

## The Star Routes.

We are not proposing to enter into a discussion as to whether the Government has or has not been swindled by the contractors for what are known as the "Star Routes." That point will no doubt be determined by a court of justice, where all the facts connected with the subject will be brought out. But we now desire to say a word as to the duty of the Government in giving proper mail facilities to thinly settled regions of our domain. The Post-Office Department of the United States was not created for a speculation, but as a means for facilitating intelligence by letter and newspaper to all our people. It is contended by many that it should be self-sustaining. We deny the force of the argument. There is but one Department of the Government—the Patent Office—which comes under this head, and the Post-Office above all other Departments should be liberally sustained in carrying out the purpose of its organization, even if its disbursements were a few millions every year more than its receipts. There should be no mean parsimony in its administration, any more than extravagant waste.

If a man moves from New York City, where there are letter deliveries four or five times a day, to the Territory of Arizona or Montana, where his capital will aid in greatly enhancing the general wealth of the country, is that any reason why he should only receive a mail once a week or fortnight? We would not say he ought to have a mail daily, but there should be very liberal legislation for the benefit of all such persons. As aforesaid, every pioneer, whether husbandman or miner, who removes to the wilderness and turns up the earth or delves for the mineral, adds to the prosperity of the country; his wheat and corn, gold and silver, are his creations exclusively; without his efforts they would have been dormant and dead; he alone ushers them out into the great channels of trade, and every other citizen is more or less benefited by his work. We repeat it, there should be very liberal legislation as to postal facilities for the benefit of all such persons.

## Veterans at the Washington Soldiers' Home.

Colonel Corkhill in his address on Decoration Day thus alluded to two of them:

"As I look over the concourse I am reminded that I am speaking to an audience that has not its counterpart in any assembly that to-day meets for this purpose; for I have before me the heroes of three wars. Men who were with General Scott at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo and Chultepec; men who were with General Zachary Taylor at Buena Vista, Palo Alto and Monterey, and trailed through the poisonous swamps of Florida in the Seminole war; men who pointed the cannon that Grant thundered at the gates of the rebel capital, and men who followed the invincible Sherman as he led his restless columns from Atlanta to the sea; men who have earned their undisputed title to their country's gratitude by their heroic conduct on many a hotly-contested battle-field of the Republic. I am sure that in this presence I can afford to be somewhat personal; the day, the occasion, the audience, justify it, for I am speaking to men whose history belongs not to themselves, but is the common property of the country for whose honor the labor and toil of their active life have been given. Before me are men like

SERGEANT JOHN T. BRAYMAN,

now nearly eighty years old. Fifty years ago he joined the ranks of the Seventh Infantry, and has followed the fortunes of his regiment with all its vicissitudes and dangers, its battles and its glories. He helped to carry the flag of his country against the red warriors of Osceola, and afterward, with Scott, assisted in waving it in triumph over the Halls of the Montezumas; and Sergeant William Rafter, who thirty-four years ago donned the uniform of an artilleryman and went aboard the steamer Lexington, bound for Monterey, Cal. On that vessel were the three young lieutenants of the army, then unknown to fame, but whose names have since become household words—William Tecumseh Sherman, H. W. Halleck and E. O. C. Ord. And who does not know

SERGEANT JOHN WALTERS,

whose familiar face greets you at the entrance to the Soldiers' Home? Thirty-five years ago he joined Company H of the Second Artillery, and in the war with Mexico was under the command of a then obscure officer of the army, but one who has since written his name high upon the scroll of the country's honor—a man with whom I served, and whom I learned to love with that devotion and loyalty which is nurtured and matured only by association amid the vicissitudes of war, in camp and upon the field. I saw him in command of a brigade, a division, and finally a grand army corps. I saw his lifeless body borne from the field, and I take this occasion to say, in the presence of these soldiers and this vast assemblage, that a braver, a truer or more unselfish patriot never wore the uniform of the United States army than this young lieutenant, known to the world as Major-General John Sedgwick. Sergeant Walters carries upon his person evidences of his bravery when he followed his gallant commander over the embankments at Cherubusco. But I

cannot speak of him here, because although a private soldier, he was the trusty orderly of that distinguished officer to whose care and foresight you owe this magnificent home of the soldiers of the Union. I might go on and call by name one after another among those who are here assembled who still probably wear the soldiers' uniform; but no word that I could utter would add luster to their fame, for it was earned in an arena where words are idle—in a contest that puts to shame the aphorism that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

## Jeff. Davis' Book.

Those who read it will find a compound of mis-statements and the same old rebellious spirit. From present indications the book will be severely criticised and its author violently attacked by Generals in the Rebel army who have been most unjustly referred to by J. D. Conspicuous among these will probably be Joe Johnston who commanded at the first battle of Bull Run and who finally surrendered to Sherman.

