## VOLUME I.

The khan came from Bokhara town

"My head is sick, my hands are weak;

The khan's red eyes and purple face,

Thick voice, and loose, uncertain tread,

"Thou hast a devil!" Hamza said.

"Rid me of him at once, oh man!

Can slay that cursed thing of thine.

The Nahr 41 Zeben downward flows

Went forth where Nahr el Zeben ran

Roots were his food, the desert dust

And when the sixth mocn's cimeter

Curved sharp above the evening star.

He sought again the santon's door-

But strong of limb and clear of brain;

"Behold," he said, "the fiend is slain.

The curst one lies in death-like swound

"But evil breaks the strongest gyves,

And diins like him have charmed lives

"One beaker of the juicy grape

May call him up in living shape.

"When the red wine of Badakshan

Sparkles for thee, beware oh khan

And drown each day thy devilkin !"

As Shitan's own, though offered un

With laughing eyes and jeweled hands,

Ry Verkand's maids and Sarmasand's

With these words, by a cunning hand,

Graved on it at the khan's command

"In allah's name to him who hath

"Wisely our prophet curst the vine;

"No prayer can slay, no marabout

Nor Meccan dervis can drive out.

The fiend that loves the breath of wine

"I. Khan el Hamed know the charm

That robs him of his power to harm.

To save thee lies in tank and well."

Black Hills reside, Dick?"

sparklin' with dew."

fernal hills.

are both well armed.'

ment and alarm.

my words have come true."

cavalry.

death blow. But who is that with you?

-my eyes are growing dim?"
"It is Lieutepant Paul Welch, of the

The tent of the solitary miner had dis-

ROSE

"Drown him oh Islam's child! the spell

Or, A Leap for Life.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLACK HILLS.

The cursed Sioux are about, and Rose

would be a fine prize for some daring

brave. It is said that the old man has

dug piles of gold. He may have made his pile, or may not, but his darter—

she's purtier than a prairie flower bend-

- Youth's Companie

CLAVERING

And in the lofty vestibule

Of the medress of Kaush Kodul,

The students of the holy law

A golden-lettered tablet saw.

A devil Khen al Hamed suith.

With water quench the fire within.

Thenceforth the great khan shunned the

"Nav." · Hamza answered, "starved

Not weak and trembling as before.

drowned.

His hed, the water quenched his thirst

" Six moons remain, then come to me;

Awestruck, from feast and wine, the khan

Water of healing on the brink,

May allah's pity go with thee!"

"Allah forbid!" exclaimed the khan.

"Nay," Hamza said, "no spell of mine

"Leave feast and wine, go forth and drink

To Hamza, santon of renown.

Thy help, oh holy man, I seek !"

In silence marking for a space

## FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1879.

The Khan's Devil. "Your hand, sir. Men of your profession are gentlemen. I once occupied the position of one myself. I have a package in my breast pocket that will BY J. G. WHITTIER.

It can interest no third party."

He was rapidly growing weaker, the eye was fixed, and the hoarse voice faltered:

"Chase the Sioux, recover poor Rose She is a lady," he muttered, then with an effort he roused himself. "I have gold for her—look—great rock, cross, full moon, shadow—dig "—and with a rattle, a terrible gasp, and the stout heart ceased to beat.

Possessing himself of the package, the

officer briefly penciled the vague and unsatisfactory words of the dying man on the back. It might have been the wanderings of a mind unsettled by the near approach of death, but he was de-termined to investigate the matter when-"Where clear and cold from mountain snows

ever an opportunity should occur.

"Now for work, Dick. We'll bury poor Clavering, then follow on the trail of these red flends, and Rose shall either be rescued or avenged."

Mounting their horses the two sadly

turned away, sallying forth upon the dark and silent prairie.
Suddenly the scout halted, and his hand pressed the arm of his superior with a nervous clutch.

