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Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence and Literature; Agricultural, Horticultural and Mechanical Interests; Politics and Advertising.

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The Kent News:
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CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:
TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.

AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

ADVERTISING:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING:
HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

DR. J. HORTON KELLEY,
GRADUATE of the University of Pennsylvania, (Medical Department,)
has opened an office in STILL POND, where he can be found between the hours of 10 A. M. and 5 P. M., when not professionally engaged.
April 2, 1881—3m.

Drs. T. H. COOPER & BRO.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS,
VOSHELL HOUSE, CHESTERTOWN.
Devote our time exclusively to the Profession, and can be found at all hours. mh5-3m*

DR. C. P. GILPIN,
DENTIST,
Offers his professional services to the public. OFFICE—High st., Chestertown, opposite Masonic Hall. d6-tf.

G. W. SHALLCROSS & CO.,
FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
326 & 328 North Delaware Avenue,
PHILADELPHIA.
And dealers in all kinds of Seed Potatoes. Genuine Vermont Early Rose 90c. per bushel. apr2-4t*

HIRAM WOODS. C. POWELL GRADY.
HIRAM WOODS & CO.,
Real Estate Agents,
41 LEXINGTON STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Our central position gives us facilities for negotiating between Northern purchasers and Maryland and Va. farmers; we advertise extensively throughout the North all Farms on our list.
All persons desiring to buy or sell lands are requested to address as above. mh26-4t.

J. C. HUTCHISON, JR., of Middletown, Del.
WALTER S. HILL, of Kennedyville, Md.
HUTCHISON & HILL,
Wholesale FRUIT AND PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
Peaches, Berries, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Live Stock, &c.
No. 242 North Delaware Avenue,
feb5-3m* PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN T. GALE,
Wholesale Commission Merchant,
—IN—
BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GAME,
Live Stock, Fruit, Produce, &c.,
254 NORTH WATER STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
*jan8-6m.

For Spring and Summer!
Just Received March 3, 1881,
A Large Lot of
SHOES
for Spring and Summer wear, of best quality, including all kinds for Ladies, Gents and Children. Also, BOOTS and SHOES for farm wear. All of which will be sold at VERY LOW FIGURES.
Give me a call.
JAMES A. SHAW,
mh5. COURT STREET.

NOTICE!
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine at 50 cts. At TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown; CANBY, GILPIN & Co., Baltimore, Md., agents.
J. F. LEARY, PHARMACIST,
Proprietor,
d18-5m* Rock Hall, Md.

Law Cards.

C. T. WESTCOTT,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. y.

JOSEPH S. HEUISLER,
—AND—
CHARLES W. HEUISLER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery,
OFFICES:—No. 18, Law Buildings, and 43 Lexington st., BALTIMORE.
Special attention given to the collection of claims in the city of Baltimore, and in the adjacent counties. fe28y.

SURVEYING.
THE undersigned having obtained a new set of implements now offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent & Queen Anne's counties.
Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Att'y at Law, will be promptly attended to.—Can be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons. Or address
COMEGYS BROWN,
aug7-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD

NEW GROCERY STORE
UP TOWN!
WHERE can be found such articles as are usually kept in stock in a well conducted Grocery.
Our stock comprises
SUGAR, COFFEE,
TEA, SALT SHAD, HERRING, MACKEREL, Pickles, Syrup, Molasses, Soaps, Notions, Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, and in fact you may get most anything you call for.
COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted at all times. Highest prices paid, at
WHALAND'S,
GROCERY STORE, UP TOWN.
Feb. 5, 1881—tf.

HAMBURG EDGINGS,
New Styles—Large Assortment, Lowest Prices, at J. H. SIMPERS'.

HOME
Super Phosphate of Lime,
RICH IN
Soluble Bone Phosphate and Salts of Potash,
MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY
For CORN,
By T. W. ELIASON, JR.
April 2, 1881—6t.

Black Residuum
IN BULK by the Car Load (Ten Tons,) or in BAGS, in FINE ORDER.
This goods has been so extensively and successfully used by the Farmers of Kent having low clay lands that it needs no recommendation.
No farmer, having such land to plant in Corn can afford to do without it.
For sale by T. W. ELIASON, JR.
April 2, 1881—6t.

