

Two Friends.
Friend, let me speak to thee:
Woe is thy art thou!
Men through their poverty,
Through want and misery,
Have sinned and sorrowed
Often ere now.
Friend, let me speak to thee:
Poverty art thou!
From opportunity,
From wealth and luxury,
Men oft have borrowed
Ere now ere now.
Friends, will ye tell to me,
Both of you now,
Despite your disparity,
From each other's charity
How oft have ye borrowed
Comfort ere now.

THE MUSICAL ROBBERS.
Years ago, when I was but five or six years old, we lived on a farm. Our house was on a well-travelled turnpike, and traps very often stopped at the door to beg for food or money. I vividly remember the childish terror with which I used to fly into the house at the approach of these visitors, and hiding myself in the folds of my mother's dress, peer out at them with wide-open eyes. Our travelers were of every kind and character, from the really needy beggar to the clever vagabond cheat, or the lazy drunkard. Most of them called in the daytime, though occasionally one or more would come late, and beg a night's lodging.

My father was a minister, whose duties now and then took him from home; but being a man of very domestic habits, it was only when some special call summoned him away farther than usual that he ever left us to be gone over night. It became necessary, however, one autumn afternoon for him to take my brother and sister, both much older than myself, back to their school (about twelve miles distant), from which they had come home some time before to spend a vacation.

"You will not get back to-night, I suppose?" said mother, interrogatively, as she finished the packing and wiped her heated face.
"I think not," returned father, looking in the trunk, and lifting it into the wagon with brother Johnnie's help. "It is three o'clock now, and I shall feel too tired to undertake a night journey unless it is necessary. You'll not be afraid, will you?"

"O, no," said mother, always forgetful of herself; "Susie and I will get along nicely." And, kissing my brother and sister, and warning the latter to be very careful of her health, she watched their drive away.
Tears stood in her soft, brown eyes, but with the dimmed dishes lying still unwashed, and the floor unswep, she was not a woman to sit down and idly give way to her feelings. Soon her hands were busy with her work, and I was as usual at liberty to make myself quite as busy with my play.

It was a lovely afternoon. The sun was shining gloriously from a cloudless sky, and after a good look up and down the road to make sure there were no traps in sight, I took a little tin pail of water in my hand, and stole cautiously outside the gate into the dusty highway, to amuse myself by manufacturing mud pies.

In this occupation I presently became absorbed. So intent, indeed, was I on my pie-making that I did not hear footsteps nor the sound of strange voices until I felt myself roughly grasped by the shoulder. Glancing up from beneath my sunbonnet, I saw two burly men, with very ill-looking faces, and armed with walking-sticks. For a moment I acted as if petrified. Then, with a shriek which aroused the echoes far and near, I tore myself away, and tumbling wildly through the fence, dashed into the house.

No time was given to tell my frightened mother what had happened, before the strangers presented themselves at the door. In broken language they begged for something to eat. It was now nearly sundown. The time to milk was approaching, but my mother, hating her uneasiness, set before them food.
After eating, they expressed a wish to stay all night; saying they had traveled far that day, and were exceedingly tired. At that I was more terrified than ever, and cried out, child-like:
"Don't, mamma, please don't! Papa isn't coming home, you know."

I immediately felt that I had said something I ought not to have said, for I saw a look of mingled alarm and reproof on my mother's face. It was too late to mend it, however, and she said nothing, but decidedly refused to lodge the travelers.
I watched them as they went away talking together in low, earnest tones. They disappeared round the turn of the road.
"Will they come back when we've gone to sleep and kill us, ma?" I asked, creeping towards her as she stood in the door.
"Kill us! Why, darling, how in the world could such an idea enter your little head?" said my mother, smiling.
"Why, I don't know," I answered, "only they look so dreadful—and talk so queer."
"So all people who look dreadful and talk queer think of coming to kill us, do they?" said mother, touching my cheek playfully. "No one wants to hurt little girls like you, I am sure. Now get your pail, and we'll go and see if the cows have any milk for us."

