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The Republican.

CALDWELL. PUBLISHER.

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Sheriff.....C. C. Fink.
Treasurer.....A. L. Thomson.
Recorder.....J. B. N. Klinger.
Surveyor.....A. C. North.
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Circuit Prosecutor.....P. O. Jones.
Sessions of the Circuit Court, 4th Monday in February, 2d Monday in May, 4th Monday in September and 3d Monday in December.

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City Council meets second and fourth Mondays in each month. ANSEL JOHNSON, Mayor, D. E. SNYDER, Clerk.

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METHODIST EPISCOPAL, REV. T. C. STRINGER, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath, at 10:30 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:30 P. M. Class Meetings, at 9 o'Clock, A. M., and 12 M. Prayer meeting, Weekly, on Thursday, at 7 P. M. Seats free—The public are cordially invited.

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CHRISTIAN CHURCH, H. V. REED, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath at 10:30 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12 M. W. D. Thompson, Superintendent.

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PLYMOUTH COMMANDERY, K. T., No. 26. Stated conclaves the second Thursday in each month. C. E. TOAN, Rec. H. G. THAYER, E. C.

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PLYMOUTH CHAPTER, No. 49, R. A. M. Stated convocations the first and third Mondays in each month. W. J. ADAMS, M. E. H. P. H. E. REVES, Rec.

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ODD FELLOWS.

AMERICUS LODGE, No 91, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Resident and visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend. L. TANNER, N. G. C. LORSCH, Secretary.

PLYMOUTH ENCAMPMENT, No. 113. Stated meetings second and fourth Mondays in each month. G. SCHERER, C. P. J. A. PALMER, Scribe.

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ADRIATIC ENGINE CO. Stated meetings second Wednesday in each month. W. KELLEY, Sec. J. C. KUHN, Foreman.

TORRENT HOSE CO. Stated meetings second Tuesday in each month. J. W. PALMER, Foreman.

PROTECTION Hook and Ladder Company. Stated meetings first Tuesday in each month. H. SPEYER, Foreman.

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PLYMOUTH Building, Loan and Savings Association, No. 1. Board of Directors meet first Monday evening of each month. D. E. ARMSTRONG, Pres. C. E. TOAN, Sec.

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C. KROUT,

Furniture manufacturer, Dealer, and Undertaker. Keeps a *LARGE* and most *CHOICE* stock of *PLAIN* and *FANCY*

FURNITURE AND BURIAL CASES

AT PRICES CHEAPER THAN EVER BEFORE.

CALL IN AND SEE ME

Before buying elsewhere, and Convince yourselves of the above facts!

Four doors north of Wheeler's Bank.

Plymouth, Ind.

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ROCHESTER, IND.

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Announces to the citizens of Fulton and surrounding counties, that he has now on hand one of the largest and best selected stock of

Medium & Fine Watches Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Gold Pens, etc.,

That can be found west in Northern Indiana and at surprisingly

LOW PRICES.

The decline in the price of gold has correspondingly reduced the price of Gold Jewelry; and now is the time to buy it at

BOTTOM PRICES.

My stock of

Pianos, Organs, Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Accordeons, etc.,

Is Most Complete, and at prices lower yet than ever before.

SPECTACLES OF ALL KINDS

Very cheap. Musical Instruments, Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, etc., warranted to be as represented. Repairing of Clocks and Fine Watches

A SPECIALITY.

Work executed with neatness and dispatch at very reasonable prices,

1yrno16 C. C. WOLF. Rochester, Ind.

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John G. Leonard's

FOR FIRST-CLASS

FARM WAGONS

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AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

He makes to order all Kinds of

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And keeps on hand a number of wagons for sale. He sells the celebrated "McCormick Reaper and Mower," the "Hoosier Grain and Corn Drill," "First & Bradley's Hay Rakes" and Corn Plow," and the two horse "Sucker Soil Plow."

Horse shoeing and general blacksmithing done to order. JOHN G. LEONARD.

