

# THE DEAD STUDENT.

BY WILL CARLTON.

It doesn't seem—now does it, Jack?—as if poor Brown were dead.

"Yes, yesterday at noon he had taken his last breath."

The day before, he played first base, and ran like a wind.

And then, to slip away so—was not all like Brown.

The story seems too big to take. "Most any one will find it sometimes hard to get a man well laid out in his mind."

And Brown was just as full of life. "I wouldn't have been a man," he said, "if I hadn't been a man."

To hear a whop, and see the man go rushing past him now.

Poor Brown! he's lying in his room, as white as a sheet.

I called upon him, as it were an hour or two ago. A rushing into Brown's room seemed almost a waste of time.

He was lying on his back, his head on a pillow, his eyes closed.

We haven't spoken back and forth for something like a year.

We didn't put together again a single night or day.

How I want, he soon consented to find another way.

He went against me in my love; we picked a dozen about that girl you used to like—the one that married Jones.

He worked against me in the class, before my very eyes.

He outdid me and scooped me square out of the junior prize.

In the last campus rush we came to strictly bust one another.

And from the eye he left undimmed I viewed his deadened soul.

In fact, I came at last to feel—and own it with distress—that he would have lived for me if I had been there.

That he would have lived for me if I had been there.

And when I heard that he was dead, my feelings were torn.

I would have given half my life to get him back.

I called upon him, as it were, an hour or two ago. The room was just as before—except the woman who used to be there.

He was lying on his back, his head on a pillow, his eyes closed.

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A sweet bouquet of girlish flowers smiled in the face of death.

Straight into the open window came the morning breeze, and a small, white bird, with glossy, yellow throat.

It slipped down from perch to perch, and never sang a note.

With a heavy, unsteady, sad, poor McFarland came.

Alternately perching, and, wrestling with the bed.

A heavy little girl of six, for some old kindness sake.

The book on the corner there, as if her heart would break.

The books looked worn and wretched like, almost as if they knew.

And seemed to be whispering their titles to my ears.

His room and she were in their place, and, when I looked at the wall, I saw the last year's work.

It was the last year's work, and, when I looked at the wall, I saw the last year's work.

I lifted up the solemn sheet. That honest, earnest face, that face of death, and of that death.

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I looked so nearly dead there, upon that lonely bed, that I almost felt as if I were not there.

"Old boy," I looked, "was half my fault. This heart is a little more dead."

I took the little, white, and in mine—and Brown and I were friends.

A BRAVE BOY.

BY C. S. SLIGHT.

"Speaking of courage," said my friend, Tom Barton, as we met one day after a long separation, "reminds me of an incident that happened at the doctor's school the first winter after you left."

It was during the Christmas holidays, and all of the boys had gone home except two brothers, James and Fred, and Albert Kobb, and myself. They were obliged to stay during the vacation because their parents were spending the season in Florida, and I—well, as you know, my home was at a distance, and we were poor, so I remained at school.

"The brothers were very unlike, both in appearance and character. Fred, the elder of the two, was a large, muscular, ruddy-faced boy, not much in love with books. He was of an overbearing disposition, and had a great deal of conceit."

"Albert, on the contrary, was pale and slender. He was very quiet and studious, and had a great deal of honesty and truth, and such detestation of meanness and wrong, that we boys had dubbed him the 'Parson.'"

"It was the Saturday night between Christmas and New Year's. We three boys were hugging the stove in the little room adjoining the doctor's study. Doctor was in the study writing a sermon for the following day, as he had to preach at Milton."

"We could hear his pen scratch over the paper during the lulls in our conversation. Occasionally that 'shem!' of his would come through the partially-opened door, but his pen never seemed to lose their ominous character during holidays."

"The subject of our conversation was a robbery that had been perpetrated at 'Squire Little's store the previous night."

"Robberies, as you know, were unusual occurrences in the little village of Acme. Of course this one furnished a topic for abundance of talk."

"Wherever we had been that day we had found some groups of men and boys talking about robberies in general, and this one in particular."

"It was but natural that in the evening we boys should discuss the same subject, and each of us offered various speculations as to who the robber was, where he had gone, and whether he would be captured or not."

"Then we told stories of all the daring burglaries of which we had ever heard or read, and finally described such as had happened in our own houses."

"In the descriptions of our personal experiences Fred gave a glowing account of an incident that had occurred in his father's family. One night he said the coachman thought he saw a man prowling in the chicken-yard. He fired a pistol at him, and had summoned the other servants to go in pursuit of the robber. He told us how the brave man, armed with lantern, pokers and blunderbusses, had reached the chicken-yard, and there had seen a man, and how they followed up for a few yards, and found, lying in the last throes of death, the victim of the coachman's prowess—a black Spanish rooster!"

