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The Rutherford Star.

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POETRY. VAIN DISTINCTIONS.

"A man's a man for a' that." Who shall judge a man from manners? Who shall know him from his dress?

There are springs of crystal nectar Ever swelling out of stone; There are purple birds and golden;

Unburied, many a night and day, In the dark and gloomy place, Exposed to sun and moon, there lay;

Of countless life that springs from war's Demoralizing trade, On one result let fancy pause,

Of countless life that springs from war's Demoralizing trade, On one result let fancy pause, Too sadly here employed;

Oh, War, sad War! how hast thou crossed The onward path of man, Since Etern's powerful banners were lost,

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to be married to a handsome young man by the name of Watson, who had joined her father in business.

The death of her mother had made it necessary to postpone the wedding in the interim old Walter decided to move into Northwest Minnesota.

Neighbors were getting too near and hunting and trapping were bad. As the young man had proved and procured a quarter section of land near Taylor's Falls, and did not wish to get abandoned or sell it just then, he decided to promise to write to him, he made her an affectionate goodbye.

Brown lived in Minnesota for three or four years in peace and quiet, finding good trapping and hunting grounds when all at once Watson arrived and renewed the proposition of marriage.

Leonora's heart grew as hard as a stone and her nerves, which filtered a little before, now grew as firm as steel.

She had put fresh waterproof caps upon each nipple of her rifle, and putting the barrel on the rail of the fence, drew a sharp bead upon the foremost Indian; but as her finger moved to press the trigger, she heard a voice which seemed to be a voice whisper—

"Not yet, Leonora!" She paused, and then, as if by inspiration, the thought flashed through her mind—

"Wait until the get nearer the house than she shot the hindmost one first." She obeyed the impression and let them come on a few rods nearer. Suddenly the thought came again—

"Now's your time." Clapping her face to the rifle breech she trained the dead dealing tube steadily at the rearward Indian for an instant and fired.

The bullet proved true to its mark, and the burly Indian, merely threw up his hands and fell dead, the rifle ball having gone directly through his heart.

A clap of thunder from a clear sky could not have so utterly astonished those remaining Indians. Widely they looked in every direction to see whence came the fatal shot. In the next instant a bang! went Leonora's rifle again and another of their number dropped dead.

But they saw the smoke of the last shot and got a glimpse of the shooter. At once they comprehended their peril. They could not hide, and their only show was in running to the trees and tomahawking their presumptuous foe on the spot.

Instantly sounding the war-whistle, they bounded forward, but with the notes half uttered another of their number leaped into the air and fell back to rise no more. Leonora had fired again.

The remaining three rushed on, but again the brave girl's rifle rang like the knell of doom, and a fourth savage fell to the ground.

The terror of the remaining two was now fearful to behold; they stopped short in their onward course, and uttering the most fearful screams, discharged their rifles at the top in the wild and most appalling manner.

Leonora trembled with excitement and apprehension, expecting nothing less than to witness the horrid butchery of her father and lover at once. But this did not seem to be the purpose of the Indians, they lay the arms of their captives behind them, they took to the water.

"Ha!" she said to herself, they design capturing me, too. They deem that an easy job, perhaps? and her eyes flashed and her hands were fisted with anger.

"See! there is a fourth canoe, which they no doubt suppose will carry me. This villainous work has been well calculated, but had you had saved you have mistaken your girl this time. Leonora's eyes flashed and she sought more things than to cook venison steak.

Oh, dear, dear! when you bravely she can succeed you, how bravely she can succeed you, and how your instruction her the use of this rifle has saved you this day. And you, too, darling Henry Watson, have you no longer less of your precious hair by presence with me with this splendid revolving rifle.

Thicker and thicker flowed the tide of emigration into Minnesota and Wisconsin, following the navigable rivers and more uneasy and crowded were Walter Brown. At length his wife died. Leonora was then sixteen, and engaged

to be married to a handsome young man by the name of Watson, who had joined her father in business.

The death of her mother had made it necessary to postpone the wedding in the interim old Walter decided to move into Northwest Minnesota.

Neighbors were getting too near and hunting and trapping were bad. As the young man had proved and procured a quarter section of land near Taylor's Falls, and did not wish to get abandoned or sell it just then, he decided to promise to write to him, he made her an affectionate goodbye.

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