

JAL
REETIN
888.
erald.
and Proprietor.
DAKOTA.
DAY.
and still,
my breast,
my will,
disturb my rest,
had aside,
it will seem to
I tried,
more than stubble
gently tread,
reach my ear;
I dread,
past all my fear,
cease to climb
rough to me;
Yet how sweet the
by the way on Thee!
whose gentle touch
currents to my
lavish overmuch,
might have flowed
to express their
—bring now their
scaled eyelids move,
so precious, I shall
on my heart:
this message sweet:
sides," but the heavy
my wayward feet
ag need to-day,
from a pilgrim friend,
by the way
be near the end.
years; another dawn
with a declining sun,
of all of these
work of life is done,
in Union signal.
SECRET.
Out of Him at
mon's Mouth.
a forced march,
on horseback went
a terrible clatter,
I dust behind them,
for an hour. I
and looking up to
ground in the north,
with soldiers on
quickly up, and I
me to see what they
those in front had
didn't march like sol-
in the city on a gala-
a little girl; they hur-
man walking as he
ed how they could go
were loaded down so
great heavy knapsacks
and tin pans and can-
their muskets. They
if they were going to
leaning on the window-
and watching them, I
her ride into the yard,
blended to the place—or,
the place belonged to him
and the barn. Two sol-
behind him, and they
their horses and went in-
I thought at once they
made up my mind they
him without walking
body. I ran down stairs
barn. If I had been
I pressed myself I
gone faster. Before I
had two horses out,
pressed them to the farm
rushed straight up to the
and him what he was do-
trifle startled at seeing a
before him, looking as if
to make a resistance.
pressing all the horses and
find along the road," he
you mean by pressing
pressing them into the serv-
the men's knapsacks,
much faster."
think it makes any more
to call it "pressing."
her face was flushed. I
because he was ashamed
but I soon noticed that he
burning fever.
I can't take my pony, any-
and, going to a man who was
out of the barn, and seiz-
mind that horse," said the
it's only a pony. Take it
the stable."
obeyed at once. They har-
horses to the wagon, and
into the road. As the sol-
passed it they threw
sacks on the wagon, and it
loaded, and one of the ne-
it away.
an officer came along with
of other officers and a train
following him. I noticed
stars on his shoulders, and
straight sword instead of a
one like the rest.
said, looking at the

officer who had taken our horses and wagon, "you'd better not try to go any farther."
"I can go on, General. It's only inter-
mittent."
The General cut him short with sharp that I thought he was going to bite the Captain's head off. I wished the Captain had the courage to answer him, but hadn't. The General and those who were with him rode on, leaving the sick man sitting on his horse looking after them, to take care of himself as best he could. I noticed he wore the same ornament on his cap as those about the General—a wreath—and concluded he was one of them.
There was an interval in the passing regiments, and no one was near but the Captain and me.
"What are you going to do?" I asked him.
I was sitting on the fence, with my feet dangling. It wasn't a very graceful position, but I was only a country girl then, and didn't know any better.
"I don't know," he said, wearily; "I suppose I must ride back to N—, there's a hospital there."
If he hadn't been a Yankee and a robber, or a "presser," which is the same thing, I'd have asked him to come into the house at once; he looked so sick.
"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" I said, "to take horses that don't belong to you?"
He did look ashamed. "It isn't a pleasant business," he said. "You'd better get that pony of yours out of the way; there'll be more troops along here by and by."
When he said this his voice sounded so pleasant, and he looked so sick, that I made up my mind to ask him in. But I couldn't bring myself to speak kindly to him. I couldn't forget that he was a Yankee soldier.
"Come into the house," I said, sharply.
He looked at me out of his melancholy, feverish eyes.
"No, I thank you. I'll ride back to N—," and he turned his horse's head to ride away.
I called to him to stop. He obeyed me, and I went out into the road and took hold of his bridle.
"What do you mean by that?" he asked, surprised.
"I am going to press your horse."
"What for?"
"To keep for the safe return of those you've taken."
He looked at me sort of dazed. He put his hand to his head, and didn't seem to know what to do. I led his horse up to the veranda. He dismounted and walked feebly up the steps, and sat down on a bench, while I took his horse round to the barn.