"At length said I, 'What would you do if you should hear a burglar, some night trying to enter your house?'"

"Fred straightened himself and squared his shoulders. 'I wouldn't hesitate a minute to shoot him,' said he, 'valiantly. 'I tell you, it would be a good burglar that could get away from me.'"

"I rested his chin in his hands, and gazed thoughtfully into the glowing coals."

"Well," said he, slowly, "it is hard to tell what a fellow might do under such circumstances. I rather believe, though, I would take good care to keep out of his way. What would you do, Tom?"

"Me?" I exclaimed. "Very likely I'd cover my head with the bedclothes and leave him to carry off house and all if he could!"

"Fred was about to make another remark, but was prevented by the doctor, who appeared in the doorway. 'Well, boys, said he, 'don't you think we've had enough talk about robberies for one evening? It is getting late now, and your continual talk has bothered me so that I have only written one page during the last half hour, and on that page I have written four times the word 'burglary' instead of 'bravery.'"

"Bidding him good-night we went up stairs, and were soon fast asleep."

"About midnight I awoke with the consciousness of having been aroused by some unusual noise. Slightly raising my head I listened, and heard a scuffling sound at the back hall window."

"We three boys occupied the front room on the third floor, the same that you and Atkinson had at one time. It was a bright moonlight night. Glancing towards the Kobb's bed, I saw them both sitting up. The noise had aroused them."

"There's some one trying to get in that hall window," said Al, in a whisper. 'I'm going to see.'"

"Wait and listen awhile," urged Fred. "And give the fellow a chance to get in?" exclaimed Al. "No; we better stop him where he is."

"Let's call the doctor," said Fred. "There isn't time for that. Don't you hear him unfastening the window-bolt? Come, hurry! I'm going to take the old musket; you take the bat."

"The gun isn't loaded," said Fred; and his voice actually trembled. Whether he was shivering from cold or fright, I don't know.

"It will scare him just the same," said Al; and, taking down the rusty firearm, he hurried out into the hall, followed at a little distance by his brother, armed with the base-ball bat.

"I was never very brave, and therefore I took good care to keep as far behind Fred as he was behind his brother; in fact, to be more honest, I merely ventured as far as the door, and there peeped into the hall."

"A man's form was crawling through the window, but he seemed to be so occupied by keeping the sash up that he did not notice me. He was a man, I knew, for he had no hand in that, and taught about it. To see the order lying round had made him very blue."

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behind Pat's back? Are you laughing at him or me?"

"Neither," I replied; "but the truth is, doctor, that Pat told me he might be out late Saturday night, and that I needn't be frightened if I heard any unusual noise. But I forgot to tell the boys, and was so startled and confused in waking from a sound sleep that I at first thought it was a burglar, and after I did recollect that it was only Pat I concluded not to say anything, but test their courage, as I supposed there was no danger in it."

Well, Pat, said doctor, "when you visit for a cousin again, don't climb through the window on your return. And, boys, the next time you hear any suspicious sound at midnight, come and call me the first thing you do."

So, I tried, through the verdict of "not guilty of any evil intentions," the doctor adjourned the court.

"Poor Fred was never held to boast of his bravery, or even to mention the word 'burglar,' after that. So true it is, that, however usually prove towards when put to the test."

Western Educational Institutions.

No greater truism was ever written in pen or uttered by lip than that "Education is the great power of the world."

No people in the world would seem to have a truer appreciation of this fact than the dwellers in that grand region denominated "the West."

In the giant States which take up more than half of the continent, the progress of the West is a story of material progress, no interest has improved and expanded with more rapid pace than her educational institutions.

It is only a few years since parents living in the West who desired to give their children a thorough education, preparatory or collegiate, were compelled to send them to some Eastern school, college or university, hundreds of miles away, thus entailing the additional expenses incident to traveling, besides the unpleasant feature of having them so far away from home.

Fortunately for the West, this difficulty has been removed. Her institutions of learning to-day will compare favorably with those of the older States, and her preparatory schools are equal to any in the country.

Many of her universities and colleges are richly endowed, and have professors who, for deep learning and capacity for dispensing knowledge, are unsurpassed anywhere in the land.

The educational facilities of the West being fully equal to those of the East, there no longer exists any reason why parents should send their children so far away from home to educate them.

On the contrary, there are many reasons why they should look nearer home for fountains of knowledge. In the first place, when the expense of getting to and from the Eastern schools and colleges is taken into consideration, the cost of an education acquired in Western schools is much less than in the Eastern.

In fact, the difference is so very great that it will in future figure very important factor in influencing the public in favor of the Western schools. Among those who patronized the Western colleges will enjoy the advantage of having their children nearer home.

They will be enabled to see and converse with their fathers and mothers, to refresh their minds regarding their morals and the duties devolving upon them as students and seekers after knowledge, and in case of sickness they can be more readily reached and cared for.

