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To the Unattainable.

Dear, how many the songs I bring to you, Woven of dream-stuff, pleasure and pain, All the songs of my life I sing to you.

A FAMOUS DUEL.

The duel which gave the field of Blue Bluff near Washington, its greatest and world-wide notoriety was that of James Barron and Stephen Decatur, both officers in the United States Navy, on the 23d of March, 1820.

To the careful reader who follows the long correspondence between the two the conclusion is almost irresistible that although the challenged party, Decatur was, in fact, the aggressor.

This outrage upon our flag excited universal and burning indignation in the public mind. A court of inquiry was ordered to investigate the affair, and upon its recommendation Barron was tried by a court martial.

served on the latter after having foreman and expressed an opinion in the former. After his suspension Barron went abroad and remained away for a number of years.

Decatur replied: "Sir: I have received your communication of the 12th instant. . . . Whatever I have thought or said in the very frequent and free conversations I have had respecting you and your conduct, I feel a thorough conviction that I never could have been guilty of so much egotism as to say that I could insult you (or any other man) with impunity."

From this point the correspondence continued at great length, and with ever-increasing acrimony on both sides; yet through it all one can not but let his sympathy go out to Barron. He was broken by years of ill health and bowed down by the weight of a sentence which he felt to be unjust.

Decatur evidently did not intend to give the other the slight advantage of being the challenged party, for he writes in reply: "I reiterated to you that I have not challenged, nor do I intend to challenge you."

"Sir: Your letter of the 27th ultimo I have received. In it you say that you have now to inform me that you shall pay no further attention to any communication that I may make to you, other than a direct call to the field; in answer to which I have only to reply that whenever you will consent to meet us on fair and equal grounds, that is, such as two honorable men may consider just and proper, you are at liberty to view this as a call.

"Sir: I have received your communication of the 10th, and am at a loss to know what your intention is. If you intend it as a challenge, I accept it and refer you to my friend Commodore Bar-bridge, who is fully authorized by me to make any arrangements he pleases, as regards weapons, mode or distance."

It was further settled, in concession to Barron's infirmity, that each party after being placed should raise his pistol and take deliberate aim at the other before the word to fire should be given.

Few words were spoken after they took their positions. Barron said: "Sir, I hope on meeting in another world we shall be better friends than in this." To which Decatur responded: "I have never been your enemy, sir." At the word both fired, apparently at the same instant, and both fell. It was first thought that Decatur was killed, but after a little while he revived somewhat.

William Wirt, who was then Attorney-General of the United States, and who had tried to prevent the meeting, writing a few days later of the melancholy affair, says: "Decatur was apparently shot dead; he revived, however, after a while, and he and Barron had a parley as they lay on the ground. Dr. Washington, who got up just then, says that it reminded him of the closing scene of a tragedy—Hamlet and Laertes. Barron proposed that they should make friends before they met in heaven (for he supposed they would both die immediately). Decatur said he had never seen his enemy, that he freely forgave him his death—though he could not forgive those who had stimulated him to seek his life. One report says that Barron exclaimed: "Would to God you had said this much yesterday?" It is certain that the parley was a friendly one, and that they parted in peace.

Decatur was placed in his carriage and taken to his home in Washington, where he died that night at 11 o'clock. Among those who followed his remains to the tomb were the President of the United States, the members of his Cabinet, the Foreign Ministers resident at Washington, and many other distinguished officers and citizens.

A Wonderful Submarine Boat. A submarine boat is being constructed at the Detroit boat works which promises realization of Jules Verne's dream of the Nautilus. The builders have been ordered to keep quiet, but it was learned on reliable authority that the design was submitted to Secretary Whitney, and he had about completed arrangements to build, when Secretary Tracy succeeded him and work was stopped.

The Food of the Future. "I believe," said Dr. James E. Sullivan, "that in time a chemical food will be invented or discovered upon which the human race will subsist. It has been demonstrated that a clearer and purer article of food can be made from cereals than the average varieties now in use, and it is in my opinion that a perfect food such as milk is to an infant, will be produced at some time, and that all the natural foods will be considered superfluous."