East side Michigan St., South of river.

1 *Plymouth, Indiana*

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Every style of the art from a Gem or Photograph to the finest India Ink picture, executed in the highest artistic skill. Also copying and enlarging made a specialty. We have the best of light, so that pictures may be taken in any kind of weather. Picture frames kept constantly on hand. With our kindest regards for an already liberal patronage, we would bespeak a continuation of the same, hoping to be able to render perfect satisfaction, both in price and quality of work. Remember the place. Michigan street, near Wheeler's Bank, Plymouth, Ind.

1yrJan27 J. E. PORTMESS, Artist.

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A FRUITFUL TIME.

Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silver and Plated Goods Fine assortment of Jewelry and Spectacles

REPAIRING CLOCKS AND FINE WATCHES A SPECIALITY.

Also Sewing Machine Oil and Needles.

1yrn13 Michigan Street, Plymouth, Ind.

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Lucius Tanner, Proprietor.

One door South 1st Nat. Bank, Plymouth, Ind.

My stock is Full, Fresh and Reliable. I sell for cash at the lowest market price and guarrantee the quality. Physicians prescriptions and family receipts compounded day and night. I have also

SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,

Blank Books, Toys, Fancy and Toilet articles, Tobaccos, &c. The public to examine before purchasing elsewhere and save money by it.

L. TANNER, Plymouth, Ind.

Attention!

Attention is called to My Great Specialty, namely, Uniformly Low Prices Throughout. I do not mark down a few Undesirable Goods and then "blow" about it, but give each customer the benefit of buying each and every article at the very bottom of the market.

SIMON BECKER,

Next door to W. W. Hill.

Largest AND Best Stock

In the city, comprising

Dress Goods,

DRY GOODS,

READY MADE Clothing,

HATS AND CAPS,

PARASOLS. VALISES,

UMBRELLAS,

TRUNKS, NOTIONS, ETC.,

DRESS GOODS.

In Dress Goods there is an excellent variety of Alapacas, Silks, Plaids, Mohairs, Casimeres, Dress Ginghams, Grass Cloths and Linens.

DRY GOODS.

In Dry Goods may be found all brands of Domestic Goods, as Calicoes, Muslins, Tickings, Checks, Cheviots, Etc., all of which will be sold very low.

Ready Made CLOTHING.

In Ready-Made Clothing I am proud to say, I fear no Competor, I care not who he is! Let any man who wants a Suit of Good Clothing come to me, and I shall convince him that he can select from a Good, Prime, New Stock, better than from a stock which has been culled.

LADIES

Call at

Simon Becker's

for Good

READY MADE

LINEN SUITS.

FACTS

Appear Well in Figures. And Figures Never Lie.

50 Suits Men Clothing, at.....	$4 25
60 Coats.....	2 25
50 Jeans Suits.....	4 50
50 All-Wool Cassimeres.....	9 75
50 Suits Fine Cassimeres.....	12 50
Good Overalls.....	50
Good Pants, lined throughout..	1 25
Paper Collars, per box.....	10
Socks, per pair.....	05

And everything else proportionately cheap.

I shall not mention more prices, but ask my Friends and Customers to come and see me before buying elsewhere, and I shall spare no pains in my honest endeavors to please.

Don't Forget the Place. Next Door to W. W. Hill.

SIMON BECKER.

A Song of the Sunshine.

BY LINA H. BARTON.

Oh! the world is full of the sweet sunshine!
The daisies are full to the brim,
And the nodding buttercups fairly run over;
But the princess-royal, purple-red clover,
Hides it deep in her beautiful, red-lipped cells,
Where the rose light is heavy and dim.

The calla gathers the odorous gold,
And deep in her heart 'tis stored,
The golden-rod's tufted fairyland feather,
Through all the wonderful summer-time weather,
Is tipped and burnished with molten gold, for the
Autumn's costliest hoard.

