed negroes were a common sight, and I walked on and turned into the arsenal, the guard saluting me as I passed. At the same moment the sentinel said, "Halt!" with a sharp emphasis, to some one behind me. It came so close on my passage, that I instantly turned, and saw the negro standing at the gate.

"You can't come in here unless you give the pass; then the orders."

"But I want to cross de ribber."

"Guess you dew; there's plaguesy many on you wants ter, but orders are ag'in it."

"But I want to see de Gin'l, or de Cun'il."

"What Gin'ral or Cun'il d'ye want ter see?"

"Some one—I don't keer which."

"Wall, yew can't come in here; naow jest stan' back."

I had watched the man with interest, and understood his story as he talked and pleaded with the guard. He looked at me, at the iron gate, at the river, the hills beyond.

"I can't go back; I must cross de ribber 't'night. Don't say no. I'll do mos any 'ting, only lem me go."

"No, no; stan' back, and don't be foolin' any longer."

I could not resist the man's pleading look and voice, though I knew the penalty for helping a slave was the risk of one's commission, and, turning to the sentinel, I said,

"I see how it is; you may let this man come in. I want to speak to him."

Willoughby enough to help the man if he had the least shadow of permission, the sentinel raised his rifle, and the negro hurried in. He moved so quick, and at the same time glanced over his shoulder in such a frightened manner, that I could not help looking into the gloom to see who was behind.

Then I walked on a few paces, into the shadow of one of the ruined buildings, the man followed, with his cap in his hand. When removed out of the hearing of the sentinel, I said,

"Boy, what is your name?"

"Antony, Massa."

"What do you want to see a general or a colonel for?"

"I want to cross de ribber."

"Yes, I see; you are a runaway slave?"

"I understand. When you get there, how will you get your living?"

"I'll work for nuffin, so I'll be free."

"Will you work for me, if I will hire you and pay you wages?"

"I'll work for nuffin, if you'll lem me."

"What's your whole name?"

"Antony Hunter, sar."

"Where do you live?"

"Shepardstown. Miss Shepard's my mis-sus, sar."

"Very well; see you never tell any one else what you have told me. You are my servant now, and need be afraid of no one, unless I tell you to; and I will see that you are safe, if your mistress sends for you."

Antony followed me to my quarters, was put in charge of my kit and horses, and at once went to work with untiring vigor.

The next day I went with the six companies which were ordered to Maryland Heights, and bade a long farewell to the ruined buildings, aqueducts, and machinery which cumbered the river bank at the Ferry.

Antony grew rapidly in favor with all. Officers, privates and servants were equally glad to see his pleasant face. No service he could do. His strength was prodigious; he could carry a barrel of flour, lifting it by the chains with his teeth; and he was willing to put this great strength to any use that was required. I talked to him about his former life, and one day, when he was busily brushing my clothes, I said:

"Antony, did you ever see John Brown?"

"Do you mean Mr. Brown dey hang'd at Charlestown?"

"Yes."

"Know him? Yes, sar,"—he dropped his brush and straightened up—"yes, sar; I was one ob his footmen."

"His what?"

"His footmen."

"What do you mean? He had none."

"Yes, sar; de white folks said de cullud people didn't care fur him, an' didn't want ter help him. But de cullud folks roun' yer was all down on his paper; dey was rolled, an' got ready ter fight for him when he called us; an' I was chose footman ob de cullud people in Shepardstown."

"How many do you think were on the rolls?"

"Can't tell yer, sar, jes' how many, but a drestle sight more'n a thousan'."

"But if that was true, why didn't you come to the Ferry, and help him?"

"Cos we was afraid. De cullud people's been cheated so often by de white folks, dat when dey struck de blow too soon at de Ferry, we was 'traid we was goun' ter be cheated."

"I don't understand about striking too soon."

"Why, ye see, sar, Mr. Brown told us dat we should get leab' t' come home Saturday fur Sunday; an' a right smart lot o' folks came home, more'n ever in de summer—even more'n Christmas; fur ye see de servants are hired out roun' de country. We was all ter be dar Sunday; an' den, when they 'spected we'd be all done gone back to our places, Monday, we'd wait in de mountains back ob de Ferry, till Mr. Brown gabe the word, an' den all hurry dar fer jine him. We folks didn't know what ter do when Monday came, 'cos we hurd de news dat Mr. Brown an' his men had taken de Ferry an' de arsenal, an' was killin' de white an' cullud folks. Course, we couldn't know de truf, an' we got skeerd ter go down dar, les' it was only a plan ter use ter show ourselves in a body, an' we'd been cheated so many times afore, we 'ort we'd better do nuffin, till we saw Mr. Brown den. When de sojers come an' took him, we kep' quiet."

"But how did it happen that the white people never knew it?"

"Why, cos no cullud man would tell, an' Mr. Brown, he an' his men wouldn't tell, an' dey used de roll ob names fur de wads to de guns, or some sich 'ting, so I've heered. Anyways, no one eber knowed wot become ob it."

"If Mr. Brown had waited another day, do you think many negroes would have joined him?"

"Many! Why, Lieutenant, more'n dere is in dis army would have been wid him in two days, an' dey'd hab fought fur him till all was killed, or dey could hab believ'd in de white men bein' true."

"Did you ever see Mr. Brown after that?"

"No, sar; we didn't dare to say nuffin 'bout him ter de white folks. We talked 'bout him ter ourselves, but neber let anybody know it. One night some ob de Shepherdstown boys went 'tween night an' mornin' ter de fields back ob Charlestown, whar we could see de jail whar he was, an' we sat dar 'inkin' an' talkin' till de night was gone, an' we could hardly get back ter de plantation 'fore mornin' but I tell you, Lieutenant, dar warn't many such men as Mr. Brown; he was de saviour an' redeemer ob de cullud people, an' mos ob dem beliebe he was Jesus Christ come back ter sabc us."

Idols.—Gen. Grant is much of a political idol just now. He is considered equal to almost any task. And the popular faith in him is a grand thing. If he is not the man it takes him to be nothing will more tend to make him such. But political idols often topple over. We had one four years and a month ago. Now it is nothing but a headless trunk, kicked about among the ruins of the Lost Cause in East Tennessee. Andrew Johnson was more of a failure than he would have been had we not expected too much of him. We may make the same mistake with Grant. The new President cannot do everything. The touch of his hand will not at once cure our revenue service of its leprosy. It is quite as important that we have a public moral sentiment that will fence these well-dressed thieves out of the good society in which they now have free range and which really keeps them in countenance. Grant's very course, so much applauded, will also develop an organized, sinewy opposition, which will wound him to death, if it be possible. Lee's rebels will be nothing to the angry array of Indian thieves, railroad "rings," whiskey swindlers and the whole horde of disappointed treasury leeches which will declare war against every effort he makes; they will be almost certain to rasp him into some unfortunate grave. There is a restless element in the Republican party that fought against Grant's nomination as long as it dared and will renew the fight as soon as it dares. It has a predestined leader in a man who shakes hands but never forgets, and who cannot keep his wrath against his old enemy corked for four years. Let Gen. Grant prepare for the role of the best abused man in America. And let not his friends add to the abuse by expecting too much from him.—[The Advance.]