I was reassured by her manner, and ran to do her bidding.
That evening was rather lonely, as was natural after the departure of three of our family. If I grew nervous again, and thought of the two traps, it was not strange.
Eight o'clock came, and I went to bed, but I did not fall asleep. Nine o'clock struck, and mother put away her sewing, blew the lamp out, and retired herself. But before she did so, I noticed, with a creeping fear at my heart, that she went to the window and gazed out at the peaceful moonlight, running her eyes uneasily up and down the road. When, however, she had taken her place by my side in bed, my weary eyes soon closed, and I forgot all my troubles.

I woke again about midnight. Mother had slipped quietly out of bed, and was stealing softly to the window. I sprang up and called in a frightened whisper:
"Ma, O ma!"
"Sh!" and a quick gesture, bidding me be still, was all the response my mother made.

I sat quaking with fear, for I heard now what doubtless aroused her—the crunching of gravel under approaching feet outside. Presently mother came back to the bedside.
"Susie," said she, and I could see how white her face was, "you must not stir nor speak. Lie very still, and don't fear. God will take care of you and mamma."

I promised to obey, but clung to her and began to weep. The footsteps came nearer, and I could hear them stealthily ascending the stone steps. Then there were low words and sounds, as if some persons had seated themselves upon the porch which shaded our front door.
"O—O, ma, who is it?" I sobbed.
"Two men," was her answer, placing a hand over my lips to smother the sound of my voice. "Be still, darling!"

For a minute we heard nothing, and my mother, coaxing me to lie down, hastily slipped on a wrapper and a pair of slippers.
Of course she supposed the two men to be the persons who had begged their supper in the early evening at our door, and whom my incautious words had informed of my father's absence. In a small closet in the room where we slept was a little iron box, containing a large black pocket-book with quite a sum of money in it, besides some very valuable notes.

Intending to prepare for the worst, mother now took out this pocket-book and secreted it in her bosom. A minute more we waited, trembling (and it seemed an hour to me), hearing no sound but the beating of our hearts.
Hark! Something broke the terrible suspense! It was not the picking of a lock, or the forcing of a window. A strain of music from two sweet and mellow male voices swelled up in the moonlight night before our door! The song was "Home, Sweet Home."

I need not say how in a moment the thrill of that tender melody calmed our frightened hearts. We knew now that our burglars were no desperadoes. They had come to rob us of nothing but sleep. How thankful we were!
Mother hastened to the window, but this time not unattended, for I had clambered out of the high bed, and was standing by her side, robed in my little white night-dress.
"Why, ma," I cried, as soon as I had taken a good look at our serenaders, "it's Harry and John Richmond," naming two noted friends of the place, who were also great friends of our family.

"So it is," said mother. "I was so frightened I did not recognize them;" and by the time their song was ended, she had placed refreshments upon the table, and, opening the door, bade them come in.
"I felt all my fears depart as soon as you began your music," she said, in concluding her story to them, "for I knew that nobody intent on crime could be singing 'Sweet Home.'"
Of course we slept well the rest of that night, and afterwards you may be sure I told the story of our grand adventure to everybody I met, till in fact it became quite a joke in the neighborhood; and it was long before Harry and John Richmond lost the title of the "Musical Robbers."—*Youth's Companion.*

Business Prospects.
With the final disappearance of snow and ice, facilitating the moving of merchandise, the New York Bulletin looks cheerfully forward to the speedy revival of business. Says the editor:
"The future has in it every element of encouragement. It is too early as yet to speak of the crops—except the winter wheat, and that is reported to be looking superbly everywhere—but there is reason, from present indications, to doubt that these will prove as plentiful as last season. The great manufacturing interests are gradually expanding their lately suspended activities. As regards the New England mills and factories there can be on this point no mistake, if the statements of the local journals can be relied upon. We wish it were possible to speak as cheerfully of the South as of the West and Northwest. That section, it is well known, has still to contend with many serious difficulties; but, in the nature of things, these must wear themselves out, and leaving it free to better influences, the door will open to a revival of its former prosperity."

