THE COUNTY PAPER.

By DOBYNS & WALLER.

OREGON, : : : : : M

OBSERVATIONS OF REV. CABE TUCKER.

criticism.

You may notch it on de pallin's as a mighty rosky plan
To make your judgment by de clo'es dat kivers up a man;
For I hardly needs to tell you how you often come crosss
A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss.
An', sh'dn' in de low groun's, you diskiver as you go,
Dat de nnes' shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin in a row!
I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for heben
Dat holds on to his piety but one day out o' seben;
Dat talks about de sinners wid a heap o' solemn chat,
An' nebber draps a nickle in de missionary hat;
Dat's foremost in de meetin'-house for raisin' all de chunes,
But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloons!
I nebber judge o'people dat I meets along de way
By de places whar dey come frum an' de houses whar dey stay;
For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin' pretty high,
An' de turkey-buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky;
Dey ketches little minners in de middle ob de sea,
An' you finds de smallest 'possum up de biggest kind o' tree!

FARM AND GARDEN.

What Shall the Result Be?

L. S. Coffin.

It is estimated that Indiana is short at least 40,000,000 bushels, Illinois, 60,000,000 bushels, and Iowa at least 75,000,000 bushels of corn this year from poor seed. What a dearly bought experience is this. But the question is, shall we learn wisdom from it? One thing is perfectly certain. If the corn is picked from the field just after the husks begin to turn a ripe color, and hung up by the husks over a wire or pole over the kitchen or in the shed, where no bulk grain or anything like it is stored that will heat or sweat it, every kernel of that corn will grow. If picked quite early, just as it begins to dent, the seed seems to be very strong, and will send out vigorous plants. Still we do not like that way for a constant rule. It is always well to pick enough this way for all one may actually need, and then he is safe anyway. But the objection to this way is, that one cannot always select such ears as will improve his seed. He will not get thoroughbred seed. Our rule has been to pick out our seed corn from the earliest husked before any very heavy freezes—when the wagons come from the field, it has been our practice to unload those wagons ourself, while the men are eating dinner or supper, and then we can select just such ears as we please, if they are in the load. We pick for long deep kernels, small cobs, ends well covered, and the ear heavy and solid. Such corn, corded up in the kitchen chamber, where it is always dry, has never failed to grow. By this way we can constantly improve the character of the corn. This is our way. If anyone has a better way, will he give it?

Agricultural Follies.

Lincoln Journal.

Four or five times a year some idiotic streak strikes the agricultural press of the country, and the fantastic tricks they then perform would make angels weep. The latest idiocy is the startling and long neglected value of sorghum seed. We are gravely informed that it is equal to corn for feeding domestic animals, and that when ground with oats it is even better than corn. This is not quite so bad in pure absurdity as LeDuc's scheme for making sugar out of corn-stalks, but it is likely to do more harm. After establishing the value of this wonderful product, the following directions are given for securing it in a condition fit for use.

In saving the seed great care should be used to prevent its heating. As soon as shelled it should be spread on sheets or a clean floor, and allowed to lay until thoroughly dried, when it can be put in barrels or bins until needed for use. The usual way of allowing it to lie in a pile on the ground where hogs can run to it is dangerous, for when thoroughly heated it is liable to cause hogs to become diseased.

Now let the farmer buy a hundred bolts of domestic to make sheets, or ten thousand feet of lumber to make the clean floors necessary to dry out the sorghum seed, and the cost of the seed will be made about equal to that of dried peaches, or at least four or five times as much as it costs to take care of any of the ordinary grains. Let no farmer bother about saving any more sorghum seed than he wants for his next year's planting. Scatter the rest around where the pigs can get at it and eat it. It is not hurtful to chickens in moderate quantity, but its richness and heating qualities render it undesirable for general use as a feed except when hung up and dried, like raisins, which is too expensive.

The trouble with too many agricultural journals is that they are too much engaged in looking for the easy way instead of the best way. They forget that hard, honest, intelligent work is the true source of agricultural success and wealth. There is no royal road to fortune on a farm, and the man who finds a better or cheaper feed than corn, or better and cheaper breadstuff than flour, is liable by a million chances to one to be a deceiver.

Apple Orchards.

Mirror and Farmer.