## Time Works Wonders.

A scene was enacted at Harper's Ferry on Decoration day which, if predicted twenty years ago, would have been branded as a wild, fanatical dream. It was the delivery of a historical oration on John Brown, by Fred. Douglass, a former slave, and before a large number of old Virginians, among them being Mr. Hunter, the State's Attorney who prosecuted John Brown and who was the first one to congratulate the speaker. How rapidly the whirligig of Time spins in this wondrous land.

## Soldiers' Inquiries.

CHARLES C. DARMER, of Tipton Iowa, desires present post-office address of Lieutenant Ferguson, Sergeant Stamford, (formerly) Sergeant Smith, Doctors Plummer or Catlin or Chaplain of 152d Illinois Infantry, or any officers or soldiers who knew him. He was corporal in Co. E, Capt. Troy, and was ward-master of regimental hospital, Memphis, Tenn., when ordered to Camp Butler, Illinois.

WM. H. R. BROWN, of Rapid City, D. T., formerly of Co. A., 39th Illinois Infantry Volunteers, desires the present post-office address of Dr. Clark, regimental surgeon 39th Illinois Volunteers; also of James Martin, private Co. A., 39th Illinois Infantry Volunteers.

A. W. ROBERTSON, of MOUNT AVE, Osborne Co., Kas., desires present post office address of Lieutenant W. Colwell, formerly of Co. F, 10th Ohio Cavalry.

WILLIAM LITTLETON, of Richmond, Wayne Co., Ind. desires the present post-office address of any of his comrades of Co. G, 107th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, or any of the officers or surgeons thereof.

M. F. ELLIOTT, Letts Corner, Decatur Co., Ind., desires the present address of Dr. Barlow, of 62d Regiment Ohio Veteran Infantry during the war.

NELSON BEHMYER, of Point Isabel, Clermont Co., Ohio, desires present post-office address of Wm. Bagley, Jas. Butts, or John Robinson, formerly of Co. I, 13th Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

CHARLES E. BROWN, of Ashland, Baltimore Co., Md., desires the present address of Wm. Leighton and John L. Hyles, or any two comrades of Co. E, 11th New Jersey Infantry Volunteers, who were with him at Hatch's Run, Virginia.

CHARLES ROSENBACK, of Rollin, Mich., late of Co. I, 5th Regiment Michigan Volunteer Infantry, desires the present post-office address of any commissioned officers or enlisted men of said company and regiment.

PARDON J. WRIGHT, of Wyoming, Washington Co., R. I., desires present address of Jas. Cummings, of 2d Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers, ward-master at Mount Pleasant Hospital, Washington, D. C., in 1862.

## Terrible Heat in the Mines of Nevada.

Those who have never personally inspected the lower levels of the mines of Nevada may obtain some idea of the degree of heat to be found therein by visiting the Savage works at the change of shifts. The men—packed together as close as they can stand on the cage—are popped out of the shaft all steaming hot, for all the world like a bunch of asparagus just lifted from the pot. They make their appearance in a cloud of steam that pours up continuously from the "depths profound," and are dimly seen until they step forth upon the floor of the works. As the men land separate, each carries with him for half a minute his little private cloud of vapor. As this passes off, the man is seen to be naked from the waist up, his skin as wet as though he had just been lifted out of a pool of water. The men bring up with them—besides the steam—an amount of heat that may be felt by the spectators as they pass.

All this is at the top of the shaft, where it is considered quite cool—what, then, must it be hundreds of feet below, where the men started from—down where the water stands at 157° Fahr.? Down there no steam is seen—it is too hot for it. It is only when the hot, moist air coming up from the lower regions strikes the cool air toward the top of the shaft that it takes the form of steam. Down where the men come up from you must keep your hands off the pump column and the pipes, and if you pick up any iron tool you will at once put it down without being told to do so.

Down there they handle things with gloves on, or wrap rags about the drills they are guiding and iron apparatus they are moving; and down there, too, you will learn to keep your mouth shut after you have drawn a few mouthfuls of hot air into your lungs. Perspire? It is no name for it. You are like a sponge that is being squeezed. You are ready to believe that you have 10,000,000 pores to every square inch of surface, or as many more as any authority may mention, and that all these pores are as big as the cell of a honeycomb. You go for ice water, and it almost seems to hiss as it passes down your throat—you keep going for it, and thus, in a short time, find out what becomes of the tons and tons of ice that are daily consumed in the mines. Remain below among the miners for an hour or two, and when you are finally popped out at the top of the shaft, all red hot and steaming, among the other asparagus sprouts you will appreciate the beauty, the light, and the coolness of the upper world.