A Maine man gives his method of treating balky horses as follows: "Let me inform humane men and hostlers, and all who hold the rein, that the way to cure balky horses is to take them from the carriage and whid them rapidly round till they are giddy. It requires two men to accomplish this, one at the horse's tail. Don't let him step out. Hold him to the smallest possible circle. One dose will often cure him; two doses are final with the worst horse that ever refused to stir."

The mustering out of twenty regiments of infantry by the recent order of President Grant will, it is said, save fifteen millions of dollars during the current year. This reduction of the army is made in pursuance of the amendment which was attached to the military appropriation at the close of the late session of Congress on motion of Mr. Blaine of Maine. The amendment was severely opposed when Mr. Blaine offered it, but it has proved to be prompt and decisive in its operations.

SMALL BUT SUCCESSFUL SWINDLING.—A young man has just shown us a card on which are photographed one hundred faces which he got by complying with somebody's request to "send one dollar and get 100 beautiful photographs." It is a very mean and cheap swindle. The same concern also advertises to send very cheap, *fac similes* of Treasury notes, in any amount to suit, and enjoins great secrecy upon the parties to whom the proposition is made.—[Portland Daily Adv.]

At a republican caucus in Jamesville, Wisconsin, Miss Angie King (sister of the late Rev. T. Starr King) received a majority of 43 votes as the preferred candidate for the post office at that place. There were seven other candidates. We notice that many places throughout the country are resorting to such elections or recommendations of candidates for Postmasters, the object being to give to all the republicans a fair hearing in the appointments, which are so apt to be controlled by a very few. The Boston Journal says that Grant has indicated an intention to meet the wishes of republicans thus unequivocally expressed.

Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1869.

NO. 40.

OUR TABLE.

The Eclectic for April contains a beautiful portrait of Rosa Bonheur; and an excellent selection of foreign literature, among which will be found the following articles:—

Dr. August Neander: Christian Missions to India; On the Modern Elements in Literature; The two Comets of the Year 1868; Memorabilia of Old Gaul; In Life and in Death, A Page of Family History; Milman's "Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral; Squaring the Circle; He Knew He was Right, Chaps. XVI, XVII, XVIII; Lack in Families; The Last of Nelson's Captains; The Struggle for Empire with the Maharrats, continued; Curiosities of the Post-Office; Diminished Atmospheric Pressure; The Alexandrian Library; Submarine Earthquakes in the Atlantic.

Published by E. R. Felton, 108 Fulton St., New York, at \$5 a year.

TILTON'S JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE AND FISCAL GAZETTE for March has articles as follows:—Southern Horticultural Trip; Improvement of the Native Plum; Grape-Growing in Wisconsin; The Allamans; Parlor Plants, No. 3; Asclepias; and about thirty pages of Notes and Gleanings, short and interesting paragraphs on a great variety of topics. Published by Tilton & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE "Our Boys and Girls," No. 118, for the week ending April 3, is particularly attractive. It contains finely engraved portraits of President Grant and Vice-President Colfax, a full-page allegorical picture of the Inauguration of President Grant, by the celebrated artist, Thomas Nast. Oliver Optic commences a new story—"On Time; or, the Young Captain of the Cayuga Steamer;" Alice Cary contributes a poem—"Suppose;" Geo. M. Baker, author of "The Mink Stags" and "Antarctic Dramas," has an original dialogue, entitled "The Grecian Bond;" Mrs. J. G. Austin tells "The Story of Minnie;" there is a timely article on "Velocipedes," and "Head-Work;" and "Letter-Box" are full of illustrated puzzles, riddles, &c., all handsomely illustrated, and all to be had for six cents. This is a good opportunity to subscribe. Terms are \$2.50 per year, or \$1.25 for six months; and the publishers offer great inducements to their young friends to obtain subscriptions. Leo & Shepard, Boston, are the publishers.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for February has the following table of contents:—

Double and Quits, a Comedy of Errors, part 4th; On Army Organization; Cornelius O'Dowd; "My Will and Testament;" "Tip;"—The Tropic-Greek; Adair; "In Life and in Death, A Page of Family History; The Olden Mission to Christendom; The Pulpit of the Olden Time; Why should a Woman not get a Degree? Vapours, Fears, and Terrors; Mr. Gladstone and Disraeli's Mission."

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 37 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

[For the Mail.]

SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENCE.

GREENVILLE, S. C., March 16.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I stopped one day in Charleston, then took the cars for Greenville; travelled all night, and in the morning found myself in Columbia, the capital of S. C. I stopped one day there, and visited the State Legislature, which is now in session. I was astonished as I stepped into the senate chamber and saw that one-fourth of that body were colored men. On visiting the House I was still more astonished; three-fourths of that body are colored. In both branches I saw men as black as jet, their faces shining like a black boot; and from that every hue of color could be seen up to pure white. There are among these colored men six lawyers, two physicians, and thirteen ordained elders. All the colored men appear to understand their business.

It does seem so strange, that right here in this very State, where they inaugurated the rebellion on purpose to perpetuate slavery, within the short period of eight years those very slaves should be in the Legislature of the State, making laws to govern their masters! And then, to see some of these southern aristocracy, who have a railroad project or some other scheme to carry out, come and take these colored legislators aside and try to get them to intercede for them! Evidently they have concluded to accept the situation. One of those white senators, himself a southern planter, said to me, "this state of things is as great a miracle as it was for God to lead Israel through the Red Sea on dry ground. Surely, what hath God wrought!" The senator continued and said, "the South made a great mistake in their views with reference to slavery and southern aristocracy. They were wrong, and the North had the right view of a republican form of government." He said a northern republican was a living illustration of the true principles of our government, and the only hope of the South was to have northern men come down and bring their principles with them, and capital too, if they have it, and establish themselves among them. That I thought was sensible. I fear all Southerners have not so far recovered their senses as had this man. I hope, however, that they are rising as a people and will bring some that are in the North up with them, and soon come to see the brightness of a better day.

Yours truly, TRUE WHITTIER.

The London daily News made the following apt comparison:—"Mr. Johnson's administration has been a period of delays. It has been like the six weeks of east wind which delay our English spring—a period of obstruction and check, in which things have necessarily progressed, but have not progressed naturally."

The extremes of climate in California are well illustrated by the editor of a paper in Alpine County, who rides to his office in a sleigh, the snow being five feet deep in some places, and writes behind a bouquet of flowers plucked in the open air within sight of his office window.

Gen. Neal Dow, at the recent Massachusetts State Temperance Convention, said that he "was surprised that any republican politician should favor grog shops, or try to prevent the execution of laws against them, for every one of them was a democratic rido-pit to kill republican voters." Well said!

SPRING DISEASES.

