The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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New-Mown Hay.

A subtle fragrance fills the air,
O'er hill and valley stealing.
And steeps our weary souls in blss,
Sweet visions thus revealing.
Condemned, the drooping herbage mourns
A sentence past repealing.

The ruthless steel has done its work,
And prone in stricken splendor
The fresh-hued grass bestrews the earth,
Mingled with blossoms tender,
Who generous e'en in death as life,
Their sweetness still surrender.

Ah, lovely souls like these we've known,
Whose lives one sweet endeavor,
All crowned with beauty and with bloom,
The hand of Death did sever.
Their memory like the new-mown hay,
Will linger round us ever.

UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE STORY OF A HONEYMOON.

"Do you really mean it, darling?"

"Of course I do, Frank. Do you think I would joke about such a subject?" replied pretty Grace Ramsey to her affianced husband, as she nestled her sunny little head on his broad shoulders one bright March evening, as the dying sun glinted through the cozy drawing-room, casting a golden glory upon the pictures, carpet, and crimson curtains, as if trying to outvie the cheerful fire that blazed in the highly-polished grate.

"I could not refuse you anything, my sweet Grace," he said tenderly, as he pressed her dewy lips; "but I would much rather you had asked me anything in the world than this."

"Why, Frank?" she returned, looking up into his handsome face with one of her bewitching smiles, that always finished any argument in her favor.

"Well, you see, to spend one's honeymoon in a new house, and at this treacherous time of year, might not be so comfortable, my pet, as a well-appointed hotel in the south of France or Italy," he urged deprecatingly, feeling the ground fast slipping away from him with her bright eyes looking shyly into his, her sweet face in close proximity to his mustache.

"But it is my great wish; and I will obey you in everything after we are married, you know, like a dutiful little wife," she said playfully.

"What put this notion in your little head?"

"Grandmamma; and you must agree that she is clever. Now you sit down here, and I will take my old place on this stool," as she ensconsed herself at his feet coaxingly.

"So grandma has put this notion into your mind?"

"Yes; she said that when she was married grandpa took her straight from the church to their new home, and they were as happy as birds."

"But what time of the year might that happy event have taken place?" he asked mischievously.

"July, I believe," Grace said demurely. "What matters the time? Surely it could make no difference."

"That is just what does. March and July, little sweetheart, are very different in our changeable climate; besides, I fancy a little bird whispered to me that their home was a fine old mansion that had welcomed several brides, whereas ours is a newly-built modern villa, that should be well-aired before we take possession."

"So it is," she persisted. "Jane and grandma were there all last week, and the fires are blazing beautifully from morning till night. Come, say, 'yes;'" and her soft white arms were round his neck, and a pair of tempting lips placed dangerously near to his; and Grace, as usual, gained her point, but she had to pay her lover the penalty of a score of kisses.

"This is delightful, darling husband," whispered Grace, as they drove to their new home at Clapham, after the wedding breakfast. "I shall be such a happy little wifey—commencing life in our own dear home; it must be better than those big, cold-looking hotels, with staring waiters and pert chambermaids."

"So long as my sweet wife is happy, am content," he said tenderly; "but there is a nasty east wind to-day"—this as he folded her furs around her with a lover's anxious care. "I hope everything is ready for us."

"Oh, you need not be uneasy; I feel sure Jane will attend to everything; she is a perfect paragon."

"Here we are at last! Welcome, darling wife, to your home!" he said, as he led her up the flight of steps where old Jane stood with two maid-servants to receive their young mistress.

"I wonder why Jane looks so anxious," thought Grace; "I hope everything is all right. Oh, dear! what should I do if there was anything gone wrong? Frank would never cease teasing me. Where are the stair-carpets, Jane?" she whispered, when they were in the drawing-room. "I thought everything was straight."

"So it was, but the dratted cistern took to leaking this morning, and no man can be got for love or money. I never saw such a gingerbread house as this in all my born days!" she said gloomily.

"Can't you manage to put them down, so that Frank won't notice it?" the poor little bride faltered.

"Put them down to be spoiled! Why, they are already wet through in some places; but here comes the master," as she bustled out of the room.

"This certainly looks cosy and home-like," said Frank Wharton as he clasped his bride in a loving embrace, and seated her in an easy-chair by the fire; "but what is the matter with that wall? Why, I believe it's damp, the paper is perfectly wet and peeling off. I must see the fellow that papered it; such a room cannot be fit for my little wifey."