Mr. Beecher's Denial.
The most dramatic scene of the morning session, says a New York paper describing the Tilton-Beecher case, was Mr. Beecher's solemn assertion on the stand of his innocence of any and all of the charges brought against him by Mr. Tilton. Mr. Everts led him by slow degrees to the culminating point, and the effect of the final declaration of innocence was thereby heightened. He was questioned as to the scene described by the nurse, Mrs. Carey, wherein Mrs. Tilton was represented as sitting on Mr. Beecher's knee and as calling him "Dear father." He gave a brief and emphatic denial to that statement. Again, as to Mr. Richards meeting them under suspicious circumstances, he declared that he could not recollect of ever having seen Mr. Richards while on a visit to Mr. Tilton's house. Mr. Brasher might have seen him on the stoop of Mr. Tilton's house at an early hour of the morning; but if so, the witness had no recollection of the visit. He denied the truth of Mr. Tilton's allegations concerning his acts on October 10 and 17, 1868. Then Mr. Everts, slowly and with marked deliberation, put the following questions:

Q. During your entire acquaintance with Mrs. Tilton, Mr. Beecher, and up to this month of December, 1870, had there ever been any undue personal familiarity between yourself and her?
A. Never!
Q. Had you at any time, directly or indirectly, solicited improper favors from her as a woman?
A. Never!
Q. Had you ever received improper favors from her?—A. It was a thing impossible to her—never!

Between the last three questions there was a long pause, as if Mr. Everts wished the jury to take in the whole force of the emphatic denials which came in response to each. The last was given with increased emphasis, and the long pause between it and the next question was broken by the loudest and most general applause yet heard during the trial. This demonstration was so positive that Judge Neilson gave orders to the police to eject any person detected in a repetition of the offense.

Facts About Flour.
The Journal of Chemistry in article on the effects of fine flour says:
At the present time it is the practice to a large extent among millers to grind the finest, soundest wheat into fine flour, and the poorest into what is called "Graham flour." The term "Graham flour" ought no longer to be used. It is a kind of general name given to mixtures of bran and spoiled flour, to a large extent unfit for human food. What we need is good, sweet, wheat flour, finely ground, and securely put up for family use.

This article we do not find in the market, and the Western miller who will give his earnest attention to furnishing such flour will realize a fortune speedily. The brown loaf made from whole wheat is to our eye as handsome as the white. It can be made with all the excellencies of the white, so far as lightness is concerned, and it is sweeter and more palatable. With this loaf we secure all the important nutritive principles which the Creator, for wise reasons, has stored in wheat.

What he had to say.
The apprehension of a speedy departure to the abiding-place reserved for murderers seems to have exercised an unusual strong advisory effect upon the late Vasquez of California. Vasquez issued an address to some of his former companions, quite affecting. "The threats," he says, "of revenge which I hear have been made by some of my friends are foolish and wrong," from which it will seem that Vasquez's moral sense had been appreciably sharpened. He therefore advises his friends to let the matter go for what it is worth, and reform. His lecture to parents, in which he condescendingly assures them that "the state of society in the next generation depends upon the manner in which the children of the present are instructed and trained," is full of food for parental reflection. Coming from Vasquez, who had provided for the next generation by conveniently removing thirty-one members of the present, is at least thoughtful and considerate.

Clerical Carelessness.
Quite a number of clerks in the Printing Bureau of the United States Treasury at Washington have been discharged, and the pay of all those retained reduced twenty-five cents a day, in consequence of an oversight on the part of the engraving clerk of the House of Representatives in not incorporating in the engrossed Deficiency Appropriation bill a special appropriation for the Printing Bureau agreed to by both branches of Congress in addition to the regular deficiency appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars.

Not That Kind.
In a case of investigation into alleged legislative bribery, pending in Wood county, Ohio, James L. Gordon, a legislator, testified that three members of the House of Representatives had offered him money to vote for a bill. One of them said: "Help us, and the day after the bill passes some one will hand you a cigar, which you will unroll, and you will find one hundred dollars there." The witness asserted that his reply to this was: "I do not smoke that kind of cigars."