Readers! have you a "mite, and solitary atom, of comfort sense? If you have, be persuaded to make a healthful use of it, and commence on the instant. As soon as Spring begins to set in, almost everybody has more or less a feeling of lassitude; there is less buoyancy, less of an appetite, less disposition to exercise; some are so indisposed that they have to keep in the house; and numbers take to their beds. All this is your own fault; it is because you have got no sense, not a particle; or if you have, you do not make use of it. You can readily understand that now, as the weather is warmer, you do not require as much fire in the house; and may be you are wondering why the servants will persist in making the house hotter now than in the depth of winter; they are only burning as much fuel now as in mid-winter, and they have not the sense to know this, or at least they don't care to think. The human body is a house to be kept warm; and to be in health, its heat must be maintained at the same temperature the year round—that is, about ninety-six degrees. The stomach is, in a sense, the furnace; the food put into it is the fuel; the lungs set it on fire. Why, then, do you eat in warm weather as much as in cold weather? On a spring day, when scarcely any fire is needed in the house, you cram as much fuel into your stomach as in the depth of winter. You see now that you have not as much sense as Biddy; she is only trying to burn up your house, you are trying to burn yourself up with fever. A baby not three months old has too much sense to poke its little finger into the candle twice, yet you are poking your whole glutinous bulk, head foremost, every day into the furnace, and yet actually don't know what hurts you. You don't think; or, if you do, they are such diluted, milk-and-water "thinks," that a dime a pound would be a bad bargain to the purchaser.

In adult life all the food we eat serves two purposes; it sustains and keeps warm. For the latter object meats, oils, butters, gravies and sweets are used; hence, in warm weather, a comparatively small amount of these things should be eaten; but in their place take breads, fruits, vegetables, melons and berries. Nature's instincts call loudly for the acids of berries and fruits, and for the earliest tender vegetables, the "greens" and the salads of our gardeners. It is because they have no heating qualities; they are rather "cooling" in their nature. They spend much of their time indoors, would enjoy an exemption from a great many bodily discomforts if, upon the first day of Spring, they would begin to have meat for only one meat in the day, and in lessening quantities as the summer comes on. Persons who have intelligence, some skill in observing facts and making experiments, would do well to turn their attention to these things. We should aim, not merely to live, but to live in bodily health; without this life is a burden, a failure, for an ailing man can do nothing well but—grunt and groan, and toddle about the house like a sick kitten. He is in everybody's way; he don't know what to do with himself; he can't even swallow a tablespoonful of "catnip tea" without screwing his face up into a thousand wrinkles, and then he sighs and groans as if it had half killed him.—[Hall's Journal of Health.]

Waterville Mail.

EST. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.
WATERVILLE... APR. 2, 1869.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 4 State street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York; S. H. Niles Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 10 Park Row, New York; and T. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 125 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, at the same rates as required at this office.

ATWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, 7 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

relating either to the business or editorial departments of the paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We are sending bills to all of our subscribers who are one year or more in arrears, and our need is such that we shall regard it as a great favor if those receiving their bills will promptly remit the amount. Most of these are small, singly, but the aggregate is of considerable importance to us. The larger the bill, the more urgent the call.

THAT ACT.—A correspondent, who evidently feels deeply interested, inquires about the law of the last legislature empowering Ticonic Village Corporation to raise money for certain purposes. He wants to see the law, know its objects, and—as we guess—"argue the topic." He shall be gratified; we intend to publish that law, as well as others, next week, and then the way will be open for him to investigate it in such light as he may be able and disposed. In the mean time he need be under no apprehension as to the disposition of our citizens to inquire carefully what it proposes to raise money for, as well as whether the object is one they approve. We are promised a copy of the law in season for our next paper.

Lewiston may be a terrible place to go to—if we may credit the editor of the Gardiner Journal, who claims to have been there. He went through a general introduction, flinching at nothing but "Ed. Sands" and the "thousands of women" in the factories. He is willing to eat Sand's candy, but refuses to know him as a "bow-wow-er." He was finally struck with chills and went home declaring that "a fire would be a great blessing to Lewiston." Come to Waterville, friend Morrill, and we'll thaw you out.

THE FIRST MILL to be erected on the new dam of Ticonic Water Power Co., will be a large saw mill. The lease for the necessary water power and other privileges has just been signed, and the work will be commenced as soon as circumstances will permit. Gen. Franklin Smith, E. G. Meader and Franklin A. Smith form the company taking the lease, and they represent 50,000 acres of the best timber lands on the river. Their mill will be on the lower bankhead, on the site of the small one now there. It will be a first class mill in all its appointments—90 by 100 feet in size—and will contain gang, single and circular saws. Fully stocked, its working capacity will be equal to eight millions of lumber from the log, besides the work done by the smaller machines—lath, shingle, clapboard, &c., with a good planer, which they will put in. Such a mill will give employment to from sixty to eighty men.

CLASSES IN ELOCUTION.—Mrs. Miller, whose instruction gave so good satisfaction last year, will organize classes in elocution on Monday, April 5th, at the Classical Institute. Ladies and gentlemen of the village may join these classes by application previous to Monday evening. Mrs. Miller is a successful and distinguished teacher in her department, and the opportunity should be secured by those who desire to improve in reading or speaking.

FAST DAY.—Gov. Chamberlain's proclamation certainly has the merit of brevity. Omitting the usual official dates and endorsements, the following is the whole of it:

Acknowledging human dependence on Almighty Father, I do hereby, with the advice of the Executive Council, appoint Thursday, the 15th day of April next, as a day of public humiliation, fasting and prayer. Let us as a people, on that day turn aside from our common cares, and meditate upon the concerns of our true life, and conscious of our own weakness and confessing our sins, so humble ourselves before God, that He may be pleased to accept our penitence and sanctify our toils and trials, to our present and eternal good.

MR. W. L. LESLIE, the prosperous dealer in dry goods in Bottelle Block, is preparing to build a nice dwelling house the coming summer, on the lot next to the Baptist church, on Church street. If lots could be had at reasonable prices, there would soon be such a supply of dwellings that families could get homes here.

LOOK TO IT! that your roofs do not yield to the increasing weight of snow. Shovel it off, if you have not already done so. In all the snowy parts of the country there has been great loss of property from this cause, within a few weeks. In some cases valuable stock has been killed.

RECORD OF A STRONG COMPANY.—The National Life Insurance Company, which received its charter from the national Congress in July last, has already made its record in unmistakable characters. With its agencies as yet only in process of organization, it has, as we learn, issued insurance to an amount exceeding seven million dollars. This we think is a very marked success—it is so much needed work well done.

The Company does a strictly cash business as being in its judgment the simplest and best for the insurer and the insured, and it never complicates its affairs with either notes, loans, or dividends, and thus leaves no door open to misapprehension or disappointment in the future. While the principle of "so much insurance for so much money" is rigidly adhered to, and every policy has thus a fixed and determinate value, all accumulations that might otherwise be declared as dividends at some future time, are discounted in advance, and the exact pro rata is counted in with the amount of each policy when it is issued.

