[illegible]

[illegible]

Where we used to drink, in the days gone by,
Where the daises grew beside the brink,
When the sun was hot, and the boys were dry,
And the nectar bright, that we used to drink—
Where the mosses grew on the old spring stair,
And we were too happy to care or think
Of the fading moments that we used to drink.
The spring was bright, [illegible] we used to drink.

And how the laughter [illegible] so
In merry waves of [illegible] were borne along,
With dainty glimmer of sunny curl,
And childish prattle and mellow song.
I think, sometimes, that the summer light
Shone out of Heaven through an open chink,
And angels smiled at the joyous sight,
Beside the spring where we used to drink.

The days are gone which were joyous then,
The school is closed, and the brook is dry;
The girls are grown, and the boys are men,
The spring is [illegible] and is [illegible];
The grass is green in the meadows there,
Still grow the daisies beside the brink;
But the moss has gathered upon the stair,
Above the spring where we used to drink.

THE SACK OF DIAMONDS.

None but old inhabitants remember Dr. Grambois' *Le Pharmacien*, which drug store is at the corner of Esplanade and Burgundy streets. He was a native of Marseilles, peculiarly versed in the science and practice of his profession, and so familiar with the diseases of this country that he gave useful advice to the poor who resorted to his *pharmacie*.

The business of a New Orleans druggist is in one respect somewhat like that of a soldier. There are periods of activity and repose in both. When an epidemic of any sort occured, Dr. Grambois was incessantly employed. When the public health was restored and the city slumbered through her *siesta* of the summer, like an Andalusian beauty, Dr. Grambois would sit on the banquette before his *pharmacie*, *le noyau fraiche* as the evening Gulf breeze swept up the noble Esplanade, while the Creole gossips dropping in, one by one, would find spacious chairs and a hearty welcome.

There they would exchange greetings and cigars, discuss the latest news from France, or from the parishes. The solitude of the Creole of that period rarely went beyond home and motherland.

Dr. Grambois long since realized the dream of every Frenchman. He has acquired a competency and returned to France.

As the topics of talk at *Le Pharmacie Grambois* have become traditional, it will not be unacceptable to those interested in the earlier customs of our people to read sketches of those days from the narration of the old men who have remembered them.

We give, then, as a veritable legend, the history "*D'un sac en cuir plein de diamants.*"

"It was," said the narrator, "in the year 1842. I was a clerk in the mercantile house of a Louisana Creole, established in Rue Bonte Rouge, Paris. I had been, as my old friends remember, sent to France for education. It was a mistake common among our people at that time. It is much better to train up youth in the country in which they are to pass their lives."

"*Je ne pense pas comme ca,*" interposed Le Pere Renaud, "Je prefere aller en Mexique. Je n'aime pasles coquins Americains moi."

The old gentleman arose, walked a few steps on his banquette, took a prolonged *prise* of course granulated Perique tobacco from a small silver box, and sat down.

The narration of Mr. Paul went on:

"It was the custom of the Creoles of Louisiana, of whom there were many in Paris, to assemble in our counting rooms after business hours, as we do here, to hear and tell the news. A letter, or a newspaper, was then a special communication, and we would learn with interest of the duel between the young bloods at *le Bayou au Chenes*, with the scandal on the *souffle*t, which had occasioned it. The marriage of some, or possibly the separation *du biens et du corps* of some incongruous or improvident couple, or the death of some old citizen, with the shares of each *heritier*, all of which would revive the memory of the persons mentioned and furnish subjects of conversation.

"The head of our house had transactions in Mexico and South America, so that some persons interested in that quarter of the world came sometimes to our house to learn casual news or to talk about people or events which had in former times interested them.

"One evening there came the citizen L. Roux. He was an *Botsier*, or an office corresponding perhaps with our Constable. Anywayne had to sell the chairs and tables of the poor whom rarity he disliked, and would say that he would rather belong to *le corps du Douane*, and fight with the thieves and smugglers. There was no doubt such duty would have suited him very well, for he had been a soldier of the Emperor to the last, and though now advanced in years was a man of strong frame, yet kindly in his manners, as such brave natures usually are.

"We were speaking of the good fortune of an acquaintance in the cochineal trade, who had bought a quantity of that commodity from Guatemala across to the ports of Mexico during the war between Spain and England, and especially how he had once drawn a mule load of silver dollars through Mexico, through the honesty of the *arrieros* of that country and in spite of the ladrones on the one side and the Custom-House officers on the other.

