

## Cherished Dream.

Some day, some day of days, threading the street | With idle headless pace, Unlooking for grace, I shall behold your facel Some day, some day of days, thus may we most Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May. Or Winter's icy chill; Touch whitely vale and hill; What matter? I shall thrill

Through every vein with Summer on that day

Cnce more life's perfect youth will come back, And for a moment there I shall stand fresh and fair, And drop the garment care; Once more my perfect youth will nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be-How face to face each soul Will slip its long control, Forget the dismal dole Of dreary fate's dark separating ses;

And glance to glance, and hand to hand in greeting The past with all its fears, Its silence and tears, Its lonely yearning years, Shall vanish in the moment of the meeting -Elizabeth S.Phelps.

A Buffalo Hunt.

It was a calm, beautiful morning in the month of October, that my friend. Bob Morton, and myself mounted our horses and rode up the north bank of the South Platte on a pleasant hunt after buffaloes. You will understand that the Platte River, at St. Vrain's. makes a great bend-the river above the fort running almost due north. and turning almost due east at the foot. We thought we would ride up the river a few miles, and then, striking northwest into the broad open prairie, where we should be most likely to find our game, return by a short cut across the prairie to the fort; though it made little difference to us whether we returned to-night or tomorrow, as we were accustomed to camping out.

We rode up the river until almost noon, seeing many deer and wolvesfor one could hardly ride through this tall grass a mile without seeing them -yet, as we were not looking after this kind of game, we paid no attention to them until nearly noon, when, feeling somewhat tired and hungry, Bob, who was an excellent shot, killed a fine buck; and, dismounting, we made a most delicious meal on the young tender venison.

Mounting, after dinner, we struck northwest across the broad prairie, where, with the exception of the tall

sible. I always carried it in my beit; and perhaps I could throw it over my shoulder and shoot the bull in the eye. I had no hope of the ball doing him any hurt if it hit him anywhere else; for you must know that these animais always have a thick mass of hair on their forehead, that is so matted together with sand and dirt, that no ball from a rifle will penetrate it. I knew, if a ball from my revolver struck his forehead, it would have no more effect than the wind blowing against it.

I put my hand to my belt; but my revolver was gone, the scabbard was empty. It had protably fallen out when I was thrown from my horse. It was with a feeling somewhat of despair that I found it gone. It

seemed as if there was nothing but death before me; for how could I hope to escape from, or cope successfully with, a wounded buffalo-wounded, as I knew, in no vital part, but suffciently to madden him?

I could hear more plainly his half grunt and haif snort close upon my heels-and could feel his breath upon my back-in another instant he would be upon me-would pierce me with his short, stumpy horns-would grind me to the earth with his monster head, and trample me beneath his feet. I indeed felt that my time had come that no earthly power could save me; and instinctively I breathed

a prayer to heaven. At that instant my feet became

entangled, and I fell; the maddened creature had just touched me as I went down, and was under such terrible headway that he passed directly over me without touching me. As his tail brushed over my face I grasped it. and was dragged to my feet, as the buffalo, stopping suddenly, attempted to turn upon me. But I had a new lease of my life. I held on to his tail with a death-grasp, and was dragged round and round. You may smile, dear reader, but the

tail-hold was my best hold now, and my only hope of life; and I held on with a grim determination, while the bull wheeled rapidly round and round. roared, snuffed, snorted, and pawed the ground in his terrible rage, but

could not shake me off. But what should I do now? I knew I could not hold on to him long, as my strength was nearly exhausted having run so far before I fell. I had nothing to kill him with-not even a