The surface devoted to orchard should be kept mellow and free from grass, and after attaining considerable size no other crop should be taken from the land; the whole should be devoted to the trees. However much the advocates of leaving an orchard in permanent grass may claim as the benefits of such a course, it has never been a success in this part of the State. We might as well expect a man to flourish with the hangman's rope about his neck as a tree with a strong cordon of grass roots closely drawn about it at the surface of the ground. The strong growth of the blue grass on the prairie is capable of killing the timber by thus choking. It is apparent that such a course must be destructive to fruit trees, which are of a much more delicate organization. Too much ploughing is not good. When carelessly done a great deal of damage may be caused. When once well ploughed the surface may be kept in good condition for a long time by the use of the harrow, going over it a number of times during the season. The wheel harrows, where the surface is not too hard, will do a good business, as they will not damage the roots. In my experience they do not do all that is claimed for them in cutting up the grass roots.

Some of our orchardists have adopted mulching the surface under the trees with old salt hay, or other hay too coarse to be fed profitably, and claim that such material is worth more than when used for any other purpose. Some of the benefits are: That it keeps down the grass; it retains the moisture a long time, proving a great advantage in a season of drought; it keeps the surface mellow, inviting the earth worms to loosen the soils about the roots; by its decay it enriches the soil; the fruit falling upon it is not bruised. It has proved satisfactory in every respect.

The trees should be properly pruned, all dead wood removed and enough other to let the sun have access to the fruit to ripen and give a good color. A little pruning done every year is the best; overpruning should be avoided as injurious. Some object to the scraping of the trunk and larger limbs as injurious. In my experience it has proved a great benefit; the loose bark affords a shelter for insects; the moss and other parasite growth removed is a great benefit, as they draw their sustenance chiefly from the life of the tree; if allowed to remain they will do a great deal of damage. Manure of some kind should be applied every year. Bone, ashes and yard manure are all good for the purpose. A light application annually is much better than heavy manuring at long intervals. Old orchards and trees will often respond wonderfully to intelligent treatment.

Preserving Grapes for Winter.

American Agriculturist for September.

As autumn approaches, we receive a number of inquiries as to the method of preserving grapes for winter use. It is not generally understood that there is as much difference in grapes, with respect to their keeping, as there is with other fruits. No one would expect to keep early harvest apples or Bartlett pears for the holidays, and it is so with the most generally cultivated grape, the Concord; it cannot be made to keep in good condition long after it is fairly ripe. With other varieties it is different. There are some localities where that grand old grape the Catawba, can still be cultivated with success, and, where this is the case, one need hardly to look for a better variety. The Isabella still succeeds in some places, and is a fair keeper. Better than either, if not the best of all grapes, the Iona gives good crops in some places, as does the Diana. Where either of these, the Isabella, Catawba, Iona, or Diana, can be grown, there is no difficulty in keeping them until the first of the new year or later. The grapes are allowed to ripen fully; they are picked and placed in shallow trays, in which they remain in an airy room to "cure." The operation of curing consists merely in a sort of wilting, by which the skin becomes toughened, and will not break when the fruit is packed. The clusters, when properly "cured," are packed in boxes, usually of three or five pounds each. The bottom of the box is opened, the larger clusters laid in carefully, and smaller bunches packed in upon them in such a manner that it will require a moderate pressure to bring the cover or, properly, the bottom, of the box to its place, where it is nailed down. The pressure used is such that when the top of the box is opened, the grapes next to it are found to be somewhat flattened. The fruit must be pressed in such a manner that it can not shake in travel, and this can only be done with grapes, the skin of which has been toughed by being properly cured. If clusters were placed in the box as they come from the vines, and subjected to the needed pressure, the skin would crack around the stems, liberating the juice, and the whole would soon pass into decay. Towards Christmas and New Year's many tons of the varieties we have named come to the New York market in excellent condition. New varieties of grapes, of great excellence, have recently been introduced, but we have yet to learn as to their keeping qualities. With the Concord and related varieties, the skin is too tender to allow of long keeping, and it does not seem to toughen in the curing process. Still, with these, the season for home use may be considerably prolonged. The late Mr. Knox found that he could keep the Concord for some time by placing the thoroughly ripened clusters in baskets or boxes, with the leaves of the vine below and between them. We do not know how long this will keep these grapes, but we saw some in excellent condition several weeks after the harvest was over. Those who set grape vines should be aware that no one variety will meet every requirement, and that the earlier the variety, the less likely it will be to keep.

Swine.

From "Farm Talks," by Ben. Perley Poore.