"*Mais oui,*' remarked Le Pere Renaud, 'you may trust les arrieros, *sans recu*, better zan ze [illegible] of ze maudite gouvernement of Pensilvanie, Arkansas or Meescescepee. Je perd mon argent wheech Magerou le grand avocat, he tell me was safe enough. Mais oui! Le arriere Mexicaine, he weel keel ze soldat du gouvernement or ze brigand pour protege votre argent. Ze charge du mulet of ze silvair dollair is wiz im as ze prise du rabac."

The Pere Renaud illustrated the integrity of the Mexican carrier by several quick inhalations of Perique, and by brushing from his vest the particles which fell from his fingers.

"When the adventure of the cochineal merchant had been discussed, Le Roux remarked, with a laugh:

"'I had myself a chance to have made a *coup* in the same manner, but my mules were not protected so well.'

"'And your *coup*, Mons. Le Roux?' asked the head of the house.

"'Why, sir, I got there after the fall of Finmont, in the land of the barbarians of the North. I had been brought wounded into Paris. When I came out of the hospital there was no employment for me. Paris was in the hands of our enemies. It seemed that our own people were more jealous than others. All wished to gain the favor of the Bourbons. Merchants, mechanics, *modistes*, barbers, *bonnes*, all sought the custom of the Cossacks. I do not blame them. All must live. The Emperor and his soldiers were at the bottom of the sea.

"One day I was near the Place d'Armes. I could at least look at the column. They could not pull that down. Maybe I had helped to build it at Lodi, Austerlitz, Marengo, where a boy, Waterloo, yes!

"A plain-looking man said:

"'You look up at that eagle?'

"'They will not punish me.'

"'You know of those names inscribed?'

"'Yes. I have served under [illegible] *brave*.'

"Said he: 'What do you do for employment?'

"I told my story, showed my descriptive list and discharge. I did not know but he might wish to punish me. We soldiers knew little of the law. I do not understand much now, though I am an *huissier* of the Court. The Emperor made the laws every morning. It was *le mot d'ordre*. But I said that I would go to my village, where I had worked in the field when a boy. I could do so again. The man came close to me.

"'Courage,' said he, 'we can do something for men like yourself. There is for us nothing in this country, and we must go abroad. We are founding colonies in America. I am to make an *asyle* in Brazil. Do you wish to go?'

"'Upon what terms?'

"'You will be carried to that country and supported for a year. You will have land assigned you.'

"'I must reflect.'

"'Take this paper, read it, or have it read to you, and report, if you choose, to such a number on such a street.'

"It is sufficient that this was an enterprise in good faith, and I accepted it.

"I emigranted to Brazil. It became my duty as a colonist to go sometimes to Rio for supplies. While there at one time I used to walk on the shore. It seemed to me there was nothing except distance to separate me from France.

"For several evenings I had observed an Indian who, without strictly following my steps, seemed to keep me in attentive view. He was a tall, well-formed, and handsome man, dressed like one of the better classes of that people. I remember he wore a fine Panama sombrero, an upper dress of European cloth, pantaloons of dressed leather, opened at the lower seams and ornamented with silver bell buttons. His linen was fine, and his jewelry rich, but simple. Of course, I was indifferent to personal danger; but my curiosity was excited, as I thought it possible he might have something to ask at my hands, rather than any intention to offer me violence. I accordingly turned, and asked in the language of the country:

"'Why do you follow me?'

"'It is because you are a foreigner.'

"'I am a Frenchman.'

"'Are you a man of courage?'

"'I am not afraid of you.'

"'Are you poor?'

"'Not very rich.'

"'Do you wish wealth?'

"'I came to this cursed country to to gain wealth. So far, it has not arrived.'

"'Would you risk your life for wealth?'

"'I have risked it for thirty centimes a day.'

"'You are a soldier?'

"'I have been.'

"'I need your services.'

"'For what purpose?'

"'Not for assassination, or for robbery.'

"'For what then?'

"'I can not tell; but if you wish to risk your life against the certainty of wealth, go to-morrow to the garita on the western road. You will find a man with a mule saddled and fitted for a journey. He will accompany you a day's journey. You will be received at the venta (tavern). The day after you will find another guide and mule. He will carry you another day's journey. You will stay at the venta, where you will find another guide, who will accompany you on the journey of the third day. Ask no questions, either of your guide or at the venta. You will receive no satisfaction. All you want will be supplied, and you will be safe from any danger. Do you fear?'

