LAW CARDS.

J. N. BARNETT. G. T. HUGHES
Barnett & Hughes,
Attorneys at Law,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Office:—On West Main Street, formerly occupied by Thomas & Barnett. Jan.1-77-1y

J. B. Bond,
Attorney at Law,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Will practice in Maury and adjoining counties. jan. 21-76-1y.

C. W. Witherspoon,
Attorney at Law,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Will attend with promptness to all Legal Business entrusted to his care, in Maury and adjoining counties. Strict attention to collection and settlements of all kinds. Office—Whitthorne Block. jan. 28-77-1y.

P. H. Southall, Jr.,
Attorney at Law,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Special attention given to collections. Office:—Whitthorne Block. jan. 1-77-1y.

A. M. LOONEY. W. J. SYKES.
Looney & Sykes,
Attorneys at Law
And Solicitors in Chancery,
Columbia, : : : Tennessee

W. C. Taylor,
Attornev at Law
And Solictor in Chancery,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Office:—With McDowell & Webster, Whitthorne Block. jan. 1-76-y.

GEO. C. TAYLOR. R. H. SANSOM.
Taylor & Sansom,
Attorneys at Law
And Solicitors in Chancery,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Will practice in Maury and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. Special attention to the collection of claims. Office:—South side public square. jan. 28-77-1y.

John V. Wright,
Attorney at Law
And Solicitor in Chancery,
Columbia, Tennessee.
☞ Office:—Whitthorne Block, Up-stairs. May 5th-77.

A. M. HUGHES. A. M. HUGHES, Jr.
A. M. Hughes & Son,
Attorneys at Law
And Solicitors in Chancery,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Will practice in the Courts of Maury and adjoining counties, and Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. The strictest attention will be given to all business entrusted to their care. Office:—South side West Main Street, 2nd door from the square. April 1st.

E. C. M'DOWELL. W. J. WEBSTER.
McDowell & Webster,
Attorneys at Law
Columbia, Tennessee.

J. T. WILLIAMSON,
Attorney at Law,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Aug. 21-1877.

ROBT. M. McKAY. H. P. FIGUERS.
McKay & Figuers,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Columbia, Tennessee.
Will practice in Maury and adjacent counties. Prompt attention given to business entrusted to them. Office:—Brown block, up stairs, No. 184 south side public square. Aug. 10-1877.

J. T. L. COCHRAN,
Attorney at Law
And Solicitor in Chancery.
Prompt attentions to collections. Office—No. 17½ West Seventh Street, Columbia, Tennessee. sep7-77 1y.

ALBERT AKERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Room No. 26 Colonade Building,
NASHVILLE, - - TENN.
Will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness. Refers to Third National Bank of Nashville. may18-1y

J. W. McKISSACK,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
Columbia, Tennessee.
Will attend strictly to business entrusted to him in any of the courts of Maury and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. Collections and settlements of all kinds attended to with promptness.
Office—Whitthorne Block. may12-77

R. M. BIDDLE,
Homœopathic Physician,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Office—Office in the Depot Hotel. Refers to Drs. J. P. & W. C. Dake, Nashville, Tenn.; Dr. L. D. Moore, Memphis, Tenn. jan14-77-1y.

W. C. SHEPPARD,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Columbia, Tennessee.
OFFICE—Next door to Methodist Church. nov9-77-1y

DR. HARLAN,
Physician and Surgeon
North Main Street,
Nov. 23-77-1y. COLUMBIA, TENN.

W. R. JOHNSTON, M. D.,
DENTIST.
Has returned to Columbia and resumed the practice of Dentistry in all its branches. Office—At his residence on Garden St. sept. 14-tf

First National Bank
Of Columbia, Tennessee
Capital, $100,000.
Does a General Banking and Exchange Business.
T. W. KEESEE, President.
LUCIUS FRIERSON, Cashier.

LITTLE GROCERY
Around the Corner!
CHEAP CASH HOUSE!
Highest Market Price Paid for
COUNTRY PRODUCE.
April 2, 1878. J. P. CHERRY.

Good News!
ALL persons troubled with diseases of the Lungs, Throat or Chest, can obtain immediate relief by using *Dr. Duncan's Cough Remedy*. It is *pleasant, harmless and sure*. It never fails to relieve Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, and all diseases of the Lungs. It is a sure cure for *Croup in Children*. No mother would be without a bottle in her house after trying it once. Persons having *coughs of long standing* should be sure to give Dr. Duncan's Cough Balsam a trial, as it gives *immediate relief in the most advanced stages of Consumption*. Price 50 cents. For sale by Pillow & Woldridge. may17-78.