The golden-lily and crocus line
Their cups with the shining shower,
Nasturtium's fragile bells are burning
With the yellow light that the rose is turning
To cool, clear colors, for petals fit to curtain a
fairy bower.

The corn grows gold in the sunshine,
The wheat waves bright on the hill,
The Solomon's seal in the quivering shadow,
And the king-cups out in the shimmering meadow
Are touched to a living, glistening gold by the sunshine's dauntless skill.

On the honeysuckle's fragrant bells,
On the dandelion's plume,
On the rare, sweet dainty lady-fingers,
The sunshine's gleaming pencil lingers,
Till all the golden livery wear, in grace of bursting
bloom.

Oh! the sunshine fills this earth of ours!
And sweetest in all the world
Are the dear, bright, golden-tinted blossoms,
That hold in the depths of their sunny bosoms
The secret of the sunshine's power within the petals
faded.

CASTLE OF ROSENFELS,

OR

The Robber of the Black Forest,

Translated from the German for the Republican,

BY FRED LANG.

CHAPTER XXI.

Johanna now began to tremble when she heard these plans being discussed; for, much as she feared that bad man, it made her shudder to think that his blood must be spilled to save herself. She might have urged the brigands not to kill Kraunich, but Mirma came and led her away.

"Here they come!" exclaimed Osan, who had taken his station at the loop-hole again. "My soul what an ugly ram they've got."

Wert quickly ascended to his old place, and he was not a little startled when he saw the weapon that the enemy had brought with them. It was the trunk of a tree, over a foot through at the butt, and some forty feet long. The branches had been so looped off that they might afford handles by which to work it. There were thirty men had hold of the ram, and Kraunich was by their side urging them on.

"Can you see the villain?" asked old Roland.

"Yes," exclaimed Wert. "Wait a moment."

At the end of that moment Wert fired. An exclamation of chagrin fell from his lips, for he had not hit his mark. Kraunich still led on his men unharmed. One man, however, fell before the fire of Osan, and in a moment more, Wert fired again; but not at Kraunich, for that individual had got too near the cave to be marked.

Those who advanced with the battering-ram did not falter as they saw their comrades fall, but at the command of their leader they hastened on. At the word they stopped and gathered strength for the blow. It came, and the stout door trembled!

"A few such blows as that will let them in," said Blandberg.

"Ay, in truth it will, "returned Wert, as he took a carbine and leveled it.

He killed his man, and so did Osan, but they could do no more, for at moment the door received another shock, and with a thundering crash it broke from its hinges. With a loud shout the beseigers rushed into the cave. The brigands made no resistance, for they knew it would be useless, and in a few moments they were bound and led out into the court.

Kraunich saw old Roland there, and with an oath he struck the old man in the face.

"So you are here, eh?" he muttered, as he gave the blow. "By my soul, old dotard, you shall hang for this."

Roland made no reply, and Kraunich turned away. He quickly found the entrance to the females apartment, and with a quick step he sought their presence.

"Aha, my fair ladies," he uttered, as he gazed with flashing eyes, first upon Johanna, and then upon her mother; "you see I have found you. By Saint Paul, my noble dame of Rosenfels, you have given me trouble enough; but you may rest assured that you will give me no more, I may try the virtue of stone walls and iron bolts. Upon my soul, Lady Olivia, you are setting your child a fine example of obedience."

This taunt called a thrill of indignation to the shrinking soul of the baroness, and with a burning cheek, she said:

"Oh, villain, I had rather suffer all your wrongs than bear in my bosom the black heart you carry."

"Say you so, madam!"

"Ay, Moritz Kraunich, Hemmed in as I now am by your power, I would not change places with you."

"Very fine, my lady—very fine. But as we are not likely to change places, we had better try and make the best of those we have. Your place is at the castle, and thither I'll conduct you. And you, my pretty maiden," the scoundrel continued, turning to Johanna, "shall learn to know your place before many more hours have rolled over your head; and I'll learn you to keep it, too."

"Anything but your wife," cried Johanna, clinging to her mother; "you may make me your servant, your waiter, your slave, but no more."