"'I may lose my contract of passage to France?'

"'You had better do so.'

"'I consent.'

"All this occurred as intended. My journey was into, and through the forest; it passed estates of sugar, coffee, and fruits. We crossed streams on rude ferries and rugged fords. It rose through the luxuriant trees, and vines, and flowers, with the parrot, the parroquito, and the monkeys—once there was a serpent and once a sight of a Brazilian tiger.

"'*Un tigre* royal?'

"'*Variment, messeurs, une tigre veritable avec les raye noir.*

"At the end of the third day our course was into the heart of the mountains. We arrived in the night at a venta, in a solitary place. My guide spoke a few words to the proprietor, who ordered the mule to be taken. My baggage was carried into a room, and I had rest and refreshments. I remained in that venta for two days. All my wants were supplied, but no one asked me any questions. I had become tired of this uncertainty, when one day an Indian rode across the prairie, and up to the door of the venta. I heard him ask:

"'Is there a Frenchman here?'

"'There is an *estrangero*.'

"'Senor,' the Indian asked, 'are you a Frenchman?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then you will follow me.'

"I paused and reflected.

"'You will follow me,' he repeated, 'if you wish, or you will return. It is with you. It is the message of the Padron.'

"'Why should I fear for my life? Of what value was that to any except myself?'

"'*Peste! Diable! En avant!*'

"And so we departed. During the day the guide halted and said:

"'Senor, we must now bandage your eyes.'

"Decidedly this was becoming more mysterious; but my curiosity and interest in the case put aside all fear, and I rode with the guide, with my eyes as if I had been playing *cache cache!* for a treasure. So, I again cried, *en avant!* and we rode until I heard a great noise of shouting and of instruments of the country. This was a *fete* and a fandango. My bandage was taken off, and I was in a camp. There were hundreds of miners and people of the country. There were many blacks who I have now no doubt were slaves, who had escaped from the royal mines. There were fires of a luminous and resinous wood which made the camp as light as day. There were tables of monte and other chances, at which the natives played with all the nonchalance of a Spanish gamester. There were booths of goods and trinkets, piles of native food and fruits, sandals and earthenware. The merchants were chiefly natives, men and women. Silver was abundant, and brokers were there to deal in diamons, of which there had been lately a considerable distribution from the mines worked in that neighborhood. I was led to a tent, in which I found food, wine and water for repairing the fatigue of the journey. In an hour a messenger said:

"'You will go to the tent of El Padron Joaquin.'

"It was then midnight. On entering the tent I saw the same man who had arrested me on the shore at Rio.

"'You have come?'

"'I promised.'

"'Listen. I am Joaquin, the *contraban dier en diamants*. The people whom you have seen are my friends and my soldiers. This camp is guarded like a fort. It cannot be surprised. My people obey my orders, whatever they may be. I have paid their part of our gains out of my own share. I have for years put apart the most valuable jewels. The vigilance of the Government renders it impossible for me to send them away. To be found in possession of a diamond, without satisfactory explanation, is death. These diamonds are of no value to me. If in Europe, they would be a fortune. Not a fortune as you French deem, a few thousand francs, but a fortune for me, Joaquin, upon which I would live in Europe like a prince.'

"'Do you fear?'

"I felt the peril. On one hand it was to die. On the other, to return to France. *Avec de quoi vivre de mes rentes.* I repeated that I was ready.

"A strong mule stood ready with a gentle one at its side. I received from the hands of Joaquin a small sack, which, which was concealed under my cloak after I had mounted. The man gave me a large knife with a pistolet, and a purse of money. The purse was made of the fibres of the country. I have it yet, with the knife. The pistolet was lost by the gunsmith.

"'Frenchman!' said the Indian, 'take this sack and defend it as your life. It is the same thing as your life. If captured with the sack you will not have more than an 'Ave' between you and eternity. When you shall have traveled two days and a half the guide will return. Change clothes with him. Buy a carga of charcoal. Disguise yourself as much like a charbonero as you can, and place this sack under the charcoal. When you shall have hidden the sack securely in Rio, resume your name and employment. Wait in Rio one year. If you do not see me in that time you will return to Europe with the sack. I shall be dead. The sack will be yours.'