The hog has a place in history, and the ancients sacrificed him to Ceres, the goddess of agricultural abundance, for having taught men how to plow the earth. In Egypt he was sacrificed to Bacchus, as an intrepid beast, who in his fury ravaged vineyards, treading under foot the juicy fruit like a temperance crusader. The death of the wild boar of the mountains of Erymanthe was one of the twelve labors of Hercules, and the inspired seer, who read the oracles of destiny to Æneas, foretold the hero that his wanderings would not cease until he should espy a white sow recumbent with her litter of pigs, emblem of a multiplying and civilized people. A boar's head is to this day served at the Christmas dinner of England's foremost college, and poets on both sides of the Atlantic have sung the praises of the porcine race. Dr. Holland, the favorite "Timothy Titcomb" of New England, says, in his description of a cattle show:

The pigs are here—that *litter-ary* brood,
So much contemned, so little understood—
The pigs, that like our literary men,
Sleep in the straw, and live upon the *pen*,
The pigs, that through all time perpetuate
That wondrous thing that purchased man his mate,
And pays us for the ruin wrought by Madam,
With the old *spare-rib* sacrificed by Adam.

When attempts were first made to prohibit, by legislation, the sale of ardent spirits, the law was evaded at a militia muster at Dedham by the exhibition of a "Striped Pig," admittance twenty-five cents. Those who paid that sum were admitted into the tent, where there was a crate containing a white pig striped with black paint, and a table on which were bottles of rum, gin, brandy and whisky, free of cost to all who wanted a drink. It was a well-patronized show

Governing men and driving pigs requires great care, and the accomplishment is not taught either at Harvard or at the Agricultural College—it can only be learned in the university of nature. Without going into the human question, all must admit that to drive a pig pleasantly is an accomplishment as rare as it is elegant. Much mischief and great diversity of practice have resulted from the neglect of the study of the art. Some have attempted to entice the pig into the way in which he should go by the moral suasion of meal, while others have besought him to lend his ear to an ear of corn. In opposition to these persuasive methods attempts have been made to twist the prohibitory cord of compulsion around his nose, causing much hoggish evasion. Neither time nor space allows the discussion of the comparative advantages of the two modes, or the attempt to reconcile the discordant views in regard to swine being leg or driven. It is, just now a question of local option.

A good story is told in Essex county about some fat hogs once exhibited at a cattle show at Andover, by the Rev. Mr. Loring, the parish clergyman, who was a successful cultivator of his parsonage farm. His two sons—one of whom, George, is now the commissioner of agriculture—were remarkably gaunt and gawky boys, but very proud of their father's hogs, and they lingered around the pen in which the bulky animals reposed, listening with delight to the flattering comments bestowed upon them. Finally two neighbors appeared, and halted before the pen. "I vum," said one of them, "them 'ere hogs are fat and no mistake." "Yaas!" was the reply, "but it kinder seems to me that Parson Loring oughter give his hogs less to eat, and his boys more." The young Lorings left without hearing any more of the conversation.

The Old City of Newport.

Cor. Chicago Times.

I have written all this about the Newport that you hear about from summer visitors—the Newport that strangers are most concerned about. But the Newport that interests me most is another affair altogether. It is the ancient city that flourished in beauty two hundred years ago; that was intact when Washington and Rochambeau visited it in 1780 and led the divine Miss Champlin and Miss Lawton out upon the ballroom floor at the assembly room, in Church street, and that is intact to-day. I had never dreamed, before I came here, that there was an old colonial Yankee city in existence where the streets wore substantially the same aspect that they wore before the Revolution, and where whole rows of fan-light doors peeped out from under gambrel roofs exactly as they did a hundred years ago. The old city was a revelation to me, and a most delightful one. It was not until I had lived here for a week at least that I could resign myself to abandon for even an hour the quaint old colonial quarter in which the "natives" live to look over the newer portion where the summer residents have built their villas. The old streets held me under a fascination. There are places here where the streets for many rods have been quite untouched, except possibly for a little widening of the pavements, since the Revolution. Houses more than one hundred and fifty years old are numerous, and there is one here, still occupied as a residence and and in a good state of repair, which is 240 years old. It is, I believe, the oldest house in the United States. The most frequent type of architecture for the part of the city which the natives occupy is the gambrel-roofed style, which elsewhere, even in New England, is now a rarity. The mansion where Washington met Rochambeau, still stands, fresh and handsome and inviting as ever, and though built of wood, promises to stand another century at least, in the same excellent state of repair. Every moment you pass exquisite old fan light doorways, and the house you lodge in, if you don't happen to possess a "cottage" outside the charming precincts of the colonial town, or don't care to pay $4 a day for your board, is altogether likely to be sided with shingles instead of clapboards. The most beautiful church spire in the city, which to day dominates the town and the bay, as it did when Bishop Berkeley preached under it, was built, I believe, in 1725. I won't make a guide-book kind of catalogue of these ancient objects of interest of the "Isle of Peace" for you. It is enough to say that the air of antiquity which the place wears is so intense that I have been constantly on the lookout since I came for some continental patriarch, with "the old three-cornered hat, and the breeches, and all that," to pop out upon me from some ancient door, and gaze at my modern habiliment with wonder. The surprise at the meeting, I fancy, would be wholly on his side.

