only that he was a Union man. He did not even have a son in the Federal army.

The next victim who fell into the hands of these inhuman scoundrels was John H. Vaught. He was a good citizen of Johnson County and was also a very pious man. He did not take either side in the war. He said that he was old and in feeble health, and was willing to abide by the laws of whichever side might be in the ascendant. But, alas, old Bill Parker happened to find him away from his home on one occasion, which was a sufficient cause, in his estimation,

TO MURDER HIM.

Parker at once accused him of carrying news to scouters; of knowing where they were camped in the mountains, and told him if he did not direct him and his men to their camps, they would kill him.

This, of course, he could not do, as he did not know where their camps were. Some of old Parker's gang of demons then began to beat him over the head with the butt-end

THREW HIS LIFELESS BODY OFF A CLIFF.

of their pistols, calling him an old liar and a traitor; and at length Parker stepped up, and with the utmost coolness shot him in the breast, holding the pistol so close to his body that his clothes were considerably burned. He lay a whole day and night at the place where he was shot, and his friends were positively afraid to go and bury his dead body. He was 65 years of age.

This company of inhuman murderers left their gray-haired victim weltering in his blood, and started forward to bathe their hands in some other poor Union man's blood. They had not proceeded far from the place where they had committed their last tragedy until they met with an old man by the name of David Oaks, who they immediately shot down as if he had been a wild beast, without exchanging a word with him.

A portion of the Home Guards of Johnson County, commanded by old Bill Parker, went to the house of Levi Guy. He was 70 years old, and scarcely knew what either side of the contending parties was fighting about. The only charge against him was that he had two sons in the Federal army, and one scouting in the mountains, his fourth son having died in Richmond. The old man was sitting at the table eating his breakfast when these fiends rode up to his door and told him they had come to take him off. He arose from the table and went out to them, when they tied his hands behind his back and started him on in the road before them. His daughter, being deeply concerned about the probable fate of her aged father, started to follow them, when some of these reckless demons rode back and caught hold of her very roughly, and whipped her until the blood ran from her arms and back profusely, and then drove her back to the house.

They drove this old man on before them like a dumb animal doomed to the slaughter-pen for a distance of half a mile, when they stopped and twisted a hickory withe, and hung him up to a limb of a tree, some of them holding him up to the limb while others tied the withe. The withe was too stiff to close tightly around his neck, and consequently his toes touched the ground, and in this situation he suffered all the indescribable agonies of a horrible death! In the evening the daughter who had received such a severe flagellation at the hands of these ruffians started again to see if she could discover anything in regard to her father. She followed the trail of the horses until she arrived at the spot where her father was hanging by the neck. The ground immediately under him was worn perfectly smooth where he had moved his toes backward and forward while he was

STRUGGLING IN THE FEARFUL AGONIES OF DEATH.

She let him down and then returned to the house and got her aged mother and some children and went back and carried her dead father to the house and buried him the next day. Oh, what a dreadful act of cruelty to be perpetrated by civilized men in a Christian land, where the light of the glorious gospel of the Son of God brightly illuminates the pathway to heaven, wherein all may walk without stumbling who desire to shun the broad road that leads to hell.

Enoch Guy, a son of Levi Guy, who was a Federal soldier, was captured and shot at the house of George Campbell. The first ball that was shot at him wounded him in the side of the head. He was taken off about a quarter of a mile and shot with three more balls, one of them striking him in his head and the other two in his breast. His murderers then stripped him of his clothing, and threw his lifeless body off of a cliff which was at least 40 feet in hight, among the sharp rocks that covered the ground below, which mangled his body in a horrible manner. He belonged to the 8th Tenn. Cav., and was recruiting for that regiment when he was captured. His recruiting papers were found in his pockets. Campbell's house was immediately burned because Guy had been found there.

The next man that was murdered by these brutal fiends was David Guy, a son of Levi Guy, who was also a Federal soldier. He had come home on a short visit to his family, and was in his house when the Home Guard rode up to his door. He walked out and surrendered, when one of these inhuman murderers drew out his pistol and shot him in the shoulder. He now begged them not to kill him, telling them that he was a Federal soldier and was their prisoner. His poor wife came out and stood like a statue of distress between her husband and his murderers, and begged them with tearful eyes to spare his life; and his little children, who were weeping most piteously implored them with all their childish eloquence not to kill their father. But the sorrowful wail of the wife and the mournful cries of her children altogether failed to awaken any feeling of human pity in these monsters, for one of them proceeded to shoot him in the back, and then others of the party sprang off of their horses and pushed his wife violently away and kicked some of the children down. They then robbed him of his money and stripped him of his coat, pants and hat, and then mounted their horses and rode off, while one of them proclaimed with a loud voice: "That is the way to treat all the Yankee soldiers who left the South to fight for Abe Lincoln."