"Look there, lieutenant. know what that means?" Just under the horizon a faint glow of ight was perceptible, above which hung a black threatening cloud, which rapidly spread over the heavens. Gradually the stars disappeared, while herds of wild mustangs, buffaloes and deer swept

furiously by. Then it was the lieutenant realized the danger he was in. The Sioux had fired the dry grass from three different points, and with gigantic leaps the bil-lowy flames were rolling, hissing and

coaring toward them. was too old and experienced an Indianfighter to be outdone in the peculiar warfare of the frontier.

Leaping from his horse, he struck a light and set fire to the prairie in his turn. Rapidly the fames spread, darting onward, sweeping everything in its path. Leading their horses forward the two men followed close upon the track of the counter fire, while every moment the number of half-frantic animals in-

Stretching far away in front and be-hind them, the terrible crescent rapidly closed in upon the men. The glowing writhing flame roared and thundered in their ears, smothering the cries of the poor animals, who perished by hundreds.

The air be eddving volumes of smoke made it all impossible for the two to breathe. Their horses became almost unmanageable; they were obliged to cover their own heads, as well as their beasts', with blankets. It was an awful moment of agonizing darkness, with the terrible heat blistering the exposed portions of

their skins. The earth shook beneath the mighty tramp of an immense herd of buffalo, as they burst suddenly forth from the surrounding smoke. A muffled, indistinct cry of warning from Dick echoed for a moment in the ears of Paul Welch, and then he felt himself borne furiously along, his horse hemmed in on all sides

by the frantic animals. Hours elapsed before he succeeded in extricating his gallant animal from the ranks of the buffaloes, and as he stood, "And where does this fair lily of the nalf suffocated, his eyes all but power-"About an hour's gallop from our camp here, leftinint. She is with her less, the officer realized that he was alone in the smoking waste, hopelessly lost, surrounded by gloom and stifling father—a queer old stick by the name of Clavering. He keeps by himself, and I am afeered he will yet come to harm.

odors, which rose incessantly from the blackened earth. It was agony to remain stationary. and in hopes to gain a position where the smoke would be less blinding he slowly urged his horse over the prairie. waiting and hoping for daylight to ap-

ing afore the mornin' breeze when Gradually the atmosphere beca clear, the stars peeped timidly forth above his head, while a long gray streak "Bravo, my old scout! You have poetry and the love of the beautiful in along the distant horizon gave token your soul if you have never seen the inside of a schoolhouse." that daylight would soon dawn. As objects became more and more dis-tinct, the young officer was finally en-

"It's leetle book larnin' I have picked abled to make out the rugged outlines, up, leftinint. But the works of nature and the handiwork of God I love," and deep gullies, thick underbrush, and pe-culiar formation of the Black hills, into the old man removed his slouch hat for a moment, exposing his gray locks, as he allowed the light breeze to fan his broad brow.

Cultar formation of the black min, he cultar formation of the black min, he lower portion of which his horse had wandered. Carefully he looked about him on all sides, but failed to recognize broad brow.

"Dick, what do you say if we gallop down to the camping-spot of your friend.
You have excited my curiosity regarding this mysterious beauty. I will tell the sergeant to look out during my absence, and he is fully competent to manage fifty men. We have been stationed here in the hills for over six weeks. I am would be on his trail, followed by his faithful companions: in-arms. his faithful companions-in-arms.

He had allowed his horse to browse he hills for over six weeks. I am

on the fresh green verdure which had tired, and must have a little recreaescape the track of the fire, while he "You may git more than you bargain plunged into a profound reverie over the events of the last few hours, and was for. There's Injun signs about, and there's no tellin' what moment you may oblivious to what was passing around run into a Sioux camp among these in-The rumble of horses' feet, a ferociou Well, we'll take our chances. We

yell, aroused the army officer to a full sense of the peril into which his absence A sharp gallop of an hour brought of mind had partially betrayed him.

the army officer and his companion to the banks of a small stream, and riding Pressing his regimental hat well down upon his forehead, loosening the sword in its scabbard, and feeling for to a group of stately trees, the scout reined up with a sharp cry of astonishhis trusty revolvers, he dashed the spurs into his horse's sides, while in his rear followed half a dozen half-naked warared. Naught remained but smokriors, yelling like so many fiends.