Be Patriotic and Go to Yorktown.

A correspondent of the Buffalo *Courier* gives a very disenchanting account of the condition of things at Yorktown, Va., where the centennial anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis is to be celebrated next October. The local association which has charge of the affair has sent circulars broadcast through the country, picturing in glowing colors the great preparations made for the accommodation of visitors, and the imposing ceremonies that will attend the great event. What foundation in fact these representations have is shown by the correspondent's statement. His first impressions of the place are thus described: "I believe that on this broad earth there is not another place that can so thoroughly excite a feeling of contempt and utter disgust in so short a time as this historically glorious and gloriously historic Yorktown." The population, "including razor-back and other species of hogs," numbers about 200 persons, two-thirds of whom are "slow-down" negroes. By actual count he found 37 buildings, including outhouses, and a so the Court House and Custom House, all of ancient architecture and in the most dilapidated condition. The inhabitants are in keeping with the appearance of the place. As to the great preparations for the celebration, they are simply ludicrous. The old Moore house, where the terms of surrender were arranged, has been put in something like decent repair for the use of the President and chief foreign visitors, and a farm has been raised off for the accommodation of the military. Whatever of further "improvement" has been made is the work of men who intend to set up bars and booths for the sale of refreshments, and other catchpenny affairs. A new hotel is being built, and this, with the two now existing and the private residences, will afford shelter for 600 persons. The only way of access to or departure from the place is by steamboat or country road. The nearest railroad station is at West Point, forty miles away, to which a steamboat runs. The nearest adjacent towns are Norfolk, Richmond, Washington and Baltimore, and it takes from five to twelve hours to reach them. The Yorktown hotel keepers evidently intend to make the most of their opportunity, and are already greedily calculating their gains. They intend to charge from $5 to $15 per day. In short," says the correspondent, "the natives propose to take advantage of people's necessities to the fullest extent." Military men who have been to the place to locate camps for their commands have come away intensely disgusted, and the probability is that few of them will decide to participate in the ceremonies. The correspondent's description of the place coincides with the recollection of many old soldiers who took part in the peninsular campaign and the siege and capture of Yorktown by the Union troops. It is recalled as a tumble-down, filthy and forlorn little town. The abhorrence it inspired is intensified in the mind of every man who submitted to the manipulations of local barbers, by the painful experience from barber's itch sure to follow the operation. Good advice for all who are intending to visit Yorktown and see the great celebration is. "Don't."

Latest Home Thrusts.

Dr. John Hall, in his recent address to the graduates of Wells (Female) College at Aurora, New York, said; "He would have woman educated to be herself an educator. First, an educator at home. In illustration of this point he spoke of the opportunities which a young lady graduate has to direct her younger brothers and sisters at home, as well as her influence to restrain an older brother who may be prone to do things not entirely approved by his parents. Then when this young lady, who may be called Miss Joy, has an opportunity to change her name, she may become, for instance, Mrs. Gladly. Her power to educate will, later, be required among her own little ringlet-browed children. Send them to school? No But when they are between two and four years old teach them submission to constituted authority, punctuality, regulation, veracity, self control, usefulness and carefulness, and then they will become men and women with those traits ingrained into their very characters. In the second place, a woman should be a diplomat. When Miss Joy becomes Mrs. Gladly, she will find an abundance of opportunity to keep the royal family of Joys on pleasant terms, and she will need to be a diplomat to get and secure perfect peace with the imperial family of the Gladlys. In the third place, a woman should be trained in finance. It is said that marriage makes two into one, but it often requires some years to find out which is the one, and if perchance the woman is to bear that title, she should understand finance well enough to make her purchases. There might be a new degree established with much propriety. It should be called M. E. D. F., Mistress of Education, Diplomacy and Finance. The reason should be exercised as well as the memory cultivated. Lastly, the conscience must be trained, and taught that law is the chain that binds Creator and creature together."