These men were killed in August and September, 1864. Another son of Levi Guy was killed in the month of February, 1865. He was captured at his home, together with a young man who had been scouting in the mountains with him for some time. They were taken off about 15 miles to an old house, where the rebels tied their hands behind them and hung them up to a joist. The blood-thirsty wretches then

BEAT THESE MEN WITH THEIR GUNS,

and broke their arms and several of their ribs while they were struggling in the agonies of death. These two men were hung about dark, and the next morning some women who were going to feed their cattle discovered their dead bodies hanging in the old house. They were hung on the edge of North Carolina, on the main road leading from Jefferson to Taylorsville. A man by the name of John Tilley also fell a victim to Bill Parker's vengeance, and was savagely murdered in the following manner: Tilly had been scouting for some time, and one of his twin children was taken violently ill, and was not expected to live. He had come to the house to see his child, and was nursing it in his lap when Parker and his gang of murderers rode up. He laid his child down and went out into the yard and surrendered, when Parker drew out his pistol and shot at him, giving him a severe wound in the head. He was now convinced that they intended to kill him, and asked them only to allow him a few minutes to pray. But they returned him no answer, and continued to shoot at him. The poor fellow now turned to run, but he soon fell to the ground, his body having been pierced through with 10 balls. His wife now ran out toward her murdered husband, screaming and crying with wild and frantic agony, when one of these incarnate devils siezed hold of his gun and knocked her down by the side of the dead husband. His little children cried and begged for their father all the time; but as well might they have raised their tiny hands and feeble voices to calm the raging storm in its mad career as to endeavor to stop this gang of rebel demons in their bloody work. After waiting until their victim had breathed his last these man-slayers went on their way, laughing at the terrible misery they had left behind them and looking forward in search of more human blood.

They next met with three men who were entire strangers to them on Laurel Creek, some six miles from Taylorsville. They at once captured these men, and after tying their hands behind their back they then tied them all three together. They then marched them on for a short distance and stopped and shot them down in the woods and rode carelessly on, leaving the bodies of their murdered victims to be consumed by the buzzards and hogs. The bodies of these men were found several days after they were killed by some men who were scouting in the mountains. When they approached the place where their bodies were lying a gang of hogs were devouring them, and they did not know that the hogs were eating human flesh until they went up to the place where they were fighting over the remains of these poor murdered men. The men who found their bodies proceeded to search their pockets, thinking that they might find something by which they would be enabled to identify them, but they found nothing but a small Bible in one of their pockets, in which the name of its former owner was written. The man's name that was written in the Bible was Lafter. He was a Methodist preacher from North Carolina, and he and his companions were

ENDEAVORING TO GET THROUGH THE LINES,

when they were unfortunately captured by the rebels in Johnson County. The men who accidentally found their remains buried the parts of their bodies that had not been devoured by the hogs. They will rest quietly in the profound stillness of their lonely graves until the loud trump of the Archangel shall sound, when they will rise to meet their infamous murderers at the bar of the great Judge of the universe, "who seeth not as man seeth, and who cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance."

In the month of November, 1864, the Home Guards of Johnson County captured a man by the name of William Church, who was a conscript, and was scouting in the mountains at the time he was caught. They made him run before their horses for about a mile through the creeks, branches, and mud-holes, when they halted and told him they were going to kill him. He commenced begging them to spare his life, and told them that he would immediately go into the Southern army if they would not kill him. But as well might he have attempted to stay the earthquake as to try by any sort of piteous importunity to dissuade his murderers from taking his life. One of his captors replied: "I do not wish to guard you, and therefore I think it would be the best policy to kill you." Another said to him: "You shall be killed, for I want your clothes. I should consider myself at any time well paid for killing a Lincolnite by getting his hat and boots."

This poor supplicating prisoner was now convinced of the hardened and reckless character of the ruffians into whose hands he had fallen; he knew that they intended to kill him, and he fell on his knees and commenced praying. One of the rebels then raised his gun and shot him while he was on his knees. The gun was held so close to his body that his clothes were badly burned where the bullet struck him; and when he was found, the buttons that had been on his shirt and vest were lying loose upon his breast, just where they had been burned off his clothes. The fiend who shot him took his hat, coat, and boots as a fee for killing him.