"Ha, ha, ha, do you think I have hunted you up just for the sake of having you for a counseller? No, no, pretty one, I have come on purpose for a wife. And now," he continued, while his tone sank to a hissing whisper, "have a care how you attempt any more of your peculiar tricks with me. You should know me well enough to know that I can brook no more of them. If you have more garments here that you wish to put on, put them on quickly, for we must make haste."

Johanna could say no more. She saw that she was again in her persecutors power, and with that inert principle of self-possession which utter despondency sometimes gives, she moved away to obey the orders she had received.

When all was ready, Moritz Kraunich collected his men, most of whom had been ransacking and plundering the cave, and ordered them to take charge of the five prisoners outside, and prepare to set out for home. He made Mirma prepare to accompany him.

"For," said he, as he gave her the order, "I am determined to exterminate the whole band of Waideck's followers, even to his women and himself."

"I hope you will rest easy after you have accomplished the undertaking," quickly returned Mirma, while a half-making smile played around her somewhat wrinkled features.

She went to fetch her hat and scarf as she spoke, and Kraunich gazed after her in mute surprise. He noticed that she smiled, and there was something so peculiar in her smile, that it startled him.

"Look ye, old woman," he said, after Mirma had returned; "do you know what will be your fate now that you are in my power?"

"Yes, very well sir."

"Ah, then speak it."

"I shall see you hung!" pronounced the woman in slow, measured tones.

Moritz Kraunich could not hide the shudder that ran through his frame.

"Out upon the, lying beldame!" cried the Major, I'll see *the* hung, and I'll see thee hung safely, too."

"Don't deceive yourself, Moritz Kraunich," returned Mirma, still calm and sarcastic. There's many a slip between a villain and his hopes, and you will not prove an exception."

When Kraunich turned away he was pale and trembling, and Johanna could but notice it. That simple thing gave her more hope than had all else she had heard, for she saw that Kraunich was fear-struck. She looked into the face of Mirma, to see if she could not detect some signs of the bravado there, but she could not. Those aged features were calm as a quiet summer's eve, and the strange smile still lurked about her lips.

When the party left the cave the sun had already sank below the mountain peaks, and Kraunich gave the order to make all possible haste.

He called some of his stoutest men to help the women along, and having seen that all was in order, he set forward. Night overtook him before he reached the castle, but it was a moonlight night, and the way was made very comfortably.

When the castle was reached, Moritz Krannich had the brigands and old Roland secured in some of the dungeons, and Mirma he placed in a secure room by herself, but for the baroness and Johanna he allowed the freedom of the place. Of one thing, however, he made himself sure; he had seen that every means of egress from the outer court was well and faithfully guarded.

Kraunich went and sat down in the great cabinet, after he had made all needed arrangements, and here he called for wine. He drank deeply, for he needed an extraneous stimulant to keep his spirits up. Yet he was well satisfied with his success thus far, for he had gained the object of his desires in the capture of Johanna Leusden, and he had saved his two hundred ducats, too, for one of Wert's shots had killed the old forester Klamith. The maiden was safe within the castle, and as already said the old forester lay among the dead away up in the rock-bound court of the mountain cave.

For the time his cherished plans seemed destined to prove successful, and he congratulated himself on his prospect, notwithstanding the loss of half of his force, he had taken with him.

Johanna Leusden passed a sleepless night. More than half the time she spent in talking with her mother, and the remainder was about equally divided between bitter thoughts and frightful dreams. When the morning dawned she felt weak and heartsick, and she wept most bitterly. Her mother had no words of comfort for her, for she, too, suffered more than words can tell.