FERTILIZERS
FOR THE
SPRING OF 1881.
DISSOLVED ANIMAL BONES,
" SOUTH CAROLINA,
KAINIT, PLASTER,
SULPHATE OF SODA,
PERUVIAN GUANO,
For sale by
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
April 2, 1881—6t.

AT
STAM'S DRUG STORE.
Select! Reliable! Fresh!
LANDRETH'S
GARDEN SEED
Purchased directly from the extensive Seed Farms of David Landreth & Sons.
Peas, Beans, Early Corn, Beets Radish, Lettuce, Cabbage, Cucumber, Celery, Grass Seed,
AND OTHER VARIETIES in QUANTITIES TO SUIT PURCHASERS.
Our large experience in the Seed business enables us to buy at very close figures and to sell at the same.
We extend a cordial invitation to all interested in seed to examine our large and fresh stock.
Respectfully,
COLIN F. STAM,
DRUGGIST.
Chestertown, March 19, 1881.

J. S. MacDONALD,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER
—IN—
FINE JEWELRY,
WATCHES,
SILVER WARE,
&c, &c.,
No. 4 North Charles, Street, 4 doors North of Baltimore Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
janly.

WHOLESALE
AND RETAIL!
THOSE in want of CHEAP and GOOD GOODS will do well to call and examine before purchasing in the city. We think our prices will compare favorably with the lowest city prices. We have on hand and are receiving the following:
CARRIAGE, COACH, WAGON AND
Cart RIMS,
Hickory SPOKES,
Oak Wagon and Cart Spokes,
Carriage, Wagon and Cart Hubs,
Carriage Shafts, Poles with Circles, Neck Yokes, Double and Single Trees, Cultivator and Plow Handles; Pick Handles, Shovel, Fork, Spade, Hoe, Rake, Brush, Ax and Hatchet Handles, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, by
March 12. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

REMOVAL.
SAMUEL GORMAN,
Successor to late Benj. Carty,
Practical Pump and Well Maker,
up town, near the Catholic Church. We have ample facilities for doing all the Pump and Well work in Kent and Queen Anne's counties, and defy competition in prices or workmanship.
I give my own personal attention to all work entrusted to my care. Repairs for all kinds of Pumps kept on hand.
March 26, 1881—tf.

GENUINE Early Rose POTATOES, and *FRESH GARDEN SEED,* at THOMPSON'S, Up Town.

Corn Phosphate!
"OLD KENT." "OLD KENT."
The undersigned is still selling the reliable "OLD KENT" CORN PHOSPHATE. It has never been excelled. Parties who used it last year are doubling their orders for this Spring.
ALSO,
German Potash Salts,
KAINET,
AT WHOLESALE PRICES. Kainet supplies what the soil most needs, as shown by analysis.
ANALYSIS OF KAINET:

Sulphate of Potash	23 to 26 per cent.
" " Magnesia	14 to 18 " "
Chloride of Sodium (common salt)	35 to 40 " "
Gypsum or Sulphate Lime, &c.	10 to 12 " "

JOHN W. HINES,
apr9-2m. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Maize-Oleine!
For CORN and Vegetables,
Manufactured by
ALEX. C. CUMMINS, Smyrna, Del.,
WILL DOUBLE YOUR CORN OROP and is a sure preventive of Frenching.—Is made of the best and purest materials, just such as Corn needs; is up to an honest high standard, and will not burn the Corn. For terms and testimonials apply to W. J. VANNORT, AGENT,
oc2-tf. *Chestertown, Md.*

The Best
CORN PHOSPHATE
For Sale by
THOMAS W. WICKES,
CHESTERTOWN.
apr2-tf.

NURSERY STOCK
I offer to my friends and the public
A General Assortment OF
NURSERY STOCK,
Consisting of
APPLE, PEACH, PEAR,
ORNAMENTAL AND SHADE TREES.
Also, Strawberry, Raspberry and Blackberry Plants, Osage Orange Quicks, Grape Vines, &c.
My Peach consist largely of yellow, late canning varieties, and none of my stock is injured by cold, as the mercury here on the Bay Shore did not fall lower than 3 degrees below zero.
Write for catalogue.
N. BARNARD,
STILL POND, KENT CO., MD.
Feb. 26, 1881—9t.