Well, the Captain was put to bed. He had typhoid fever, and a very bad case it was. Occasionally when troops would come into the neighborhood, I would mount my pony, and ride over to their camp and ask to have a surgeon come and see him. Between the surgeons and my nursing we got him through the crisis. I nursed him for six weeks. Then he became convalescent, and it was very nice to have him sitting up in an arm-chair on the veranda looking so pale and handsome. I used to sit by him with my work, and he seemed so gentle and so patient—not at all like he appeared to me when I first saw him riding back to the barn to press the horses—that I began to feel sorry he wasn't one of our men instead of being nothing but a detestable Yankee.
One day while I was sitting on the veranda beside him, sewing, he said:
"Miss Molly, are you still holding my horse as a hostage?"
"Yes, Ours haven't come back yet."
"Don't you think you could let me take him when I get well, if I should promise to go and find your horses and have them returned?"
"I'll see about that when you get well."
He'd been talking already about going on to join the army, but I didn't think him well enough, and didn't mean to let him go. He couldn't very well go without his horse, so I wouldn't let him have it.
"What hostage do you require in token of my appreciation of your kindness since I've been sick?" he asked.
"You haven't any thing to leave. Besides, I've done very little, I'm sure."
He thought a moment. Then he said, somewhat sadly:
"Yes; there's one thing I can leave—only one. I'll leave that with you."
I couldn't think of any thing he had except his revolver, and I was sure he wouldn't leave that. I wasn't appropriate. I waited for him to tell me, but he said nothing about it then.
At last he was well enough to go. At least he thought so; I didn't. He was still as weak as a kitten, but I saw how anxious he was, and I didn't oppose him any longer. So one pleasant morning when the air was soft and the roads were dry, I told one of the colored boys to bring the Captain's horse around from the barn.
The Captain stood on the veranda

ready to mount and ride away. His blanket and rubber poncho were strapped behind the saddle, just as he had left them, and his horse was so anxious to be off that the boy could hardly hold him. The Captain took my hand in his to say good-bye, and looked straight into my eyes. I lowered them to his spurs.
"You're a good girl," he said. "I'll not forget your kindness."
"Oh, I would have done the same for any one."
"Any one?"
"Any one."
"Then I asked myself: What did I want to say that for?"
"I leave you the hostage I spoke of," he said, "but it is a very poor return for so much kindness—a mere bagatelle."
I could have bitten my tongue off. He was going to make a return—to pay for what I had done for him.
"You'll find it," he added, "if you have the shrewdness to guess where it is."
With that he gave my hand a pressure, and looked long and steadily into my eyes. Then he mounted his horse and rode away without once looking back.
As soon as he had gone I commenced to think what he could mean about leaving a hostage. I was sure he wouldn't offer any thing very valuable. He must know I wouldn't like that; but I thought he might leave some little trinket for me to remember him by. I ransacked the room he had occupied, looking into bureau drawers, into closets, any place the ingenuity of man could find to hide any thing. I even looked behind the pictures hanging on the wall. Then I went all over the house from attic to cellar. Not a thing could I find. Then I recalled his words: "If you are shrewd enough to guess where it is," and went all over my search again. At last I gave it up. "A pretty way to treat me," I grumbled, "after taking care of him so long." I vowed that if ever I should see him again he should tell me whether he had really left any thing, and what it was.
No more of terrible fighting at the front. Stragglers, broken-down horses, mules, wagons, ambulances from which now and then a ghastly face would look out, kept going by day after day for several days. The yard, the barn, the kitchen, were full of men. The first day they drank up all the water in the wells. Then regiments marched by almost as fast as when they were making their forced march south. They passed on by the house, but stopped on the crest of the hill up the road. There they began to dig with spades and shovels, and the next morning when I looked out there was a long line of forts, and the Yankee flag flying above them; and great heavens! the black mouths of cannon frowned directly down at us.
While I was looking I heard something rattle far down the road. It sounded like emptying a barrel of stones into another barrel. Then another rattle, mingled with a constant dull booming. All the morning the sounds kept coming nearer, till at last I could distinctly hear the loud reports of cannon and the muskets all fired at once. I noticed a great stir in the fort above. Horsemen were galloping back and forth; new guns were every moment thrusting out their ugly mouths, and men were marching and counter-marching. I could hear their officers shouting gibberish at them, which they must have been Indian or Chinese to understand. Then more soldiers passed the house from the south, tired, dusty, grimed, some of them running, some wounded and tottering along slowly. All passed in a steady stream behind the forts.
Suddenly a horseman dashed up to the house—he was all dust and dirt, and his horse was covered with foam. He threw himself from the saddle and came up on the veranda.