Not all "Bummers."
All the night-birds about the great cities are not "dead-beats." A San Francisco newspaper man passing along one of the principal streets of that city, late in the gray dawn, weary and cross, was intercepted by a weather-beaten wayfarer who had the usual story about "nothing to eat and nowhere to sleep." The newspaper man repulsed him with some ill-temper and hurried on. Turning back, half sorry that he had been so rude, he saw the wayfarer shambling off with a slouching gait and a peculiar hopeless droop of the shoulders which roused his slumbering tender-heartedness. He called the man near and said: "See here, I needn't have insulted you, beggar though you are." "The man came up, and, under the gaslight, the editor saw that the poor tramp was actually crying, gulping down his tears. He said: "It's all right, Cap, the town is full of dead beats, and I'm just as much like one as any other." He told the usual story of no food for three days, lodging on the cold, cold ground, etc. He received a trifle for his immediate needs and was told to call the next day at the editor's office and he should have work. Punctual to the hour he appeared, received an order which gave him work on a ranch in Sonoma county and a passage thither. He disappeared for months, and was dismissed into the limbo of adventurers. But at the close of harvest he presented himself to his benefactor in a tidy suit of clothes, walking erect like a man in his right mind, and ready to pay back all that had been advanced to him. Recalling his past mishaps, he said: "When you told me I was a bummer, like all the rest, sir, I was clean gone. I could not walk, I was so faint with hunger. I thought of my wife and children in the States, I was no use to them, and I could never get to them. There was nothing left for me but to drop into the bay and make an end of it." This waif of the streets is, or was, at last accounts, a prosperous gentleman, and when his "wife and kids came from the States," as they did at last, their appearance was not like that of the family of Daw, of Dow's Flat, his crowning misfortune, but a token of his prosperity.

Out of Town.
The late James Fisk used to tell a good story of "Uncle" Daniel Drew, in the early days of his (Fisk's) career, when he was one of Mr. Drew's operators. It occurred during a very hot summer that all the young brokers were anxious to leave the city, but did not care to do so while Mr. Drew was in town. All sorts of expedients were tried to induce the old gentleman to take a trip into the country. There were *sotto voce* conversations—just loud enough for him to hear—of the number of deaths by cholera and other dread diseases, but all to no effect. The wily operator was not to be driven from Wall street. Finally, the fertile brain of Fisk hit upon a unique idea. He went to an undertaker, from whom he hired, for an hour, the use of a hearse and two carriages, with the agreement that they should be driven in front of Mr. Drew's house during that time. In accordance with a concerted agreement, one of Mr. Drew's brokers called upon him just as one of the supposed funerals was passing and incidentally alluded to the great mortality in the city. During his brief conversation the hearse and carriages passed and repassed two or three times. When he departed Fisk entered. His cue was entirely different. He was to talk of nothing but business, but was to suddenly notice the extraordinary number of funerals passing the house. Mr. Drew became more and more nervous until he finally ordered his valise, jumped into a carriage and was driven to the depot, while the young brokers chuckled over their plot and cheerfully paid the \$15 demanded by the obliging undertaker.

Sheep Raising.
The people of Nebraska are determined to pay great attention in the future to sheep raising, and the State Agricultural Society, at its late meeting, offered a number of valuable premiums, with a view of stimulating this branch of industry. From investigations made by stock men it is known that Nebraska has millions of acres of good pasturage for sheep, and yet at the present time there are not more than forty-five thousand of these animals in the State. In Colorado the number of sheep is estimated at over five millions. They constitute one of the leading elements of business strength in that section, and wool is sent from there to Eastern markets in great quantities. Thus instructed, Nebraska cannot make a mistake in increasing the number of sheep upon her fields and hillsides, and thus augmenting both the importance of the State and the wealth and prosperity of the people.

Young Walworth.
The condition of Frank H. Walworth, the parricide, who is in the Auburn Insane Asylum, is said to be so bad that his friends despair of his life. To the casual observer, the Troy Times says, he appears to be slowly wasting away, and his health certainly is rapidly declining. Epilepsy in an aggravated form is his principal ailment. His mother, who visits him at intervals, is weighed down with grief at his deplorable condition, and her interviews with her wretched son are described as most tenderly pathetic.