Important Consideration. "Jedgedly—I love you, Alice! will you be mine?" "Alice—What are your ideas regarding rings?" "Jedgedly—Diamonds." "Alice—Take me.—[Jewelers' Circular.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

HOW AN ANGEL LOOKS. "Jamie, holding his mother's hand, Says 'Good-night' to the big folks all Throws some kisses from rosy lips. Laughs with glee through the lighted hall, Then in his own crib, warm and deep, Jamie is tucked for a long night's sleep."

THE BIRDY ANSWER. Will Holden was small for his years and lame, and not only that, but just a little peculiar in his ways—"queer," the other boys called him.

Tom Harris, glad enough, I expect for once to get the better of his little rival, spoke up and told what had happened. "As if everybody didn't know better than that," said he, exultantly. "Kit Pigeon, indeed?"

Keeping the Rooms Sweet. Those who do "light housekeeping," as it is termed, in small rooms, where they must sleep, cook and eat, often complain that in spite of continual airings there is a disagreeable odor.

Comfortable Indian Houses. In the warmer districts of New Mexico and Arizona the Apaches, Warm Spring Indians and Navajos live in very comfortable houses built by using saplings for walls, with heavy branches sloping down to the sides from a central ridge pole.

He Had a Bill. First Swell—Here comes Lunnet, the tailor. He looks as if he intended to speak to us. Second Swell (nervously)—Let's turn into this side street and hide in some alley-way. I—I don't like to associate with people in trade.—[New York Weekly.

FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

A Succinct Account of the Order's Origin.

The First Meeting Held in Western New York in 1875.

The story of the origin of the Farmers' Alliance as told by E. P. Root, of New York, who claims to have been with it at the commencement, is about this: "In January, 1875, a call was issued by the Western New York Farmers' Club for a meeting of the farmers of Monroe county at Rochester, to organize a farmers' association. Early in February following, the meeting assembled and elected an organization, with constitution and by-laws, to be known as the Farmers' Alliance. Its chief object was to effect legislation in the interest of the agriculturist, not by distinct party action, but through each political party to secure nomination and election of candidates pledged to support such just and equal laws as would bear on the interests of agriculture; also to secure equal representation of the farming class in the Legislature of the State.

The first annual meeting thereafter was held at Syracuse, N. Y., when the first Alliance address was given by the President. The objects specially aimed at were—a reform in assessment and taxation, equal railroad freights to shippers, and, especially, pro rata freights to all way freightage taking extra cost of handling, the enactment of laws to authorize co-operative farm insurance, together with other reforms in legislation, and to favor equal representation in the law-making power of the State.

The Lady and the Leopards' Heads. A passenger in a Brooklyn street car the other day was surprised, not to say startled, on glancing up from the newspaper he was reading, at seeing opposite him in the car and just over the top of his paper the yellow-and-black head of an enormous leopard.

Judicial Robes Come High. There is a little old woman in Washington who enjoys all the gossip about the going out and coming in of justices of the supreme court. She is the court milliner, and for 30 or 40 years has made the gowns which the judges wear on the bench.

Food of Humming Birds. The food of humming birds consists mainly of insects, mostly gathered from the flowers they visit. An acute observer writes that even among the common flower-frequenting species he has found the alimentary canal entirely filled with insects and very rarely a trace of honey.

Recompense.

There is no joy but has its drop of sorrow, No song but has an undertone of pain. Our yesterday, today, and yet tomorrow Has e'er its sunshine interspersed with rain.

Broken-hearted lovers should bear in mind that Cupid is a capital tinker. "When I drink much I can't work, and so I let it alone." "The drinking?" "No, the working."

Young Man—Yes, I can mimic anybody. Did you ever see me take your daughter off? Old Gentleman—No, but I'd like to.

Wiggins—It's said that Goodfellow absolutely throws his money away. Do you believe it? Stiggins—Well, I heard he lent you some last night.

A Toy Butterfly. It is little things that make big money. Fortunes have been lost in colossal patents and millions have been made out of articles retailed on the two-for-five basis.

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