"Good gracious! the Captain."
"Come away from here at once," he said; "our men are retreating; we are going to make a stand behind the works. You are already in range. Be quick! the fire is liable to open at any moment."
Then there was a scramble to snatch a few things. One took a lamp, another a pitcher, another a photograph album. It seemed as if every body took the most useless thing to be found. All except me were hurrying down the walk to the gate; I staid behind. The Captain was trying to make me hurry. He was stamping up and down on the veranda and through the hall, almost crazy at my delay.
"Come, be quick!" he said, as sharp as if he were the General himself.
"Captain—" I said, hesitating.
"What is it?" he asked, impatiently.
"The hostage?"
"What hostage?"
"That you left when you went away; I couldn't find it. Must we leave it?"
He looked at me a moment as if he thought I had lost my senses; then he burst into a laugh.
I never could stand to be laughed at, and just then it was particularly ob-

noxious. I made up my mind that he should tell me what I had hunted for, and tell me then and there.
"Never mind that," he said, seeing that I was irritated. "Save yourself and it will be in no especial danger."
"I'll not leave it, whatever it is," I said, resolutely.
"Come come! this will be a battle-field in a few minutes."
"I won't stir a step until you tell me what I want to know."
"Nonsense!" he said, severely.
The more severe his tone, the more resolute I became. I stood stock-still. "For Heaven's sake!" he urged, becoming really frightened; "the gunners are standing with the lanyards in their hands ready to fire."
"Let them fire!" I folded my arms.
A volley sounded a short distance down the line of forts to the west. The Captain tried to seize my wrist.
"Do come," he pleaded.
"Tell me what was the hostage," I said, stubbornly.
"Here?"
"Here?"
"No, no; this is not a fit place to tell you that. For the love of Heaven do come away!"
I vowed I would conquer him or die on the field.
"You shall either tell me or I will stay here till the battle is over."
He looked at the frowning forts anxiously, then back at me.
"You must know?"
"Yes."
"Now?"
"Now."
"Well, then, Molly dear, I left you my heart."
I stood as one who sees an engine coming straight down on him, and whose limbs are paralyzed from the suddenness of the discovery. Merciful Heaven! what had I done? What stupidity! The blood rushed in a torrent to my cheeks; I covered my face with my hands.
"And now, sweetheart"—taking one of my hands from my burning cheek and leading me away—"if you're satisfied about the hostage, we won't stay here any longer."
As he spoke there was an explosion in the forts, and it seemed as if a dozen shrieking cuts were whirling over our heads. I almost wished one of them would strike me dead. The Captain led me like a child toward the forts through smoke and noise and confusion. I didn't think of the battle that was opening; I only thought how immodest he must think me, and that he never would believe I could be so stupid as not to know what he meant by leaving a hostage.
I have had to suffer all my life for that one mistake. I never can have my way about any thing; for when my husband finds all other expedients for governing to be failures, he invariably taunts me with having forced his secret at the cannon's mouth.—*F. A. Mitchell, in Harper's Weekly.*

CARE OF A COLU

A Departure from Health Which Should Be Attended to at Once.
Do not let it cure itself. Get rid of it soon. Do not feed it, though, but starve it. One cold after another nearly always ends in thickening of the mucous membrane of the bronchial tubes, and before you are aware of it you become the victim of winter cough. The morning tub (cold, I mean) is a very sure preventive of colds. Never over-heat nor over-heat yourself. The neck should be kept cool. Keep away from fires in-doors if you are subject to colds. Cough, if not the result of simple laryngeal or bronchial catarrh, may mean a very serious departure from health; and the sooner one sees a doctor in such a case the better. Do not be afraid to consult him. Remember, it is only those that delay who suffer in the end. Getting thin is another serious departure from health. One generally does lose weight in winter, and regain it in summer; but a slow and steady decrease in weight calls aloud for medical interference. Want of sleep and restless nights are symptoms which can not be overlooked. The cause must be found and removed. The trouble may certainly arise from over-work and worry combined, but in most cases the stomach and digestive system are the roots of the evil. Nervous people worry most, but they also work most. Well, the question one is inclined to ask himself when he feels something wrong with his health is: "Am I over-working myself?" I would answer thus: If you really enjoy working, it can not injure you very much; but, on the other hand, if it is force-work, and you find little pleasure in it, then it will tell on your constitution. But many people can not afford rest. Well, but wonders can be done by taking exercise; by breathing only fresh air night and day, indoors and out; and by careful regulation of the diet. In conclusion, let me entreat you, as you value your happiness, not to neglect first departures from health. The story of the reservoir has really a moral for every one of us.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—H. H. Bancroft, the San Francisco historian, has the largest private library in the country. It consists of 50,000 volumes and is valued at \$200,000.