The foregoing are but a few out of very many similar cases of horrible murders which were perpetrated upon innocent men by the rebel Home Guards of Johnson County. I could extend this chapter much farther by relating the sickening details of a number of other foul murders, where men were unfortunately captured and shockingly massacred by the base and vile rebel monsters who styled themselves "The Home Guards of Johnson County." But I presume the reader is already tired of perusing the history of such human depravity as was displayed by the rebels who participated in the terrible murders I have alluded to in the present chapter. I will therefore refrain from pursuing the disagreeable subject further.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

During the Summer and Fall of 1864 not less than 100 dwelling-houses were burned belonging to the Union people of Carter and Johnson Counties, and the most of them were occupied by the families of men who were serving as soldiers in the Federal army, men who had not seen their homes for a number of months. Old Bill Parker was at the head of all this dreadful mischief. The lower part of Carter and Johnson Counties were thronged with women and children who had been driven away from their homes and all their property destroyed by this old miscreant. Many of these poor women made their way through the lines, as they had been rendered perfectly destitute by the destruction of their houses and all their household property, while many others wandered about the country, enduring all the privations and intense suffering which starvation and nakedness could impose, without a home to go to. And indeed these poor women were afraid to go near their old places of abode, for they seemed to be in as great dread of Parker as if he had been a ravenous tiger that had been let loose in the country for the purpose of destroying men, women, and children. They had not a bed to lie down on, for everything which they could call their own had been destroyed when they were driven away from their homes, and their houses burned to ashes. They would often say, while the tears were streaming from their eyes: "If Bill Parker was away we could go back to our friends."

Parker's end was now drawing near; in fact, it now amounted to an absurdity for the Union men in the country to think about permitting him to live any longer than could possibly be avoided, for there was not a day passed but what some Union man was killed by him or some of his men. He was now frequently heard to boast that he had killed 12 old Union men himself, and said that he would kill 12 more if he could find them. He called himself "Brave Bill Parker." But no real and genuine bravery ever took up its abode

IN THE BLACK HEART

of this despicable wretch. He was nothing more than a base and cowardly assassin, who at all times shrank back from danger when he thought that his own personal safety was in jeopardy.

Old Parker was always well guarded by a set of vile, mercenary scoundrels who followed after him as the jackall follows the lion, for the purpose of participating with him in his feasts of blood, for he was now in constant expectation of being killed on account of the many horrid crimes of which he had been guilty. It was very hard to get a chance to kill him, on account of the heavy guard which he always kept about him, and the men who were scouting in the mountains, being too weak to attack him openly, resolved to bushwhack him as the safest plan of ridding the country of such a scoundrel. A number of men took their positions on several occasions for the purpose of completing this design, but when an opportunity would offer for them to shoot him their hearts would fail them. At length, in their extremity, they came to me and requested me to aid them in seeking the destruction of their dreadful foe. How many Union citizens have I heard exclaim: "I would freely give all I possess in this world if this monster was killed." And the women would also say: "Our husbands are far away, engaged in the service of their country as soldiers in the Federal army, and we are driven away from our homes and our houses burned down and all our property destroyed. If Bill Parker was killed the balance of his adherents would not be so bad."

All the old and feeble men who entertained Union sentiments, and who had not already been murdered, had left the section of country which was most constantly cursed by his presence. I at once determined to assist the men who were scouting in the mountains to get rid of this old blood-thirsty tyrant. But worst of all, there were but few guns and very little ammunition in the country. However, in spite of every difficulty, I concluded to take him alive, and convey him through the lines and deliver him up to the Federal authorities. This I knew would be hard to do, but I disliked the idea of killing him secretly without letting him know who it was that was assaulting him, and why it was done. There were 10 men in the company who formed the conspiracy to take Old Parker's life. We armed ourselves as well as we could, and went forth upon our mission to rid the world of one of the vilest and most reckless scoundrels that ever walked upon the face of the earth in the upright form of man.

When we arrived in the section of country where he lived we proceeded to waylay the road along which he usually traveled for five days and nights before we got to see him. Two of the men who belonged to our party pretended to know him well,

WHILE I KNEW NOTHING ABOUT HIM,

only from description, and in consequence of this I thought that I might be deceived, for I had frequently been informed that he made it a point to change his clothes every day, and also to ride a different horse; the reason of which was that he no doubt expected to be bushwhacked, and wished to guard against it as much as he possibly could.

Rebel soldiers and Home Guards passed the place every day where we were concealed, but none of them answered to the description of Parker. On the fourth day a buggy containing a lady and gentleman passed along, and some of the men declared that it was Parker who was in the buggy, and wished very much to fire at the lump and kill the man and woman both. But this I would not allow to be done. Directly after the buggy had passed on a squad of soldiers came riding along the road, and a single man on horseback was riding some distance behind them. Some of our party now declared that this man who was riding by himself behind the soldiers was Parker, without any doubt, and that the soldiers who were riding before him were his men. This I could not believe, for this man did not at all fill the description that had been given me in regard to his personal appearance. When this man rode up I would not allow any of the men to interrupt him, and he passed on. Some of my men now became angry and discouraged, saying that I would not permit them to capture Parker if he should come along, and they took their guns and forthwith left the company. This caused our little company to be reduced down considerably; but I did not regard that, for I had come to capture Parker, and therefore I did not want any person else in his place.