Managed by men of the highest financial ability and undoubted integrity, protected by a large paid-up cash capital, and possessing all the elements that have given success to other similar enterprises, we should expect this would become one of the most successful institutions of its kind.

MEMORIAL HALL.—Under the direction of Mr. J. P. Blunt, the resident architect, workmen are engaged in finishing the library room in the Memorial Building of Colby University, which already shows signs of great beauty, though there is a large amount of labor to be done before it will be completed. Dr. Chaplin's cenotaph, we notice, has been removed from its original setting, and is fixed in the wall of the new chapel.

We must have a Court Journal at the national capital, to tell "by authority" what happens in the presidential family. We are reminded of this necessity by reading in the Portland Press that on Friday morning last young master Jesse Grant took a ride on a pony. This is probably true, as the Press keeps a "Washington correspondent."

MR. J. RUSSELL HOBBS, whose death by accident on the Maine Central Railroad, we noticed last week, was not injured by the passenger train, but while cars were switching off from the freight train. The Superintendent, who made a thorough examination of the affair, could find no blame attaching to any one, but states that the accident occurred from an unfortunate combination of circumstances, which, humanly speaking, the utmost stretch of care and caution seemed powerless to prevent. Mr. Noyes speaks in high terms of the deceased who seems to have been highly esteemed by all who knew him.

Time was when College pranks had some redeeming streak of ingenuity or humor, that compelled one to smile even while he must condemn; but that time, we fear, is past, and most of the mischief perpetrated in these latter days, is mischief pure and simple, unrelieved by any gleam of wit, while some of it is undiluted stupidity and nastiness. Of this last, class was the recent soiling of the recitation rooms and chapel at Colby University, to the discomfort of all and the disgrace of the perpetrators.

DICKENS'S WORKS.—You may see how to procure them in an easy way, and also how to get a nice juvenile magazine for nothing, by reading the advertisement of H. O. Houghton & Co., in another column.

MR. PHILLIPS, the agent of the Water Power Co., in anticipation of a freshet, has a force at work strengthening the bulkheads.

STORE ROBBERY.—We learn from the Dexter Gazette that the store of Mr. Friend, in Etna, near the depot, was broken into on Friday night of last week, and robbed of about a thousand dollars worth of dry goods, groceries, medicines, &c. The robbers were tracked beyond Dexter, but have not yet been caught.

THE MAINE FARMER states that the extensive stock of horses, colts and cattle belonging to Hon. T. S. Lang, of N. Vassalboro' will be sold at auction on the 11th of May next—Gen. Knox alone being reserved.

WATERVILLE SAVINGS BANK.—The members met on Monday, and adopted by-laws and regulations, adjourned to the first Tuesday of May, the annual meeting, for the choice of officers, at which time arrangements will be perfected for the commencement of business.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The Boston Advertiser reports an abundant supply of cattle at Brighton and Cambridge, this week, with a dull market and prices tending downward.

SPRING FRESHETS in the vicinity of the Hudson river are severe and threaten serious damage.

THE ROBINS made their advent here on Monday. Spring is close at hand.

PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT.—This paper, which is just beginning a new volume, will immediately commence the publication of three stories which have been awarded the prizes of \$50, \$30, and \$20 respectively. The first prize was awarded to Dr. Charles P. Halsey, the second to Miss Emma B. Cobb, of the Press, and the third to Mrs. Fennell Hayes.

In all probability a monarchy will be established in Spain, and in view of this it is not wonderful that the sympathy of our people for the struggling Cubans is increasing.

"TOOTH CARPENTER," is what they style a dentist out west.

OUR TABLE.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL of Literature, Science and Art, the prospectus of which we published a few weeks ago, has made its appearance; and the initial number, both in its mechanical execution and in the excellence of its contents, fully justifies the promise of its projectors. The form is royal octavo, the number of pages being thirty-two; and it opens with the preliminary chapters of Victor Hugo's new novel, "The Man who Laughs, or by the King's Command," which has been translated expressly for it, and is appropriately followed by a critical sketch of Victor Hugo, with a portrait. "The New Education," "What We Mean by Science," "Adulteration and its Remedies," are the titles of the principal scientific papers; and the lighter reading matter comprises a series of brief paragraphs called "Pennyworths;" "Linked to a Star," a short story; "About Women and Dress," an æsthetic essay, by Eugene Benson; "Table Talk," "Literary Notes," "Matters of Science and Art," and two poems, one by R. H. Stoddard, which is charmingly illustrated, and "May Evening" by Bryant, one of the sweetest though at the same time the most sorrowful of his productions.

Contrary to what has been confidently asserted by some, party politics and religious sectarianism are to have no place in the Journal, which cannot fail to attain to a great popularity at once. As an earnest of this we see it stated that eighty-six thousand copies of this first number were disposed of on publication day, and another edition is printing to meet the continued demand.

"Appleton's Journal" is published every week by D. Appleton & Co., New York, at \$4 per annum, and will be found with all periodical dealers. The publishers offer the New American Cyclopaedia, worth \$50, as a premium to anybody who will send in a list of 50 subscribers, cash in advance at \$4 a year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE has the usual number of embellishments and patterns and designs, and its list of contents includes the following: The Graham and Armstrongs; Acting Charley; The Law of True Marriage; Unaccountable; New Temperance Stories; The Man with a Stone Heart, etc. Arthur always furnishes a clean literature.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR for April is as bright and pretty as it could be made, and full of charming stories for youth and spirited engravings. There is nothing better than this little work to be found for children.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$1.25 a year.

ONCE A MONTH.—The April number of this new magazine, has a continuation of "The Mills of Taxbury," an original story of increasing interest. The other original articles are—"Sailing Out," "The Coal Mines of Pennsylvania," and "A Pistol Shot." The selections, native and foreign, are all good, and among them are—Summer in Labrador, Savonrola, The Birch and the Bodoir, John White's Signboard, The Great West, Three Representative Women, Charlotte Brontë, Man as seen by Woman, Is there such a thing as Sex? etc.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY is the title of a new Boston publication, well worthy of the attention of all who desire good new music at a low price. The first number contains eleven instrumental pieces and ten songs with piano accompaniments, as follows:

Artist's Life Waltzes, by Strauss; Dream of the Ball Waltzes, by Godfrey; The Roses Waltzes, Metra; Whirlpool Galop, Faust; Catherine Galop, Farlow; Broadway Polka, Kaula; Hokus Pokus Polka, Streibinger; Tanz Jubel, Polka, Apitzler; Flying Trapeze Waltz, Kaula; Deutscher Muth March, Guntz; On the Bench, Schottische, Kaula; A Thousand Greetings to our Friends; A Christmas Carol; Captain Jinks; Champagne Chorus; Liston's O' the Nightingale; My Mother's Portrait; O' Would I were a Bird; Wife's Dream; Green Little Shamrock.