The Doom of the Bison.

Turf, Field and Farm.

That the American bison, or buffalo, as it is more familiarly termed, is doomed to extinction in time is evident; but that this result will be a "necessary evil" is generally acknowledged among settlers in the Far West. The vast herds of bison that only a few years since roamed over the Western plains afforded wild sport and a large income to the hide-hunters; but as as offset to this it should be remembered that the buffalo is one of the chief sinews of war with the Indian tribes. Deprive the red man of buffalo, and he cannot, during midwinter especially, carry on a successful raid. From the bison he obtains his provision, robes and covering. Nothing so harassed and weakened Sitting Bull and his band, when driven over the Canada border, as the absence of buffalo in that region. When the last herds become finally annihilated, nothing remains for the Indian but a semi-civilized and agricultural life. Holding this in view, the extinction of this huge nomad of the plains may be looked forward to, if not with satisfaction, at least with resignation by the sportsmen of the land, and especially by the frontiersmen who have suffered so much at the hands of the Sioux and other warlike tribes. At best the bison as a game animal possesses merely the qualities of endurance, size and stubbornness—bearing no more comparison to the elk and moose than does the mule to the thoroughbred.

The Battlefield in the Wilderness.

Philadelphia Times.

In the Wilderness are the best preserved heelprints and clawmarks of the war. The face of the earth retains scars as well as the face of a man, and nature when let alone will show scratches made by those who long since have been gathered beneath her green. As soon as a line of breastworks were thrown up in these untrodden forests there sprang from the subsoil all sorts of shrubs and wood plants, which, with the coating of shatters blown from the pines around, resist the wear and tear of time. The Wilderness is a wide stretch of timber on rocky, rolling land, covering the northeastern corner of Spottsylvania county. At the southern edge, a few miles from this heart of it, is the Chancellorsville battle ground, fifteen miles below is the scene of slaughter of Fredericksburg, and to the south is Spottsylvania Court House, where occurred the terrible twin battle to the one delivered here. Every square mile of land in Spottsylvania is historic—a place of battle upon which to fight means to slay. But, unlike the other fields in the country, this upland corner, hemmed in by the Rapidan, is heavily timbered with scrub oak, pine, chestnut and hazel, with briars and chincapin bushes springing at the roots of the trees. There is an occasional opening, and at this point, on the Wilderness run, a branch of the Rapidan, are several farms, some comfortable dwellings and a store. The land immediately bordering the run is more fertile than that at the distance of a mile or so and a narrow strip of it is now in corn and grass. When the battle was fought a tavern stood near the Orange turnpike on a hillock at the side of the stream, but it was torn down by soldiers, and since then there has been no attempt at restoration. Within sight of the store, whither countrymen for miles around came to trade, are four farm buildings, while somewhat to the north is a mine from which gold has recently been taken in paying quantities. Looked at while in the midst of its deepest shadows the Wilderness is a howling one, indeed, but, seen from the store, it isn't half so bad a case of the forest primeval as I expected to see.

Riding out the pike with the obliging young storekeeper we came to a point where at the edge of an oak belt is a new growth of pines which lift their small green cones 20 or 30 feet above the ground. At the time of the battle this pine woods was an open field, and through it ran a ditch. The ditch remains, but its bed is dry and overrun with weeds. Flies buzzed around our heads and bit our hands as we made our way along the ditch, for here three thousand men fell, and we were searching for evidences of the struggle between Warren and Ewell. Of bones there were none in sight, but rusty canteens were as plentiful as persimmons, and I had the good luck to find a stump, from the heart of which we picked a number of Minie balls. The storekeeper tells me that after the desperate assaults this ditch was so filled with bodies that in one place a miner, shod with bloody grime, walked for two hundred yards or more with human heads for stepping stones. But Warren and Sedgwick, under Grant's stern eye, gave back in kind. So it comes that along the clearly marked line of rebel entrenchments on the other side of the thicket are several mounds and just as many trifling relics of the canteen kind as are to be seen in the ditch. The canteens that I noticed among the weeds, where the men of the north stood, are inclined to the oval in shape, but those picked up along the confederate breastworks were round and flat, like a slice cut crossways from a watermelon. Campaigners and those familiar with the equipment of the two armies will recall that the rebel canteen was as different from the canteen of Yankee make as is Kentucky corn juice from Connecticut cider or Jersey lightning.