THE HERALD AND MAIL.

By ALFRED S. HORSLEY. COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1878. VOL. XXIII. NO. 48.

J. P. STREET. WATTS EMBRY. WILEY J. EMBRY

STREET, EMBRY & CO.,

(Successors to J. P. STREET & CO.,)

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WAGON

—AGENTS FOR THE IMPROVED—

BUCKEYE REAPERS AND MOWERS.

THE IMPROVED BUCKEYE has, by real merit, placed itself at the head of the list of Reapers, and is still further improved for the harvest of 1878. We have handled the Buckeye for years and *know* exactly what it is, and can fully recommend and warrant it in every respect. We are also agents for the

Improved End Shake Sweepstake Separators,

Which we warrant to thresh *faster* and clean *better* than any machine in the market—*none excepted*. We sell, also,

Heilman's Farm Engines,
Cooper Self-Propelling Engines,
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Plows and Double Shovels.

We can furnish Reaper and Mower Knives and Sections for all kinds of Machines.
☞ A complete stock of Grain Cradles and Scythes. Prices always as low as any other house. Give us a call and we guarantee satisfaction.

STREET, EMBRY & CO.,
EAST SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE,
Columbia, - - - Tenn.

MORE GROCERIES!
—AT—
LOWER PRICES!
WE CAN'T BE UNDERSOLD!
We have now in store a splendid assortment of
Staple and Fancy Gorceries,
WINES AND LIQUORS.
Fresh Fish, Oysters and Game in Seaon!
And will not be undersold on same grades and qualities by and House.
Goods Received Daily! Stock Always Fresh!
OUR PARCHED AND GROUND COFFEES are roasted in our own house twice per week, and can be relied on as being fresh. We pack in tin buckets, cans or canisters to suit customers, FREE.
OUR TEAS are unequaled in quality and prices. We will duplicate New York or any other prices. Parties purchasing half pounds or pounds, will be furnished with a fancy cannister, lead lined and handsomely ornamented, FREE.
OUR WINES are old and pure, and cannot be equaled for medical purposes. Give us a trial and be satisfied.
☞ We pay cash for Bacon, Produce, Butter and Eggs. ☞ Goods delivered free in the city. Ice furnished to families during the season.
CHAFFIN & RUSHTON,
North Side Public Square,
COLUMBIA, - - - - TENNESSEE.

ELAM'S
CHINA HOUSE!
To the citizens of Columbia and Maury county: I desire to say, having secured the entire stock of
China, Glassware, Etc.,
of Mr. J. L. Bond, and secured the OLD QUEENSWARE STAND, (recently occupied by Dobbins & Brown,) I am receiving such additions as will justify me in saying that my stock of House-furnishing Goods will be equal to any in the State. In view of the stringency of money matters, etc., I have determined to be satisfied with SMALL PROFITS. I shall endeavor to keep everything needed by a good housekeeper, and giving this department SPECIAL ATTENTION, can other inducements.
To the many friends who have so liberally patronized me in the past, I return grateful thanks, and now say I desire your trade.
GUARANTEE SATISFACTION!
Call and see me, Cor. North Main Street and the Public Square.
May 17, 1878. **W. R. ELAM.**

JUNE.

BY THE LATE WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

I gazed upon the glorious sky,
And the green mountains round;
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie, [ers
And thick young herbs, and groups of flow-
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The busy bee and humming bird.

And what it cheerful shouts at noon
Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon
With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

The House of Representatives.

From the New York Nation.

Although the galleries of the House are daily crowded, very few of the American people have a clear idea of the conditions under which work is done there. A vague opinion is prevalent that a member of Congress can take the floor when he pleases, move any resolution or bill he has a mind to, and make an hour's speech on any subject he fancies his constituents in Buncombe County may want discussed. A reading of the *Congressional Record* or the Associated Press despatches is quite as likely to confirm as to weaken this opinion; for in the varied phenomena that are presented it would need a Darwin or a Huxley so to co-ordinate them as to find any governing rule or law, or even to guess at the system on which the phantasmagoria is constructed. Yet there is a system and a law, or rather a code of laws, known as the Rules of the House, complex and voluminous, the long and patient study of which, joined to patient and persevering practice, is absolutely necessary if a Representative has any ambition to become a "good parliamentarian," or would hope to conduct an important measure to a successful conclusion.