"I offered to give him my name and the place in which I might be heard of. He had already obtained both from the colonial agency I suppose. I was then blindfolded and carried beyond the limits of the camp.

"It was the rule of the band with all strangers. In the morning the bandage was taken off by the guide, who had walked at my side, and with whom I did not exchange a word except to invite him to take a part of my food and wine, which he did, sparingly. Arriving at the point indicated, the guide stopped. I obeyed the command to exchange clothing, in which, indeed, I received a very poor equivalent. The hat of coarse fibre, the shirt of cotton, the pantaloons of the same material, which came no lower than my knees, with coarse sandals, completed the attire. The guide produced a small gourd containing the juice of a plant which gave brown coloring to the skin. My hair, which was long and black, was made straight, and with the slouched hat, gave me an intermediate air as something between a *ladrone* and a muleteer, a good deal of coal dust grimed around my neck, face and eyes, completed the disguise. The guide applied all this himself, stepping back and regarding me from time to time as an artist would have done his work. He then took the saddle and furniture from off the mule and led him away into the forest. In due time he returned with three large sacks of charcoal bound upon the animal, and gave me some instructions as to the measures and prices at which the coal was to be sold. I knew well enough the money and measures of the country. The guide took a final look at me. I offered him money, which he declined by a gesture. He then turned into the forest, and I was left with my mule and his precious burden.

"I was within three leagues of Rio and advanced driving the mule before me. I met many of the stolid people who made signs of salutation with more or less curiosity. Some seemed to think I was a new *merchand du charbon*, but none seemed to doubt my nationality. Of course I kept the mule between myself and these passengers as much as possible. I began to think it would do. My thoughts had indeed escaped from the peril of my situation and I was beginning to think once more of Paris and the Rio Guingette wherein two years before I had left a little girl who I had thought to marry so soon as I should have acquired the means to do so. A prospect was now apparent. I began to retrace her features. It occurred to my mind that in returning to France as a millionaire I should embarrass the poor girl greatly by elevating her to a social class so far above her own. In justice to her, then, I would not complicate her, or myself. In this meditating, I was startled by a person who stood in front of my mule. To my surprise it was the guide, accoutred just as he had been before our exchange of habiliments.

"'Senor,' said he, 'the road is guarded by soldiers. They have heard that a large value (*muchos reales*) has been taken from the mines, and they await the bearer. Buenos dios Senor.' And, this impassive messenger turned and disappeared.

"It was certainly unnecessary for him to advise me. I turned my mule from the pathway into the forest, took the leather sack of diamonds on my shoulder and proceeded to conceal it in some place in which no one would be apt to find it but myself. I had nothing but a knife with which to make an excavation. I worked for several hours, and having food for myself, led my mule to water and tethered him to some shrubs which he seemed to like, and toiled until late in the night. When the day appeared I marked the way from the pathway in the most prudent manner possible, and taking my mule and its cargo, somewhat diminished in value by the deposit, resumed my road to market. About 11 o'clock I was hailed by a picket guard. They looked at me with suspicion, but proceeded immediately to examine my charcoal. It was emptied out of the sack on the ground. I was searched and about to be stripped, which would have shown a marked difference in the color of my legs and body, when the Sergeant said:

"'*Pobre Diavolo*, he couldn't have the diamonds upon him. They were in a leather sack. Let him go.'

"Upon this reprieve I began to gather up the coal in such a manner that my resemblance to one of the trade was a good deal improved. I was asked if I had seen or heard of any one on the road. I told of my purchasing the animal at the Camp los Perdidos, and so managed to escape and proceed on the trip. I do not suppose that the housekeepers of Rio had ever made a better bargain for their *brasieros* than in the sacrifice of my stock. The mule was converted into money the day after The purchaser no doubt thought I had stolen him. I returned to my lodgings at night, resumed my clothing, but awakened next morning with a burning fever, which increased until it reached insanity itself.

"On my restoration to reason I found the French Consul at my bedside. My hotel experience was very much that of Gil Blas—my money, clothing and baggage had been absorbed by the expenses of my illness. The Consul disregarded my remonstrances. He had no funds to pay my board. A vessel bound for France was in port, and I was sent on board. From the passengers I heard my own story in detail, except that no suspicion of a foreigner had been awakened. That was something for the future.