RILEY'S MILL.
HAVING rented the Mill property known as RILEY'S MILL, for the present year (1881), and secured the services of a competent practical Miller, I am now prepared to give satisfaction as to QUANTITY and QUALITY of
MEAL and FLOUR
and would thank the residents of Kent and Queen Anne's counties to give us a call and judge for themselves.
mh5. R. RILEY.

Spring 1881!
JUST OPENED AT THE
LADIES' SHOE STORE,
OF
MRS. KATE GILL,
A Fine Spring Stock of
LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S
SHOES!
This stock has been selected with much care and from the very best city manufacturers, and is FIRST CLASS in every department. Prices very low.
We call special attention to our
Children's School Shoes, Ladies' Fine Gaiters,
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Button, in every variety.
We guarantee all our goods to be as represented. Call early while our stock is full. At the old stand, nearly opposite Voshell House.
MRS. KATE GILL,
mh19. THE LADIES' SHOE STORE.

NEW YEAR GOODS.
C. M. LUCAS,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
HIGH STREET, CHESTERTOWN,
Two doors below T. W. Eliason, Jr.
Has a nice stock of New and Fashionable
JEWELRY,
consisting of WATCHES and CHAINS, NECKLACES, LOCKETS, RINGS, &c.
Also, an assortment of Rogers' Silver Plated Ware, from the Meridan Factory, Conn. Call and examine my stock, as these Goods have been carefully selected, and among them will be found many BEAUTIFUL AND APPROPRIATE PRESENTS. Jan. 1, 1881.

Round and Square Bread Boxes,
TOILET SETS,
TABLE and FLOOR MATS,
GRANITE IRON WARE,
Glass Oil Cans; large assortment of Waiters, Red Cedar Buckets, Wash Boards, Cedar Tubs, and a large assortment of WOOD-WARE, at
March 12. J. K. ALDRIDGES.

A LINE of Fine TOBACCOS, for sale by T. W. ELIASON, JR.

Correspondence of the Balto. Sun.

THE MELVIN-JUMP TRIAL.

ITS UNEXPECTED CONCLUSION—THE LETTERS DECIDED NOT ADMISSIBLE AND BURNED—VERDICT OF ASSAULT AND BATTERY ENTERED—PUBLIC SENTIMENT IN THE MATTER.

To the great surprise of everybody, the Melvin-Jump trial at Denton came to a sudden and unlooked-for termination on Friday of last week, the court deciding that the letters alleged to have been written by Mr. Jump to Miss Melvin were not admissible, and by agreement of counsel a compromise was effected by which the prosecution withdrew the count in the indictment alleging intent to kill and the court instructed the jury to render a verdict of assault and battery. The State accepted the compromise on condition that the letters, photograph, accident insurance policy, trinkets, and in brief everything said to have been sent to Miss Sallie Melvin by Jump, should be burned, which was accordingly done later in the day in the presence of Messrs. Page, Gibson and Geo. Melvin. The struggle for and against the admission of the letters was begun at the previous night's session of the court., which lasted two hours, Messrs. Bryant, Gibson, Stewart and Page speaking in the order mentioned—the arguments being delivered with force and earnestness. The following is a copy of the letter over which the fight was made. There are no stars on it indicating an indefinite number of kisses, and the sentiment is by no means so intense as in the others:

"*Dearest Friend:* I am sad and lonely this evening. Oh, I long so much for your presence and friendly sympathy to cheer and console me. I do so earnestly desire to see and talk with you; yet a cruel world would seem to forbid our meeting openly. Then, dear friend, will you not permit me to wait for you in the branch on the south of your house on Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, if I can hand you this note in time. If not there, on Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, and also on Saturday evening, at moonset, about 8.30 o'clock. After that the nights will be moon-lighted. There can be no apprehension of annoyance from anyone, as I shall avoid observation, and am prepared. But, dearest friend, if you do not appear and deem it best not to come, I will submit. Above all things, I desire to please you. So if you do not come I will not think to blame you, although my disappointment should be deep and painful. Do not come unless you wish to, and it pleases you. I will wait until 9 o'clock, or later. If you desire to write to me you can use the postoffice without notoriety, as your letter will be handed to me alone, and without observation. Yours."

"Wednesday evening, Sept. 16, 1879."