This number is presented in handsome style, and the price is only 35 cents for the number, which contains about \$6 worth of music, as it is usually sold. Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of this small sum, by Elias Howe, 103 Court St., Boston.

For more than a week past rain and sunshine, with a kind thermometer, have combined their efforts to reduce the snow banks. Considerable rise in rivers, brooks, ponds and small puddles mark the result; but the snow banks show only slight symptoms of yielding. They continue deep and hard, and the solid foot of hail-stones imbedded, as everybody knows somewhere between the top and bottom, does not yet appear—except where travel has dug it up. So, rain, sunshine and warm weather have yet much to do, if we have only a tolerable May-day.

Those who want to try some of the new kinds of potatoes are referred to the advertisement of Mr. Wilkins, in another column.

PASTURAGE wanted for 60 sheep—more or less. Inquire at the Mail Office.

It is proposed to entrust the management of the Indians to the Quakers and try a little of the William Penn policy.

GREAT BARGAINS may be had at the Fruit and Grocery Store of Mr. G. H. Mathews. Read his pronouncement in another column.

Rev. Mr. Streeter, of Montpelier, Vt., will preach at the Universalist church in this place Sunday forenoon, and at Kendall's Mills in the afternoon.

The young ladies connected with the Congregational Society, are preparing the Operetta of "Maud's Revenge" to be performed in a few weeks.

The county commissioners of Kennebec county, held a meeting in this city on Tuesday, and made the assessment of the county tax for 1869. The sum assessed is \$28,555, about two thousand dollars less than the tax of last year. This reduction has been made because little will be needed for repairs on county property this year, and the important changes which have been made in the jail will greatly lessen the cost of fuel for warming that institution. [Ken. Jour.]

OUR POLICY TOWARDS CUBA.—The Secretary of State, on the application of the Spanish legation has sent instructions to all the seaboard marshals and district attorneys to enforce the provisions of the neutrality laws against all parties fitting out filibustering expeditions intended or supposed to be intended for Cuba. The President has not yet consented to see Mr. Lemps, the envoy of the revolutionists of that island, and the Secretary of State has only seen him at his private rooms, and not at the department. Mr. Fish advised the President to be slow and cautious with respect to Cuban affairs, and there is every reason for believing that this advice will be followed.

Two hundred clerks and laborers were removed from the Treasury Department last week, most of the former being females, and many more will be dismissed the coming week. Somehow this sort of news strikes the country at large with remarkable favor, everybody feels that this reform should be pressed with vigor. [Portland Daily Adv.]

THE "EXCELSIOR" MIRROR of the Publishers and Editors of the American Agriculturist, is well illustrated in the number for April 1st, an advance copy of which has come to hand. This number, like others, contains 44 double quarto pages, including a beautiful tinted cover containing an original large engraving. The copy before us is literally packed full of fine, pleasing, and instructive engravings, and choice, instructive, original, and carefully prepared reading matter, prepared by the best practical minds in the country. Almost every line is full of interest and instruction. The multitude of seasonal hints about all departments of outdoor and indoor rural life, will be found of great value, and particularly the calendar of Work to be done during the month. The 35 finely executed engravings in this number embrace many gems of the art, including large cartoons of "The Change of Pasture," "Herons and their nests," "The New Comer," etc. An amusing "Picture story for the Times," will interest the velocipedists. Taken altogether the American Agriculturist is unequalled as a beautiful, reliable, practical journal for the Farm and Garden, and for the Household, whether in City, Village, or Country. Terms: \$1.50 per year, or four copies for \$5. Single numbers, post-paid, 15 cents. **ORANGE JUDD & CO., Publishers, 245 Broadway, New York.**

The Lewiston Journal says another accident occurred on the Somerset road at Norridgewock. A bank caved in, completely burying two men, one of whom was taken out dead, and the other seriously if not fatally injured.

Advices from Cuba from patriot sources, state that Cespedes has replied to Dulce's declaration of war to the knife, by a decree that all persons taken hereafter, except regular Spanish soldiers, are to be immediately put to death.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Ten years ago I purchased a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing machine, and have had it in constant use in my family since. We used it during the war to make clothing for our volunteers in the service, and for the hospitals, and this work was very heavy, being coarse woolen, and cotton fabrics. It is still in good working order, nothing having been broken but a few needles. You are welcome to use my name in your recommendations.

Mrs. HUGH McCULLOCH, Wife of Secretary, U. S. Treasury.

A dispatch from Augusta, Ga., states that Alexander H. Stephens is very ill and lying at the point of death.

Our Senators divided on the question of concurring with the House in repealing the tenure-of-office act, Fessenden voting for concurrence and Hamlin against.

Our readers have observed that we rarely praise patent medicines, and that we advertise only the very best of them. But now, the remarkable recovery of Mrs. Rice, of Canastota, from her distressing and almost helpless serofulous disease, which is known throughout the community, and unquestionably the effect of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, leads us to publish without reserve the remarkable efficacy of this medicine. We do this in the interest of the afflicted. Any remedy which can so effectually "raise one from the dead," should be universally as successful as it has been in the case of Mrs. Rice. [Daily Journal, Syracuse.]

MASSACHUSETTS has at last summarily abolished the district school system. The act abolishing the system requires the towns where it now exists to take possession forthwith of all the schoolhouses, land apparatus and other property, owned and used by these districts to appraise the property so taken, levy a tax therefor, and remit the amount to the tax payers of the respective districts. The act was passed almost without debate, was approved by the Governor on the 24th inst., and took effect on that day.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

The following short sentence was dictated by the late Lord Palmerston to eleven British cabinet ministers, not one of whom, it is said, spelled it correctly:

"It is disagreeable to witness the embarrassment of a harassed peddler gauging the symmetry of a peeled potato."

A stranger in Wabash, Indiana, addressed a little fellow whom he met as "Bub," and inquired where the post-office was. "Bub" happened to be mayor of the city, but he gave the desired information.

The Connecticut papers tell of the suicide of a man who lived on the income from his property, and "in the summer could play croquet." No further explanation of the fact is needed.

Our exchanges report that the demand for court-plaster has been largely increased since the introduction of velocipedes.

Paul de Kock once gave this recipe for pronouncing a Polish name: "Break a chair, add ski to the sound of the crash."

Beecher is to be bronzed, and put on the Lincoln monument.

The waters of the Mediterranean have been successfully attained into Bitter Lake through the Suez Canal.

Here is a new French smoking-in-the-cars story. A gentleman entered a first class car for Versailles and lighted a cigar. "Monieur," observed a fellow-traveler, "you are not in a smoking compartment." "I know it. I never go into one. You don't know how sick it makes me to have to breathe other's smoke."