At length, on the fifth day, just about 12 o'clock, a small company of soldiers passed along, and some distance behind them we observed a man riding along by himself. As he approached a little nearer I concluded at once that this was Parker without any doubt whatever. I now stationed the men at several different stands along the side of the road, and taking one of the men with me we advanced very near the road, where I designed waiting until he rode up, when I intended to jump into the road just ahead of him and seize his horse by the bridle in true robber style when he calls on the traveler to "stand and deliver." I felt quite sure that he would at once surrender, for I never knew a cruel man to be a brave man. Cruelty and cowardice are inseparable concomitants, for they always go hand-in-hand. Parker came on and passed by the first lot of men whom I had stationed near the road, and was approaching the second sentinels, when the first and second guards fired at him simultaneously, hitting his horse, when, instead of coming on toward me, he wheeled about and started on the back track. Every gun was immediately let loose after him, and he was seen once to lean forward in his saddle, which we viewed as a plain indication that some of our balls had struck him. The horse bore Parker on for several hundred yards, when all at once the animal fell down in the road, and when we went up to him he was lying dead, but Parker was gone. But when we started toward a thicket near by we found his coat, which had several bullet-holes in it, but

WE COULD FIND NO TRACE OF PARKER.

We could not hunt for him long, for his men soon came hurrying back, and at once commenced searching through every thicket for their missing leader, but he was nowhere to be found. His followers continued to search for him several days, but their efforts to find him proved entirely fruitless. As no trace of him could be found, the rebels came to the conclusion that those who had killed him must have carried off his dead body, or that they had captured him alive and had conducted him away. If they had known it, we were just as ignorant in regard to his fate as they were. His ultimate fate being involved in such doubt and uncertainty, I thought that some of his rebel friends had found him and concealed him, to prevent any further assault from being made on him.

A period of two months had elapsed before his fate was fully known, and then it was disclosed in the following manner: The skeleton of a man was found about three miles from the place where we made the attack upon him. When he was found he was lying with his face on the ground, and the most of his clothes were still entirely whole. The pockets in his pants being searched it was found to be Parker without any further doubt. A quanity of chewed bark was found upon the ground where his stomach had lain and rotted, and the knees of his pants were entirely worn through, plainly indicating that he had crawled upon his knees for a considerable distance. From every appearance he must have lived some four or five days after he had been shot. He was found about a mile from the house of Jacob Wagner, who was a stanch old rebel. Some of Wagner's family said after Old Parker's skeleton was found that they remembered very distinctly having heard the voice of some person calling and hallooing on several occasions in the direction where his skeleton was found, just about the time when he was first missing, which they were unable to account for, but they now felt assured that it was Parker whom they had heard at the time referred to. It is quite probable that in his last agonies he called for his old friend and fellow rebel, Jake Wagner, to come to his assistance, knowing that "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." That he died a most miserable death no person has ever presumed to doubt, which was a just reward for his monstrous crimes. After Old Parker was killed the times were not so bad for the old men and the helpless women of Johnson County, for his fellows in crime either must have looked upon the fate of Parker as a warning to them or else they were not so thoroughly dead to the feelings of humanity as to perpetrate the awful deeds of crime which had rendered their leader so notorious, without his presence and direction.

(To be continued.)

A Housekeeper Wanted.

Beneville Hoyer, Berrysburg, Pa., says that he is in need of a housekeeper. He would prefer a soldier's widow or daughter of about 40 or 45 years of age, and one who can sew, bake and do all kinds of household work. He wants one who is kind to children, as he has one boy and two girls, whose ages are 15, seven and five years. He desires to secure one who has no children, and he has a good home for such as need one. He lives in a country town; the work is light, and, if satisfactory, the position is a life one.

VALENTIMANIA.

What the Observance of the Saint's Day has to do with the Worship of the Little Blind God.

BY WALTER T. STEPHENSON.

WHAT would have been the thoughts of the martyred missionary, who lived and died so nobly for the Christian faith 16 centuries ago, if he could have but guessed at the scandalous fashion in which future generations would celebrate the 14th of February? The fact of the matter is that Christendom has acted in a most unwarrantable and presumptuous manner in devoting the day of St. Valentine to the exchange of love tokens and the plighting of tender vows.

The poets say that the "feathered songsters of the air" are responsible for this annual outbreak of sentiment at the approach of Spring, and also appear to assume that a certain St. Valentine, whoever he was, so highly approved of the birds' amatory example in his time, that he must have entered into some sort of a secret compact with them for the benefit of humanity ever after.

Old John Donne, for instance, the poet divine of the 17th century, thus irreverently apostrophized the Saint:

"Hail Bishop Valentine! whose day this is;
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners;
This day more cheerfully than ever shine;
This day which might inflame thyself, Old
Valentine!"