"Oh, that is nothing, Frank; it is often like that in new houses, I believe," she said timidly.

"I must insist that you don't stay another moment," ringing the bell sharply for Jane. "Why did you permit your mistress to come in this damp vault?" he said testily; "it's enough to kill a dog."

"I am sure, sir, it was no fault of mine," said poor Jane; "they say that the paper in new houses often sweats—at least that is what the man styled it."

"Is there no other room fit to receive us?" he asked; "surely the dining-room would be better."

"Well, you see, sir, the stove is what they call slow combustion."

"Slow what?" he said, laughing in spite of himself.

"I don't know exactly how to pronounce the name, but it's a sorry thing at the best, and won't act nohow, try as you will."

"It's a beautiful grate, Frank," interposed Grace, "it's one of the modern ones, and is called slow combustion."

"It's dratted slow!" grumbled Jane "I've spent three-quarters of an hour over it, and can't get a fire to burn, so its slow enough in all conscience."

"Never mind, Jane; I'm beautifully warm and comfortable—indeed I am, dear Frank."

"Well, I suppose we must make the best of it now" he said trying to appear cheerful.

"I know what I'll do," murmured Grace; "music always suits Frank; I'll play and sing some of his favorites."

In a few minutes the little cloud was blown over, and the pair were as happy as turtledoves as Grace sang song after song to Frank's intense delight.

"What on earth are they doing in the kitchen?" she thought; "I must go and see. I feel sure they will break the grate to pieces in a minute. Oh, dear; oh, dear! I wish I had taken dear Frank's advice. What are you all doing, and where is the dinner?" said Grace. "It's nearing the time.',

"Dinner, indeed! if you get supper it will be a wonder to me," gasped Jane, as, armed with an immense flue-brush, she and her assistant were making frantic raids upon the kitchener, while the smoke poured out in volumes, nearly choking poor Grace, who stood the image of despair, gazing at the fowls, fish and joints that lay strewn about, getting peppered with soot.

"What's to be done, Jane?" she stammered, as she covered her golden head to evade the shower of soot, and caught up her satin robes nervously; "it is past six o'clock, and Frank was just saying he felt rather hungry. Can nothing be done? Couldn't you get some hotel to send in a dinner?"

"Where's the hotel in this outlandish hole?" snorted Jane, as she thrust the broom savagely up it,to the offending draughts; "I can only assure you that no dinner can be cooked to-day in this gingerbread affair."

Seeing no hope from the faces of any of the scared servants, Grace returned to her husband, and in her pretty, coaxing manner, broke the unhappy tidings to him, and in less than ten minutes a telegram was dispatched to the Grosvenor hotel, and a *recherche* little dinner ordered.

"So that little difficulty is over, my darling," he said, as they drove to Pimlico; "but don't you think it might have been better if you had listened to my advice and spent our honeymoon at one of those big, cold hotels?" this with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"As you are mighty, be merciful," she said, laughing merrily. "I had no idea that the stove wouldn't cook, or——"

"That the drawing-room was damp," he added: "or——"

"Fie! is that being merciful, sir?" she pouted.

But further domestic argument was broken by a waiter opening the brougham door, and Frank assisting her out into the comfortable hotel.

"Thank Heaven we are in a civilized place at last!" murmured the new Benedict fervently, as they seated themselves at an elegantly arranged dinner-table, laden with flowers, bright silver, and sparkling glass; "this is comfort, at any rate."

They both enjoyed their dinner, and said and did any amount of silly things, doubtless as thousands of brides and bridegrooms have done before; and, if truth must be confessed, Grace was sadly loth to return to her villa at Clapham; but she was a true daughter of Eve, and determined to keep her own counsel from her lord and master.

"Here's a pretty go, Miss Grace—I beg your pardon, I mean Mrs. Wharton," said Jane, as the pretty bride entered the breakfast room next morning, looking as fresh and sweet as a blushing rose in her azure-blue morning-robe, with its clouds of lace around her fair neck and arms.

"Why, Jane, what is the matter now?" she said, anxiously; "surely you can manage to get us some breakfast of some kind?"