Many a member, with a budget of bills and resolutions which he fondly believes are destined to reveal to the country its future great statesman, has entered the Hall of the House in undoubting faith that he has passed the portals of a brilliant career. He rises in his place and addresses the Chair. He is sure he was up as quickly as any one, but the Speaker seems unaware of his existence. He is a little dazed by the fact that a dozen more are doing the same thing, and that the loud talking, the clapping of hands for the page, and the total unconsciousness of the body that he is trying to gain an audience, make a combination of untoward circumstances very like trying to address the people in the omnibuses from the curbstone in front of the Astor House, and he takes his seat a little flustered, thinking he will watch the course of things a little and try it again. The next time he determines that he will not be foiled by modesty, and shouts "Mr. Speaker!" so loudly that as much to be rid of him as for anything else, he is recognized by the Chair. "I desire to present a resolution and ask its adoption." "It can only be done at this time by unanimous consent," the Speaker replies, and "I object" is heard from several members at once. Some one else is given the floor, and our friend subsides again to reflect upon the cruel obstacles in his path of glory. By the help of diligent thumbing of the Rules, and by curbing his pride so as to seek advice of an old member, he learns that a Roll of the States will be called on Monday and then he will be in order. He plucks up fresh courage and on that day is on the alert, his State is called, and he gets the floor, sends his resolution to the clerk and clears his throat for a speech. A sharp rap of the gavel is followed by "No debate is in order; the resolution can only be referred to the proper Committee," and before he can rightly understand what has happened the current has swept by him, and he takes his seat with a waning sense of his own importance. But he will not give it up so. He finds what committee has charge of his precious resolution, and tries to impress its chairman with the importance of his measure. "Bless you," he is told, "there are fifty on the same subject; they will go to a sub-committee, and by and by we may report something. Wait and see." He waits, and a month or more afterward he some morning catches a few words of a report from that committee, which imply that they have introduced a bill which is ordered to be printed and recommitted. He gets a copy of his bill, finds it at war with all his ideas, and burns with the thought of exposing its folly and vindicating the wisdom and policy of his own proposition. Now, at least, he will be in order and shall be heard. Still there are delays, but a day is set for discussion, and he is fully prepared. One speaker after another is recognized, but he fails to get the floor. His shouts to the Speaker are unnoticed; he becomes angry and flurried. Some one asks him if he has any arrangement with the committee or with the Speaker for time to speak. No, he answers; but has he not the right to be heard? No; debate is almost always limited to the members of the committee having the measure in charge and a few whom they may favor with the opportunity to speak. His wish to be heard at last overcomes his pride and wrath, and he is introduced to some member of the committee, who is good-humored enough (exceptionally good-humored) to yield the new man a few minutes of his time. And so he gets a tithe of the time he wanted to develop his subject, and under nervous conditions which forbid thought, amid surroundings to the last degree discouraging, he says a few words without pleasure to himself or profit to the House, and resumes his chair full of inward objurgations at a system which seems ingeniously contrived to prevent the satisfactory discussion of public business, and to give exclusive control of what is done to the Speaker and the older members of the majority who are chairmen of the important committees.

His own committee-work is probably quite as disgusting to him. He may have come to the House brimful of revenue reform, and find himself assigned as "end man" to the Committee on Expenditures in the Department of Justice, with nothing to do. He may have been a leading jurist of mature experience, but unless he has the touchstone of long service in the House he may wish in vain for a place on the Judiciary Committee; he is buried in the Committee on Manufactures, which has but one meeting and never a report in a long session. If he is a member of the majority and has had some political prominence outside, his case is a better one, and some chance for important work may be given; but even this may prove a delusion and a snare, as Mr. Ewing found to his cost at the present session, when his lack of knowledge of the rules gave his opponents an instant advantage of him, and put his resumption-repeal "in the nine holes," from which he could not take it till he yielded the terms of debate which were demanded, and surrendered all the expected *eclat* of a prompt passage of his bill under suspension of the rules. His experience only deepened the conviction of all the leading men the House, that it is folly to trust the floor-management of any important measure to any other than an old hand. Compliments to prominent politicians who are new members must be given in some other way.

The truth is that the rules and customs of the House are the result of a natural selection, which, however we may scold at it, was the best the circumstances permitted. The practice may be modified or pruned a little, but no great change can be made till the circumstances are changed. The things most frequently and most justly complained of are the almost despotic power of the Speaker, the absorption of the lead in business by the older members of a few committees, and the absence of that kind of business debate which should characterize a really deliberating body. Let us look a little at each of these.