## Captain Brownell.

Many of our readers would doubtless be pleased to learn what has become of Sergeant Frank Brownell, who was with Col. Ellsworth when he was shot by Jackson, in Alexandria, in 1861, and who immediately thereafter put a bullet through the murderer. He is now a Captain in the Regular Army.

## Hungry Patriots.

Patriotism is no doubt a powerful lever in urging a soldier to take desperate chances, but the late war proved that there were other levers of equal force. A New York lieutenant and thirty-four men held possession of a block-house along the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in 1863. One morning a scout came in and reported that a force of one hundred and fifty rebels was advancing to capture the post. The lieutenant ordered the men in line, and thus addressed them:

"Soldiers, the enemy are advancing upon us! He will be here in half an hour. We shall be outnumbered four to one, but I appeal to your respect for that dear old flag to defend the post to the last. Will you do it?"

"Lieutenant," said the sergeant as he stepped forward after an ominous silence, "we are too few and the Johnnies too many. We shall be killed or captured, and the men won't stick. They go for evacuating right away."

"Patriots and heroes," continued the officer, after drawing a long breath, "we have just received fresh rations of coffee, sugar and bacon. We haven't been to breakfast yet. If we evacuate we have got to march twelve miles on empty stomachs. If we remain and defend the post nobly, I'll issue double rations as soon as the last rebel is driven off. If you don't want to fight for your country, let's fight for a good square meal."

Every hat was thrown up, and every man cheered, and twenty minutes later, when the enemy appeared, he was greeted with such a hot reception that he soon sounded the retreat.

## A Porky Story.

"On this very day seventeen years ago," remarked a New Yorker the other day, "I shipped one thousand barrels of pork to Washington. I was an army contractor then, and wherever I heard of a barrel of pork I went for it and bought it at some price. I remember this particular shipment because a curious mistake was made."

"How?"

"Well, I counted the barrels at the depot myself, and there were only nine hundred and ninety, when there should have been an even thousand. Men were ready to roll the barrels into the freight-cars, and to make my number good I took ten barrels of lard from a stock ready to ship to Baltimore. They mixed in all right, and of course I expected to pay for 'em. A whole day went by before I saw the owner. These were stirring times, you remember. He found himself short, and he cribbed ten barrels of beef to make good his number of barrels, and hustled the shipment away."

"And who did the beef-man crib from?"

"Well his beef was for the soldiers, and he made himself good by buying three barrels of vinegar, two of crackers, and stealing five barrels of apples from a lot in the depot."

"And did it go any further?"

"Yes. The most curious thing of all was that the man I took the lard from sued the man who sold the apples, and got judgment against him for the worth of the lard, and none of the rest of us were out a cent."

## Unfair Advantage.

An Irishman, finding his cash at a low ebb, resolved to adopt "the road" as a professional means of refreshing the exchequer; and having provided himself with a huge horse-pistol, proceeded forthwith to the conventional "lonely common," and lay in wait. The no less conventional "farmer returning from market with a bag of money" of course soon appeared, to whom enter Pat with the regulation highwayman offer of choice "your money or your life," a remark fortified by the simultaneous exhibition of the fire-arm in the usual way. The farmer, who was a Quaker, essayed to temporize.

"I would not have thee stain thy soul with sin, friend; and didst thou rob me of my gold, it would be theft; and didst thou kill me, it would be murder. But, hold! A bargain is no sin, but a commerce between two honest men. I will give thee this bag of gold for the pistol which thou holdest at my ear."

The unsuspecting amateur Macheath, yielding perhaps to the Quaker's logic and solicitude for his spiritual welfare, made the exchange without a moment's hesitation. "Now, friend," cried the wily Ephraim, leveling the weapon, "give me back my gold, or I'll blow thy brains out!"

"Blaze away, thin, darlint!" says Pat. "Sure, there's niver a drop of powder in it!"

The result was a sold Quaker.

## Things Worth Knowing.

That boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains; pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent it from spreading over the fabric. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands. That a tea spoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid the whitening process. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little spermaceti or a little salt, or both, or a little gum-arabic dissolved. That beeswax and salt will make flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass; tie a lump of wax in a rag, and keep it for that purpose; when the irons are hot, rub them with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or rag sprinkled with salt. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as when new. That kerosene will make tin tea-kettles as bright as new; saturate a woolen rag and rub with it.

GRATED horseradish, one-half cup; whisky, half pint; mix; take a spoonful three times a day, is an Indian cure for fever and ague.