It would have been madness to have

dences of a desperate struggle having turned back and galloped on to the burnt prairie, where no cover was to be found, but by penetrating deeper into the hills a chance was barely possible of escaping the painted flends.

The animal which Paul Welch be-Dismounting, the scout carefully went over the ground, while the officer watched him with a face expressive of sternness and a desire for vengeance.
"There's only nine of 'em. But

strode had the reputation of both speed hark, there was a groan. If it should be Rose?" and rushing toward a clump of grass, the scout beheld the tall, gaunt and endurance, qualities that were now likely to stand him in good need. The turf was soft and springy, the ascent gentle, and, having every faith in the well-tried animal, Paul allowed the form of a miner, from whose gaping wounds the life-blood was rapinly oozg. "Clavering, poor fellow! has it one to this? I was afeered of it, and howling rascals to gain upon him. He had emerged on to a small but level plateau that enabled him to take a sur-My time is short. I would speak of vey of the surrounding country, intermy daughter. The Sioux have captured spersed here and there with scattering her. The young chief of a war party tore her from my arms and dealt me my

Cantering leisurely toward him, from opposite directions, were two bodies of Sioux, and with the band clattering in his rear, but one pathway remained open to the officer, who began to feel

decidedly uncomfortable as he found his

chances rapidly narrowing down.

Dashing the spurs into his steed, he for the first time urged him to his speed. explain all. If you recover my daughter give it to her, otherwise burn it as it is. lined on either side by rough, jagged rocks, the gallant animal struck sparks of re as his hoofs spurned the light gravelly bottom of the gulch.

A shout of triumph, a feroc ous cry of joy burst from the throats of the warriors as they somewhat leisurely followed the broad trail

Paul Welch did not understand the

neaning of that hoarse indication of satisfaction which was wafted to his ears by the light, cool breath of the morning. He thought it strange that no at-tempt was made to pick him off with heir rifles, with which the Indians were all armed, and turning the matter over in his mind as he plunged deeper and deeper into a country to which he was an utter stranger, he asked himself the question how it was all to end.

The path grew steeper with every bound of his panting steed; the aspect of the country had undergone a decided change, and in place of verdure and shrubbery, rocks, gravel and over-hanging bowlders had taken their

The rush and sullen muttering of a deep mountain stream fell suddenly upon his ear, mingling with the yells of triumph which now burst incessantly from the warriors as they urged their ponies forward, rapidly narrowing the

Halting for a moment on a smooth level ledge of limestone, Paul took a rapid survey of the dangers which sur-rounded him on all sides. His stout heart all but failed him as he realized the trap into which he had run.

On three sides of him the painted Sioux were rapidly advancing, while be-fore him yawned a precipice fully sixty feet in height, at the bottom of which flowed the dark waters of the stream whose mutterings he had heard.

Now he understood the meaning of those yells of triumph, realized why they had forebore from using their rifles. They anticipated an easy capture, and a victim was wanted to torture, whose ashes might be offered up as a sacrifice to the spirits who were supposed to reside amid the hills. This was to die a thousand deaths, in preference to which he determined to

un the risk of being dashed to pieces. On came the warriors, eager to pluck the fruits of their triumph, while the officer, with a hasty prayer, plunged his spurs into the smoking flarks of his charger, guiding him to the edge of the

The warriors paused in wonder and amazement as they saw the act. They had calculated on the precipice proving an insurmountable obstacle to the escape of their intended victim, and they could not believe it to be the intention of the white man to attempt the awful leap, which to all appearance was certain death.

With his long hair streaming over his shoulders, feet firmly pressed in the stirrups, his left hand waving defiance to his foe, Paul urged the noble animal forward, encouraging him by his voice, until they reached the edge of the bank, when again applying the spur, they made the fearful leap.

Down, down they went with terrible velocity, without resistance or impediment. A plunge, a shiver, and meeting the full force of the torrent, the steed was swept away, while Paul despite his efforts was carried down the stream as if

he had been a feather. His horse had disappeared amid the foaming rapids, the steep precipitous sides of the rocky cliff debarred him from all hopes of effecting a landing, and floating on his back Paul held his

strength in reserve.