The power of the Speaker result from the functions directly committed to him. He appoints the committees. The Senate may select them, but the House is too large a body for that. The log-rolling combinations that would come of an attempt at election and would disgust the nation, and would render the organization of the House an almost endless task. The delay alone would be unendurable. But the appointment of the committees implies the distribution of work to every member. It means the determination of the cast business shall take. It decides for or against all large matters of policy, or may so decide; for, while Speakers will differ from each other greatly in force of character and in the wish to give positive direction to affairs, the weakest man cannot escape from the necessity of arranging the appointments with a view to the probable character of measures which will be agitated. This, however, is far from the measure of the Speaker's power. All rules are more or less flexible. The current of precedents is never consistent or uniform. The bias of the Speaker at a critical point will turn the scale. Mr. Randall as Speaker determined the assent of the House to the action of the Electoral Commission. Had he wished for a revolutionary attempt to prevent the announcement of Hayes' election, no one who has experience in Congress, at least, will doubt that he could have forced the collision.

The Speaker's power to award the floor to those whom he may choose to recognize in an enormous one. There are general rules which every Speaker will profess to follow, but they are vague and give abundant latitude. The necessity of getting on with business has given birth to the practice of recognizing the chairman of leading committees, or those in charge of important pending measures, in preference to other members. The nominal rule is that the man first addressing the chair has the right to the floor, but the rule is only nominal. It is so evident that business could not get on in that way that a member would only be laughed at for trying to insist upon it. Again, it is very rarely the case that several persons are trying to get the floor at once, and no one but the speaker could decide among them. An appeal from this decision therefore would be futile. The custom has naturally grown out of this to arrange with the Speaker beforehand for recognition. A member will speak to him privately and in advance, saying, I have such and such a measure to introduce, and I want to be recognized when I rise. A fair-minded Speaker will only enquire far enough to see that the matter is legitimate and important; but if he is unscrupulous it is easy to see how far his power may go. Rumor has it that when Mr. Blaine was Speaker it was hard to get the floor unless the thing to be urged pleased him, and it is even hinted that he required amendments to be made to resolutions, etc., before he would permit them to be offered. Whether this is true or not, it is easy to see that a vigorous, domineering man could easily make it true with such power in his hands. The only real check upon the Speaker must be the public sentiment of the House, and the older members are the natural exponents and voices of this. The minority can do little to check him until his acts become so arrogant and partial as to shock the moderate men of the majority. The leading men of the dominant party are always those upon whom the Speaker has assigned to important chairmanships of committees, and they are prevented by delicacy and a sense of obligation from opposing him if it can be avoided. A disappointed man will be sure to have his hostility to the Chair attributed to his failure to get an important place, and he will get little sympathy. There is, therefore, small chance for controlling the power of the presiding officer until he goes beyond all endurable bounds, and this a man of any prudence and ability will rarely do. The power of the Speaker of the House over legislation may not unfairly be reckoned much larger than that of the Senate. To this we have come by the slow growth of a hundred years, accelerating, however, as the numbers of the members of the House have increased.

The power of the chairmen of committees follows as a sort of corollary from that of the Speaker. Their leading influence elect him, his favor appoints them, and the latter, with the aid of the exigencies of public business, gives them the practical control of the floor. By custom the chairman of a committee appoints, or at least nominates, its clerk, and he has the lion's share of the clerk's labor and assistance. He has, therefore, better facilities for informing himself as to business before them. He distributes the work to sub-committees, and if he be a skillful and politic will practically control the reports and the presentation of all business from his committee to the House. He will usually decide who shall speak on a measure, how long the debate shall continue, when the previous question shall be called, and how the hour of debate which follows the ordering of the previous question shall be apportioned. If any one protests, the ready answer is, How else, in such a Babel, can business make progress at all? Some one must be trusted to direct it, and who so fit, under the superior power of the speaker, as the chairman of the committee which had a measure in charge and is presumed to have matured it?

"Do fish sleep?" asks an inquirer. If they don't, what are they doing in the river's bed?

The cotton crop of Georgia is very promising—equal to last year.

EDISON OUTDOING HIMSELF.

A Trumpet With Which the Human Voice May Be Heard Two Miles Away.

New York Sun.