And graceful Elia, who ought to have known better, utters this rhapsody: "Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine. Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable Archbishop of Hymen! Immortal go-between; who and what manner of person art thou! * * * Thou comest attended with thousands and tens of thousands of little Loves, and the air is

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings.

Singing Cupids are thy choristers and precentors; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee."

Wheatley, in Illustration to Common Prayer, published in 1848, coolly observes that "St. Valentine was so famous for his love and charity that the custom of choosing valentines took its rise from thence."

It is needless to mention, however, that this explanation is quite unsatisfactory. Love and charity are supposed to have been not uncommon attributes among reputable Saints.

Referring to history we only learn that Valentine, Bishop, or more properly Presbyter, of the third century, was cast into the Mamertine Prison by the Emperor Claudius for too-zealous proselyting; that while confined he cured his jailer's daughter of blindness, thereby converting both the maiden and her father to Christianity, and that finally he was haled to death, being first beaten with clubs and then beheaded in the Forum.

Why, then, has posterity presumed to take such high-handed liberties with the memory of one who was nothing more than a pious and devoted missionary priest?

The true reason may be given in a few words. More than half of the observances peculiar to Christian holidays throughout the year are undeniable relics of pagan festivals.

Thus the Romans celebrated the feast of Lupercus or Pan and the Februata Juno on the 15th of February. It was a popular usage at this season for the young men to write the names of maidens on slips of paper, deposit them in an urn consecrated to Juno, and afterwards draw for the same by lot.

Naturally the early converts to the Church were perfectly familiar with the soft allurements of this custom, and, of course, the youthful, at least, were highly averse to giving it up.

Towards the close of the fifth century, however, Pope Gelasius rose up in the majesty of his wrath against the "orgies of Lupercalia," and pondered deeply on some means of suppressing them. In the solitude of his closet he made a careful study of the roll of minor saints until at length his efforts were rewarded by a most fortunate discovery, namely, that St. Valentine was put to death in the Forum close to the spot where the altar to Pan originally stood, and that the event took place on the 15th of February, 270.

Scarcely able to conceal his pious joy the astute Gelasius forthwith issued a decree that the 14th of February should be duly held in honor of St. Valentine, trusting thereby that the pagan 15th would be completely overshadowed and in the course of time forgotten. Alas, for papal hopes! It was evidently foreordained by some higher power that the middle of February should be dedicated to the little blind god, whether it be ostensibly known as the festival of Pan and Juno or good St. Valentine, for the spirit of the day has remained the same through the lapse of ages, and, with apologies to Pope Gelasius, bids fair to continue so for many years to come.

Little is known of the observances of the day during the Middle Ages. It is said that St. Francois de Sales, Bishop of Geneva, endeavored to sanctify the gushing missives of the 16th century by recommending an inscription on the outside recording the title and sufferings of the Saint. A laudable idea, that, sad to relate, did not find favor with the masses.

In the days of Chaucer we read that it was customary for the ardent swains to write girls' names on paper billets and place them in capacious long-necked vessels, precisely after the Roman style.

It was devoutly believed in Scotland that the first bachelor who crossed the vision of a blushing maid on the morning of the 14th was bound to be her future husband. Great care was taken by the latter, however, to keep the shutters down and the doors closely barred until the right man's step was heard.

Readers of Scott will remember how the mysterious cavalier implored the Fair Maid of Perth to await him at her window at the break of day, in token that she would accept him as her Valentine, but the sweet Catherine mistrusted the Prince of Scotland, and preferred to bestow a chaste kiss on the lips of the stalwart Smith, as he slumbered lightly before her father's fire in the morning; an unequivocal sign indeed of her choice.

The children in some parts of England used to "catch" each other for valentines in the streets. The idea being for one to say: "Good morning, Valentine," before the other had a chance to utter a word. If the former was successful the victim had to give him a present.

It was necessary also to "catch" before sunrise, otherwise the speaker was declared "sunburnt," and loudly jeered at. The word occurs in "Much Ado About Nothing," apparently in the same sense.

Poor Robin's Almanac for 1757 contains a mine of information anent old-time observances in the following charming and amusing lines:

"This month bright Phœbus enters Pisces,
The maids will have good store of kisses,
For always when the sun comes there,
Valentine's Day is drawing near,
And both the men and maids incline
To cinnse them each a valentine;
And if a man gets one he loves,
He gives her first a pair of gloves;
And, by the way, remember this,
To seal the favor with a kiss.
This kiss begets more love, and then
That love begets a kiss again,
Until this traffic the man doth catch,
And then he does propose the match:
The woman's willing, though she's shy,
She gives the man this soft reply:
I'll not resolve one thing or other,
Until I first consult my mother.
Why she says so, 'tis half a grant,
And may be taken for consent."

Lord North, in writing to his brother in 1645, made some rather disparaging comment on St. Valentine's Day: "The custom and charge of Valentines is not ill left with many other such costly and idle customes, which by a tacit generall consent wee lay downe as obsolete."