—Mr. Gladstone has accepted the dedication of the English edition of Prof. Villari's "Life of Savonarola." This work is now being translated into English by Mme. Villari.
—Ex-Secretary Boutwell's reminiscences of Rufus Choate, Daniel Webster, Abraham Lincoln and U. S. Grant, entitled "The Lawyer, the Statesman and the Soldier," is a valuable book, because of its authoritativeness. Mr. Boutwell reproduces what he personally saw of these distinguished men.
—Sir Edward Baines is said to be the oldest active journalist in Europe. He is eighty-eight years old, and his paper is the Leeds Mercury. He began his career as a journalist three years after the battle of Waterloo, but was present as a reporter for the Mercury at the battle of Peterloo in 1819, and has been continuously in newspaper life ever since.
—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wishes it distinctly understood that no one but her son is in possession of letters and papers to serve as a basis for an authorized version of her life. Mrs. Stowe has no interest in the biography now being written by Florine Thayer McCray, of Hartford, Conn. Mrs. Stowe, in fact, has never met Mrs. McCray, in spite of contrary statements which have been mysteriously spread abroad.
—Seth Green, the well-known fisherman and naturalist, is out with a letter in defense of the English sparrow. Instead of being a nuisance, a destroyer of song-birds, and deserving of extermination, the English sparrow, according to Mr. Green, is a most useful member of the feathered creation. Its presence here, he says, has no more connection with the disappearance of other birds than it has with the scarcity of cats.
—Colonel Elliott F. Shepard, the new proprietor of the New York Mail and Express, prints at the head of the editorial page, daily, a verse of Scripture, giving as his reason that "men who are necessarily much absorbed in business should be reminded of the words of the Heavenly Father." He is undaunted by sneers, and says: "It is God they ridicule, not me;" and declares that he shall continue the practice as long as he owes the paper.
—Humorous.
—"I never had a boarder complain of my coffee before, Mr. Timpkins," snapped his landlady. "I think I have more than sufficient grounds," was Timpkins' weak reply.—*N. Y. Tribune.*
—I wrote a sweet poem to lovely Louise. The fairest for whom a lover could sigh; And when it was printed, the printer had spoiled it.
The dear darling's name by dropping the i.
—*Washington Critic.*
—"What do you know of interest to-day, Mr. Chinker?" asked a reporter, while nosing around for news. "Same as usual, seven per cent. on good security," was the brusque reply.—*Meridian Traveller.*
—Crushed Poet (going out)—"I thought I should be sure to sell it," Editor—"What made you so sure?" Crushed Poet—"I use 'Great Byron' as an explosive in it, instead of 'Great Scott.'" Editor—"Hold on! Come back here, Thanks. The cashier will hand you fifty dollars."—*Tid-Bits.*
—"Ah, Mr. Dumley," said the widow, with a gush of tears, "if it were not for my children, life would have for me few charms indeed! You do not know what a mother's love for her offspring is." "Ah, no, my dear madam," replied Dumley, with tender sympathy; "I have never been a mother."—*Harper's Bazar.*
—"I don't think much of the scenery in this part of the country," said a Western man on a Central Hudson train bound north. "Give me prairie every time." "What's the matter with the scenery in this part of the country?" asked a fellow passenger. "Gosh, you can't see any. Them dinged hills an' mountains are in the way."—*N. Y. Sun.*
—"There are so many isms now," sadly deplored a member of the General conference to a fellow passenger on the elevated. "We have Arianism, Armanianism, Calvinism, Spirituality, and so on. May I inquire what ism you incline to?" "You may," replied the interrogatee, who was from Boston. "I take the most interest in pugilism, myself."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*
—"Good evening, Miss Gobrightly; how did you like the candidate last Sunday?" "Oh, pretty well, deacon Whittaker; he gave us a splendid sermon, and I guess he is a real good man, but he is too careless in his habits to suit me." "Why, what makes you think so?" "Oh, I noticed when he came out of the pastor's room that the knees of his trousers were covered with dust."—*Springfield Union.*