"The Telescopopohone" is the name of Mr. Edison's invention. It is simply a marvelous ear trumpet, upon the construction of which Mr. Edison's attention was attracted to the subject by his own deafness. He is enabled to hear only when the speaker enunciates in a loud tone. Mr. Edison is loth to describe the Telescopopohone except generally, as it is not completed, and is to be patented. The implement is about five and a half feet long, and has an internal arrangement by which sound is concentrated and made louder. A sound which to the unaided ear is inaudible becomes distinct by the use of the Telescopopohone. Concerning it Mr. Edison said:

"The telescopopohone is assuredly successful. I have demonstrated that by its use not only can those partly deaf hear, but persons can talk while a mile or two apart."

"But do not other sounds commingle—sounds intervening between the speaker and the hearer?"

"Certainly they do, to a limited extent, and more so if the instruments are not pointed straight."

"How do you remedy that?"

"Why, you must point 'em straight The same objection could be made to a telescope. If you do not point it straight you see other objects than the one intended. But, when the telescopopohone is pointed directly at the distant speaker with telescopic exactness, the voice of the speaker is the chief thing heard."

"Does it increase the volume of sound?"

"I have whispered in one of these things in a very low tone, and the sound in my ear was so loud as to be absolutely painful."

Mr. Edison expressed the fullest confidence that he would perfect the telescopohone so that by its aid partly deaf persons may hear every whisper on the stage of the largest theater.

A gentleman who heard experiments with the telescopopohone said that Mr. Edison heard distinctly the the ticking of a telegraphic instrument a thousand feet away, and even the noise of the chewing and biting of grass nearly two thousand feet distant.

One of the party then stood six hundred feet away, and his whisper was distinctly heard, although Mr. Bachelor, standing only fifteen feet from him, without the aid of the telescopohone, could not hear a word."

Then the party tried a more striking experiment. Two of them went at least a mile off, and talked to each other in an ordinary tone of voice. Even at that distance ordinary conversation was distinctly heard without a speaking tube, without any wire or electrical apparatus, but simply by the aid of the new ear-trumpet or telescopopohone.

But, even this was surpassed by the next experiment, which was at a distance estimated at two miles. From that point the ordinary tone of voice could not be heard, and shouting was necessary, yet the new ear-trumpet did its work, and the hearing was repeated as before.

"Now, Mr. Edison, what next?"

"Oh," said Mr. Edison, with one of those hearty bursts of laughter that he so often indulges in, "I've not got to the end yet."

Very Like a Novel.

Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

NEW BRAUNFELS, TEX.—One of the most noted instances of captivity among the wild, roving tribes of the Southwest has just come to light, and might well serve as the ground work of another fresh, racy and interesting yellow-covered novel on the "Far Southwest." Ned Buntline's wildest romances have been lately thrown in the shade by the real adventures of Lehman Bookmeyer, who, while a lad of eleven years, was, in 1870, stolen from his mother and family, residing in Mason county, on the extreme frontier of West Texas. At the time the lad was carried away by the savages, Mason county, situated on the headwaters of the Llano River, a western tributary of the Colorado, was a complete wilderness, inhabited by the buffalo, the deer and the bear, and the echoes of whose solitudes were frequently disturbed by the whoop of the savage and the unearthly yell of the Comanche. Bookmeyer's mother and father lived in a frontier hut on the very verge, if not beyond the circle, of civilization. It was located on the rocky banks of a pure and beautiful brook that went babbling by, and whose sands glittered like those on the golden shores of romance. It was a retired spot, shaded by lofty trees, and shut in by rocks that rise like eternal walls around the northern and western horizon. Loyal Valley was its name, and but for the terror of the wild beasts that ever threatened, and the stealthy tread of the remorseless savage, it might well have ranked with the Happy Valley in which roamed Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. The little family were happy, but a great grief suddenly befell. One moonlight night a band of roving Apaches, fresh from the great plains to the westward, suddenly swooped down upon the little hut and its inhabitants. What happened to Mrs. Bookmeyer is not positively known, but the savages seized the little Lehman and, binding his hands, put him on one of their ponies and carried him away. Another boy, about the same age as himself, was also captured, but, while the latter was riding through the shadows and obscurity of a rocky pass, he escaped and returned to his friends in the valley. Great was the geief of Lehman's mother, who loved him tenderly, but now mourned him as lost. Her thoughts for years ran on the unsolved problem, whether he had been basely murdered, tortured to death, and his little body allowed to lie unburied in the lonesome solitudes. Five, six, seven years passed away without ever hearing of her boy again. Finally she concluded he was dead. One day, however, and it was a joyful one for her, news was received that Lehman still lived among the Indians, having grown into a young man.—Mrs. Bookmeyer, still residing in Mason county—now settled up by thrifty emigrants—at once made an earnest appeal to one of the most gallant United States officers in the frontier service, General McKenzie. He at once had the proper steps taken. They resulted in the recapture of Lehman Bookmeyer, and his restoration to his mother and family in Mason county.