Fashion Notes.
Yak and guipure insertions are still used. Basques are too much trimmed this season. A new style of fan—the pistol fan—buy one and pull the trigger. Striped and colored stockings are put on babies just in short clothes. Jet beads are still shown in the trimmings, but not so profusely as of late. Cane's hair braid in dark shades is used for spring trimming on soft goods. There is a rumor that crinolines is about to be restored in its greatest dimensions. The new knife platings for dresses are so finely folded that they look like crimping. Pique, trimmed with needlework, will make a pretty dress for a girl of eight years. Shirring is done in rows that are very close together, and the space between clusters is puffed up sharply. If you wish a pretty, inexpensive suit for early spring, get the gray tweed which sells for twenty-five cents per yard. Something new—Agraes for hats in the shape of anchors, birds, wings, etc. These are of rubber and not expensive. Black cashmere polonaises are still imported for spring wear. They are found too useful a garment to lose favor entirely. Foulard catines are now in the market in camel's hair patterns and colors, and when made up will look like the summer camel's hair. A new trimming for the spring wraps is a ruche of crimped tape and crimped floss strung with jet, and resembling the most trimming once so fashionable. New waterproof cloaks for spring are called McFarlanes. They are long with a belt in the back like the Ulster, and have a cape that is carelessly thrown over the right shoulder. The coming veil, which is the long scarf veil, is quite Spanish in size, and the mode of arranging it is both becoming and elegant. It is three yards in length, and is thrown carelessly over the bonnet and held at one side by a bow or rose. The ends are crossed on the shoulder. It has the appearance of a hood. Price from \$5 to \$75. Ladies wishing to avoid the use of colored neckties, thinking white more drossy and becoming to the complexion, may succeed by making a narrow collar of lace cut to suit the neck with a tab front, and upon the edges arrange a neat Swiss edge or lace. This is put on after the ruche is fixed around the neck, and it may be fastened by a pin or a flower.

A Cardinal's Robes.
As Archbishop McCloskey is the first American cardinal, it is interesting to know in what degree his new position differs from his old. The new dress he must wear is thus described: The dress of a cardinal is peculiar both in style and texture, and the difficulty that was expected greatly perplexed those who had the matter in charge. According to the official programme the robes of a cardinal are composed of three separate and distinct pieces—the cassock, the mantelletta, or full cape, and the mozetta, or short cape, all, when worn, assuming the shape and having the appearance of a single garment. These three articles are made of a peculiar and very rich and costly fabric, technically denominated Sicilienne silk, which is usually manufactured fifty inches in width, in order to avoid unsightly seams in the garments. The color of the Sicilienne silk is a rich shade of scarlet, and bears the name of "cardinal color." The dress of the new cardinal is lined throughout with rich gros grain silk of the same shade, and was made by a New York firm. The robes are very rich in appearance, for the silk is interwoven with the finest quality of lamb's wool, which gives it a luster unequalled among such fabrics. The long, flowing skirt, surmounted by the capes, make up a costume both rich and elaborate, so that when Cardinal McCloskey receives the *berretta* an I assumes the robes of his high office he will appear in the precise dress as worn in Rome on great and important occasions.

The New Gold Regions.
The papers all along the forbidden route to the Black Hills are ecstatic over the gold business, and in consequence the country is as minutely described as ever anything could be. A respectable proprietor of a small line in one of these border towns has posters abroad informing the public of the time his coaches start for the gold regions, and that meals (of a very primitive sort, no doubt) will be furnished for fifty cents each during the journey. Every precaution is taken to detect and prevent parties from going to the Hills, and to facilitate matters fifty of Spotted Tail's band of the Brule Sioux are to be enlisted at once, to serve three months, and are to receive the pay of soldiers. These Indians will be under the immediate command of an army officer, and will be used as scouts, in which capacity they will detect and report but not molest the miners making for the Hills. A great many of the small parties who succeed in eluding the military will be overhauled by them in the Black Hills, and according to existing orders will have their property destroyed and be conducted back prisoners.

He Found Out.
Somebody wanted to know "who wrote that article" in a Southwestern exchange, and the paper promptly responded thus: "The man who wrote that article early in life was a hard-working blacksmith, later he was a deck-hand on a steamboat, then he was a cow-boy on the frontier, but of late years he has followed the profession of prize-fighter. He only became an editor to reduce his flesh by starvation so as to become more of a success in his peculiar line." The editor of the paper was not annoyed by further inquiries touching the matter.