"I had indeed nothing at this moment to remain for; but reserved a purpose to return at some future time when all should have been forgotten, and carry off *le sac en cuir plein de diamants.* I made the passage to Havre. Soon after my return to France I decided that there would be little danger of blighting the future of little Desire Le Blanc, by marrying a millionaire, and so she has been for several years M'me Desire Le Roux, with several little boys and girls ready to inherit my wealth when I should get it.

"Perhaps the same reason that induced the tall Indian to perform a desperate service has induced the Government to employ me as a law officer, where there are sometimes desperate men to be arrested. So here I am.

"'And your Indian? Did you never hear of him?

"'Never, from that day or night.

"'Monsieur,' said our patron, 'do you think you could find again your treasure?'

"'I am certain.'

"'Have you never proposed to return?'

"'Repeatedly, but no one would listen. One said, in your *fierce cerebral* you have dreamed of that. No one would encourage the search.'

"'What think you was the value of that sack?'

"'Monsieur, it was the accumulated plunder of twenty years, by a good judge of diamonds. The sack must have weighed seven pounds, of which there was of course a very small part of the precious stone.'

"'And you think you could find the place of deposit again?'

"'I am certain.'

"'How much would such an expedition cost?'

"'I could make it for 20,000 francs. This would include the support of my wife and children during my absence, with the assurance of something to them if I died on the expedition.'

"'Nothing more was said. The next day the Patron said to me:

"'You heard the *Conte* of Le Roux, what do you think of it?'

"'It was *blague!*'

"'You do not doubt its truth?'

"No, but the government has long since traced that peasant and that mule. It has shot the peasant and dug the ground for miles around the charcoal camp.'

"'What, to find all those diamonds at once? There they dig down mountains for a few! *Je crois ca, moi!*'

"'But do you think the search would be worth 30,000 francs?'

"'No. Brazil is a country of dense vegetation. A man working in the night, in fear of his life, would not regard the surrounding objects with sufficient care to identify them again. Remember that thirty years have elapsed since the diamonds were hidden.'

"'I think differently,' said the head of the house. I know Le Roux to be a man of truth. He would not have otherwise retained his employment so long. If they were in the United States the men who have invested their money in search for the treasure of Capt. Kidd would form a society for this search. For me, I have resolved to invest 25,000 francs in the enterprise. I shall entrust the execution of the enterprise to Le Roux. You will have charge of the money. Prepare to accompany him.'

"This decision took me completely by surprise. It involved quitting Paris, which was to me then as quitting the world. It was a *bouleversement totale* of all my plans and pleasures. I was an industrious, accurate and honest clerk, but then one is not always bending over the lodger. There was the theater, the Boulevards, La Bal, the restaurant, the gay companions, la petite fille *ouwriere* a quiez'eme Rue La Harpe.

"'Aha,' said la Pere Renaud, '*Je vous connais bien, Mons. Paul; vous etes bon garcon, mais aussi un garcon bien gai sur occasion, n'est ce pas.*'

"Upon reflection I determined to dissuade the patron, if possible, from the adventure, and if I failed in this, to tell him that for me to go it was impossible.

"He yielded to my arguments, but I have since thought it was because he saw I could not be persuaded to go, and he had no one else so trustworthy. Years afterward I lived some years in Spanish America, and thought more favorably of the chances of success, if undertaken in company with the old soldier of Napoleon.

"'And Le Roux?'

"As the patron had never mentioned his purposes to him, the subject was never referred to again. I have, however, often wondered whether, with a little more enterprise, I might not have succeeded in finding the deposit of *le sac a cuir des diamants* and *fait. Aussi mes rentes a Paris.*"—*New Orleans Picayune.*

FELL AGAINST A SHARP EDGE.

[From the Rockford (Ill.) Register.]

This is furnished by Mr. Wm. Will, 1613 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.: Some time since I received a severe injury to my back, by falling against the sharp edge of a marble step, the stone penetrating it least a half inch, and leaving a very painful wound. After suffering for a time, I concluded to apply St. Jacobs Oil, and am pleased to say that the results exceeded my expectations. It speedily allayed all pain and swelling, and by continued use made a perfect cure. I really think it the most efficacious liniment I ever used.

Dangers of Dust.