"In my face dirty?" remarked a young lady to her aunt while seated at the dinner table on a steamboat running from Cairo to New Orleans. "Dirty? No. Why did you ask?" "Because that insulting waiter insists upon putting a towel beside my plate. I've thrown: three in said window, and bound as follows: to write—On the east, by land of the heirs of George Gowen; on the north, by land then occupied by Jabez Crowell, and conveyed to Freeman P. Crowell a certain piece of land, and all the buildings thereon, situated in said window, and bounded as follows: to write—On the east, by land of the heirs of George Gowen; on the north, by land then occupied by Jabez Crowell, and conveyed to Freeman P. Crowell a certain piece of land, and all the buildings thereon, situated in said window, and bounded as follows: to write—On the east, by land of the heirs of George Gowen; on the north, by land then occupied by Jabez Crowell, and conveyed to Freeman P. 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MISCELLANY.

RED KNIFE;

OR
KIT CARSON'S LAST TRAIL.

By LEON LEWIS,
AUTHOR OF "THE WAGON TRAIL," "THE WITCH FINDER,"
"THE WATER WOLF," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A LIFE GLORIOUSLY STAKED!

Towards the close of a beautiful day in June, 1867, a man and woman, mounted upon fleet horses, came galloping over one of the great plains of the West, and drew rein in the shade of a clump of cotton-woods, upon the bank of a beautiful river. They had ridden far and rapidly. Their steeds were panting and covered with sweat and foam.

"We must give the horses a breathing spell," said the former, slipping to the ground; and his companion nodded a graceful assent, as she followed his example.

The couple were evidently father and daughter. The man was in the prime of life, hale and hearty, with a large frame, which was sinewy and athletic, without ceasing to be refined and prepossessing. He had the keen, shrewd look peculiar to the advance-guard of civilization, and there was an honest, frank expression on his face that proclaimed his integrity and courage.

In her way, his daughter was equally picturesque and attractive. In the early flush of womanhood, with a pure, sweet, and tender face, with eyes darkly glowing, with coral-tinted lips, and cheeks softly flushed with the hue of the rose, with amber curls floating behind her, she was as graceful as a gazelle, as light-hearted as a bird, as lovely as a flower, and as spirited as an untamed antelope.

The stream by which the couple halted was Wood river, a branch of the Platte at a point fifty miles northwest of Fort Kearny.

"Are you tired, Miriam?" asked the hunter, George Dane, with fatherly solicitude.

"Tired, father?" rejoined the maiden, with a happy laugh. "Oh, no. How could I be tired after a day like this? Every minute has been filled with pleasure and excitement. I feel as fresh as yonder bird."

The father smiled understandingly, with a look full of the fondest affection.

"I can guess the cause of your lightness of heart," said he smilingly. The return, now daily expected, of a certain Hubert Earle from the mines of Idaho, may account I suspect for your present gladness."

A heightened color appeared on Miriam's face, for the name mentioned was that of her lover. She answered the glances of her father, however, with a frankness which attested his entire sympathy with her, and said:

"True, father, my heart has been unusually light for several days past. How could it be otherwise since I know that Hubert is coming?"

Mr. Dane did not reply. He was looking with kindling eyes, over the fair flower-dotted plain; and the next remark showed how widely his thoughts had strayed.

"I wonder what mother has been doing without us all day, Miriam. She must be lonely, with no one to speak to or share her meal. I shouldn't wonder if we could see our home from this point," and his face lighted up with a soulful glow. "Our cottage is not more than seven miles distant; let us see?"

He drew from his coat a pocket-glass, adjusted it to his sight, pointing it in a northerly direction, and gazed through it long and earnestly, with his rancor upon Carrey's Fork.

"Yes, I see it," he said at last, with a long, deep, and joyful exclamation, as if the sight refreshed him in every nerve. "There is our cottage as plain as day. I can even see the vines you planted before the windows, Miriam. And there, on the grape-vine bench, under the big elm, sits your mother, busy at her sewing. Bless her! She does not imagine we are looking at her. Look, Miriam."

He yielded the instrument to his daughter, who obeyed his injunction, her lovely face glowing with smiles as she regarded the distant home scene.

"Dear mother!" she murmured. "It is a treat to her to be able to sit under the trees without fear of molestation. There are no hostile Indians hereabouts now—are there, father?"

"No. Red Knife, as you have already heard, was killed yesterday by a settler, and his hand has retreated towards the mountains. I will confess Miriam, that during all the time I have been in the West, I have not been so light-hearted and care-free as since we received news of Red Knife's death. You have just seen how this joy bubbles over in me. Red Knife was a demon, rather than a savage."

Miriam shuddered, and her features evened as she remembered the Indian mentioned.

"He never spared a pale face," she said, striving to speak calmly. "Desolation and cruelty marked his path. For more than three years he has raged to and fro on the plains like a ravening wolf. He was the terror of the border."

"You have named him appropriately, Miriam," said the hunter. "He had a fiendish hatred of the white race, and his victims have been many."

Mr. Dane held out his hand for the glass, and Miriam was in the act of restoring it, when a strange, gasping, panting sound startled them both, and sent them quickly to their saddles.

The hunter wheeled his horse and looked down upon the river bank, from which direction the sound had come, his manner self-possessed, but his countenance indicative of alarm. The maiden followed his example.

Her eyes were the first to discover the cause of the sound that startled them, detecting a man's figure creeping along through the undergrowth of bushes lining the shore.

At the same moment, their presence in turn was detected, for the man dropped suddenly among the protecting bushes, as if he had been shot.

"An Indian?" whispered Miriam, drawing from her bosom a revolver.

The hunter shook his head, continuing to watch the spot at which the man had fallen, his hand on his rifle, his manner that of one ready for action.

Suddenly, as the man showed a haggard face peering anxiously from his concealment, Mr. Dane's countenance broke into a smile, and he cried out:

"Hallo! Is that you Thompson? Do you take us for Indians, that you skulk there in the bushes?"

The individual addressed was silent a full minute as it seemed, from sheer amazement; then he sprang out from his hiding-place with a cry of relief, and advanced swiftly towards the father and daughter.

His face was of middle age, of the ordinary type of backwoodsman, strong and brown and stalwart, of the rude, rough type that seems to belong to the border. His face was haggard and white, although covered with perspiration.

His breath came through his parted lips in quick uneven gasps. He had run far and swiftly, and looked as if about to drop from fatigue.

"What has happened Thompson?" asked Dane with keen anxiety, the man's singular appearance giving him a sudden shock of alarm.

"The Indians," gasped Thompson, scarcely able to command his voice, "They are coming! Red Knife and his band divided—my wife—my children! Help me! Help me!"

"What talk is this?" cried Dane, agitated in spite of his efforts at self control. "Red Knife was killed yesterday—"

"He was only wounded," interrupted Thompson. He is coming to take his vengeance on us settlers. He has divided his band into two. They were up at the Deer Fork this morning, and are now coming this way. The points to be struck are your house and mine."

"My God!" ejaculated Dane, as his informant paused in his excited, breathless narration.

"A horse! a horse!" cried Thompson, reeling with fatigue. I can go no further on foot. My wife, my children—God pity and save them!"

He looked from the hunter to his daughter in agonized and mute supplication.