Mr. Page continued his arguments, and said that provocation must be for a cause recognized by the law, as sufficient transport of passion will not reduce the grade unless it proceeds from a cause recognized as sufficient by the law. To make adultery a sufficient provocation the party assaulted must be taken in *flagrante delictu*, or circumstances must exist which furnish an equivalent degree of conviction. In this case the letter offered, together with accompanying facts, only furnished evidence consistent with guilt on the part of Mr. Jump, and yet it was consistent with innocence also, and was therefore but mere suspicion. According to the offer Melvin acted upon a state of facts which might or might not indicate improper relations. No man was authorized to take the life of another under such circumstances, even if the provocation might, under some circumstances, be sufficient. In this case it could not be offered; first, because there was a long interval of cooling time, as the prisoner received the information which is said to have created the tempest within him on Sunday night, and the assault was made at 8 P. M. Monday. He slept, went through the day doing business, saw Jump, &c., was cooling time sufficient; secondly, because there was evidence of preparation and design in producing the weapon and concealing it afterwards; thirdly, because the use of the particular weapon and the manner of using it implied intent, which was inconsistent with passion; fourth, because provocation could only be used when the intent was doubtful. Here all the facts showed intent, and therefore no provocation was advisable.

Several lively differences of opinion between Messrs. Page, Gibson and Stewart, relating to the purposes of the letter, occurred at the close of Mr. Page's speech.

Judge Robinson, who delivered the opinion of the court, said: "This is an indictment for an assault with intent to murder, and the question for the determination of the jury is whether the accused is guilty of the offense charged. Any evidence, therefore, which tends to prove the guilt or innocence of the prisoner is admissible, and no evidence is admissible unless it aids in some manner the jury in the determination of the question. The defense now offers in evidence a letter purporting to have been written by the party assaulted to the sister of the prisoner, and they propose to follow up this evidence by showing that on Sunday night previous to the Monday night on which the assault was committed the prisoner had information which satisfied him that his sister had been seduced. It is hardly necessary to say that the seduction of a sister does not justify a brother in taking the life of the seducer, but the fact that the brother has reasonable grounds to believe that his sister has been seduced may, in some cases, be admissible for the purpose of showing that the offence is manslaughter and not murder. If upon the information received, and while smarting under the sense of dishonor and before a reasonable time has elapsed for passion to subside, the brother pursues the seducer and slays him, under such circumstances the homicide named may be manslaughter, and not murder. If, however, there is time for reason to regain its control, and the homicide is preferable to revenge and not to passion, the party is guilty of murder. Here the offer shows that the accused had information of his sister's seduction on Sunday night; that he lived in the same village with the alleged seducer, and that he would not attempt to avenge the dishonor until Monday night. We do not think under these circumstances that the alleged provocation is admissible in evidence, for if it be conceded that such a provocation would reduce a homicide to manslaughter unless the accused when the information was received and on the spur of the moment and in hot blood slew the seducer. The evidence now offered by the defense does not bring this case within the principle recognized by all well considered cases, in which it has been held that seduction or adultery is admissible for the purpose of reducing the offence to manslaughter. The objection to the evidence thus offered must therefore be sustained."

The decision burst like a bomb-shell among the counsel for the defense, leaving them almost defenseless. Exceptions were filed at the suggestion of the court, Judge Robinson saying he would like the Court of Appeals to consider the question. A recess was asked for, during which a lengthy consultation was held, and the compromise, as stated before, agreed upon, the exceptions to the ruling of the court being withdrawn, and the jury and witnesses dismissed.

Mr. Gibson then called Prof. W. J. Rivers, of Washington College, Chestertown, Thomas C. West, J. E. Tyler, John Y. Todd and Luther H. Gadd, clerk of the court, to prove the upright character of young Melvin, all of whom testified that he was a sterling, good-natured, moral man.

The court announced that as they had not been prepared for the turn affrirs had taken they would reserve sentence until the next day.

The people here have not recovered from their surprise sufficiently to express themselves about the result of the trial, but the impression seems to be gaining ground that the end is better than was expected. Whether the alleged criminal intimacy between Jump and Sallie Melvin did or did not exist has not, of course, been legally decided upon, but as both Jump and the lady emphatically deny that it did exist, and as there is no positive proof to the contrary, it is thought and hoped that even the suspicion will soon pass from people's minds. The representative of the Sun saw and examined the letters. While the general tone of them is sickly, they would be humorous if the seriousness of the sequel had not been so great. There is not a vulgar word in any of them. They show the intense and almost unimaginable infatuation of a man which is open to any construction without actually proving guilt.