Dr. Leidy, of Philadelphia, believes that the dust of our cities is a serious source of disease. "When we reflect," he says, "that this is the dried and pulverized dirt and filth of our streets, derived from all kinds of refuse matter, its dangerous qualities may be suspected, if they are not clearly obvious. Conveyed by the winds, it is diffused everywhere, and settles upon or adheres to everything. We inhale it, drink it and eat it with our food. A speck of mud on our bread excites disgust; but who minds the same thing when it is nothing but a little dust? If our food just brought from the market or provision store is examined with the microscope, it is found to teem with particles of dust, consisting of fine sand, bits of hay, straw, filaments of cotton from old paper and rags, wood fibers, hair and scurf scales of man and beast, starch grains, spores, etc. Recent investigations render it probable that dust contains the germs of decomposition, gangrene, and contagious diseases."

[From the Chambersburgh (Pa.) Herald.]

AFTER vainly spending five hundred dollars for other remedies to relieve my wife, I have no hesitation in declaring, that St. Jacobs Oil will cure Neuralgia, says M. V. B. Hersom, Esq., (of Pinkham & Hersom), Boston, Mass., an enthusiastic indorser of its merits.

Moist Air in Dwellings.

An eminent engineer has recently broached the theory that the summer condition of temperature, 62 to 68 deg., and relative humidity, 80 to 85 deg., are not desirable or attainable at other seasons in the heating of dwellings. His argument is that the dry air of America possesses both curative and preventive qualities of great value, and that moist air, which promotes vegetable growth, is, on sanitary grounds, not desirable for breathing; then, too, the dew point is far below the freezing point of water in well-warmed and ventilated rooms, where there is nothing of that sensation of dryness which is usually held to accompany the heat of a furnace, constructed and arranged according to the ordinary plan, when not supplied with water for evaporation.

"Women Never Think."

If the crabbed old bachelor who uttered this sentiment could but witness the intense thought, deep study and thorough investigation of women in determining the best medicines to keep their families well, and would note their sagacity and wisdom in selecting Hop Bitters as the best, and demonstrating it by keeping their families in perpetual health, at a mere nominal expense, he would be forced to acknowledge that such sentiments are baseless and false.—*Picayune.*

Got Back at Her.

A very neat mot by Mlle. Fargueil, the actress:

One night on entering the green-room of the Vaudeville she surprised Mlle. Elmire Paurelle in the act of "taking off" her acting, with many gestures and grimaces.

The mimic stood petrified, but Mlle. Fargueil smiled benignly on her and said:

"Very good, indeed! Try and act like like that always—then you won't be hissed!"—*French paper.*

Certain Knowledge.

We know whereof we affirm when we say that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has performed more wonderful cures than any medicine ever brought before the American public.

The Ten Muses.

What should be their functions?

1. The arch-concoctor of salads.
2. The sewer-on of buttons.
3. The intelligent maker of bread-sauce.
4. The player of Beethoven's music.
5. The player of common tunes.
6. The consoler under difficulties.
7. The good reader.
8. The dear creature, who always believes in her husband.
9. The manager of other wives.

If there is to be a tenth one, she shall be the noble and rare creature who can cook a potato.

KIDNEY-WORT is the enemy of indigestion and biliousness. It is sure to conquer them.

"I Don't Want that Stuff!"

Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headache and neuralgia which had made her miserable for fourteen years. At the first attack thereafter it was administered to her with such good results that she continued its use until cured, and was so enthusiastic in its praise that she induced twenty-two of the best families in her circle to adopt it as their regular family medicine. That "stuff" is Hop Bitters.—*Standard.*

Cleaning Out the Sutler.

The army sutler was the soldier's best friend and worst enemy. He was looked upon as an extortioner, and therefore an enemy, and yet he was regarded as a friend who stood between the soldier and hunger. There were occasions when regimental wagons could not "get there," but it was only on rare occasions that the sutler's wagons could not pull through. It is true, he asked a big price for his cakes, cheese and canned goods, but he had taken big risks in following the regiment. All things considered, the sutler did not deserve the reproach bestowed upon his calling. He ran risks which only brave men take, and his expenses sometimes devoured his profits, large as they seemed. Very few of them made any great amount of money, and scores of them were financially busted by raids and robberies.

From first to last the sutler was considered fair game for any one who could beat him, and when he could not be tricked he could be cleaned out. This latter process was the darkest mystery in army life. No one seemed to plan or to lead, and yet all seemed to understand. At a given moment from twenty-five to one hundred men would suddenly appear at the sutler's tent, or hut, and go through him like a hurricane. The blow fell so quickly that there was no dodging it, and the guards arrived too late to make an arrest or save anything.