Dane snatched the glass from Miriam's hand and placed it to his eyes.

He looked to the northward—saw his pretty cottage, his wife busy at her needle under the trees—and glanced at the dim line of the horizon stretching away eastward and westward from his home.

Suddenly the glass dropped from his hands—his face blanched to the hue of snow. From the west, seeming to emerge from the clouds of scarlet and gold, he had beheld a band of mounted Indians riding towards that unprotected home, towards that unconscious and helpless woman.

With a frenzied cry, he put spurs to his horse, and dashed away like a madman, shouting to his daughter to follow him; at the same instant Thompson staggered forward and fell in the maiden's path, holding up his hands in anguish.

"My wife! my children!" he groaned.

There was no hesitation in the soul of the brave Miriam.

"Mine is but a single life, he has seven depending on him," she said aloud.

As she spoke, she leaped from her saddle, and with a gesture, commanded him to take her place.

"But—your danger!" faltered Thompson.

"The Indians!" Miriam again pointed to the saddle.

"Go," she commanded. "Think only of your family, and be gone!"

Still Thompson hesitated, sweeping the horizon with eager glances to assure himself that no immediate danger threatened. A change came over his face as he looked, and he uttered a wild cry catching up the glass Mr. Dane had let fall, and looking through it.

"The sight he beheld convulsed him with terror. Not a mile away, to the west, he saw coming over a ridge in the plain, and approaching rapidly, a considerable body of mounted savages."

"They are coming—a band of redskins—directly towards us!" he gasped. "I lost! Fly, Miriam, while you have the time!"

The maiden took the glass and gazed through it at an instant at the approaching foe. A strange light appeared in her eyes—a light possessed only by those upon whom God has bestowed a consciousness of His great protection—the light of a heroism which death itself cannot master.

"Sure enough," she murmured. "They are coming! The leader is Red Knife. Go neighbor Thompson—on the instant!"

"We can ride together!" cried Thompson.

"No! The horse is tired. We have been to Willow Island. We should be overtaken before we had gone two miles!"

"Then we'll die together!"

"No! No! You must mount!"

With a grasp so sudden and firm that it startled him, the maiden pushed him towards the horse, and in another instant, he found himself, more by instinct than by thought, seated in the saddle.

"Away, Selim!" cried Miriam to her steed, with an imperative gesture. "Away!"

The horse broke furiously over the plain, giving Thompson only time enough to flash a look of gratitude towards the maiden, as he dashed away to the northeast, towards his menaced home.

A moment later, Mr. Dane looked over his shoulder—took in at a glance, the situation of affairs, recognizing the peril as well as the heroism of his child—bowed his head solemnly, as one submits to the inevitable, in approbation of her conduct, and then swept on to the rescue of his wife, his soul torn by such emotions as are seldom brought to battle together.

And Miriam, throwing herself flat upon the ground, remained alone upon the plain, in the very path of a score of mounted Indians, who were galloping towards her with the swiftness of the wind.

CHAPTER II.

A CURIOUS AND STARTLING MYSTERY!

Skirting the Black Hills, forty miles west of Fort Laramie, a party of horsemen were riding eastward.

They had left Fort Bridger eight days before, taking the route of the North Platte, and were now following the Oregon emigrant road, among those long ridges, dry beds of rivers, and sterile plains, by which the region of the Black Hills is distinguished.

The bulk of the party consisted of ten cavaliers, under a lieutenant, who were returning to Fort Laramie, their post of duty. They were well mounted, and had several led horses in their train, loaded with their provisions and appurtenances of travel.

The balance of the party comprised three civilians, who had seized the opportunity of crossing the mountains under military escort. Two of these were emigrants who had settled near Fort Bridger, but who had tired of the great solitude, or been frightened by the Indians, and were now returning eastward in search of homes nearer the haunts of civilization.

The third civilian was Hubert Earle, the lover of Miriam Dane, the settler's daughter, whom we have just left in such deadly peril.

He was a splendid specimen of American manhood, magnificently formed, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, as vigorous as an athlete, and rode his horse, a fiery Mexican steed, with the grace of a Centaur.

At the moment of his introduction to the reader, he was riding in the rear of the little train, busy with his own reflections, which were evidently as bright as the morning itself—the forenoon preceding the events we have recorded.

His thoughts were wrapt in the sweet memory of Miriam, who had wept so at his departure, and who, he expected, would smile so joyously at his return.

"The dear little soul!" he murmured aloud, "where is she now?"

His eyes darkened with tender sweetness, his lips quivered with the ineffable love that flooded his being with a happiness akin to pain. He pictured their meeting, the pretty home they would share together, the years they would spend in each other's society, the tender mutual love and care that would bless all their coming days.

He had left her a poor adventurer, to seek his fortune among the mines of Idaho. He was returning to her a more than moderately rich man, with bills of exchange in his chamois money-belt of sufficient value to support them both in luxury as long as they might live.

It was not to be wondered at that his thoughts were pleasant.

Suddenly he was aroused from his trance-like silence, by cries of delight from his companions, and by the fact that they had checked their speed.

Looking around him quickly, he beheld the cause of the unusual excitement. To the Southward, at no great distance, a small herd of buffaloes was grazing lazily, seemingly not at all alarmed by the near presence of a formidable enemy.

The wind was blowing from them, the horses were fresh, and as he looked at the tempting game, Hubert felt the spirit of the hunter grow strong within him.

Giving rein to his horse, he galloped along the line to speak to the lieutenant, but was met by that officer, whose sparkling eyes and eager demeanor attested to a kindling of Nimrod-like zeal.

"What do you say to an hour's sport, Mr. Earle?" shouted the lieutenant, as he bore down upon his friend, for Hubert was a decided favorite with every member of the party.

"I think it would be a downright shame to turn our backs on such splendid game," was the quick response. "Who could eat a dinner of salt pork, with those fat buffaloes so near us?"

The lieutenant smiled, glanced up and down the line, reading eager longing in the faces of his men, and resolved to carry out his own and the general desire.

At a word of command from him, the party set out at a quick gallop for the scene of action.

The buffaloes allowed the enemy to approach quite near, the wind favoring the hunters; but at length began to snuff the air uneasily, to shake their heads, and to look for the cause of their apprehensions.

A moment later they had beheld the enemy, and, with faithful howlings and mighty tramp had begun their wild, mad flight to the southward.

The chase was a long one; and it was not till the hunters had run the buffaloes upon a spur of the Black Hills that they got a good chance at them. They then brought down several plump young buffaloes, and dinner speedily became the watchword.

"It is noon, and we'll have dinner," said the lieutenant, observing that the baggage animals with their drivers were approaching. "Kindle a fire, boys, and we'll have steaks and roasts in abundance."

While this order was being carried into effect, Hubert and several others were engaged in surveying the scene.

"A lonely and desolate spot," said Hubert, thoughtfully. "It looks as if man had never before visited it."

"And no wonder," returned Brydges, "since it's five miles off the route. What could any man want here, unless he might be in pursuit of buffaloes?"