The Indians had disappeared; the rough sides of the rocky gorge and a strip of the blue heavens above were all that he could discern as the current bore him he knew not whither. He thought of his distant home, his parents, the many friends of his youth, his brother officers, the soldiers under his command, the old scout, and the murdered miner's daughter in the power of the savages. Long forgotten facts and remniscences of the past crowded through his brain, and he could not believe that he was to perish in the unknown depths of the Black hills, his fate enveloped in mys-

A sudden sharp shock recalled him to himself, A whirling eddy had thrown him roughly against the sharp projecting side of the cliff, and catching at a crevice, he succeeded in gaining a footheld. Slowly and captionally he draw hold. Slowly and cautiously he drew himself up from point to point, scaling the smooth sides of the gorge, until his head was on a level with the edge of the bank. Cautiously he reconnoitered before drawing himself over the brink, but he saw nothing that gave evidence of

an enemy, and ence more he found him-self in an unknown region of the Black

The high ground where Paul found himself gradually sloped toward the broad and rolling prairie, forming a succession of ridges skirting the steep sides of a hill. A confused hum, a low hoarse cry reached his ears, and with faculties sharpened by the danger through which he had passed, the army officer reconnoitered the depths below, of which he had an unobstructed view.

An Indian encampment with a num-An Indian encampment with a num-

ber of warriors departing upon some expedition was revealed to his impatient gaze, and as they disappeared, brand-ishing their long lances in the air, Paul determined to have a nearer look at the lodges. Bringing into requisition his somewhat limited knowledge of woodcraft, Paul cautiously wormed his way through

the tall grass until he reached a spring on the outskirts of the camp. It was surrounded by a thick growth of bushes, from the midst of which he could observe everything that transpired before A number of warriors left to guard the camp lounged carelessly about, and Paul was on the point of withdrawing

to the heights above, when he perceived a figure, evidently that of a woman, approaching in his direction

walking slowly and deliberately, the heart of the army officer beating with increased rapidity and excitement as he perceived that her costume was not that of a Sioux squaw.

Looking over her shoulder, the woman quickened her movements as she per ceived that a number of warriors were watching her. A shout, a yell of rage, and the braves started in pursuit.

The fugitive, for such she undoubted-

ly was, immediately dropped the cala bash, and sprang away with the swift ness of an antelope.

Paul noted the pale golden hair, beau tiful features and rounded form of the fugitive, who he made up his mind could be no less than Rose, the far-famed daughter of the slaughtered

There was little time to think, as the fair fugitive sped rapidly along, her long hair streaming in the wind, and the war-

riors in close pursuit.

Swift though she was, the foremost warrior had all but overtaken her as she reached the opposite side of the spring, and he was in the act of hurling his lance as Paul leveled his revolver and

The brave passed to the happy hunting-grounds of his people without a cry; but the shot had alarmed the camp, and for a few moments all was confusion.

Rose had uttered a faint cry as she caught a glimpse of Paul, but never re-laxed her speed, while the army officer, as he beheld the Indians mounting and preparing for a fight, rapidly retreated in hopes to find a more advantageous position where a stand could be made. He had but little hopes of saving his life; the odds were far too great; but if he could cover the retreat of the girl, who evidently knew the country better than he did, and enable her to reach a place of safety, he would die satisfied. His saber flashed in his right hand, securely fastened to his wrist by a leather strap, upon which he should de-

the revolver. He had reached one of the ridges along which ran a fringe of bushes, when a low familiar voice reached his

pend after exhausting the contents of

"Keep on, leftinint; don't turn your head. We are here, sergeant and all. The gal is safe. So—here they come." On swooped the Sioux in all the glory of their war paint and feathers. lances in rest, uttering shrill cries, they rapidly closed in on Paul, when a sharp word of command, the flash of rifles, followed by the riderless horses gallop ing wildly to and fro, and all was over.