"That's right enough so far," groaned Jane; "but there's no water for the master's bath—it's leaked out somehow through some dratted pipe and soaked your wedding dress, and the cake that your poor dear grandma sent home last night while you were out at dinner. I went and unpacked it at once, thinking the dress would be better laid loosely like than crumpled up; and there's the splendid cake and satin dress all of a pulp; the flowers, too, all soppy and spoiled."

This was the proverbial last straw, and proved too much for poor Grace, who threw herself on the couch, and, covering her sweet face, burst into a fit of tears, exclaiming:

"Never will I try to get my own way again! What will dear Frank say? Oh, oh, he will never forgive me—I know he will

In another moment she felt a strong pair of arms lift her from the couch, and a tender voice whispering in her ear:

"You are right, my darling wifey; I will not forgive you unless you dry those eyes and have your breakfast, and order your things to be packed up immediately for the Continent, whither I mean to take you."

"But what is to be done, Frank, about the cake? And oh, my pretty dress is spoiled, that I was to have worn at Lady Steelman's reception."

"Another cake can be ordered; also a dress, quite as pretty as your wedding one; but a smiling, happy wife can not be purchased," he replied, kissing away the pearly but penitent tears.

"Are you happy, darling?" her husband whispered, as the train neared Paris.

"Yes, Frank," she replied, earnestly; "truly and peacefully so, because I have learned a lesson—to listen and respect my husband's wishes."

"And I am the happiest man in the universe for having commenced our honeymoon under difficulties, and have won the sweetest of wives."

A Warrior's Hidden Wealth.

The Chicago *News* tells of a long buried treasure which is supposed to lie under one edge of the city, but which anxious fortune seekers have never yet been able to resurrect. The story is this:

When Mark Baubien sold the lake front for $200,000 and the Indian chief, White Feather, received $20,000 of this money for relinquishing his claim on the land, another chief belonging to a different tribe, earnestly laid claim to an equal share of the proceeds of the sale. It was decided, however, that he was not entitled to any of the money, whereupon he waxed exceeding wroth and vowed that he would have White Feather's money or his life. On hearing this, White Feather gathered about him a few of his braves as a body-guard and fled, with his $20,000 in a buckskin bag. The other chief, with a band of infuriated followers, gave chase. They overtook White Feather and his warriors several miles west of the settlement and butchered every one of them in cold blood. But when they came to secure the coveted wealth they could not find it. It was not about the dead chief or any of his followers, and, as not one of the hapless band had been spared to tell the secret of its whereabouts, it may be imagined that the avaricious fiends felt like kicking themselves all over the prairie for making such a clean sweep with their tomahawks. It is believed—and there seems to be no other plausible theory—that White Feather sunk the bag of gold in a swamp or slough somewhere in the vicinity of the present boundary line of the city on the southwest side. Many a white man has spent time and labor in searching for this lost treasure, but no trace of it has ever been found.

The Government spends about $50,000 a year for the repair of mail pouches; there are about one hundred thousand mail-bags in use; and about ten thousand new ones are bought yearly.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

What Baby Has.

Ten little fingers and ten little toes;
Two eyes and two ears and one little nose;
Two little lips as red as a cherry;
A laugh irresistible, hearty and merry;
Pretty bright roses on each little cheek;
A glib little tongue trying so hard to speak;
A warm little heart, and a sweet loving way;
A kiss and a hug, any time in the day.
For papa, or mamma, or sister, or me—
Oh, such a bright darling I never did see.

—*Young People*

The Broken Framew

Charles had taken great pains in carving a beautiful framework to be placed over my chamber window. After he had nailed it in its place he called me to admire its chaste design.

"It is a beauty!" I exclaimed. "Are you sure it is securely fastened?"

"Oh, yes," he replied.

"But the nails on this side are so small," I objected.

"I had no large ones, and the small ones answer every purpose," he said.

"The vines are quite heavy and need a strong support," I ventured; but he only laughed at my fears.

The vine, a rare English ivy grew vigorously, and was soon climbing over the window, cheeringly peeping in among the stray sunbeams. But one night there was a storm, and when the sun arose its rays fell on a prostrate vine. The frame had twisted off just where Charles refused to strengthen it. For the want of an extra nail the frame and the vine were both destroyed, and the grateful shade I so much enjoyed was exchanged for the scorching noonday sun.

Is it not often the neglect to strengthen the weak points in youth that causes failure in more mature life? If we carefully examine into the first signs of a ruined life, we will find that a firm prop or a nail at the right time and the right place would have prevented a life from being wrecked.

The Thinking of Animals.

God gives to every animal just such machinery as its mind can use. If it knows a good deal, he gives it a good deal of machinery; and if little, he gives it but little. Some animals do a good deal of thinking about what they see, hear, and feel; very much as you do, only that you know more. Your dog or cat knows a great deal more than an oyster; therefore, your pets are given paws and claws and teeth for their minds to use.

I once knew a cat that was born in the spring time after the snow and ice was all gone. When the first storm came the next winter, snow fell in the night and was more than a foot deep. Of course, "Smutty Nose" had never seen it before. When she came out in the morning, she looked at it with very curious eyes, just as you would look at anything new; very likely she thought how clean and white and pretty it was.

After looking at it a while, she began to poke at it, with first one paw and then the other, several times to see how it felt. Then she gathered some up between her paws, as much as she could hold, and threw it up in the air over her head; then ran swiftly all around the yard, making the snow fly like feathers wherever she went. Now, do you not believe pussey was thinking and feeling just as you boys and girls feel when you see the first snow, to know anything about it? I do. Her mind was very busy in her little brain in these sports, just as your mind is in your sports; and she enjoyed it, in her way, just as much. —*Our Little Ones.*

"I should think you would need a military guard to keep the young men away," said a citizen to the father of six marriageable daughters. "Oh, I'm a pretty good foot soldier myself," was the cheerful reply.

A great deal of fun is poked at the bald-headed men, but they have one great advantage. They don't have to stand out in the sun for an hour to dry their hair after coming out of the bath.

Kind words are like bald heads; they never dye.

"When the leaves begin to turn."—When you commence to read a book.

"You are very late sending your evening mail out," said the editor to his daughter when he came home at 2 in the morning and met a timid, shrinking young man between the front door and the gate. "Not at all," answered the thoughtful girl; "Charles Henry is now a morning edition."

A western woman was driving the hens from the garden the other day when a cyclone carried off her shoe!

Saloon-keepers are fond of bargains; in fact they live by their bar-gains.

AN EASTERN POTENTATE.

The King of Cambodia and His People.

What was Seen during a Visit to the Royal Residence.

M. Delaporte, a lieutenant on board a French war vessel, gives an account of a recent visit to King Norodom of Cambodia. "The royal residence," he says, "is a town in itself. Several thousand people are lodged in the enclosure, all of whom are attached to the service of the King. At the end of the first courtyard, surrounded by different kinds of buildings, stands the European palace, which is quite similar to the dwellings of the rich merchants of Saigon. Behind that, in another enclosure, is the native habitation, gardens and huts. This is the division set apart for the harem, and is closed to the profane. The mandarins are the most energetic purveyors of the harem. They hope to obtain favor by giving their best-looking daughters to the King. The women are allowed to go out, and, by one of those strange caprices common enough among the monarchs of the East, who are by turns cruel and paternal, they are allowed to marry, the King giving up all his claims at the request of the lovers. But, on the other hand, any attempt to enter the sacred harem surreptitiously is punished with the utmost severity. The first time I visited Cambodia, a young bonze, in high favor at the court, was discovered flirting with one of the prettiest wives of Norodom. The latter, according to the usual custom, ordered the two lovers to be buried alive. The accused, however, escaped the punishment through the intervention of the old queen mother, who is a zealous Buddhist devotee. Since that time it appears that the fair sex have not become wiser, but their punishment has been changed. On returning from our expedition, the King, who had come to visit the chief of the French protectorate, asked for some details as to the European method of executing, or rather shooting, criminals. M. Moura, without attaching much importance to the question, gratified his Majesty's curiosity. But what was our astonishment when two hours afterward we learned that four young women of the harem had been shot in the European military style, and their heads taken off and hung up for the encouragement of the other ladies of the household.

"The King received us cordially, and promised to facilitate to the utmost of his ability our archæological researches. Afterward he asked for one of our doctors. He was lamed by a recent fall, and it is an article of faith in Cambodia that an infirm or lame king is unit to govern. He told us in confidence that he was obliged, in conformity with the superstitious customs of his subjects, to consult innumerable quacks, astrologers, and diviners. None of them was able to cure him, and all agreed in imputing to evil spirits the persistence of his trouble. Our doctor immediately placed himself at the disposition of his Majesty. Ceremony required that the august invalid could only be examined through the intermediary of one of his wives, but the doctor convinced him of the insufficiency of this method, and a close examination of the hurt was made and the remedies applied.

"On going out of the palace we found at the door a group of bonzes on their knees, praying for the recovery of the King. Others were going through the streets chanting and singing psalms. Public prayers had been ordered throughout the kingdom. Around the pagodas and in front of every house tall bamboo canes were placed and dressed with ribbons of various colors. Beside the statues of Buddha, at the cross roads and in the interior of the Chinese dwellings, odoriferous torches were kept burning. Trade was suspended. The people appeared outdoors in their holiday costumes. In the evening and late at night the streets were filled with people carrying torches or lanterns. The sounds of the gong and of the tam-tam were mixed with the constant detonations of fire crackers, and the sky was continually streaked with rockets, whose explosions and brilliancy were intended to drive away the bad spirits that were bent on tormenting the sovereign.

"The next day we met a sort of cortege, composed of about twenty natives, who were marching in file, and before whom the crowd of people opened a passage with great respect. This was the escort of the little son of Norodom, who was out for an airing. The child was seated upon the shoulder of a little dignitary of the court. A servant walked behind and shaded him with a [illegible] This royal baby was dressed [illegible] in a brilliant color. He wore a necklace and bracelets and on his ankles were rings of gold. His hair was shaved, with the exception of a little topknot carefully rolled up on the summit of his skull, and this was surmounted by one of those white jasmine flowers whose sweet perfume the women here prize highly, and they gladly make offerings of it on the altars of Buddha."

The Bartholdi Statue.

"Like the Brooklyn Bridge novelty," a young Philadelphia lady writes from Paris, "you will soon be going to explore the wonders of the Bartholdi statue. I was up in it the other day, giving my little contribution towards paying the dear girl's (Libby we call her here) passage over to New York. This unique thing which confronts one in the Rue de Vigny, towering above the six-story houses, is really fine. The pose is simple and majestic, and there are parts of the drapery that have the delicacy of work on a statuette. You can hardly realize that the folds of the huge robe are stubborn bronze. The surface is so wrought by the hammer that it gives the effect of mottled silk. Worth might be proud of the sleeve of her mantle. The gesture of the outstretched right hand is full of spirit, while the left, holding the tablet, forms, with the head, a beautiful balance in the composition. It seems sacrilegious to have an 'interior' to such a superb creature. The entry is by the sole of the uplifted foot—they say a Chicago girl was the model—and a tall man can go in easily. Inside we seem to be looking up to the lantern of a Gothic cathedral, with numerous eyelets of light from the rivet holes piercing the gloom. We reached the head by a temporary wooden staircase. At New York there will be an elevator working in the great framework of iron which is to form the main support for the structure. The old cicerone tells us the tale of dimensions as we ascend. Reckoning from the coronet to what may be called the footstool the figure measures 101 feet 11¾ inches—I want to be accurate—but it is higher to the hand. The pedesta of granite is to be 82 feet. From the surface of Bedloe Island to the top of the torch will be 219 feet 11½ inches. Now, the monument at London, the loftiest isolated column in the world, is but 202 feet high; the Vendome column, 144 feet, and the Arc de Triomphe, 160 feet, while as for the Colossus of Rhodes, he stands but 140 feet in his stockings. Miss Liberty will beat him 79 feet and over. The stairs in the arm have not been completed, so we had to stop at the head, the last story but one, and there through the apertures in the coronet all the glory of Paris burst upon the view."

The Staked Plains.

The Staked Plains of New Mexico and Northwestern Texas have been but little understood by civilized man until within the past few years. They have been regarded as barren waste, worthless to all intents and purposes for any use whatever. But, as the van of civilization crowds its way or takes its course in the direction of the crimson-tinted sky of the Occident, more is learned of this heretofore unoccupied domain, which has an area larger than the whole State of New York. These plains begin in New Mexico and extend far into the interior of Texas, and are lined on the south by the Pecos and on the north by Red River, and are of the shape of the letter V. They are covered the entire year with a thick coat of buffalo grass, very short but exceedingly nutritious, affording excellent pasturage for every class of stock. Heretofore water was supposed to be out of the question upon these plains, but exploration has revealed considerable quantities in lagunas or surface lakes, while well-boring in many places has been attended with satisfactory results—notwithstanding the fact that General John Pope twenty-eight years ago expended two million of the people's money experimenting on these same plains for artesian water.