pen-knife. His wound was bleeding profusely, and my hope was that he might become exhausted first; but he seemed far from that now, while I seemed very near to it. I knew my strength could hold out but little longer; and to let go was certain death. The bul would suddenly take a freak, and run and bellow with all his might, dragging me with velocity-then he would stop, and with a terriffic snort attempt to turn on me, and it was more than I could do with my failing strength to keep out of his way, and several times his horns rent my clothing. -This state of things could not continue; I was growing weaker, and felt my hold relaxing. I was jerked hither and thither, my arms nearly pulled from their sockets-worried almost to death, and about to lose my holdwhen, as the mad creature paused an instant, the sharp crack of a rifle rang out upon the air, and the huge creature gave one plunge, and fell upon his side in the death-struggle. I was safe, but it came not a moment too soon. I, too, fell to the ground, more dead than alive, The sequel is soon told. It was Bob who had saved me. He had been more fortunate than I, and after a hard chase, had killed his game, and then looked round for me. The first thing he saw was my horse without a rider, and then he discovered me in the distance clinging to the bull's tail for dear life; and putting spurs to his horse, he came to my assistance. It was some time before he could venture to shoot, for fear of hitting me; but he finally succeeded in planting a ball directly in the animal's breast. After resting, capturing my horse, and securing my revolver, which I easily found where I fell from the horse, we sat down to smoke and relate our adventures. A SCENE IN CAIRO. As we sit in our hotel windows awaiting the moment of departure; we enjoy a last tableau of Cairo. A long train of camels files by, each one attached to the tail of the one preced-ing. They march on effect beneath the large building stones with which they are laden. They look innocent, even sad; yet they are said to bristle with rage if provoked beyond measure. These have hardly passed when there follows a wedding procession. At the head pipes a piper upon a reed, which squeaks mightily; then two drummers supply with great volume what the reed lacks in sweetness. Now follow long lines of Arabs arm in arm across the highway; then the bridegroom, bestraddling a donkey. Throngs kiss his hands, and prophesy happiness. Now follow women ; thickly vailed walks the bride between two bridesmaids, who support her, and seem to address her with much gesticulation, as if to tease her; but perhaps they are giving her lessons in marital matters. Four gally decked boys bear a canopy over her head, and she moves with the air of a stage queen. Behind these with much, talking and shouting, come the rabble; and the vile little donkey boys, congregating in numbers before the hotel, when not besieging some easy-going excursionfancied the situation or not, for the ist, take part in the merry procession by pushing the bright little donkey



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grass, there was not a tree or shrub on all that vast expanse, except along the river bank.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, just as we were beginning to get discouraged, and we were thinking of turning our horses' heads towards home, when we discovered the object of our search. There were two buffaloes quietly feeding on a little rise of the prairie-the first rise we had discovered since leaving the river. We were now many miles from where we had left the river at noon, but hoped we were not far from the foot by a direct route across the prairie, though we did not know how far, neither of us having been out there before.

"Hurrah, Fred!" exclaimed Bob. putting spurs to his horse, and get ting excited. "Now for some sport, and buffaloes' tongues for supper;' and away we wentata reckless, breakneck speed.

Our game was a long distance off when first discovered, and had disappeared over the rise in the prairie, and was out of sight. all the star and 17

We agreed to separate as soon as we reached the top of the ridge, and each take our game, and charge down upon them, and capture both if possible. As we came dashing up to the top of the hill they discovered us, and immediately took to flight. Buffaloes can run very fast, notwithstanding their weight; they seem to gather momentum as they proceed, and are not easily run down. We made our choice immediately, and gave purstuit.

My horse was fleet but the tall grass tangled his feet, and I had a long. hard chase before I came up with my game. I paid no attention to Bob; his game had taken a different direction from mine, and we were soon widely separated.

After a hard chase, I came near enough, I thought, to venture a shot, -perhaps, if I did not kill him, I could cripple him, and thus stop him somewhat in his mad career. I brought my rifle to my shoulder quickly; but as I fired, my horse stumbled slightly, his feet having become tan-gled in the grass, and I missed my aim, but struck the beast in the shoulder instead of the heart ; and the ball being large, made a terrible wound, from which the blood flew in a stream.

This maddened him; and turning quickly, he charged with a terrible half snort, and half roar down upon me. My horse was taken by surprise, and frightened; and, in springing partly to one side, as if to turn suddenly and fly away from the mad creature, his feet caught in the tangled grass, and he fell, throwing me many feet over his head.

The fall did not hurt me, and I was on my feet in an instant; but before I could reach my horse he was up and bounding away over the prairie, leavng me to my fate.

I had no time to think whether I

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