There being no answer to this question, Hubert proceeded to find an excellent grazing spot for his horse, tethered him and flung himself on the ground in the shadow of the Hill. The lieutenant and a portion of the men followed his example.

Plenty of low bushes were found dry enough to burn, and several fires were soon kindled. The choicest portions of the buffaloes were readily prepared for cooking, and it was not long before the odor of burning flesh was diffused on the air; four or five hungry soldiers serving as cooks.

It was a wild picnic scene on those lonely hills, and every man there enjoyed it with true gipsy zest.

Suddenly a shout from one of the men who were strolling around arrested the attention of the others.

"Hallo, boys!" he cried. "I'm blest if here isn't a cave in the hill! Come, see the hole under these bushes. You never saw anything hidden neater in your lives."

"Jones thinks nobody ever saw a cave before," said one of the loungers. "For my part, I think more of something to eat, than of a hole in the ground."

This sentiment was echoed by the others, but the inquisitive cave discoverer, nothing daunted, approached the fire; took from it a torch, returned to the butte, parted the bushes, revealing a dark aperture in the face of the rock, and disappeared within it, his light giving back a yellow glare for a second after he had ceased to be seen.

The camp revelry went on, the cooking progressed, the minutes passed, and Jones did not reappear.

"If that fellow had found a gold mine in there he wouldn't call one of us," growled the loungers who had before spoken. "I wonder what Jones has found. I'll just take a look, as dinner isn't ready."

He arose lazily, abstracted a stick of burning wood for a torch, proceeded to the cavern entrance, and disappeared from view.

"Probably," said Hubert, "there's a large cavern under that hill. If we had time, it might pay to explore it. Under the present circumstances, I am like Brown, and prefer my dinner to scientific explorations."

The meal seemed to be nearly ready, for the rattling of tin cups and dishes began to be heard; the lieutenant's small camp-chest was unpacked, and the cooks shouted to the strollers to come to dinner.

"Have Jones and Brown come back?" asked the lieutenant, as he rose to a sitting position, and glanced towards the cavern.

The men replied in the negative.

"Go after them then, King, and hurry them up," said the officer. "We must resume the march after dinner, and cannot afford to waste time here."

King, a fine young soldier, took a torch, and entered the cave.

The dinner was dealt out—hot savory steaks and roasts—the coffee measured, and the meal commenced, but none of the men who had entered the cave made their appearance!

"How singular!" ejaculated Brydges, testily and impatiently. "What can keep those men? King has been gone ten minutes. Here, Sergeant Halsey, hurry those men up!"

The sergeant, a brown, strong man of middle age, hesitated, and ventured to stammer:

"I beg your pardon, Lieutenant, but I think there's something wrong inside the cave. There's three men in there—all hungry and knowing that dinner's ready. Surely they'd come back if they could. Perhaps there's wild beasts, or some strange kind of gas that smothers 'em, or—"

"Nonsense, Sergeant!" interrupted the lieutenant, frowning. "I give you five minutes to bring those men back. Go!"

The sergeant's face paled, but, without another word, he took up a torch and entered the cave, disappearing from the gaze of his friends.

The minutes passed, the lieutenant and the men ate their dinner mechanically, awaiting anxiously the expected return; yet none of the four came back.

The words of the sergeant had made a deep impression on the minds of his hearers. A general gloom fell upon the camp, and the men cast frequent and fearful glances in the direction of the cavern. Even the lieutenant and Hubert felt a strange depression creeping over them, which neither could resist.

"What can be the matter?" at length demanded the officer. "The sergeant's in trouble, I should judge, by this long absence. There can't be gas in the cave, or if so, he would probably have had time to cry out. There can't be wild beasts, for those four men were all well armed, and would at least have fired. Which of all you men will go into the cave and learn what the matter is?"

There was a general shrinking back. Every soldier was brave in an Indian fight, but not one dared to face a mysterious and unknown danger. Not one wished to risk the complete and total disappearance from earth and human knowledge that had befallen his comrades.

"Whoever will venture in search of the missing men shall receive from me a hundred dollars in gold!" exclaimed Hubert, in his clear, ringing tones. "Who speaks first for the money?"

The offer was tempting; but it was not accepted. Not a word of reply was made to it.

Hubert hesitated, giving a brief thought to Miriam! His loved and waiting Miriam! His face then glowed with a heroic light, and he said, in tones that did not falter:

"I will go in search of the men, Lieutenant Brydges. Only your party is now small, and if I do not return in twenty minutes, you may resume your journey."

"But, Earle," expostulated the lieutenant, "this is positive madness. You must not risk your life. We will wait a while, and if the men do not return we will move on!"

"They may need help," replied Hubert, steadily. "They may have encountered—well, God knows what, I can't imagine. If I fire my rifle, come to me. If I fail to return within the time appointed, move on!"

He went up to the nearest fire picked up a blazing stick, arranged his rifle for instant use, approached the mouth of the cave, peered into it cautiously, and listened intently for some sound of life within.

No sound came. All was as still as death within the cavern.

The next instant Hubert had vanished therein.

All was now breathless suspense. The lieutenant and his men gathered around to listen for the report of the rifle. The minutes passed, but it came not. Five minutes dragged by—ten—fifteen, and still no sound reached their ears. They could see a brief space into the cavern, by the light of their own torches, but nothing but rocky walls and floor met their gaze.

Twenty minutes were thus passed. The time was up, and Hubert had not returned.

The men looked at one another with pallid faces. As if turned to stone, they stood an awe-stricken group about the cavern's mouth, until the minutes had more than made up an hour—and still they lingered.

During this time they had cleared away the bushes from the mouth of the cave. They had tried again and again to peer into the dark depths of the opening, but could not. The lieutenant had called repeatedly to Hubert, but received no answer. At length he proposed to tie a rope around his waist and descend into the sinister abyss, but his men objected unanimously.

"What's the use?" asked one. "There's something here that no mortal man can conquer."

"We can't risk your life, Lieutenant," said another. "Just think how few there are of us."

The time continued to drag on.

At last, when two full hours had passed, Lieut. Brydges staggered to his feet, and said:

"This is horrible—terrible without expression! We have lost four of our comrades and this noble young stranger, whom I loved as a brother. This fearful cave must hold the secret of their fate, be it what it may. Let us go."

Without a word, but with white faces—in a sort of mute terror, the men mounted their horses and resumed their journey. The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. The continuation of it from where it leaves off here can be found only in the New York Ledger, which is for sale at all the book-stores and news depots. Ask for the number dated April 10, 1869, and in it you will find the continuation of this beautiful tale.

The Ledger is mailed to subscribers at three dollars a year. The publication of Rev. Dr. Tyn's great story, which has been written expressly for the Ledger, is just commenced in the Ledger, so that our readers will get the whole of these two stories in it. The Ledger has the best stories of any paper in the world; and Henry Ward Beecher, James Parton and Fanny Fern, have articles in every number.

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