Miss Melvin was not in court on Friday. Her position throughout was extremely trying, but she bore it all like a martyr. Had she been placed on the stand there is no telling what course she would have taken, because if she had declared her innocence she would have injured her brother. She has been a recluse ever since the assault, seeing and conversing with no one outside of the family. Mr. Jump looks as if he were not long for this world. The counsel on both sides certainly worked hard.

The judgment of the court was pronounced on Saturday. The court said that although they had taken into consideration all the circumstances of the case and its sad results, they could not forget the great provocation leading to the assault. This, together with the good character of the accused, as testified to, had induced the court to impose an entirely different sentence than would have been inflicted in a similar case under different circumstances. Melvin was then sentenced to pay a fine of $1 and costs and be imprisoned in the county jail for sixty days. He received the judgment of the court with the quiet demeanor which has characterized him throughout the trial.

How a War-Hawk Saved Lives.

In General Sherman's "Memoirs" the following remarkable story connected with the loss of the Central America, which foundered at sea off the coast of Georgia, in August, 1857, with six hundred passengers and $1,000,000 of treasure, has peculiar interest. Sixty of the ill-fated vessel were picked up by a Swedish bark and taken into Savannah. General Sherman says:

"A few days after I was standing in the vestibule of the Metropolitan Hotel, and heard the Captain of the Swedish bark tell his singular story of the rescue of these passengers. He was a short sailor-like looking man, with a strong German or Swedish accent. He said that he was sailing from some port in Honduras for Sweden, running down the Gulf Stream off Savannah. The weather had been heavy for some days, and about nightfall, as he paced his deck, he observed a man-of-war hawk circle about his vessel, gradually lowering, until the bird was as it were aiming at him. He jerked out a belaying pin, struck at the bird, missed it, when the hawk again rose high in the air, and a second time began to descend, contract his circle, and make at him again. The second time he hit the bird, and struck it to the deck. This strange fact made him uneasy, and he thought it betokened danger, he went to the pinnacle, saw the course he was steering, and, without any particular reason, he ordered the steersman to alter the course, one point to the east. After this it became quite dark, and he continued to promenade the deck, and had settled into a drowsy state, when, as in a dream, he thought he heard voices all around his ship. Waking up, he ran to the side of the ship, saw something struggling in the water, and heard clearly cries for help. Instantly heaving his ship to, and lowering all his boats, he managed to pick up sixty or more persons who were floating about on skylights, doors, spars, and whatever fragments remained of the Central America. Had he not changed the course of his vessel by reason of the mysterious conduct of that man-of-war hawk, not a soul would probably have survived the night."

WHEN a friend corrects a fault in you he does you the greatest act of friendship.

FAVORS of any kind are doubled when they are speedily conferred.

A MAN may suffer without sinning, he cannot sin without suffering.

RAGGED clothing cannot debase a man as much as a frayed reputation.

IT is not life to live for one's self alone, Let us help one another.

IT is to be doubted whether he will ever find the way to heaven who desires to get thither alone.

IT is with you as with plants; from the first fruits they bear we learn what may be expected in future.

ENVY is a passion so full of cowardice and sham that nobody ever had the confidence to own its possession.

THE BOY HERO.

SOME THRILLING INCIDENTS OF THE MINNESOTA MASSACRE.

In the year 1862, at the time of the great Indian massacre in Minnesota, there lived, some twenty miles from New Ulm, a farmer by the name of Henry Meeker. His family consisted of himself, his wife and two children—a boy and a girl. The boy was 13 years of age, and was named Joseph. His sister was two years his junior. They had been living in comparative safety for nearly two years, and were on friendly terms with the Indians, who frequently called at the dwelling of the Meekers, and were always kindly received.

Early on the morning of August 20th, 1862, three Indians, who were known to the family, called and asked for something to eat; and while Mrs. Meeker was procuring it for them, they requested her husband to get down his rifle and go a short distance from the dwelling and see which one was the best marksman.

Meeker did not altogether like the idea, and in a polite way refused. They then became angry, and asked if he thought they were going to hurt him. Not caring to irritate them, or give them any cause to make a disturbance, he consented to go with them.