Charging upon the lodges, the soldiers encountered the body of braves who had turned back alarmed by the noise that they had heard. A short, but sharp engagement followed; the band was completely broken up, lodges-burned, after which the troops prepared to bivouac themselves and rest awhile

n their laurels. Dick assumed full charge of Rose who mourned the loss of her father, and to whose care Paul delivered the sealed packet containing the secret of the old

By the fitful blaze of the camp-fire amid the solitude of the frowning Black

hills, Roger Clavering's true history was at last revealed. He had once been a wealthy and re spected merchant of Chicago, but a ounger brother forged large amounts in his name and fled, leaving him to face the storm alone. The younger brother had been his mother's pet, and on her death-bed Roger had promised to protect and shield him. Nobly he re deemed the word he had given. The brother came out of the trial broken in

fortune and reputation, his wife dead, with naught left him but the little waif of a daughter. With her he had removed to the far West, beyond the pale of civilization, pursuing the occupation of a hunter and

Indian trader, peacefully gliding down the stream of life, watching his daugh-ter blooming into handsome, and by no means uncultivated woman. Then the excitement of the Black hills spread far and wide, he followed in the tracks of others, and the sad finale has already Dick then related how he had been

separated from the lieutenant, and knowing the danger he incurred by scouting over the prairie alone, he re-joined the soldiers, starting on the trail Everything was plain up to the very

verge of the precipice, when it was evident Paul had made the desperate leap.
Then Dick was in doubt whether his superior was alive or not. But following the course of the river as a forlorn hope, they had fortunately reached the ambush in time to save both Rose and but, on the other hand, considerably Paul's life. Nothing now remained but to find the

treasure which Clavering had obtained at such a sacrifice, and many an hour of anxious thought had Paul expended on the sabject. There was but little to guide him—a vague hint that might guide him—still, for the sake of the self in an unknown region of the Black hills, minus his horse, with only his saber and one revolver upon which to rely.

The high ground where Paul found

The high ground where Paul found

Rose was consulted, but she knew region of the hannts of her father, and

absolutely nothing of a great rock or cross. Accompanied by the entire force of cavalrymen, under the direction of Dick, a thorough search was instituted in the

vicinity of the old miner's last resting-In a small gully running into the side of a precipitous hill, a huge rock was finally found surmounted by a huge

representation of a cross. At the full of the moon Paul and Dick secretly repaired to the spot prepared to unearth the buried gold; and noting the extremity of the shadow cast by the rough cross, the two men comme

They were crowned with success, and four large canvas bags of gold dust and nuggets were dragged forth. It was the fortune of Rose Clavering; and Paul, with his escort, conveyed her

to the nearest military post, where she was to reman until he could obtain leave of absence, and travel with her to the East in hopes of finding some of her

Months elapsed before he was enabled to carry out his plans; but when he reached Chicago no trace of the name of Clavering remained. The machinery

pended in the search, and when he sought Rose, at her hotel, his heart heavy and sad at the prospect of parting with her, she listened in silence to Paul's regrets at his failure to find her friends, but started impetuously to her feet when he added that, with the dawn of another day, he must return to his

post and duty.

Her face flushed and paled as she strove in vain to speak, her bosom rose and fell convulsively, and but for the strong arm of the officer Rose would have fallen to the floor.

His visit was prolonged. What passed between them is known only to themselves; but soon after the war department received First Lieutenant Paul Welch's resignation, and in place of returning to his post amid the savage Sioux, he engaged double passage for the more congenial climate of Europe with Rose as his young, blushing brid e

The Fuel Supply.