"Alas! Johanna," she said, as she sat down by the window, "I never thought that this place could become so loathsome to me. Twenty-one years ago I came here all joy and happiness. I was a bride then, and I became the mistress of this place. My husband, your father, was a pure, brave, and noble man. I lived in his love, and he in mine. A year passed away, and a gentle character came to bless us still more in our love. Then followed ten more years of bliss, so sweet that they seemed to comprise a heaven of love and joy. Then came the first deep, sad blow upon my poor heart. My husband died and I was left alone with you my child. He died where my soothing hand could not reach him—where my voice could not lull him to repose, and where my tears could not water his grave. He fought for his country—for Austria—for Austria he gave his life—and now the prince of Austria repays the debt by placing his foot upon me, and giving you in marriage to a villain, a black-hearted wretch. Alas! how the clouds of grief, trouble, and sorrow have gathered upon me! Leopold—Leopold—my husband—would that I slept with thee! that I were at rest with thee! Leopold—my husband—my husband."

CHAPTER XXII.

The baroness wept aloud, and her daughter moved to her side and embraced her. The faithful child forgot for the time her own sorrows, for she knew that another sorrowed for her.

"Forgive me, my child," murmured the baroness. "I would not sleep till you are safe; but then—then—I could lay me down with quiet hope in heaven."

The little birds came and perched upon the boughs of the old linden tree that grew up by the window, and there they chirped and sang. Olivia watched them, but it was not as she used to do. The morning breeze came sweetly in through the open window, but it failed to cool her heated brow. She pressed her child more closely to her bosom, and while she wept she prayed that God might be merciful.

Thus sat the mother and daughter together, when the door of their room was opened, and Moritz Kraunich entered. He came in with a lofty tread, and took a seat near the ladies. Johanna gazed up into his face with a half-frightened look, and a cold shudder ran through her frame as she noticed how strangely calm the man looked.

"A fair morning to you ladies," said Kraunich. Neither of the women made any reply, and he continued. "This is a fit morning to usher in a fitting day for a most fitting and proper occasion. Lady Johanna I have come to tell thee that our nuptials shall be celebrated by the light of this fair day."

"No, no, no—not to day," hysterically cried the maiden.

"By the holy mass, my lady, I would not wait another day for the imperial crown of Germany. Cease your tears and your entreaties, for to-day you shall be wed."

"One day longer! Oh, grant me one more poor day!"

"Not another hour beyond that upon which I have fixed. The holy priest is in the castle now. I sent for him last night, so as to make the matter sure. Ere two hours shall be added to this days tale of noon thou shalt be my wife. I will love thee if thou wilt but let me; but if you choose to be a wife without love, then the worst be with thine own."

"Moritz Kraunich," said the baroness, with as much calmness as she could assume, "why do you force this matter against our wills? Why should you wish to wed an unwilling wife?"

"Why, do you ask? because its my fate to wed her: I would be lord of Rosenfels—I would be the baron of this strong place and through your daughter's hand alone can it be gained."

"Oh, sir," cried Johanna; "I will give it all up to you. You may take the lands, the castle, the titles—all, all—only let me be free."

"You waste time and words, lady. You know very well that the titles of Rosenfels cannot go without your hand. You though a female, are the only heir, and to me the archduke has given you. Cease your entreaties, for by my soul I would not give thee up for my own right hand. So be ready for the wedding; and mark you there is no chance for your escape this time. I have taken care that your flighty wings should be clipped."

"No hope—no more of life," groaned the poor girl, sinking upon her mother's bosom. "I wish I were dead!"

A bitter sneer curled about the lips of Moritz Kraunich as he heard this, for he saw how utterly the maiden loathed him, and bending his head nearer to her ear, he said:

"After you are my wife, and I am lord of Rosenfels, you may die as soon as you please! but don't die before that, I beg of you. Now for your preparation for the ceremony, you can make as much or as little as you please; but the nupitals shall take place as I have said, though I had to move the very castle walls to make room. You will be sent for—so be ready."

As Kraunich thus spoke, he arose and left the room. Both mother and daughter half stupified by the crushing weight that had fallen upon them, but before they had opportunity, or power to speak, the door was softly opened, and old Roland noiselessly glided into the apartment. He bent his ear for a moment carefully toward the door after he had closed it behind him then he advanced toward the ladies. The very sight of his honest countenance was like a gleam of sunshine to the hearts of the unhappy couple, and they both reached forward to grasp his hand.