His Lordship would hardly have been pleased if he could have looked forward then about a score of years, and witnessed the extravagance of the court of Charles II.

Pepys, the incomparable, makes this interesting entry in his diary in 1667: "This morn came to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer, as her Valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well-pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5, but that I must have laid out if we had not been Valentines." Alluding further on to the Duchess of Richmond, he says: "The Duke of York being once her Valentine, did give her a jewel of about £800, and my Lord Mandeville, her Valentine this year, a ring of about £300."

From the above it appears that married and single people alike were eligible as Valentines, and that the ladies were accustomed to receiving valuable presents.

This was all very well, but the truly halcyon days of Cupid's festival were yet to come, when romance and sentiment were to exercise exclusive sway o'er all hearts, and surcharged feelings would seek relief in poetical effusions.

Here is a jeu d' esprit of the close of the 17th century addressed to Dorinda:

"Look how, my dear, the feathered kind
By mutual cares is joyn'd,
Bill and seem to teach us two,
What we to love and custom owe.

"Shall only you and I forbear
To meet and make a happy pair?
Shall we alone delay to live?
This day an age of bliss may give.

"But ah! when I the proffer make,
Still coyly you refuse to take:
My heart I dedicate in vain;
The too mean present you disdain.

"Yet hence the solemn time allows
To choose the object of our vows,
Boldly I dare profess my flame,
Proud to be yours by any name."

Hone in his Book of Days gives an amusing account of an old bachelor who called on him one St. Valentine's Day in a most perplexed state. Some impertinent maiden had sent him a rib-bone of some small animal done up in a dainty package with these suggestive lines:

"Go contemplate this lovely sign!
Haste thee away to Reason's shrine,
And listen to her voice;
No more illusive shades pursue,
To happiness this gives the clue,
Make but a prudent choice.
"Till Adam had a partner given,
Much as fair Eden bloom'd like Heaven,
His bliss was incomplete;
No social friend these joys to share
Gave the gay scene a vacant air;
She came—'twas all replete."

A thousand pities it is that original sentiment on St. Valentine's Day should no longer have any vogue. Our grandfathers knew something of it. What a delicious pleasure it must have been for the enamored youth! The burning verses carefully penned in a disguised hand over a fanciful signature; or sometimes it was simple prose, but luminous with meaning, as in the case of Sam Weller's immortal essay, even though it was signed "your love-sick Pickwick." The fair recipient never failed to detect the real author.

The present century has witnessed the rise and decline of the tawdry lace-work productions, more or less heavily laden with frills and cheap sentiment, according to the price.

Shortly after the penny post was established in London, some 30 years ago, the average delivery of such missives in the metropolis alone amounted to about 300,000 a year, and in 1868 the figures had risen to 1,500,000, while the manufacture of valentines had become an important industry.

Interest in the gorgeous store productions, however, has languished sadly of late, both in England and in this country. In these times the only visible sign of the advent of this most fitting fete day is in the annual appearance of those vulgar and nauseous pictorial atrocities known as penny valentines.

Oh, worthy and venerated Saint, to what base uses, indeed, has the day of thy martyrdom come at last!

Verily, 'tis enough to make thy relics, scattered though they be, burst from their tombs and unite in ghostly semblance of thy living self to offer a mute protest against the modern observance of St. Valentine's Day.

A Garden Started Free of Charge.

This is a special offer made to the readers of our paper by the great seed-house of Messrs. Peter Henderson & Co., New York. The full particulars are contained in their advertisement on the last page of this issue. This is certainly a remarkable proposition and one that has not been exceeded even in these days of great inducements.

Where Soldiers are Shot.

[British Medical Journal.]

In the newly-published work on gunshot wounds, Dr. Ludwig Brandt gives some interesting statistics about the Franco-Prussian war in 1870–'71. The number of officers and men of all ranks belonging to the German armies who were wounded during the war amounted to the immense total of 116,821. Of these, 99,566 survived; 11,023 died in hospital, and 6,223 died on the field of battle.

The wounds of those who were under hospital treatment, including the wounds of those who died in hospital, were thus distributed: Wounds of the head, 11,041; of the neck, 1,922; of the chest and back, 11,495; abdomen, 4,553; upper extremities, 33,914; and of the lower extremities, 43,952; while in 3,721 instances the situations of the wounds have not been recorded.

A noticeable fact is the unusually large proportion of wounds of the head, which nearly equal those of the chest and back together, and approach three times the number of those of the abdomen. The number given (11,041), however, includes 2,130 injuries to the face.

The wounds by rifle bullets more than double the number of those caused by artillery projectiles; but the information in this respect is not of much value, as, out of 2,030 gunshot wounds of the face, in no fewer than 1,398 instances the particular projectiles by which the wounds were caused have not been recorded.