There is one point in household economy upon which the landlord and the guest will never agree. It is on the quantity of wood required to heat a room. Now the landlord is firmly conroom. Now the landlord is firmly convinced, and he grounds his convictions upon a long series of actual tests and practical experiments, extending over a term of years which date back to the year he began to "keep tavern," that two sticks of wood, about two inches in diameter and somewhat learned. year he begen to "keep tavern," that two sticks of wood, about two inches in diameter and somewhat lovger than a of Russia and the rapid change in match, will, if properly used, keep a bright fire, snapping and roaring, in a large stove all day, and then, if you cover them up carefully when you retire, they will smolder all night long, and you will only have to open the damper to have a pice warm room to the control of the Russian grain decreases, and hence many Russian farmers are improverished and cannot pay taxes. As damper to have a nice warm room to dress in the next morning. He knows this, because, he tells the guest, he has tried it, and does try it, very successfully in his own room every night. I never heard the guest dispute the landlord, but I can't remember ever having seen him look convinced. When I order a fire in my room I usually have about this kind of a circus. I say to the boy, in commanding tones:

"Bring up some wood." The boy looks amazed, goes away slowly and just before the fire goes dead out returns with two armfuls of wood. one stick in each arm.

The sticks are short, but thin.
I seize them gladly and thrust them both into the stove. "Now then," I cry cheerfully, "bring

up some wood !" The boy disappears, and I catch a passing glimpse of his white, terror-stricken face as he slides down the balusnot the frightened boy, but with heavy, solemn tread, the landlord. There is

trouble in his face. "What do you want?" he asks, suspiciously.
"Wood," I say, "wood! wood! My

ery is still for wood! Fuel! Combustibles! Inflammable substances! Vege table growth and development! Wood!" ""
"Why," he asks, with a puzzled expression on his face, "didn't the boy bring you up some wood just now?"
"Yes," I reply, truthfully. And it sounds kind of oddly to me, but after all, I am glad I told it under the circum-

The landlord looks wonderingly around the room, glances behind the stove.

stoops down and peers under the bed. "Well, why," he says at last, in a perplexed tone of countenance, "where

derment spreads over his questioning face. He asks, feebly and falteringly:
"Yes, but the rest of it?" "In the stove, too," I say.
"What!!" the good man shouts, 'all of it?"

And there aren't enough capitals and exclamation points in the news room to convey his emphasis and expressions to the types. I regard his indescribable amazement with pitiless composure.

"All of it," I say,
He doesn't believe me. He stoops

de in before the stove, opens the door and looks in. His worst fears are realized. With a hollow groan he closes the door and shuts the damper with such an easy, quick, long practiced turn of the wrist that an inexperienced man can never detect it, and rising to his feet goes feebly down stairs, holding one hand to his bewildered head, and the other to his throbbing heart. By-andby he comes back into the room, with the wan, silent face of a specter. He bears two sticks of wood, somewhat thinner than the ones the boy brought, shorter. He shudders as he walks past me, and lays them down in the bottom of the wood-box, and covers them up with a piece of an old envelope to hide them me, I thrust the sticks into the stove, and say, calmly and sternly: "Send the boy up with some chunks,"

The landlord presses his hands over his eyes and goes reeling out into the hall. He says, in a ghastly whisper: "Well, ef you can't crowd more wood into that stove than any man I ever

And as he goes down stairs I can hear him sobbing, and telling the hall-boys they'll have to keep an eye on the crazy man in No. 72 or he'll set the house on fire. - Burdette in Burlington Hawk-

Lukens' "Pith and Point," An Indiana woman of eighty-eight is outting her third set of teeth with as little gnaws as possible. If you can't be generous without

being garrulous, keep both you pockets and your mouth closed. An active mind is excellent medicine to a seared heart.

"The bubble reputation" is usually bolstered up by empty compliments. Waifs of humanity, that have no parents living, orphan and orphan feel the need of them.

Casar thrice refused a crown, because he thought the Romans owed him a deal more than five shillings.—New York TIMELY TOPICS.

Francois Grilhon, a rich French farmer, quarreled with his son in law, and set his mill on fire. He then went home and burned his own house, and as the flames devoured it kept the neighbors at bay with a double-barreled shotgun. He then proceeded to throw a large sum of money in gold and notes into the blazing ruins, and finally blew his brains out in the presence of the horri-

Natchez, Miss., is threatened with the fate of Vicksburg, namely, deser-tion by the river. The recent rise of the Mississippi river has thrown the towhead near the Louisiana shore, and there is now a current running on the Louisiana side which threatens to cut away the bar there, and throw it upon the Mississippi side directly in front of