"—sh!" fell from the old man's lips, as he saw that Johanna was about to speak.

"Speak carefully."

"Alas, Roland" uttered the baroness, it can make but little difference now how we speak, Our fate is sealed,"

"And we thought that you, too, were doomed," added Johanna. "We thought you were in a dungeon."

"So Kraunich did place me in one, but I know more of this castle than he does. I can make my way over the place in spite of its locks and bolts. Few know its secrets better than I do. But I have come to help you if I can."

"I know not how that can be done," sadly returned Olivia. "The gates are all shut and guarded—the priest is here- and Kraunich has sworn that Johanna shall be his wife within two hours from noon,"

"So soon as that?" exclaimed the old man, starting back with surprise. "Then if I would help you I must be in haste. By my soul, the castle must not hold me many minutes more."

"Can you leave the castle?" asked Johanna.

"Yes I think so. If I can but contrive to gain the stables, I can make my way out in spite of their vigilance. I know of a secret postern there which Kraunich and his minions have not yet dreamed of."

"And why cannot we escape with you?" breathlessly asked the maiden, clasping Roland's arm, and gazing almost wildly into his face.

"Ah, you could never cross the court without detection," returned the old man, "and that would spoil all. No, no, stay you here, and if I can help you, I will. It lacks yet four hours of noon. I may have time."

"But this help—what is it?" uttered the baroness, as Roland turned to go.

"I can hardly tell that my self, lady; but I may find Waldeck, or perhaps, Beverwick of Hardick. At any rate I will strain every nerve for you. Moritz Kraunich shall not triumph. If I can help it. Do not detain me now," he continued, as he saw that both the women were about to speak. "If you wish for salvation let me go."

The old man turned again toward the door, and in a moment was gone. His visit appeared more like a dream to the mother and daughter than a reality, and if they hung any hopes upon the circumstances, those hopes were vague and shapeless.

Silently, steadily, moved the hand of the great clock around, and loudly pealed forth the notes of the iron tongue that told the flight of time. Twelve chimes had rung out upon the air—and there were two more hours left. Johanna Leusden had as yet made no preparations for her Nupitals. She still sat by the open window. and more than once had she looked down upon the rocky pavement and wished that she lay dead there. She was gazing down upon the yard when she heard the door of the apartment open. Moritz Kraunich was again in her presence.

"Not ready yet?" he said, while an angry flush overspread his features. "You have but two hours left, and you had better improve it. Now see how kind I can be. I have brought a friend to help you."

As he spoke, he turned back, towards the door and led Eudocia Ellendorf into the room. Johanna uttered a low cry of joy as she recognized the countenance of her old friend, and with one bound she sprang to her embrace.

"There," continued Kraunich, after he had watched for a moment the workings of the two pure souls. "I have brought the hunter's daughter to help you, and you had better prepare for your nuptials at once. Let me hope that you will be wise.

The bad man turned away as he spoke, and left the room, and when he had gone, Eudocia told the story of her capture; but she did not mention the capture of Reinberg. She knew that it would only make her friend miserable to know that her lover was in the castle, and she kept the secret to herself. She saw not how Johanna could escape the doom that hung over her, and she hoped by her presence, and by her words, to make the fate as light as possible.

I do not understand why Kraunich should let you come to me'" said Johanna, as she wound her arm about the fair girl's neck for the sixth time.

"The reason is plain," said the baroness. "He hopes that her presence will enliven you at the wedding."

"Ay," added Eudocia, "so he told me; and he made me promise that I would urge you to be ready for the ceremony by the time he has set. I do not think that he is in his right mind to-day. Something troubles him, for his manner was strange while he spoke with me. He has been drinking deeply at the wine-cup, or else I do not believe he would have allowed me to come here.