Only 15 out of the 2,120 injuries of the face were saber wounds, and no bayonet wounds appear among the number. The author calls attention to the fact that in war injuries of the jawbones occur more frequently than injuries of other bones in this region; and that many of them are of a very grave character, as, out of the 8,154 cases treated in the hospitals, 101 proved fatal, while in many of the recoveries difficulties of mastication and even of feeding, with loss of power of speech, have resulted.

Agricultural Appropriation Bill.

As completed by House Committee, the Agricultural appropriation bill carries an appropriation of $3,189,800, a reduction of $33,380 as compared with the bill for the current fiscal year, and $125,700 below the estimates. The principal change is the reduction of $100,000 in the appropriation for the work of the Bureau of Animal Industry. It is not believed that the decrease will seriously affect the operations of the Bureau, as it is intended to propose an amendment providing that the packers of the country be assessed a small fee for the inspection of their meat. This expense has been heretofore borne by the Government, though the packers receive the benefits of the inspection and are enabled to secure about $1.50 per head more for the cattle having the official approval of the Department than for uninspected cattle. The cost of stamping out pleuro-pneumonia last year was about $370,000. The amount saved on this account and the probable assessment of a small fee from packers having their meat inspected, it is believed will offset the reduction made by the House Committee.

The Weather Bureau receives an appropriation of $950,000, an increase of nearly $50,000 over last year. This will be expended in the dissemination of the forecasts and other special information by telegraph and otherwise to farmers in distant and remote localities that have hitherto not had the predictions of the Signal Service. The bill also provides that $10,000 shall be expended in the introduction of American food products abroad. There is no provision in the bill for any more rain-making experiments.

Mrs. M. E. O'Fallon.

Poisoned

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a nurse, of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. She weighed but 78 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She is now perfectly well, weighs 128 pounds, eats well, and does the work for a large family.

Hood's Pills should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

THE HOODOO.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Owned a pair of skates onc't—traded
For 'em—stropped 'em on and waded
Up and down the crick, a-waitin'
Tel she'd freeze up fit for skatin',
Mildest Winter I remember—
More like Spring than Winter weather!
Didn't frost tell about December—
Git up airly ketch a feather
Of it, maybe, 'crost the winder—
Sunshine swinge it like a cinder!

Well, I waited and kep' waitin'!
Couldn't see my money's wo'th in
Them air skates—and was no skatin',
Ner no hint o' ice ner nothin'!
So, one day along in airly
Spring, I swapped 'em off, and barely
Closed the dicker, 'fore the weather,
Natchurly, jes' slipped the rachet,
And crick, tail-race, all together,
Froze so tight cat couldn't scratch it!

An Extremely Small Baby.

Mrs. Kuenzel, of Waltham, Mass., recently gave birth to a two-pound baby. The tiny but healthy creature, now two weeks old, weighed at birth two pounds, but has since gained eight ounces. It measures 13 inches in length, takes its nourishment from a doll's nursing-bottle with relish. It lies in an incubator, rolled in cotton, with the temperature at 80 degrees.

The two other children, now as large as others, weighed at birth, one of them, three-and-a-half pounds, and the other eight; but the latter did not grow until it was 18 months old. It was active on its feet, ran everywhere, and talked freely.

Mr. Kuenzel has famous dwarf brothers and sisters in Germany. They are musicians and form a dwarf orchestra. The youngest is only 27 inches tall, and has hair that is two inches longer than herself, and which falls about her like a cape. A man who weighed over 200 pounds married this mite of womanhood; but they are now divorced.

One on the Father.

[Texas Siftings.]

In a certain Western town the clergy of the various religious sects were very tolerant toward each other. On the occasion of the Jewish Rabbi's silver wedding, he invited the Protestant clergyman and also the Catholic priest. While the reverends were enjoying the good cheer set before them, the Catholic priest said to the rabbi: "I know that you are a very liberal-minded gentleman; but could you bring yourself to eat pork?" "Certainly I could relish some ham, at least on one occasion." "And that would be?" "At the marriage dinner of your reverence."

Love's Labor Lost.

[Lewiston Journal.]

The steamboat engineer was polite and attentive. It may be he was flattered by the fact that a lady so impressive in her manner should have come to him for information. At any rate, he told her all about it; just where the steam came into the cylinder, where it escaped, and how it was that the piston-rod attached to the crank turned the wheels that propelled the little vessel through the waves. She appeared to be all wrapped up in the information, and when he had finished, she turned a beaming face upon him and said: "Now, what is the object of the boiler?"

HISTORICAL ANTIQUITIES.

Some Near Wallace, N. M., that Should be Exhibited at the World's Fair.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: While the Government is striving to make its exhibit at the Columbian Exposition historical, antiquarian and curious, it is omitting one portion of the country which is most intimately connected with the settlement of the New World—I mean the Pueblo Indians and their towns in central New Mexico.