All four then proceeded to a grove, some little distance from the house, when they stopped, and one of the Indians pointed out as the target a leaf that was on the extreme end of a limb of a tree about twenty yards from where they stood. Henry Meeker was told to fire first and see if he could hit it. He took aim and fired, and as he did so, one of the Indians shot him in the back, and he fell over, dead. They then returned to the dwelling, and informed Mrs. Meeker that her husband had shot himself. She started to go to her husband, but as she was crossing the threshold of the door one of the Indians split her head open with a tomahawk, and she fell dead at his feet.

Little Mary was then killed by another of the Indians. They then looked for Joseph, but he was nowhere to be found, though present when they first came.

The Indians now ransacked the house, and took away with them all they considered of any value.

After his father went out with the Indians, young Joseph started to follow them, and had nearly reached the grove, when he saw his father killed. At this the horrified boy turned and ran towards the house, but on his way he stumbled and fell near some bushes. As he glanced back he saw the Indians returning, and immediately crept into the bushes and concealed himself. From here he saw his mother brained, heard the cry of his sister, and afterwards discovered that she had been murdered also.

Joseph remained in his hiding-place until sometime after the Indians had gone, and then he fell upon his knees and prayed to God to protect and watch over him. Then he got up and proceeded to dig a grave near where his father had fallen. To this grave the poor boy drew his dead parents and sister, and covering them over from human sight, weeping bitter tears of anguish. Then he took his father's rifle and ammunition, and sadly left the place that had been a happy home to him.

After a lonesome and tiresome journey of several miles he reached the dwelling of a neighbor, where he found the head of the family lying on the ground, dead, and the house deserted.

As he had forgotten to take any food with him, and was by this time quite hungry, he entered the house and found three potatoes, which he ate, and a little corn meal, which he took away with him.

He then set off again, this time intending to reach Mankato, which he thought would be the most likely place to meet with some friends, for he now rightly concluded that there had been a general uprising of the Indians.

He traveled for nearly three hours without seeing a living being, and then wondered if he was on the right course, or whether he had taken the wrong direction. Then he stopped at a stream of water to quench his thirst, rest, and reflect.

He had been there some considerable time lost in a painful reverie, thinking of his forlorn condition—an orphan, homeless, friendless and alone in the world—and wondering what awful doom might yet be his, when he was aroused and startled by hearing sounds as of the approach of human beings.

Not knowing whether these were friends or foes, he immediately crept into some tall grass, stretched himself flat on the ground, and listened in breathless silence. As the parties drew near, he saw there were two men, two boys, three women, and one little girl, white. He started towards them, and the men, as soon as they saw him, raised their guns as if to shoot.

"For God's sake, don't murder me!" he called to them.

"Come here, my boy," said one of the men, as both quickly lowered their pieces; you shall not be harmed. We were startled at first, before we saw clearly, and mistook you for an Indian."

Little Joseph then joined the group, and related his tragic tale.

The men informed him that they were brothers, and that, while working on their farm, some distance from the house, the Indians had come, murdered the whole household, set fire to the building, and had then disappeared. Seeing the fire, the brothers had hastened home, found all the inmates dead, and the fire so far progressed that it was impossible to check it. They then had started off, and shortly after had fallen in with the three women and children, who had escaped from the Indians, after having suffered the loss of their husbands and fathers.

They all now continued their journey toward Mankato, young Joseph Meeker finding that he had heretofore been traveling in the wrong direction.

They had not proceeded very far when they were apprised of Indians being near, and decided that they had better conceal themselves in the most available place they could find, and, if discovered to protect themselves the best they could. While attempting to carry out this purpose, they were suddenly surrounded by a large body of savages, who appeared to be drunk and very noisy.

One of the Indians told the whites, in broken English, that if they would keep peafectly quiet and not attempt to escape, they should suffer no violence at their hands. He had hardly finished speaking, when one of his companions caught hold of one of the women in such a rough way as to cause her to cry out with pain. At this the inhuman savage raised his tomahawk and struck her a violent blow on the head, repeated it, and killed her on the spot.

This seemed to be a signal for the others, and a general massacre ensued.

As one of the Indians made a leap toward little Joseph, the heroic lad raised his gun, shot him through the heart, and then, with great presence of mind, threw himself flat down by his side, as if he had also been killed. Something now seemed to alarm the Indians, for they all made off in haste, not even waiting to plunder their victims.

During the remainder of that eventful day, which was now drawing to a close, young Joseph Meeker lay as still as death, in the same position he had fallen. About dusk, not having heard anything to alarm him for some time, he ventured to get up and look about him. A terrible and revolting sight met his view. Stretched upon the ground, all around him, lay the bloody remains of his companions, and also of two Indians, one of whom he had killed himself.