(*To be Continued.*)

Sitting Bull.

The Indian office has been informed that Major Walsh, of the Canada mounted police, visited Sitting Bull near the headwaters of the Frenchman's Creek. Sitting Bull said he desired to remain with the Canadians during the summer; that he would do nothing against the law; that he came there because he was tired of fighting, and, if he could not make a living in Canada he would return to the United States.

Spotted Eagle, Rain-in-the-face Medicine Bear, and a number of other chiefs of the hostile Sioux were present, together with about 200 lodges. The Indians were told that they would be allowed ammunition only for hunting purposes, and should any of their people cross to the American side and commit any depredation the chiefs would be held responsible and punished.

The Canadian Indians are opposed to having these hostile Sioux on their side of the boundary line, as they are at war with them. In the event of the United States Government demanding the hostiles, the mounted police (only 300 men) would be insufficient to drive them out of the country. The hostile Indians have a good supply of arms, horses, and ponies, but little or no amunition, and no Indian can obtain amunition from traders in the British territory without an order from the military commander, which is not given except for a quantity sufficient to supply the immediate needs of hunting, in case an Indian is actually suffering for food. The Canadian authorities look upon the United States horses, mules, and arms in their possession as spoils of war. It is believed that there must be some 400 or 500 lodges of hostile Sioux now north of the boundary line, numbering at least 1500 fighting men. They intend moving south of the Yellowstone.

Romantic Incident of the Rebellion.

In one of the hotly contested fights in Virginia during the war, a Federal officer fell wounded in front of the Confederate breastworks. While lying there wounded and crying piteously for water, a Confederate soldier (James Moore, of Burke, County, N. C.) declared his intention of supplying him with drink. The bullets were flying thick from both sides, and Moore's friends endeavored to dissuade him from such a hazardous enterprise. Despite remonstrances and danger, however, Moore leaped the breastworks, canteen in hand, reached his wounded enemy and gave him drink. The Federal, under a sense of gratitude for the timely service, took out his gold watch and offered it to his benefactor, but it was refused. The officer then asked the name of the man who braved such danger to succor him. The name was given, and Moore returned unhurt to his position behind the enbankment. They saw nothing more of each other. Moore was subsequently wounded and lost a limb in one of the engagements in Virginia, and returned to his home Burke County, a few days ago he received a communication from the Federal soldier to whom he had given the "cup of cold water" on the occasion alluded to, announcing that he had settled on him $10,000, to be paid in four installments of $2,500 each. Investigation has established the fact that there is no mistake or deception in the matter.—*Raleigh (N. C.) News.*

Aldine's Sweet Hope.

As I spoke Aldine came down the stair and stood in blushing radiance on the lowest stair; for I had started back with a cry of surprise—though always beautiful, she had never appeared so bewildering lovely. Aldine stood in a pretty attitude, one dainty dimpled hand, with its rosy finger tips, drawing aside her dress, the other holding gloves scarcely less white than they. Her hair rippled in the golden waves of graded ringlets down her back, and rose in a fluffy mass from her low white forehead; a June rose and a spray of green leaves being the only ornament. One white shoulder rose, like Venus, from a sea of fleecy drapery. Her eyes, of the darkest, deepest blue, flashed a sunny smile at me, and her tiny foot with its satin slipper peeped coquettishly from beneath a bewildering toilet of tulle, silk, and rosebuds. She seemed to float in the air, and I involuntary put out my hands to stay her flight. But no, there she stood—and all at once her rosy mouth opened, disclosing a set of pearly teeth, and in a voice as clear and sweet as the tinkle of silver bells she murmured: "Oh, Jack, I do hope they'll have lobster salad!"—*Graphic.*

The troops under General Howard seem to have come down to a serious work with the Indians at Clear Water. The Indians were well posted and fought well, which was not surprising. The troops attacked, treating the Indians as they would any other well-armed body of men, and after considerable loss drove them from their position. The fight was a deliberate one of strength, and the Indians were worsted.