I rode along the Brock road for about three miles to the ruins of the Brock house in a small, fallow, unfenced field, half way to Todd's tavern. The growth of timber on either side of the road is unbroken. There is not a sign of human habitation. The woods are so dense that at some points it is impossible to see twenty yards within, and at no place is an object a hundred yards off from the road discoverable. Trees and bushes, bushes and trees. But along one side of the road from the Orange plank south to the Brock ruins is a continuous line of well preserved earthworks. Here it is up to the top button of the coat; again it is knee-high, and occasionally almost level with the ground, but it is always traceable. At times it runs off into the woods for a few feet, but curves again and lies by the side of the road like an endless grave-mound. In most places it is brown, with a covering of dead leaves and pine shatters, while at others it is green, with small shrubs and matted briars. Logs stick out at intervals, and and their ends are charred in the place where a roaring woodfire helped Longstreet to make a temporary breach in the line. Three-quarters of a mile in the woods to the west, and parallel to Hancock's intrenchments, are the confederate breastworks. They stretch to the right and left of the plank road and run for a seemingly interminable distance. The earthworks that I saw at Bull Run, in the peninsula, at Fredericksburg and at Chancellorsville were slight compared with these, but when the armies started on the Rapidan campaign they knew the value of the shield of sand.

The Gold Placers of the West.

Providence Sunday Star.

Some of the richest gold placers in the west have been formed by extinct streams. In New Mexico, a year ago, I saw gravel beds abounding in the yellow dust, covering thousands of acres, where no brook nor river now runs. They are the pulverized debris of prehistoric mountains which rose to much higher altitudes than their now abraded remains. Down the sides of these ancient hills great torrents poured where now not even a rivulet can be found. Again great glaciers or other tremendous agencies of nature have sometimes deposited great hills or mountains over old river beds so that, in mining, the course of what appears to have been subterranean streams may be traced. In some instances the material of which these underground river beds are formed carries gold in considerable quantities, and, in California especially, the superincumbent mountains are also frequently rich placers In the golden state some of these mountains have been removed by hydraulic power, the gold separated from the sand and gravel, and the debris, called tailings, deposited in the valleys, filling then up to great depths.

As placers are generally discovered in a new mining district before quartz mines, so those placers that are in the beds of present streams are more easily found than those of ancient, extinct rivers or subterranean streams. The earliest mining is in the gulches. That there is gold in a region where it was not before known to exist is generally first discovered by accident. A freshet tears up the loose sand and gravel on the bed of the stream and carries it away, exposing the particles of gold which are too heavy to be removed by the water. This was the way in which the first gold was discovered in the stream at Sutter's Mill in California. In New Mexico and Arizona, where there are large ancient placer deposits with no water now running through them, heavy rains sometimes make gullies in the mesas or table-lands, and after the showers the Mexicans search along the bottoms of them and pick up the small particles of gold that are expesed and save them in little vials made of goose quills. In the Black Hills the Indians picked up these grains of gold and some large nuggets, and knew where they could be found many years before white people went to that country. A good French Catholic missionary, Father de Smet, who labored among the Indians for many years, advised them as they prized their homes and hunting grounds never to let the white people see the golden nuggets which they had collected, rightly believing that the Sioux would be immediately driven out, and the white people would take possession of their country, treaty or no treaty. But the secret was too important an one to be kept always, and after the good priest's death a rumor got abroad of gold in the Black Hills; then Custer was sent in there by the government to make an exploration, which resulted in the verification of the vague reports, and after that the United States army was not large enough to keep the people out.

"I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy. I would rather you were a comet," she said, dreamily. His heart beat multitudinously. "And why?" he said tenderly, at the same time taking her unresisting little hand in his own. "And why?" he repeated, imperiously. "Oh," she said, with a brooding earnestness, "because then you would come round only once every fifteen hundred years.

At an evening party a lady was called upon for a song and began: "I'll strike again my tuneful lyre." Her husband was observed to dodge suddenly and start hurriedly from the room, remarking: "Not if I know it, she won't. She belts blue blazes out of me at home and I stand it like a man; but when she threatened to hit me in a strange house and calls me a liar before a whole crowd, I'll run as long as I have a spark of manhood left."

SONNET.

Shakespeare.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to meet with this disgrace.
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendor on my brow;
But out, alack he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath masked him from me now,
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Sons of the world may stain, when Heaven's sun staineth.

WORDS OF STRENGTH.

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides our face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rates the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
But man as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,
Hope, Faith and Love, and thou shalt find
Strength, when life's surges rudest roll
Light, when thou else wert blind.