As it was now growing too dark for him to venture farther that night, for fear of missing his way, he drew back into some bushes and sat down, almost wishing that he had been killed with the rest and relieved of his miseries.

While sitting there, reflecting on the strange fact that he should have been spared, on two occasions, when all with him had been killed, he fancied he heard some one groan, and, after listening attentively for some time, he heard it again.

He then went back to see if any one was still alive, and, if so, to do what he could to help him or her. When he got back among the dead, all was quiet, and not a sound could be heard. Could he have been mistaken? Was it imagination, caused, by the terrible strain he had passed through? He felt sure he had heard some one groan, and yet everything now was perfectly still. He was about to retrace his steps, when he was again startled by the same peculiar sound.

He now decided to examine each one, and convince himself that there was no one still alive. The first person he came to was the man who had first spoken to him. He placed his hand on his face to see if it was cold, and found that it was warm, and that blood was flowing from a wound in his side.

While he was still examining the man, and still undecided whether he was dead or alive, he was again started by a low moan, which he was certain proceeded from the man's lips. Being thus satisfied that there was still life in the man, our little hero at once set to work to stop the flow of blood as best he could. He had just succeeded in securing a bandage over the wound, when the poor sufferer, with another and heavier moan, opened his lips and faintly articulated:

"Water! water!"

"In a minute, sir," said little Joseph, as he bounded away to a brook near by, filling his hat, and then hurrying back with it, losing a little more than half by leakage, but leaving enough to give the famished stranger a reviving draught.

"God bless you lad! this brings me new life!" exclaimed the man in grateful tone. "Who are you?"

"I'm Joseph Meeker, sir—the boy that joined your party sir before the Indians came and murdered all."

"How did you escape?"

"I shot the Indian that was going to kill me, and then threw myself down beside him and pretended to be dead. I lay still there till a little while ago, when I got up and went into the bushes. There I heard you moan, sir, and came to you."

"You are a brave, noble boy!" said the man, lifting himself upon his hands and glancing around as well as he could for the gathering darkness.

"Oh, this is terrible! terrible!" he added. "All killed but you and me, and I mortally wounded. Can you help me into the bushes so that the next party of savages will not be likely to see me, and then get me some water before you go."

"I'm not going, sir, while you live," returned Joseph, as he proceeded to assist the wounded man to a place of concealment. "I'll stay with you, sir, and do all I can for you.

"And again I say, God bless you!" rejoined the man, but rather feebly; and soon after he fainted dead away, and the poor boy thought he was dead in reality. He did not leave him, however, and, an hour or so afterward the man revived. Joseph brought him more water, and continued to do all he could for him through the night.

Early in the morning Joseph heard a tramping sound, and, to his great joy, beheld a party of soldiers on their way to Mankato. They stopped, buried the dead, and took the wounded man with them on a litter, little Joseph going along; and thus was the poor boy saved.

Eventually the wounded man, whose name was Nathan Paxon, entirely recovered; and then he sought out our boy hero, adopted him, and made him heir to a large property; so that virtue and heroism, in this case, received a deserving reward in the end.

Joseph Meeker of that day is no longer a boy at this day, but a strong, stalwart, influential man, who already holds a high political position, and whose eloquent voice may soon be heard in the great council halls of the nation.

DON PIATT is reported to have said that three months after a young man gets a government clerkship he is a good poker-player or a fool on the subject of women. Poker-players, like poets, are born, not made, and a man is always a fool on the subject of women.

"WHAT's the difference between a man going to Plymouth Church and a lover about to propose?" One is going to see Beecher and the other to beseech her.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

MOST of us pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging in false hopes of the future, when it would be vastly better to cut a pole, dig some bait, and go fishing.—*Meriden Recorder.*

THOUSANDS of people who never read the Bible in its old form are kicking up a fuss about it being revised.

COUNTRY GIRL: A "dandy" is a suit of clothes on the move.