Finally, the schools and colleges of the West are comparatively free from many vicious practices that have grown up in the old universities of the Eastern and Middle States, and which seem to be sort of second nature with the students in those institutions.

We allude to the disreputable and dangerous pastimes known as "hazing," "rushings," and "pranks," which are so common in the Eastern universities, and which are so detrimental to the health and morals of the students.

"Oh," cried Fred, in abrupt terror, supposing it was the burglar who had caught him, "don't kill me! don't kill me! My money is all in the trunk in the opposite room!"

"Do keep still," said the doctor, "a fool of yourself! It's only Pat," said Al, with suppressed laughter, while Pat and I indulged in laughter that was far from suppressed."

"In the midst of this racket we heard a door open below, and the doctor's voice called:

"'Nothin', sur,' replied Pat, with Irish readiness, 'only the lads got frightened as I was comin' to bed.'"

"Tell them to get up, or I shall come," said the doctor.

"'Do hear that, boys?' said Pat. 'Get to bed now; y'll tak' your death runnin' round in the cold without your clothes on.'"

"In our excitement we had forgotten that the mercury outside was nearly down to zero, and that the night was cold; but Pat's words quickened our sensitiveness, so we hastened shivering to bed, and the house was again quiet."

"Morning morning the doctor summoned us all to his study, and there he instituted one of his usual courts of inquiry. He was Judge, jury and counsel. Pat was the principal witness, and we boys were there in order to corroborate his story, and to testify, and to sustain somewhat the respectability of the court, I suppose."

"Patrick," said the doctor, in opening the case, "what was the cause of that noise up stairs Saturday night?"

"Well, your Honor," began Pat, and his small gray eyes twinkled as he cast a sly glance at me, "Saturday night I thought I'd call on me cousin, who has just come from the old country."

"At Smith's," put in Al, by way of explanation. The doctor was not very strict when he held court during holidays, otherwise he might have told Al to remain quiet until he was questioned.

"At Smith's," repeated Pat, "and I'm not to disturb yez by comin' in late, sur, I just climbed up to the hall window, an' as I was half through, and takin' somethin' from me pocket—"

"A flat bottle," interposed Al. "A bottle, eh! What was in it?" asked the doctor, suspiciously, in an unprecedented manner beginning the cross-examination before the direct was concluded.

"Only a wee dhrap of medicine, sur," said Pat. "Me cousin was afeared he had the influenza, an' gave it to me for it."

"Go on," said the doctor, with a smile.

"As I was a-sayin', sur, I dhrived the bottle, when there came wan yell from the other Fred in the back part of the hall, an' he says he, 'Och, murder! he's dhravin' his pistol!' an' then he run like a—"

"Ay, ay!" exclaimed doctor, warningly.

"Like a deer," said Pat, "an' as I was a-sayin', sur, I looked up and saw Mather Al for the first time, an' I dhrived up to his shoulder an' p'intin' at me, an' says I, 'Don't murder me!'"

His cow which can manufacture the most food into the best milk is the best cow.

The Holstein cow is neither nervous nor excitable, and is esteemed for her easy keeping qualities.

Those who would enjoy beefs in their position should keep up a successful dairy. The Egyptian, to who while they are still young. Thinnings of these and of the late crop make an excellent substitute for spinach.

ALL plants are benefited by having the ground stirred around them—there is no exception to the rule. The use of the hoe, or some similar implement, is generally the easiest mode of keeping the ground free from weeds or grass—two mice.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Robert Roberts, of Dent county, killed a rattlesnake with fifteen rattles. It contained a full-grown rabbit and a four-crown snake gobbles a turkey's nest.

The other day, on the farm of a citizen named Wallace, in Grayson county, a six-foot chicken came coiled itself in a turkey nest while the old hen sat thereon, swallowed all the eggs and ate the chicks, which happened among the eggs.

A CHILD BESIDES BY A RAT.

Joseph Simmons, merchant tailor, of New York, Boston and Chicago, was awakened on Monday morning by the sound of a full-grown old child. He turned up the light and saw a large rat leap from the bed. The child's face had been cruelly bitten, and the poor baby died on Monday.

AN ALLIGATOR'S APPETITE.

C. K. Tiner brought into our office, last week, a flint about two inches across and a half inch thick, and a lightwood foot of stone, which was the stomach of an alligator killed by him about two months ago. His 'gatorship measured a little over fourteen feet in length.

A SNAKE WITH A HEAD AT BOTH ENDS.

On the 14th of June (Md. Republic).