It so happened that on one occasion Gen. McKenzie's troops took a lot of Comanche bucks prisoners. In the lot was Lehman Bookmeyer, whom Gen. McKenzie immediately turned over to his mother in Loyal Valley. Her joy can be better imagined than described. After being carried off by the Apaches far into the great plains through which flows the Rio Pecos, Lehman's captors sold him as a slave to the Comanches. The Indians named him "Red Dog." He was sold into the Camanche tribe of Chief Quinine, one of the "Big Medicines" of the Comanches. He served and slaved for the Indians several years, soon learning their language, habits and manners, and becoming to all intents and purposes, a real Indian. He wore moccasins, painted his face with the usual tattoo, sported crow's feathers and silver ornaments, drew the bow and shot the arrow—in fact, got to be one of the warriors of his tribe. Lehman Bookmeyer, alias Red Dog, though an involuntary tramp among the noble red men, managed to get into their confidence. While roving in the great plains and in the shadows of the lofty mountains of Arizona and Lower New Mexico, he became enamored and made love to one of the most beautiful maidens of the tribe—Drooping Cypress—a princess, and daughter of the chief. She had the graceful form, the dusky yet handsome features, the large fawn-like eyes, the dark hair that flowed down the shoulders, had the natural, unadorned beauty for which the Indian girl is noted. She listened to his overtures of love and the pair were married—that is to say, Indian fashion. By Drooping Cypress the young adventurer had two pappooses, very beautiful children. When Lehman was delivered back to his mother in Loyal Valley, after eight years' residence among the Comanches, the first request made by him was that his Indian wife, Drooping Cypress, his ponies, his rifle, and his pappooses should be sent for, as it was utterly impossible he could be happy without them. His mother and Gen. McKenzie promised it should be as he desired, but whether the Camanches will be willing to give them up is a question to be decided in the future. In the meantime, may it not be hoped that Red Dog and his fair and lovely Indian wife, Drooping Cypress, may spend the residue of their lives with their ponies and children, on the banks of Llano? In regard to the case, a curious fact is mentioned. It is that Lehman Bookmeyer, when stolen, could alone speak the German tongue. When he returned to his mother it was found he had totally forgotten that language, and spoke only Comanche, which he did fluently, and broken English.

California's Marvelous Marksman.

New York Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.

A celebrity attracting much attention on Broadway by his lofty stature and somewhat pronounced Western air is Dr. Carver, resting here temporarily in the wake of Capt. Bogardus, who crosses the Atlantic once more this summer to defend his title of champion pigeon-shooter against new English contestants. Towering several good inches above the tallest frequenters of the now daily brilliant promenade, and wearing a broad-brimmed soft hat and a formidable reddish moustache, the matchless rifleman from California is seemingly a refinement of the "Buffalo Bill" and "Texas Jack" type of accidental manhood; not so theatrical as those professionally ferocious worthies, but obviously of their fraternity. It has been the delight of so many foreign journalists to explain the superiority of our rifle teams at Dollymount and Creedmoor by the assertion that "Americans are familiar with the use of the rifle from the cradle," that the appearance of this veritably rifle-bred Yankee on foreign soil may be complacently anticipated as a fulfillment of a kind of poetic justice. Though born in the northern part of this State, Carver was hardly more than an infant when his parents removed to Minnesota. In the course of one of the murderous Indian forays of some twenty years ago in the latter State he was carried off a prisoner by the savages, amongst whom he grew nearly to manhood, and acquired a truly wonderful skill with bow and gun. Of his reclamation to civilization and subsequent quieter career on the Pacific coast not much is known, save that the rifle-shooting and pigeon-killing contests of the past few years have stimulated him to exhibit his own marksmanship in public, to the astonishment of all beholders. And he really is a marvel in his specialty, doing all with a single bullet that the most expert of his competitors can accomplish with a scattering charge of fine shot. More than this, he is able to shoot as unerringly from the saddle of a horse on a full run as from the solid ground, and can hit a ringing bell or other sounding objects while blindfolded. He says that he hasshot birds and animals by night, in the darkest woods, merely by aiming in the direction indicated by their cries. Firing very quickly, and often without seemingly "sighting" his object at all, he appears to be a dead-shot by general physical instinct, and indeed hardly understands, himself, the principle of his amazing execution. Here, then, is a genuine native American "born rifleman" for English and French sportsmen to try their skill against, and it is safe to predict that no original American product will attract more attention in Paris this summer. Romantic as his outward aspect is, Dr. Carver is modest in conversation, and believes Capt. Bogardus to be the best shot with a fowling-piece in this country, if not in the world.

