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NO. 14.

A Soldier's Death

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Private Fisher had remained through all his trials stout, fresh and hearty, interesting in appearance and so gentlemanly and uncomplaining that we all loved him. Supported on his crutches he had walked up and down

his ward for the first time since he was wounded, and seemed almost restored. That same night he turned over and uttered an exclamation of pain.

Following the nurse to his bed, and

turning down the covering, a small jet of blood spurted up. The sharp edge of the splintered bone must have severed an artery. I instantly put my finger on the little orifice and awaited the surgeon. He soon came—took a long look

and shook his head. The explanation was easy; the artery was imbedded in the fleshy part of the thigh and could not be taken up. No earthly power could save him.

There was no object in detaining Dr.

He required his time and his strength; and long I sat by the boy, unconscious himself that any serious trouble was apprehended. The hardest trial of my duty was laid upon me; the necessity of telling a man of the prime

It was done at last, and the verdict received patiently and courageously, some directions given by which his

mother would be informed of his death, and then he turned his questioning eyes

"How long can I live?"

"Only as long as I keep my finger upon this artery." A pause ensued. God alone knew what thoughts hurried through that heart and brain, called so unexpectedly from all earthly hopes and ties. He broke the silence at last: "You can let go"—

But I could not. Not if my own life had trembled in the balance. Hot tears rushed to my eyes, a surging sound to my ears, and a deathly coldness to my lips. The pang of obeying him was spared me, and for the first and last

time during the trials that surrounded me for four years, I fainted away.

A Lawsuit Extraordinary.

While Mr. Seward was a member of the New York bar in active practice in

1848, the postmaster of Syracuse refused to deliver a newspaper to a Miss Felton, to whom it was addressed, without the payment of letter postage, the sender having placed upon it the initial letters of Misses M. F. Felton.

letter of his name, Miss Reiton thereupon sued the postmaster in trover for the value of the paper, and the case was tried before a justice of the peace, who held the postal instructions illegal, and consequently gave six cents damages and

costs of \$2.89 for plaintiff. The case was carried by the postmaster to the court of common pleas, which affirmed the judgment, with additional costs of \$22.95. From there it was carried to the supreme court of the State, which

added \$37.65 to the judgment before rendered, and the postmaster then appealed the case to the court of appeals, where the judgment was affirmed, with the additional sum of \$75.64, making \$136.19 in all. Not satisfied with this

measure of justice in the State courts, the postmaster went with the case to the supreme court of the United States, where it was elaborately argued by Mr. Seward, and decided by a very labored opinion of the court, affirming the find-

opinion of the court, affirming the judgment of the other courts and rendering judgment accordingly, but with what costs the record does not show. The case as decided by the court of appeals in New York is reported in 1st Comstock.

537, and as decided by the supreme court of the United States in the 12th Howard, 284, in which volume it occupies nine pages.—*Bangor (Me.) Whig*.

Words of Wisdom.

It is a fool who praises himself, and a madman who speaks ill of himself.

A charitable truth, an uncharitable truth, and an unwise managing of truth or love, are all to be avoided by him.

You know that it is a right heart that in the end makes a safe head; and the ancients used to say that the punishment of a knave is that he loses good

Men in honoring greatness by erecting to it monuments, do not pay greatness a debt in full of all demands, so much as acknowledge their continuing

Fame is not won on downy plumes
nor under canopies. The man who
consumes his days without obtaining it
leaves such marks of himself on earth
as smoke in air or foam on water.

Witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

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