One day last week Mr. Will Bosley, while at work on his farm at Oakington, Hartford county, discovered a black snake, which he made haste to kill. On examining the reptile, after he had killed it, it was found to have four heads in length and had two heads, one on each end, and both regularly proportioned. The animal was noticed to run backward, and Mr. B. says it could go as fast one way as the other. This would have been a sight for Barnum.

ATTACKED BY A WILD CAT.

On Wednesday night of last week Joseph A. Dwyer, residing near the northwest of Perryville, was awakened by the barking of his dog, and, donning his clothing, he went out to see what was the matter. He no sooner arrived at the door than he was seized by the field, when a large wild cat attacked him. After considerable fighting Mr. Dwyer put the cat to flight, though at one time the vicious animal threatened his life.

THIS TRAKETLE AS A WEAPON AGAINST SNAKES.

From the Boston (Mass.) Ledger.

Mr. James H. Wooster, living near Milton, Mass., has been successful in his counter with snakes a few days ago, that would have tried the stoutest heart, even of the masculine gender. Entering her hen house she saw a huge black snake, which she seized by the tail, and, looking around she saw two others about the same size on the joists above her. Having a greater love for her chickens than for her own life, she sprang to the house, procured some boiling water, and, throwing it upon them, brought them to the ground. These she also killed after a desperate fight, and then escaped unhurt. Few women, or even men, would be able to let their snakes slither so severely alone.

CATCHING FISH WITH A RAKE.

From the Danbury (Conn.) Republican.

For about two weeks the shores of the pond at New Britain, Conn., have been lined with men and boys, and day and night, armed with fishpots and spears, the occasion being the opening of the bullhead season, in numbers such as were never seen before. On some of the recent rainy days the banks of the pond were lined with teams and single rigs, boys on foot and boys on horseback, all ready for piscatorial action.

When the water was high, and the pond was full, the boys would wade into the water and with an iron rake hauled them ashore by the scoops. Others being unprovided with tackle have killed their fish by spearing them with their hands. A party of three persons in one day took nearly 500 of them. It is estimated that in one day about 1,000 bullheads were taken from these waters.

MAN KILLED BY A PANTHER.

From the Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.

Mr. G. F. Martin, just returned to the city from a trip down the river, tells us of a terrible affair which occurred near the mouth of the Arkansas and Pine rivers, about fifteen miles east of Pine Bluff. A woman, whose name Mr. Martin has forgotten, went out to pick blackberries. Not returning, search was made in every direction, and inquiry was made at every house in the neighborhood, but no intelligence could be obtained in regard to the woman's whereabouts. Finally, after long search, she was found near a creek in the neighborhood, and almost nightly her screams are heard.

A Bit of Moss.

To the eye of Him who watches over a sparrow's fall there is nothing great, nothing small. The man of science trains his eye to a similar impartiality in looking at nature. A moss to the untrained eye seems a insignificant object. To the eye of the botanist it is a little world. A friend once complained to the great Swedish botanist that Sweden did not afford scope enough for the study of nature, and he said to him, "hand upon a bit of moss, on a bed of which they were reclining, and said: 'Under this palm is material for the study of a lifetime!'"

One day, I was lost in an African desert, Mungo Park came across a tuft of moss. This bit of green growing in an arid waste was a messenger from God to the desponding explorer.

"If God cared for the moss," he said to himself, "surely He cares for me!" And he went on his way, exhilarated by the sight of a bit of moss.

Wordsworth speaks to ears that can hear:

To me the meadow flow that flows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Distressing Symptoms.

In the stomach and bowels may announce the existence either of dyspepsia in the first or of obstruction in the second, or the approach of some choleraic complaint, or simple diarrhea. Colic, hiccups or sour eructations, a pressing down of the bowels, a feeling of oppression or fluttering at the top of the stomach, are among these distressing symptoms. Their presence, if not speedily remedied by Hostetter's Stomachic, a simple, wholesome, often causing an immediate cessation of pain. When the difficulty continues, it is only necessary to continue the use of Hostetter's Stomachic, and anti-dyspeptic medicine to obtain entire and permanent relief. Nothing in the composition of Hostetter's Stomachic is of a degree objectionable. Medical men pronounce it eminently pure.

at the large ages of 82 and 86 respectively. A large number of the family have died at ages varying from 80 to 92. Mrs. David Bottelle, a brother, Mr. David Bottelle, of Fitchburg, now 88 years old, and twin sister, aged 81, namely, Miss Bottelle, of Fitchburg, and Mrs. Boynton, of New York. Mr. David Bottelle secondarily last year his pension as one of the veterans of the war of 1812.—Boston Traveller.

WILD LIFE.

Some Stories About Wild Beasts, Serpents and the Like.

AN AVERAGE RATTLESNAKE'S APPETITE.

From the Post Payne (Ala.) Journal.

A rattlesnake was killed at Red Hill that swallowed two rabbits, one frog, and two mice.

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