I know the Zuni neighborhood will be represented, and I presume Col. Marmere will show all he can of his own Pueblo (Laguna) and vicinity. But these are far away in the mountains, and are comparatively new and interesting, taken in connection with the records of Coronado, Espijo, Baca and others of the old Spanish explorers and conquerors.

To be sure, it is known that tradition places Zuni as one of the localities at which Montezuma rested the "sacred fire" when on his eagle ride to the marshes of Mexico; but he stopped longer when he reached the San Francisco Mountains.

Although tradition varies as to the time he remained at the Pueblo of Tunque (now a ruin), near here, it is uncontradicted that he struck his staff in the ground, invigorated the holy flame (considered so precious) and made that pueblo one of the most prominent in Azatlan, and so the Spaniards found it. And there, too, Calizon de Baca and his followers made their new home, enslaving the natives and forcing them to toil in the gold placers that covered the country round about.

And it was from Tunque that went forth beneath the blanket of each chief of visiting pueblos the little bundle of 36 sticks, after the *pista* of some Church saint (now that of Saint Dominic), but really the ancient "green-corn dance," which was the signal of blood and to cause simultaneous action. And when on that fateful September night in the year 1680 the new moon arose on the hill-tops and the 30th stick was lighted, it started the fires of insurrection and rebellion against their Spanish oppressors and tyrants, from the Pass of the North (El Paso del Norte) to the hills of Taos, and from the headwaters of the Brave Northern River (Rio Bravo del Norte, now Rio Grande) to the San Francisco Mountains.

It seems as though the brave Tunqueans were the only ones who reaped any gain from the conflict which ensued, and which lasted from 1680 to 1694, as in the treaty which restored the Spanish domination they were thereafter allowed to return and follow agricultural pursuits, and were not again worked as slaves in the hated mines and turquoise mountains. And although some of the taskmasters tried to gain knowledge of these rich placers, they were unsuccessful, for the red man suffered death rather than incur the "curse of the pueblo god" by divulging these mines to the hated oppressor. But attempts to violate the treaty in this vicinity were very few.

Still, the masters were not entirely at ease, and they transferred the Indians as fast as possible to the pueblos of Santa Domingo and San Felipe; and later the smallpox assisted in dispersing the few left. A small remnant emigrated to the Moqui pueblo, on the Rio Colorado (Red River), where their descendants still exist.

But the greatness of this Indian Thebes or Palmyra rests on Santa Domingo and the towns of Santa Ana, Tsin, Cile, Frayingo, Cochita, Jaurez, and others, all except Jaurez within a radius of 15 miles. In Santa Domingo are books of the 14th and 15th centuries relating to religion (among the earliest specimens of Spanish printing) and others of the 15th and 16th centuries containing the printed records of the earlier explorers here and in southern countries, nearly if not all of which are out of print. These and other relics should be in the National exhibit.

At Santa Domingo was first established the Spanish Inquisition, probably the only place on the North American continent where it existed, and much of its history is to be found there. Ten years ago a picture was stolen from the church there, which had been in its possession 300 years, and an indistinct and nearly-illegible date placed its execution nearly 200 years earlier. I think I can find that picture. This theft closed the church to visitors, and since then the waters of the Rio Grande have destroyed the church. But its quaint, carved timbers (brought from Spain) still remain, and its other treasures are where I can get at them.

I send you a pamphlet containing an account of these matters, which was written 10 years ago, when I first came here. It gives a little idea of the isolated condition of these descendants of the Aztecs, and shows that the most ancient people in New Mexico will be untold of, unless a special agent is selected to give to the world their history and the old musty records in their possession. It was a portion of this locality that the Smithsonian Institution and Delegate Joseph wished to be made a National Park, but only for antiquarian purposes.

About five years ago Mr. Stevens, of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, wrote up, with illustrations, a dance at Cochita. This was the first time since I described the great green-corn dance (St. Dominic, the natal saint) at Santa Domingo, 10 years ago, in the Albuquerque *Journal*. I had hoped that Mr. Stevens's effort would have turned scientists' steps in this direction, but it had no more effect than had mine five years before and my later letters to antiquarians and ethnologists. In fact, these people and their history are passed by or overlooked. For years Gov. Prince has attended all their dances, but his reports have been confined to private letters.—S. H. BOGARDUS, Wallace, N. M.

Queer Thing

Why everybody doesn't use Pearline. Here and there, though, there's a woman who's been left behind. The world has moved along without her. What she needs to know is this—that in washing clothes or cleaning house, Pearline will save half her work, half her time, and do away with the rub, rub, rub, that wears things out—that it costs no more than common soap, and does no more harm.

And if she wants to know it, there are millions of women who can tell her.

Be