REMINISCENCES CONTINUED.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

Again I am wandering to life's happy morn,
That garden where rose-trees bear scarcely a thorn
And showers and storms passed so light around,
That on memory's viol they left not a sound.
I can see brightly painted afar in the sky
The rainbow of hope, arching deeply on high,
On the young mind of childhood impressions to give
Which through life's short existence will vividly live.
How delighted we were with our baskets heaped full
In the morning by times to go bounding to school.
A tenement standing beside a sweet wood
Made of logs, lined with mortar, all firmly and good;
Two apartments it had, and the schoolmaster's seat
I fancy I see standing high with three feet;
And the ferrule he held, and the rod swinging wild;
Or the dunce in the corner for some truant child;
Then the smaller disgrace of the mark or the threat
To be lowered in class, when the next time we met.
But these sorrows like dew on the morn's early flower
Wept dry in the sunbeam of playtime's bright hour.
In groups we collected the green turf to spread
With sweet-meats, fresh-meats, and butter and bread.
Then enwreathed like young flowers in gay blooming May
Around the hillsides of the forest to play;
The hoop, and the ball, and the marbles were there,
And the doll, and the play-house, our pride and our care;
Then the "show for a pin" of wild flowers thro' glass,
Mingling sweetly with ivy, and laurel and grass;
And well I remember a cottage that stood
By a clear little brook winding round through the wood;
Its inmates were lovely, so gentle and mild,
For a fount of rich kindness was full for each child;
If a bruise, or a cut, or a pain, or an ache,
A cure they were certain at all times to make;
The drops in their bottle, the box of herb-salve,
Suited every complaint we might happen to have.
God's blessing attend them I fervently pray
And challenge the world to show better than they.
'Tis the heart's warm oblation in worshipping given,
That is prized and accepted and welcomed in Heaven,
And those silent bestowings, unheeded, unsought,
Are too high to be numbered, too dear to be bought;
And who will not find 'mid these strayings of mine
Some tendril around his own heart to entwine?
Memory's urn is still fragrant with flowers we then pressed,
We children were happy as young birds in their nest,
So far from all art and contented to dwell,
Where the architect's skill centered round a rude well,
With windlass and rope the clear fountain supplied
The gourd and the pitcher and bucket beside.
But 'tis past, the bright morning—the young opening day—
With their flowers and rainbows have faded away
And amid all the stages down life's wildering main,
Who ever possesses school pleasures again?

MATILDA CANBY.

Wilmington, Delaware.

"Come on, Bill."

An excited man the other day rushed into ——'s drug store, and exclaimed: "Oh my! I'm ruined! Give me ten ounces of camphire or whiskey. Gi' me the whiskey!"

He fell against the counter. His eyes rolled back and his tongue hung out.

"What ails you, man?" He drew back his tongue, said "Snake bite!" and shot it out again.

"Whiskey! snake bite!"

"How did you get snake bit?" asked a physician, taking hold of the man's hand and feeling his pulse. The tongue went in and the words "foolin' with a rattlesnake" came out.

"Where did it bite you?"

"Right here," he replied, exhibiting a small hole on the back of his hand.

"Where did you get the snake?"

"Museum. Gimmy some whiskey."

"This hole was made by a lead pencil," said the doctor.

"Lead pencil!" said the victim, contemptuously; "it was made by the pizen fangs of a copperhead."

"Thought it was a rattlesnake?"

"Didn't say it was a rattlesnake. Oh, I'm dying! Dying in a civilized land. Dying within forty miles of home. To think that I have traveled all over the snake countries, and then to come back and be killed by a common black snake."

"Thought it was a copperhead?"

"Now, here," said the man untangling his eyes and stiffening himself, "it don't make any difference what you think. I'm dying from the effect of a snake bite.—That's about as much as you want to know. A gallon of whiskey will save my life. Am I among human beings?"

Just then a red-faced man stuck his head into the store, and yelled:

"Come on, Bill. Them fellers wouldn't care if you was swallowed by a booyconstructor."

The tongue went back into the mouth, the evidence of suffering passed away, and the victim took up his hat and joined his companion.

Sleep.

There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this: that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers; this is insanity. Thus it is that in early English history persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs. Thus it is also that those who are starved to death become insane—the brain is not nourished and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are three: 1. Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep. 2. That time "saved" from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body and estate. 3. Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all you have under you—the fullest amount of sleep they will take by compelling them to go to bed at some regular, early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they *awake of themselves*, and within a fortnight nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule, and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself—great nature will never fail to write it out to the observer, under the regulations just given.—*Hall's Jour. of Health.*

BE courteous with all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence.