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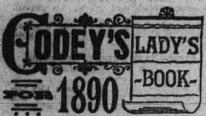
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Land Sale!

BESIDE THE STILE.

We both walked slowly over the yellow gram, Beneath the sunset sky; And then he climbed the stile—I did not pass-and there we said good-by.

He paused one moment; I leaned on the sille and faced the hazy laze; But neither of us spoke until we both. Just mid good-by again. And I went homeward to our quaint old farm, And he went on his way; And he has never crossed that field again From that time to this day.

I wonder if he ever gives a thought
To what he left behind—
As I start sometimes, dreamfig that I hear
A footstep in the wind.

If he had said but one regretful word, Or I had shed a tear, He would not go alone about the world, Nor I sit lonely here. Alast our hearts were full of augry pride, And love was choked in strife; And so the stile beyond the yellow grass Stands straight across our life.

OLD COOL IN THE ARMY.

He wasn't old at all; not a day over 20 when he joined the regiment; a great, tall, hulking fellow, with a big honest face like a boy's, weighed 175 pounds if he weighed an ounce, and answered to the name of Joseph Cooley. We all called him Joe, to begin with, and this yarn is to tell how he

with, and this yarn is to tell how he got his other name.

We shipped aboard a river steamer at New York for Ship Island, 1,500 of us; maybe you boys don't know what that means—aboard of a river steamer! It means, that every berth had two men in it, layin' heads and p'ints, and alcal to get one at that, the unbacky glad to get one at that; the unlucky ones lying side by side on the floor, like herring in a box, thick as they

could be.

When we'd got about abreast of Hatterasthere came up about 5 o'clock one of the high old regulation kind of storms, a buster. I can't begin to tell how the wind blowed; it come solid, as if you was struck with something steady that pressed you down; we couldn't stan' up against it. They talk about waves rollin' up mountain high, that's poetry; but I'd be willin' to make my affidavit in court that they did run all of sixty feet each side of us.

The steamer couldn't make a might The steamer couldn't make a might of headway, nor wouldn't answer to her hellum, and there we lay, side on, in the trough of the sea, like a fly in a hammock, swingin' to and fro, sideways. Every now and then a big sea'd come slap down, like close to thunder, on to the deck and sweep everything off her. There was a hundred barrels of beef went to feed the fishes that night.

of beef went to feed the fishes that night.

I lay in my berth a-lookin' out of the winder—five of us had that state-room, four in the berths, one on the floor. Joe Cooley had the floor; right outside there was a lifeboat lying geared on to the deck, and all around it was a thick row of meu holdin' on to her gunnel with both hands, so as to get the first chance.

"Well!" says I kind of discusted

to get the first chance.

"Well!" says I, kind of disgusted.

"What's up?" said Joe, lookin' up at me. So I told him.

"H'm," says he. "I guess I'd jest as lives be drowned in bed as out doors." So if he didn't draw up his blanket and go to snorin' ag'in!

You see, just a minute before the cap'en of the boat had come through the deck cabin where we was, and one of the fellers sung out to him. "Call

of the fellers sung out to him, "Call this consider ble of a storm, don't ye,

cap'en?"

He ripped out some big words, I tell ye, the sense of 'em being that we was going to the bottom inside of an hour, and Joe heered him.

Sure enough there was no chance for the men hangin' on to that boat, their faces white as death, and their fingers gripped into that gunnel till they bled; for if the ship had gone to the bottom, that boat would have cracked like an eggahell the first wave that gin it a blow. It was a scary time for all of us.

that gin it a blow. It was a scary time for all of us.

Some of the fellers took it one way and some took it another; people ain't just alike. Some prayed and some grit their teeth and kept still. Joe was the only one that went to sleep and slep' through.

However, we didn't go down, for about 2 o'clock in the morning there came the biggest kind of a thunder storm against the big blow, and the wind and rain out of that killed those great waves flat. In twenty minutes after it set in the sea was ordinarily peaceable, the boat got so't the hellum steered her, and we went right along, and came morning Joe got up from his bed on the floor, shook himself, rubbed his eyes, looked around and grinned at us.

grinned atus.
"Well, fellers!" says he, "we ain't drowned, be we!" drowned, be we?"

"Not as we're sensible of," says Chapin, a dry sort of a chap in the bunk below me.

"You took it rather cool," says I to

Joe.

"Name's Cooley," says he, laughin'. And after that we called him "Cool" or "Old Cool," just as it happened.

Lots of 'em were dreadful sick, to begin with, some for one day, some for two, some for all the way. You can guess if 'twas pleasant.

We were all in for it, gom' to fight. We'd hollered and waved flags, and had speeches made to us, and felt considerable good about it; that was the top dressin'. Now we began to strike hard pan, and I tell you we didn't think about our country every minute, not much.

not much.

Well, Joe he wasn't sick a minute; he'd go steppin' round amongst the fellers as softly as a girl, grinnin' at one, givin' water to another, fixin' this one's head up on to a knapsack, and proppin' that one up ag inst a mast, as if he'd been a hospital nurse all his days.

When some of the men would groan he'd say, "The rother unpleasant, ain't it! Scold away; it'll do ye good to spit it all out," and they'd have to grin.

we hadn't but just said A. There was the hull alphabet to come.

There we was, a parcel of volunteers, doing nuthing but drill, in a new, lazy, sloppy kind of a climate, with nothing but meat victuals and hard bread—I tell ye we pined after onions and such truck worse'n them old Isr'elites in the hymn book did!

I well remember how one day Charley Bliss was roarin' out that old hymn:

The way is all new, as it occas to yiew.

The way is all new, as it opens to view,
An' behind is the foamin' Red ses,
Bo note now need to speak of the onions and leeks,
And don't talk about garlie to ma.

Chapin stepped up, as solemn as a
clam, and threatened to punch his
head.

"Stop that blarsted tune!" says he.
"I'm nigh about ready to desert for a
head of cabbage, and I can't bear to
hear onions made light of."

There was one colonel had a regiment in camp along of us who was the
greatest hand to nag the men you ever
see. He was as pernickity as an old
maid and as notional as an old bachelor. He kep' the men up to drill as
though 'twas salvation, and inspected
them within an inch of their lives,
and called that discipline; and p'rhaps
it was.

it was.

But he done worse; he kep' settin' traps for to ketch the men nappin'. He'd travel outside the videties and pickets so's to see if they was awake and alert, and if they wasn't, then they had to take it.

Well, as I was sayin', we were new to the business, and to be spied on and roared at and ketched nappin' made us all pretty snappish, and Cool himself, who was ordinarily as clever as could be, was stirred up.

'I'll fix him!" says he, one night, when we was talkin' it over by the fire. "Wait till my turn comes."

Sure enough, the next night he was on vidette duty, and he heerd a noise in the bushes. Up went his musket.

"Who goes there?" he roared.

"Officer of the day," says the colorte!

"I know no officer of the day out-side the lines; throw up your hands, dismount and surrender!" yelled Cool. "I tell you I'm officer of the day," says the colone, madder'n a yeller

"I know no officer of the day out-side the lines; dismount or I fire," re-peated Cool. Well, the colonel r'ared and sputtered, but Cool never lowered his gun, and finally the colonel had to dismount and come along toward Cool.
"I tell you, you blockhead, I'm Col.
Blank, officer of the day."

Cool cocked his gun and leveled it at the feller's head, sayin' again: "I know no officer of the day out-

side the lines; give up your side arms or I shall shoot you through the Well, the colonel reely b'lieved Cool didn't reco'nize him, so he handed over his side arms, and Cool marched

him in clear through the camp to headquarters, an' handed him over to the general.

I tell you Mister Blank got a charge o' cold shot in the line o' tongue lashin' that time, for the general was full

o' steel; but Cool got promoted fo

bravery. When we got to Port Hudson, one night before the battle we was lyin' round on the ground, and Cool he was stretched out on his back, sort of tilted up against a little stump, fast asleep. I lay about twerzy feet off, and we had a fire goin', so't I could see him layin' there like a big log, mouth wide open and big feet turned toes up jest though the' wa'n't nothin'

Pretty soon I heard "zip zip!" and a minnie bullet just took off the the of one of those great army shoes, and then buried itself in the stump close to his car; just shaved it! He riz up a little.

a little.

"What's goin' on?" says he.

"Why," said I, "there's some bullets a flyin' round here, and one nigh about shot off your ear. You'll find it in that stump."

He looked around, as quiet as Sundary.

"Well, I'll get a lestle out o' their way," says he, and with that rolled over about a foot to the left, shut his eyes and was snorin' inside of three minutes.

minutes.

After the battle was over we had to stay on the field pretty much all night. When we begun to fall back next morning there wasn't any way to get to camp but through a ravine that the enemy's guns raked—and they kept rakin' of us into another world pretty spry as we went through the gully.

We couldn't take along the wounded, so they crept into the bushes the best they could, and there they had to lie all day before we could go after 'em and fetch 'em out. It was hard, but that's war.

But we couldn't let 'em lie there all through that bot day, with no water and nothin' to stanch their wounds, so about noontime we got leave to call

and nothin' to stanch their wounds, so about noontime we got leave to call for a volunteer to go over to 'em.

Now betwixt us and that ravine there was about forty rods of old field, as bare as a brick, right in the enemy's range. It was a pretty smart risk to run to cross that field, with water and cotton, and we all knew it; but the word for a volunteer wasn't out of cap'en's mouth before old Cool impact up.

out of cap'en's mouth before old Cool jumped up.

"I'll go sir!" says he. "I haven't got no incumbrances to home," and he grinned. So he started out with ten canteens full of water slung onto him and a bundle of cotton under his arm.

"Cool." says I, tryin' to act as though I b'lieved he was cert'in sure to get there. "you be real economical about distributin' that water, because it's got to last 'em all day."

"Yo go long!" says he, showing his white teeth, and off he went.

Then the balls begun to sing. We dursn't go up the rise of ground for to watch him, but after half an hour one man did venture to reconnoiter that old field, and reported there wasn't anybody lyin' there, so we knew he'd got to the ravine like place where the men was. After he'd been away a couple of hours he came back, Cool did, as cool as ever.

"Didn't hit ye, did they!" says Chapin.

"Your het they did thought" says

Cool. "They put two ventilatin' holes through the legs o' my boots goin' over, and tore a hole in my trousers and one in my jacket sleeve a-comin' back; but mebbe you don't call that hittin' me, an' I dono as 'twas," says he, laughin'. For true, not one o' them bullets had so much as drawed a drop of blood!

Twasn't very long after that we was sent into the rifle pits, some of us, with rations for twenty-four hours. How'd you like that boys, spendin' a day and a night into a hole in the ground, with chunks of salt beef—"old hoss" we called it—and tough, dry hardtack to chaw on!

"Twas ruher unpleasant; no way to sleep exceptin' up, and finally nothin' to eat. I don't blame the men; in fact, I was quite a little riled myself. But Cool was as cool as a cucumber.

fact, I was quite a little riled myself. But Cool was as cool as a cucumber. He joked and laughed, and sang and held up on his broad shoulders more'n one sleepy, tired out head.

When some of 'em would make disparaging remarks he'd holler out: "Come boys, stop growlin'! We're in for the whole war; hooray!" and so he'd-kind of heart us up.

He was always doin' that; he was as clever as a bobolink. Nobody was sick or wounded but he was the first to help. I've seen him give up his blanket many a time to some poor fellow shakin' with a chill, and let another burned up with wound fever drain burned up with wound fever drain the last drop out of his canteen, when nobody knew if we should get any more water for a hull day. And he always made as though he hadn't done

well, "when this cruel war was over," as the song says, and the regiment was mustered out, it come about that Cool and I took the same train to go home, though I lived way up in Vermont and he was a Connecticut boy; and we sat together, I next to the

He'd been as composed as a chap-lain at a funeral all those years, but he seemed now as though he was on he seemed now as though he was on tenter hooks all the way. He wrastled about, and got up and sot down more'n forty times, and never said two words all the way; but when we slacked up and a brakeman hollered out, "Silverbridge!" he gave me a grip, froze onto his knapsack and give a rush.

I looked out of the window, for, thinks I, "There's a girl waitin' for him, and he hasn't never let on about her."

Sure enough; there he was, his face all broke up, as you may say, red as a beet, holdin' out his arms to—a gray old woman, tears runnin' down her face like a freshet. "Twas his mother! That was the last I see of Old Cool.—Rose Terry Cooke in New York Mail and Eveness." and Express.

Anybody or Nobody.

Some people have a very ungracious manner, even when they do not mean to be discourteous. They fail to realize that it is a duty to appear kind as well as to feel kind.

A certain young man whose only fault is a lack of courtesy in little things was greeted one day by a young lady of his acquaintance, as he was walking with a friend.

"I have just had a letter from Miss Carrie Dean, and she asked to be re-membered to both of you." "Miss Dean is very kind. Thank you for the message," said the second

The young Indy flushed with wounded feeling, but retorted with quick wit: "You wouldn't remember Carrie! Well, she remembers you. She remembers almost anybody."—Youths' Companion.

Thirty Years in a Mac's Bedy.

Dr. Nisson relates in The Magdeburger Zeitung the following case which has come under his observation: "I have just extracted," he says, "from the arm of a patient of mine, an iron founder, a darning needle seven centimeters long, which was imbedded in a muscle (the triceps brachii). The needle was completely black from oxidation, and had for years caused great pain to the patient, who was supposed to suffer from rheumatism in various parts of the body, and had been treated for that disease by numerous doctors without success. As the man has no recollection of a needle running into him, it is probable that it must have done so in his early childhood, and that it had been traveling about his body for some thirty years before it was discovered. It is worthy of note that when he was 2 years old he was treated for some months for disease of the spine, the appearance of which disease may have been caused by the presence of the needle in the neighborhood of the spine, and the irritation consequently set up." Thirty Years in a Man's Body.

A Poissons Practice.

If housekeepers everywhere would start and maintain a crusade against the sale of undrawn poultry in the markets or by farmers it would work a most wholesome hygienic reform. It is a vicious practice, an abuse, in fact, that people have endured as they have many other abuses, became there is no remedy except in concerted action or legislation. It is impossible to keep undrawn poultry even a few hours, without the beginning of putrefaction from the effects of the gases from the undigested food in the "crop" and intestines. The longer it is kept, the more of the poison goes into the flesh, and in the majority of cases the poultry that reaches the kitchen from the market is actually unfit for food. Housekeepers could well afford to pay a larger price to have the poultry dressed immediately upon being killed—they pay for much weight that is thrown away, as it is, besides having left a mass of poisoned flesh. It is urged that some, people prefer the flavor of undressed poultry, but that fact only makes the matter the more alarming, since it indicates that we are cultivating a taste for putrid meat. Can we not have a reform!—Good Housekeeping.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

The Hulk Buried in the Sands of Colorsdo Desert Out of Man's Beach Who has not heard of the phantom Who has not heard of the phantom ship of California, whose hulk is buried in the sands of the desert, and whose spectral masts have lured many treasure scelers to destruction? At the time of its discovery, several years ago, the press raved about it, historians speculated upon it, songsters sang it, novelists wove it with romances, and Jeaquin Miller, the long haired rhymester of the Sierras—drophaired rhymester of the Sie haired rhymester of the Sierras—drop-ping into poetry with the facility of Silas Wegg—celebrated it in these

words:

And said, a ship lies yonder, dead:
And said, doubloons lie sown in sand;
In yon far desert, doad and brown,
Beyond where wave washed walls look down,
As thick as stars o'erhead;
A great ship, lifting from the sand
And pointing heavesward a band.
This mysterious vessel lies not far north of the line between Upper and Lower California, in what is known as the Colorado desert, and has just been rediscovered by a party of prospectors. If was first seen by Joseph Talbot, who gives it as his opinion that the desert in which it was stranded was once a part of the California ed was once a part of the California gulf, but that at some remote period gulf, but that at some remote period an earthquake threw up the chain of hills across its mouth, entirely altering the character of the country. The waters gradually subsided, but their mark may still be plainly seen some sixty or seventy feet up the mountain sides, all around the border. The ship may have been a piratical craft which lost her way; she may have been the very vessel named by Admiral Vizcaino, and mentioned by Father Junipero Serra. She may have been a ship of exploration, commanded by some Castilian grandee, which disappeared in the Seventeenth century with 1,000,000 doubloons on board. None can now tell any thing about her beyond now tell any thing about her beyond the bare fact that there she is in the midst of the desert "lifting heaven-ward a hand."

Though many have tried, no man has yet been able to reach the spot. For miles around it on every side, the alkali crust that covers the deep, hot, alkali crust that covers the deep, hot, stinging sand is not strong enough to support man or beast. There is no water for a great distance; and if a man could wade through on foot, where it is impossible to compel a mule to carry him, he could not be burdened with sufficient food and water to last him through the expedition, without which he must surely perish. Last year two determined perish. Last year two determined miners were sent out, equipped with shovels, tools and "grub stake" to dig up the craft and its treasure.

Time passed; they did not return, and finally others were sent to look for them, after the fashion of parties who go in search of the north pole and others who go in search of them. The latter, coming in sight of the tall white masts, found a pile of fossils and marine shells—a monument erected by those for whom they were looking; and later they came upon two human skeletons, presumably those of the miners, the flesh picked clean from the bones by greedy vultures.—Philathe bones by greedy vultures.—Phile delphia Record.

A porous waterproof cloth is the best for outer garments during wet weather for those whose duties and labor causes them to perspire freely. young man.

"I shouldn't remember her, if I should see her, but never mind," said the ungracious one. He had lifted his hat when he bowed, and seemed to have no idea that his reply was rude and cutting.

The best way for preparing such cloth is by the process adopted for the tunics of the French soldiers during the Crimea war. It is as follows:

Take 2½ pounds of alum and dissolve in ten gallons of boiling water; then, in a separate vessel, dissolve the same Take 2½ pounds of alum and dissolve in ten gallons of boiling water; then, in a separate vessel, dissolve the same quantity of sugar of lead in ten gallons of water, and mix the two solutions. The cloth is now well handled, in this liquid, until every part of it is penetrated; then it is squeezed or dried in the air or in a warm apartment; then washed in cold water and dried again, when it is fit for use. If necessary the cloth may be dipped in the liquid and dried twice before being washed. The liquor appears curdled when the alum and lead solutions are mixed together. This is, the result of double decomposition, the sulphate of lead, which is an insoluble salt, being formed. The sulphate of lead is taken up in the pores of the cloth, and it is unaffected by rains or moisture, and yet it does not render the cloth air tight. Such cloth is also partly uninflammable. A solution of alum itself will render cloth, prepared as described, partly waterproof, but it is not so good as the sulphate of lead. Such cloth—cotton or woolen—sheds rain like the feathers on the back of the duck. As to cost, alum is 1½d, per pound, and sugar of lead 8d, per pound, and doubtless each on the back of the chek. As to cost, alum is 1½d, per pound, and sugar of lead 8d, per pound, and doubtless each could be had for less in quantities. Experience will tell the amount of liquor necessary for, say, a score of capes; but anyway, the process will be found to be sufficiently inexpensive and effectual.—London Field.

> Dynamite is so instantaneous in its action that a green leaf can be compressed into the hardest steel before it has time to flatten. One of the experiments at the United States Torpedo works was to place some leaves between two heavy, flat pieces of iron, set them on a firm foundation, and see what guncotton would do in forcing the iron plates together. A charge was placed upon them by compressing the guncotton into a cylindrical form about one inch thick and three or four inches in diameter, through the center of which a hole is made for a cap of fulminate of mercury, by which the guncotton is exploded. The reaction was so great, from merely being exploded in the open air, that one of the iron pieces was driven down upon the other so quickly and with such force that it enight an impression of the leaves before they could escape.—Portland Transcript. Dynamite is so instantaneous in its

Clara (to bride)—How many times fid Harry kiss you when you accepted

-THE

IN THE COUNTY.

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