The Quakers of Ohio seem to fancy the Staked Plains (so called from the fact that about two hundred years ago Jesuit Fathers in passing from east to west, after losing a small party of explorers who perished with thirst crossed from the Yellow House Canyon to the Pecos, one hundred and fifty miles, and drove stakes at convenient distances lest they too should become bewildered, lose their way and perish), and have started a colony thereon in Crosby County, where for three years they have quite successfully cultivated corn, potatoes, millet, etc.

"There seems to be a very strong sentiment against light literature now-a-days," remarked the president of the gas company to his bookkeeper, when his attention was called to 400 or 500 complaints about big gas bills.

The Sower.

In the dim dawning sow thy seed,
And in the evening stay not thy hand.
What it will bring forth—wheat or weed—
Who can know, or who understand?
Few will heed,
Yet, sow thy seed.

See, the red sunrise before thee glows,
Though close behind thee night lingers still;
Flapping their fetid wings, come the black foes
Following, following over the hill.
No response;
Now then thy seed.

We, too, went sowing in glad surprise;
Now, it is twilight; and shadows fall.
Where is the harvest? Why lift we our eyes?
What could we see here? But God seeth all.
Fast life flies;
Sow the good seed.

Though we may cast it with trembling hand,
Spirit half broken, heart-sick and faint;
His winds will scatter it over the land;
His rain will nourish and cleanse it from taint.
Sinner or saint,
Sow the good seed.

—*Brush Mulch Creek.*

The inner man—A convict in jail.

The richest planters in Brazil live on coffee grounds.

As seen by others David Davis appears to be a man of broad views.

Don't shake a hornets' nest to see if any of the family are at home.

Familiarity doesn't always breed contempt. For instance, there is the girl and there is the ice cream.

A five-pound lemon has been raised in California. Such a lemon should last a circus lemonade man a lifetime.

Old birds are not easily caught with chaff, but young birds are fond o' picking up the colonels.

When a girl refers her lover to her pa he finds that it is harder to question the pop than it is to pop the question.

Naomi was 500 years old before she married. The icecream business must have got a good start during Naomi's maidenhood.

A St. Louis paper describes a remarkable Indian idol recently found in the West. An Indian who wasn't idle would be more remarkable.

A young man wants to know what will bring out a moustache. Tie a cord around it tightly, hitch the cord to a fence post and then run backwards.

Old-Time Oath of Pharmacists.

Druggists may be interested in the following oath of the French pharmacists in 1536:

First—I swear and promise before God to live and die in the Christian religion.

Item—To honor, to esteem, and to serve, as much as I can, not only the doctors of medicine who instructed me in the knowledge of the rules of pharmacy, but also my preceptors and masters with whom I learned my trade.

Item—Neither to put an affront upon one of my old doctors and magisters, or upon others, however they may be.

Item—To add as much as I can to the glory, honor and majesty of medicine.

Item—Not to give any emetic to an acute diseased person without before asking advice of a doctor of medicine.

Item—Not to give poison to any one, and never to advise anybody to do so, even not to my worst enemies.

Item—To execute minutely the orders of physicians, without adding or omitting anything, as far as they are according to the rules of art.

Item—To contradict and to avoid like the pest the scandalous and the most destructive manner of practicing of charlatans, empirics and alchymists, the high disgrace of the magistrates who allow them.

At last—Not to keep poor and old drugs in my shop. The benediction of the Lord be with me as long as I follow these vows. So be it!

Cahokia.

One of the quaintest and most singular hamlets of Illinois or of the West was the venerable town of Cahokia, that nestled across the river from St. Louis, even its existence being known to very few of the inhabitants of the city. It was an early French and Indian trading-post, and was old before St. Louis was thought of. Its people and its houses were a curious study to the occasional straggler of recent years who felt among its venerable ways, and it was the only place in the United States, perhaps, where an entire community lived without labor, the population being supported by land pensions. In its early day it was an important frontier post, whence expeditions were started and where revels were held, its advantage being disturbed when Laclede started the rival post across the river, now St. Louis. It was in Cahokia that Pontiac, the famous Indian chief, was murdered in a drunken brawl by his English enemies. There is now of the place only a heap of grass-grown ruins, with scarcely a vestige of life.