Started to Death.
What a Chicago Reporter Witnessed in a City Full of Food.
Another tragedy in low life, none the less a tragedy because some feud or violent deed had not been committed, came to the surface in Chicago, a local paper says, while the officials were on their annual inspecting tour of the fire department. It was not a murder or a similar bloody deed at which the whole nature of the sensitive man would revolt, but a striking illustration of how the poor suffer, and bear their sorrows, until the weary spirit passes into another world, while on the other side of the thin partition dividing society, all is comfort and ease, and naught is known and but little cared for the poor man's woes. In this case, perhaps, the victim's life was one continuous struggle to obtain bread, and he struggled on and on until the angel of death came to his rescue. What multitudes of similar cases lie hidden in the heart of the great city no one can compute; but they are there, and their existence should touch the chords of sympathy in the heart of every man and woman who cares for the well-being of their fellow. This particular case occurred at No. 284 Myrtle. From the dwelling—a low, squat-looking building—issued forth the wails of a woman, which too clearly indicated the torn and sorrow-laden breast. No one seemed to care, and strange as it may seem, none in the neighborhood seemed to care, why the grief was caused. Dr. Benjamin C. Miller and Alderman Tom Scott, accompanied by the *Inter-Ocean* representative, entered the building, and there, in a room devoid of any furniture except a wretched bed, a table and a chair, on the floor crouched a woman, moaning and crying in the most agonizing manner. She would not be comforted, although the kind-hearted officials did their best to assuage her grief, but only pointed to the bed. On the bed was a white sheet, and, raising the covering, there was a man—dead, and from his looks he had been dead for some time. When the man's face was exposed the poor woman's grief burst out afresh, and, in broken English, she cried out: "Oh, my Charles, what shall I do? My God! He loved me so! What shall I do!" What stranger tale of broken heart could be told! He loved her, he struggled for her, he died for her, and his emaciated face and body showed too plainly that he had died from poverty. Ben Miller took the woman aside and comforted her as best he could, and, between sobs and half-choked utterances, managed to obtain a few facts regarding her husband. He died three days ago, and for want of friends, for want of money, she could not provide for the burial of his remains, but was compelled to live for three whole days with the ghastly countenance of her once loved husband—and why cannot the poor love and be loved as well as the richest of the rich—to keep her company, and her little babe of twenty-one months must add to her grief by its childish prattle and merriment. She said that for two whole days she had had nothing to eat, and, poor woman, she was really faint from want of food. Her husband had been a consumptive for some time past, and if he could obtain work was unable to hold his situation. Now and then he managed to get some work, merely in name, and on the proceeds of this they had subsisted for some time past. But the end came. Prostrated by his malady, he was taken sick. She knew not whither to go for aid. For three days he suffered from hunger and disease, and death came a merciful and welcome visitor, and Kate Maddox was left alone and helpless with her infant. But the cries of the widow and orphan are heard, and Ben Miller and Ald. Stout were the messengers of mercy. Give them credit for it, for they deserve it. They told the agonized woman that she would not be left helpless. They gave her money, furnished her a coffin and gave directions to the nearest undertaker to prepare the body for burial. From the house they visited the relief and aid society and exacted a promise that she should be cared for. Thence to the county agent's office they went, and he, too, promised to look after her needs. This is a history of a few days of this poor woman's existence. The neighbors cared not enough for her sorrow to tender her aid, and it was only yesterday afternoon that the wife of assistant fire marshal Petrie, who resides in the vicinity, heard of the case. As for the kindness of the officials can it be over-estimated? Heroism is not confined to the battle field. This act of charity, simple and unostentatious as it was, was a noble one, which stamps them as heroes above the victims of a hard fought battle, where pride, not the love of man, inspires them. The deed of charity which is done, the left hand being in ignorance of the work of the right hand, and for which no recompense is gained, is the noblest of all. It is the work of an almost divine inspiration. Verily, for such an act they will be rewarded.

Stricken by the Way.
One of the Sioux chiefs selected to visit Washington and dispose of the Black Hills was asked by they demanded so much as one million dollars for their land. The chief, in the peculiar Indian way, said that when any money went to Indians so much of it stuck in the hair of the agents by the way that even with a million paid, very little of it would reach poor Indian.