Grant and Ingalls at Poker.

Cincinnati Commercial.

The allfredest game I ever saw was one Rufe Ingalls and Grant played in my quarters at Fort Dallas, in Oregon, in the winter of 1853. They had been playing "cut throat" until about midnight. I was pretty well slewed, and turned in and fell asleep. Just as the day was breaking I awoke, and there sat Grant and Ingalls playing draw. There was only about a half a pint left in the bottle, and they were betting high for it. They had black and white beans for chips, and there was about one-quarter of a peck piled on the table when I awoke. What first attracted my attention was hearing Grant say, I'll see you, and go a million better." I could scarcely restrain myself. I knew they didn't have a half dollar to bless themselves with, and the whiskey they were playing for was the last of a five-gallon jug sent me from 'Frisco, and they were squandering millions over it. Well, I lay still until they had bet about one hundred millions, when I got up and quietly hooked at their hands. Grant had a pair of aces, and Ingalls three jacks. I waited half an hour to see who would get the last drink, but my eyes were too heavy, and I dropped asleep. When I awoke it was broad daylight, and Grant and Ingalls were both under the table. I measured the beans, and there was just three pecks and one-quarter. Who got the whisky I don't know, but it is my opinion that Grant's men had him convered with a gun and had drawn a bead on him. Ingersoll sang out: 'Hold on there! What do you want to shoot me for? I have been recognizing your old Confederacy for the last two minutes!' When Ingersoll was exchanged his horse was returned to him by the Rebel General, with the remark that he was the man that saved his life with a joke.

Reconciliation may be more the result of circumstances than of the repentance of the parties. Lord North, at the close of his life, became blind. Col. Barre, his Parliamentary opponent, and special annoyance, suffered a like misfortune. The two were introduced to each other, and Lord North said: "Colonel, you and I have been at variance, but I believe there are now no two persons in the world who would be more glad to see each other."

The man who loves a good and beautiful woman and cannot persuade her to marry him this month of June, deserves sympathy. June is a glorious month for orange blossoms and weddings. It seems to have been specially set apart for this royal and beneficial purpose. Life is so short it would be sad to wait a whole year for June and happiness.

Gen. Custer's grave at West Point is not marked by even a simple headstone.

According to the Washington *Sunday Chronicle* the marriage of Mrs. Shunk, daughter of Hon. Jere Black, to Mr. Hornsby, a wealthy merchant of Louisville, Ky., is set for June 20, at York, Pa. The marriage is to be very private; only the near relatives and most intimate friends of the parties interested are to be present.

Edmund About says: "At the age of twenty-five an America has tried a dozen ways of life, made 4 fortunes, a bankruptcy and two campaigns; pleaded a cause, preached a religion, killed six men with a revolver, enfranchised a negress and conquered an island."

The McCoskry scandal has resulted in the Bishop's absolute resignation and his withdrawal from the diocese. He will probably go abroad, but until the House of Bishops shall have acted on his resignation, a successor cannot be chosen.

There are nine men charged with assassination in the jail at Palestine, Texas.

The whites and blacks seem to be affiliating politically in Vicksburg.

The potato bug has laid siege to North Carolina.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread.

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not,
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there—
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given,
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
And wilt thou never utter it in Heaven?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew and tenderer, to the last,
Shall it expire with life and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

Yet though thou wearest the glory of the sky
Wilt thou keep the same beloved name,
The same fair, thoughtful brow, and gentle eye—
Lovelier in Heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer home
The wisdom that I learnt so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

Good Words to Southern Youths.

Among the noteworthy incidents of commencement week at the University of North Carolina was an oration before the students' literary societies, delivered by Maj. Joseph A. Engelhard. Among other things he said: "With this munificent country under our control, the duty comes up directly before us to develop it. That development can only be secured by work—and if I was called on to declare, in one word, our duty, I would without hesitation, utter the word—the greatest of all words—work. And by that expression I mean work of every character—professional, mechanical, agricultural, scientific, artistic—in their broadest sense. It is the great law of nature, the necessity for human happiness, the staff of human virtue. I hope the day is not distant when the man who works the most will be known and appreciated as the most honorable among us all, for such he deserves to be. I desire to see him rank above the richest, above the oldest, above all. Let work be the watchword of the South; write it on every banner; inscribe it on every standard. Mental and physical work, labor that conquers all things—is the first paramount duty of all of us. It is the great work that made Newton and Franklin, Morse and Washington, Cæsar and Napoleon, immortal. It is the one great want of our people. Bountiful nature has almost dispensed with the necessity for labor here. Moral causes must be the motives and incentives with us for work. The time has come when labor must be the title deed to position. Injustice has too long been done to it. It is the foundation of every value that man possesses."