A GENTLEMANLY FOOTPAD.

Thirteen Full Grown Men Quietly Robbed by a Mellow-Voiced Brigand.

Denver Republican.

H. M. Burton the alleged stage robber who was arrested in Pueblo and brought to Denver July 1st, had his preliminary examination before Judge Brazee yesterday afternoon. Burton is charged with robbing the stage running between Del Norte and Alamosa about midnight on the night of the 29th. The robbery was one of the most audacious in the annals of highway robbery, and links the name of the perpetrator with that of Billy Le Roy. The story of the deed is best told in the words of J. B. McMillan of Del Norte, one of the victims of the robbery, and who was the first and principal witness for the prosecution in the examination of yesterday. He said in substance:

"There were eight men and one woman inside the coach, and four men besides the driver on top. I was among the latter, sitting beside driver. It was about midnight, I should think, and about twenty miles from Del Norte when we were halted. It was very dark, and we were just turning a bend in the road when the word came to halt. There was only one man visible, to the left and about ten feet ahead of the coach. The robber was standing behind a piece of canvas stretched alongside the road, and had a revolver pointed directly at myself and the driver. He told us calmly to deliver ourselves and he would not harm us, but that if we made a bad break he would shoot. I was on the side next to the robber, and I immediately got down from my seat, followed by the driver. After we got down the robber came from behind the canvas and placed over our heads a cloth cap, which came down to our shoulders and completely blinded us. He then ordered us to stand still, and himself went to the stage door and ordered the occupants to come out, one at a time, and take their positions in line alongside the driver and myself.

"He told the passengers not to make any unnecessary movements, as they were all covered by the guns of the men in concealment, and their lives were in jeopardy. After the passengers were all in line, he put caps similar to mine over their faces, tied their hands behind their backs, and then proceeded to rifle their pockets. He took nothing but money. Everything else he would replace just where he got it from. I do not know just how much money he got. From me he got about $140, which he took from my pocket-book after taking the money out. He had a light burning in front of the canvas, behind which was a reflector which shed the rays directly in our faces. He occupied about fifteen minutes in the search. He then ordered us to kneel, which we did, all in a row, and he proceeded to rifle the mail-bags The woman, at his bidding, held the light for him while he did this. He opened only two sacks, I believe. He kept us kneeling about half an hour. He kept talking all the time, using good language. In fact, during the whole time of the robbery he was very gentlemanly.

"He had a soft, mellow voice. He was not nervous or quick, but he did the work in a business-like manner. He was a man nearly six feet in height, smooth face, had a heavy, light mustache, and would weigh perhaps one hundred and sixty-five pounds. He had on a dark hat and coat, and was not disguised in any way. After he had robbed the mail he skipped off into the darkness. When we found he had left we removed our caps, untied each other's hands, picked up the remnants of the mail-bags and the mail, and proceeded on to Alamosa. It is my opinion, now that he did the work alone, and that his comrades being in the bushes was all a hoax."

Glasgow.

Glasgow is the town which in Europe has had the most rapid development. It claims, and not without reason, to be the second city of the empire. Its population, including the neighboring burgs, which have sprung up of late for the convenience of its people, is calculated at 750,000. Yet it is an old town, which had a place in history before it took its sudden start. The River Clyde has been the greatest source of its prosperity. Yet it is not so many years ago that the Clyde could be forded on foot a dozen miles below the city. The union between England and Scotland laid the solid foundation of the prosperity of Glasgo. It placed every Scottish port on an equal footing with the English ports, and threw open the West Indian and American trade. The union was stoutly resisted by the Glasgow people, who were fighting blindly but with happy ill-success, against the splendid future of the place. When the first scheme of a dock at Dumbarton was formed, the Dumbarton folk objected, because "the great influx of mariners and others would raise the price of provisions to inhabitants." Seven millions of money have been spent on the River Clyde. It was not till 1867 that the first dock was constructed in Glasgow itself. There appears to be no limit to the possible expansion of the town. As in Edinburgh, but to a still more remarkable extent, a new town has grown up and overshadowed the old one. Even in the old town itself there have been marvelous changes within our own observation of recent years. Nothing could exceed the squalor, misery, disease of the courts and yards. The salt Market and the High street might have been the opprobrium of Christendom. There have been very considerable of improvements within recent years, though much still remains to be done. The Salt Market has returned to much of that old respectability which it had in the days of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, in Scott's immortal story, and the public health has improved, The death rate has materially diminished. The site of the old university has become a railway station, and the new and magnificent college has been erected upon the Western Hights. The magnificent cathedral remains the stateliest landmark of the old town. Western Glasgow, the new town, is one of the most magnificent of modern cities, and its rise and progress form one of the most striking chapters of modern development. In the development of the city we ought to speak of that far extended territory which Glaswegians speak of as "Down the River," which extends to the broad estuary of the Clyde and the lochs and fiords which run up amid the lochs, and which are now studded with the countless homes and resorts of the urban population.