Something Like a Cat.
"Talking about cats," said Uncle Tim, a regular Yankee, "puts me in mind of a cat I once owned. Let me tell you about her. She was a Maltese, and what that didn't know wasn't worth knowin'." Here's one thing she did: In the spring of '46 I moved into the little old house on the Crooked river. We put our provisions down in the cellar, and the first night we made our beds on the floor. But we didn't sleep. No sooner had it become dark than we heard a tearin' and a squeakin' in the cellar that was awful. I lit the candle and went down. Jerusalem! Talk about rats! I never saw such a sight in my born days. Every inch of the cellar bottom was covered with them. They ran up on to me, and all over me. I jumped back into room and called the cat. She came down and looked. I guess she sat there about ten minutes, looking at them rats, and I was waitin' to see what she would do. By-and-by she shook her head and turned and went up stairs. She didn't care to tackle 'em. That night, I tell you, there wasn't much sleep. In the mornin' I couldn't find her. She'd gone. I guessed the rats had frightened her, and, to tell the plain truth, I didn't wonder much. Night came again, and the old cat hadn't come. Says Betsy Ann—that's my wife—to me, "Tim, if that old cat don't come back we'll have to leave this place." The rats will eat us up." Says I: "Just let the old cat be." I didn't believe she'd left us for good and all. Just as Betsy Ann was puttin' the children to bed we heard a scratchin' and waulin' at the outside door. I went and opened it, and there stood our old Maltese on the doorstep, and behind her a whole army of cats, all paraded as regular as any soldiers! I let our old cat in, and the others followed her. She went right to the cellar door and scratched there. I began to understand. Old Maltee had been out for help. I opened the way to the cellar. She marched down and the other cats tramped after her in regular order; and as they went past I counted fifty-six of 'em. Oh, my! if there wasn't a row and a rumpus in that 'ere cellar that night them I'm mistaken! The next morning the old cat came up and caught hold of my trousers leg and pulled me toward the door. I went down to see the sight. Talk about your Bunker Hill and Boston massacres! I never saw such a sight before nor since. Betsy Ann and me, with my boy Sammy, were all day as hard at work as we could be clearing the dead rats out of that 'ere cellar. It's a fact—every word of it!"

A New Way to Retain Subscribers.
An indignant subscriber to the *Elizabeth News* came into the office a few days ago, and offered his paper stopped, because he differed with Richard La Rue in his views of subsidizing fence rails. Richard conceded the man's right to stop his paper, and remarked, coolly, as he looked over his list:
"Do you know Jim Sowders, down at Hardscrabble?"
"Very well," said the man.
"Well, he stopped his paper last week because I thought a farmer was a blamed fool who didn't know that timothy was a good thing to graft on huckleberry bushes, and he died in less than four hours."
"Lord, is that so!" said the astonished Granger.
"Yes; and you know old George Erickson, down on Eagle creek?"
"Well, I've heard of him."
"Well," said Richard, gravely, "he stopped his paper because I said he was the happy father of twins, and congratulated him on his success so late in life. He fell dead within twenty minutes. There's lots of similar cases, but I don't matter. I'll just cross your name off, though you don't look strong, and there's a bad color on your nose."
"See here, Mr. La Rue," said the subscriber, looking somewhat alarmed, "I believe I'll just keep on another year, 'cause I always did like your paper, and, come to think about it, you're a young man, and some allowance oughter be made," and he departed, satisfied that he had made a narrow escape from death.

The Black Hills.
The Sioux Indians, it is said, offer to sell their title to the Black Hills region for the sum of \$1,000,000. A delegation of them will visit Washington to try and make a bargain, and it is intimated that they will be met in a willing-to-beg spirit, and that a sum of money, not as large as that asked, will be paid them. If the Interior department can purchase it will open the country to settlement under the laws governing all mining regions. The Sioux to remain in the Black Hills country, subject to the same restrictions as all other Indian tribes under governmental control.

He Found Out.
Somebody wanted to know "who wrote that article" in a Southwestern exchange, and the paper promptly responded thus: "The man who wrote that article early in life was a hard-working blacksmith, later he was a deck-hand on a steamboat, then he was a cow-boy on the frontier, but of late years he has followed the profession of prize-fighter. He only became an editor to reduce his flesh by starvation so as to become more of a success in his peculiar line." The editor of the paper was not annoyed by further inquiries touching the matter.

Stricken by the Way.
One of the Sioux chiefs selected to visit Washington and dispose of the Black Hills was asked by they demanded so much as one million dollars for their land. The chief, in the peculiar Indian way, said that when any money went to Indians so much of it stuck in the hair of the agents by the way that even with a million paid, very little of it would reach poor Indian.

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