In another part of his address Maj. Engelhard said; "Nor can we do our duty by indulging hatred to other sections of the country and perpetuating the animosities of war. The glory of a people cannot be built upon hatreds. God will not let discord be the foundation of happiness or honor. Our honor, our happiness, our fame, must rest upon surer foundations—upon the rock of eternal justice and right. Hatred of the North will not build up the South or lessen the burden which we must bear. Injustice of the North will not restore our prosperity or heal the wounds of war. It will confer no blessing. My young countrymen, we are too great, too good a people, to be degraded by the bad passions of the human heart. The impression I have in my mind of the South is to high and too pure to think it can be sullied by frowns of ignoble hatred. In the dark ages of the world the wrath of Achilles or the oath-bound hostility of Hannibal to Rome might be the theme of song and history, but such passions will no more have place on the pages of poetry and eloquence. In their places is the higher Christian virtue, of which Plato never dreamed, to conquer all things by doing right. The enmity of Hannibal to Rome immortalized his name, but it entailed untold miseries upon his country. Let us transmit to our children the sublime sentiments that live above the bloody passions. Let us remember our misfortunes only to conquer them. Let us remember the faults of others only to prove that we are superior to them. Let us manifest to all the world that nothing can overcome our supreme sense of right, of justice, of duty, in all things and at all times. Our past is so full of great deeds, of great results, of great virtues, that we can well be magnanimous. Our very sorrows are glorious. Our defeats are more honorable than the victories of others. Let us crown our achievements with a brave, most illustrious conquest over the passions and weaknesses that have dishonored less noble people."

Five years ago Miss Ticknor, of Boston, started among the women of the United States a "Society to encourage Studies at Home." It was a sort of invisible college for women whose students were to be scattered through forty States and Territories. The society now numbers 900 members. Certain highly educated ladies in Boston direct the studies and conduct written examinations for the members by letter. This quiet movement has awakened great intellectual activity among women on isolated farms and in country villages, and will help largely to spread refined, cultured happiness among homes.

An old soldier at Omaha prints this recollection of Col. Bob. Ingersoll in action: Col. Ingersoll fought manfully until overpowered and compelled to surrender, but not until one of Forrest's men had him convered with a gun and had drawn a bead on him. Ingersoll sang out: 'Hold on there! What do you want to shoot me for? I have been recognizing your old Confederacy for the last two minutes!' When Ingersoll was exchanged his horse was returned to him by the Rebel General, with the remark that he was the man that saved his life with a joke.

Terrible Fight With a Bull.

Oil City Derrick.

Late last fall Mr. Lardin, a man of wealth and admirer of blooded stock, imported from England a splendid two-year old short-horned Durham bull at a cost of $2,500; also two Durham heifers at a cost of $550 each. "El Toro" was considered not only by its owner, but by all who saw him, as one of the most perfect specimens of his species ever brought to this country. He was tractable and soon became almost a pet with his master, who kept the 2,300 pound monster housed but not tied. Three weeks ago Mr. Lardin, who weighs over two hundred pounds, went into the stable for the purpose of putting a rope through an iron ring in the bull's nose and tying him up. Placing his hand on the animal's horn, Mr. Lardin was about to reach down to seize the ring, when the bull suddenly threw up his head, striking Mr. Lardin just over the left eye with the horn and knocking him down.

Turning with all the quickness of a rat-terrier, the infuriated brute sprang upon the prostrate man and attempted to gore and crush him to death. Luckily Mr. Lardin fell close to the wall of the stable, so that the animal was unable to carry out his purpose by reason of his horns striking the side of the building. The animal then attempted to crush his victim by kneeling upon him, but again the side of the stable prevented.

This failure seemed to madden him still further, and he threw his whole tremendous weight against the side of the building in a desperate attempt to once more use his horns. Fortunately the boards stood the test, but one of his horns struck Mr. Lardin on the left shoulder and passed over his chest until reaching the breastbone, where but for the shelter afforded by