Public Library Morals.

Boston Transcript.

The trustees of the Public Library, in their annual report presented to the city council recently, answer the criticisms made on that portion of their administration which relates to the admission of books to the library with admirable clearness and sense. It is a self-evident proposition that no book of immoral tendency should be allowed a place in the circulating departments of the library. But it is not equally clear what books are immoral. There are those who consider every book of fiction as objectionable on moral grounds. The question is a serious and an intricate one, and no two minds can agree on the boundary line. If some of the lessons of the romancer be such as no moralist would object to, why should not dime novels, with their tales of bravery and prowess, be supplied to young readers? But this class of popular literature includes works with dangerous tendencies of the most pronounced character, while as specimens of literary workmanship they are often beneath contempt. At the same time it would be unsafe to adopt a purely literary standard, as books of unquestionably immoral purport have been written by authors of the greatest culture. If the line be brawn too close, the works of fiction which would receive a general approval on moral grounds would be of the mildly-mannered sort, or such as make up the catalogue of Sunday-school libraries. No student of literature needs to be told that there is hardly an author of fame, belonging to Pagan or Christian epochs, who has not written matter to which the most liberal among us might object. Shakespeare cannot be read in schools without expurgation. But though he gives us entire scenes of foul-mantled discourse, shall his dramas be set aside forever? Or because Moore's anacreontic lays are suffused with dangerous warmth, may we not read the adventures of Lalla Rookh, and gather a moral from the narration of the banished Peri's attempt to regain her heavenly abode? And, though Mme. Dudedant teaches dangerous doctrines in "Corinne," may we not profitably read the lesson of self-sacrifice included in "Nanon?" There are even scenes in Dickens that one would not wish to read aloud to a gathering of young people. The Old Testament is not free from passages which without careful preparation of the young reader's mind, might work serious mischief.

The People who go to Theatres.

There are the young couples who never fail to make the rounds, because it bores them so frightfully to stop at home together. There are the young girls who are just half-way stage-struck, or actor-struck, and who can coax their papas, or their grandpas, or their uncles, to go with most unfailing regularity. There are the other young girls who are audience-struck, and who only look obliquely at the stage with one eye. There are the young men who don't visit, because they can't afford to marry, and who drop into the theatre just to pass the evening. There are the old fellows about town, who have made it a life-long habit, who never, under any circumstances, enjoy a play, but would be hopelessly miserable unless they saw one every night of their lives. There are the unemployed actors, who go to note points and learn new business. There are the newspaper men, who go because they must. There are the people who lead dull, gray lives of toil, and routine, and common-placeness, and who strain a point just enough to give more zest to the pleasure of going, who enjoy the lights, and the brightness, and the music, the dresses and the mountings, who make notes and compare opinions, and argue gravely next day about what would have happened if some other state of affairs had come about, and who weep and smile with delightful spontaneity, just according to what is expected of them. I love to sit near such people, to watch their pleasure; and what a luxury it must be to play to them! Then there are the few who look upon acting and play-writing as arts, and who enjoy them more than all the others, when they are worth it.

The Folly of the Day.

Home Journal.

There is a dreadful ambition abroad for being "genteel." we keep up appearances too often at the expense of honesty; and though we may not be rich, yet we must seem to be "respectable," though only in the meanest sense—in mere vulgar show. We have not the courage to go patiently onward in the condition of life in which it has pleased God to call us; but must needs live in some fashionable state, to which we rediculously please to call ourselves, and all to gratify the vanity of that unsubstantial, genteel world of which we form a part. There is a constant struggle and pressure for front seats in the social amphitheater; in the midst of which all noble, self-denying resolve is trodden down, and many fine natures are invariably crushed to death. What waste, what misery, what bankruptcy, come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success, we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways—in the rank frauds committed by men who dare to be dishonest, but do not dare to seem poor; and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail, as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in their ruin.

"Maria, I m almost discouraged How many times have I told you not to say tater, but pertater?"