The inhabitants of Finland (Russia) bury the dead only on Sundays. To preserve the bodies for the day of funer-al they are put in the cellars where milk, butter, cheese, eggs and other articles are kept. The doctors have taken ground against this custom, and have given alarm by declaring it to be one of the surest ways of propagating such contagious diseases as cholera and typhoid fever.

prices, are caused by competition from the United States. As soon as Ameripoverished and cannot pay taxes. As the prosperity of Russia depends largely upon the grain trade, it is important that full information concerning the crop of American cereals should be obrained; and it is suggested in St. Petersburg journals that Russian consuls in the United States be required to ascertain the state and prospects of the American crops, and to assist in promoting the grain trade of Russia.

The oft-repeated story that the Quakers are a decaying body does not seem to be true, for an English journal asserts positively that not only has the falling off in the number of members of the society been checked for many years, but a comparatively rapid growth has also occurred during the last few years. This is marked by the increase of some of the older "meetings" of the body both in England and America, and by the spread of the denomination into other countries, if even on a small scale. addition to the small number of Quakers in Norway and Denmark, and 'monthly meeting" has been estab lished in Syria. Some time ago a Friends' mission was begun at Mount

Lebanon, and there are a score of mem-The trial of a Chinaman for assault and battery in the police court of San Francisco has brought out a strange story of a Chinese girl's unhappy ex-periences. She said that her parents in China had sold her to "a gray-haired lady' for twenty dollars when she was ten years of age. She was resold to a Chinese doctor in San Francisco named Lia Po Tai. This doctor has several wives, one of whom sold her to a Chinaman for \$40. Her market price gradually increased to \$150 and by the ally increased to \$160, and by the time she was twenty years old she had changed hands a dozen times. Recently she heard that she was to be sold to a "In the stove," I say.
An expression of incredulous bewil-Chinaman living in the interior of the

> brought the case before the public Quickened Conscience in a Dog. A correspondent of the London Spectator tells the following story: "A young fox-terrier, about eight months old, took a great fancy to a small brush,

of Indian workmanship, lying on the drawing-room table. It had been punished more than once for jumping on the table and taking it. On one occasion the little dog was left alone in the room accidently. On my return it jumped to greet me as usual, and I said, 'Have you been a good little dog while you have been left alone?' Immedisessing a conscience, and a few months afterward, finding it again alone in the room, I asked the same question while patting it. At once I saw it had been up to some mischief, for with the same look of shame it walked slowly to one of look of shame it walked slowly to one of look of shame it walked slowly to one of the windows, with its nose pointing to a letter bitten and torn into shreds. On letter bitten and torn into shreds. On by the lett arm or back, by Col. Holman, who turned Lowry half way around man, who turned Lowry half way around his pistol to his breast fired. about the floor, for doing which it had been reproved previously. I cannot account for these facts, except by supposing the dog must have a conscience." Filthy Habits of Afghans.

bring it in contact with their bodies. Being Mohammedans they are bound to do certain ablutions by their faith, but they find substitutes which are allowed they find substitutes which are allowed shortly after being received a wound in the chest, and died shortly after being received from the instead of the water. There is one shortly after being removed from the tribe who are said to get three new boat, Col. Holman being wounded in garments only in their lifetime, the the left arm and side. garments only in their lifetime, the garment being in each case a blanket. The first is given at birth, the second when they are married and the third when they die. Each blanket is understood to have been ceaselessly worn till events entitle the wearer to a new one. Clean clothes and the washing of them constructions between the second wide. All the parties engaged are very high-ly respected. Dr. Lowry was a brothe of Gen. Robert Lowry, and leaves a widow and six children. Arnold was a brother of Judge Arnold, of Columbus, which is a prominent and talented lawyer, and respected in the corresponding to the lives. means white or in this case clean dress

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

NUMBER 65.

A matter of cores-Apple sauce. A checkened career-A convict's. A man of pluck-The fowl-stripper. To ascertain the age of a tree—Axe it. Flags are employed for signaling at

Every baker's shop has the stomach William Tell was an arrow-minded

A shot tower is usually about 180 feet

There are 107,000 Hebrews in New York.

There are about 500 newspapers in A man of push-The wheelbarrow trundler

The latest thing out-Cats on the A capital letter-One containing a

The Bank of England has a capital of \$72,765,000.

There is a small community of Morons in Paris. The Scientific Monthly says snoring is an acquired habit.

A sitting hen is a nuisance when you would prefer her to lay daily.

Which is the best of the four season for arithmetic? The summer. A pair of ears that go on a head of civilization-Pioneers and frontiers. In the year 1828 there were but three

miles of railroad in the whole United States A Chicago baby began early to rise in the world, having been born in a hotel

elevator. Nothing does so much for people's looks as a little interchange of the small coin of benevolence.

"That's the long and short of it," as the street Arab remarked on passing a tall wife and a little husband. "Pa," said Pet, "may I det up and twot on your knee?" "Certainly," was the ready reply, "let the little gallop." A somnambulist in Fountain City,

Wis., cut off his finger with an axe while asleep, a felon being the incitement. "You ought to husband your coal

more," said the charity woman. "I always does. I make him sift ashes and pick the cinders." Beware of prejudices, they are like rats, and men's minds are like traps.

Prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out. Have you ever observed how mad it

akes a man with a sore throat becar he can't swallow about 250 times every four or five minutes? To know a man, observe how he wins

his object, rather than how he loses it; for when we fall our pride supports us -when we succeed it betrays us. Plletier, the French chemist, discov-

ered quinine, the active principle of Peruvian bark, about sixty years ago, and was awarded a prize of \$2,000. A wag brought a horse driven by a young man to a stop in the street by the word "Whoa," and said to the driver, "That's a fine horse you have there." "Yes," answered the young man; "but he has one fault; he was formerly owned by a bytchez and all

formerly owned by a butcher, and al-ways stops when he hears a calf bleat." Elias Black, a farmer near Doyleston, Pa., has sixteen harvests of hay and grain rotting in stacks on his farm. When farm produce began to rise with the breaking out of the war, he held his crop for still higher prices. When prices State, and it was in consequence of her refusal to go that the assault was com mitted and the disturbance created that

A Terrible and Deadly Affray. In the annals of deadly affrays in this State, says the Vicksburg (Miss.) Kerald, we know of no occurrence so fatal in its results as that which occur red on board the steamer Sunflower. while lying at Johnsonville, the county

seat of Sunflower county.

Col. D. A. Holman, while in Johnsonville, on entering Dr. W. L. Lowry's
store, was accosted by Dr. Lowry, who
ordered Holman out, remarking, it is said, that Holman was no gentleman, 'Have you been a good solution of the stable and did not keep his word, or something to that effect. Holman departed, saying man and Dr. Walker together went on shore, but in a short time returned. Perhaps a half hour later Dr. Lowry, as was usual with him, came on the boat

and putting his pistol to his breast fired. Lowry started down the cabin, but in stantly turned, and seeing his clerk, John C. Arnold, start from his chair (being shaved at the time), said: "Kill him, John; kill him, he has shot me." Arnold ran out of the cabin to attack The Afghans are not a cleanly people; in this they present a striking contrast to the Hindoos, who are, perhaps, the most cleanly race on the earth. The climate of Afghanistan is cold in winter, and perhaps the wild life which is so much the fate of all may have something to do with it. They have such an abhorrence of water that they never bring it in contact with their bodies.

Arneld ran out of the cabin to attack Holman, and Lowry, walking to the cabin door, cocked his pistol and fired at Holman. At the same instant of time, perceiving Dr. Walker with a pistol in his hand, he pointed his pistol at Walker with deadly effect; Walker falling and expiring almost without a struggle. Lowry then walked in the cabin staggering, and fell, and in about two minutes expired also.

minutes expired also.

In the meantime Arnold and Holman

are not entirely unknown in Afghanistan, for they have a term by which they im-

ply a gentleman, and it is characteristic. dents of the county, and we believe had They call him a "Suffaid Posh," which no enemies. Col. Holman, the only