At the remount camp at Pleasant Valley, in 1865, thirty men fell upon the sutler's cabin about five minutes after roll-call. It was a stout log hut, securely barred and bolted, and contained $700 worth of stores. The clerk, a young man of nineteen, slept within, armed with two revolvers. There was a grand yell, a crash, and all was over. In five minutes from the first alarm a guard was on the spot, but too late. The only articles left in the hut would not have sold for $50. The clerk was outside in his night clothes, robbed of his arms and cash, and cheese, bags of nuts, boxes of candy and cases of tobacco and canned goods had disappeared as if taken up by the wind. A strict search was at once begun, but not so much as a nickel's worth of the stolen property could be discovered. A hundred men were suspected and questioned, but not one could be held responsible. It was like the swoop of a hawk, as full of deadly vengeance.

In 1862, in Richardson's brigade of infantry, a sutler was cleaned out at noon in the midst of 4,000 men with their eyes open, and a thousand dollars worth of goods secreted in camp so well that only a dozen pen-holders could be found by the searchers. Twenty men did the business in about two minutes, and not one of them could be identified.

Wendell Phillips' Advice to Boys.

History is, for the most part, an idle amusement, the day dream of pedants and trifters. The details of event, the actors' motives and their relation to each other are buried with them. How impossible to learn the exact truth of what took place yesterday under your next neighbor's roof. Yet we complacently argue and speculate about matters a thousand miles oft and a thousand years ago as if we knew them. When I was a scholar, my favorite study was history. The world and affairs have shown me that one-half of history is loose conjecture, and much of the rest is the writer's opinion. But most men see facts, not with their eyes, but with their prejudices. Any one familiar with courts will testify how rare it is for an honest man to give a perfectly correct account of a transaction. We are tempted to see facts as we think they ought to be, or wish they were. And yet, journals are the favorite original sources of history. Tremble, my good friend, if your sixpenny neighbor keeps a journal. It adds a new terror to death. You shall go down to your children not in your fair lineaments and proportions, but with the smirks, elbows and angles he sees you with. Journals are excellent to record the depth of the last snow and the date when the Mayflower opens. But when you come to men's motives and characters, journals are the magnets that get near the chronometer of history, and make all its records worthless. You can count on the fingers of your two hands all the robust minds that ever kept journals. Only milksops and fribblers indulge in that amusement, except, now and then, a respectable mediocrity. One such journal nightmares New England annals, emptied into history by respectable middle-aged gentlemen, who fancy that narrowness and spleen, like poor wine, mellow into truth when they get to be a century old.

THE vicious practice of Americans in Europe, in squandering large sums of money and displaying their roll on all occasions, is bearing its legitimate fruit, and an idea seems to have taken possession of Europeans generally that Americans have more money than they can get rid of with a scoop shovel. They seem to think that almost every American owns a mine that turns out trade dollars in clusters, like grapes, and that the vines produce two crops each season. The vulgarity displayed by Americans in the lavish manner in which they squander immense sums have been frequently commented on, and the Europeans of course only see this phase of the American character. Those of us who remain at home, and are free from this vulgarity, are not taken into account.

LIFE is so short that it is the worst of stupidities to waste an hour of it.

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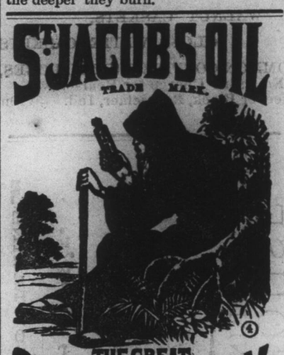
BE BRIEF; for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.



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Most gratefully yours,
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Troy, O., Jan. 2, 1878. Pastor Christian Church.

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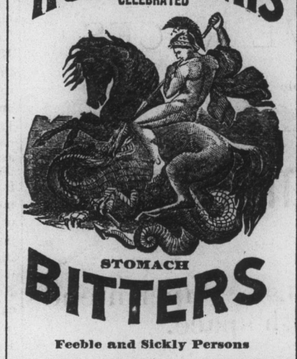
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CORN—Ungraded	48 @ 57
OATS—Mixed Western	42 @ 44
PORK—Mess	17 75 @18 25
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Medium Fair	5 40 @ 5 55
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FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5 85 @ 6 50
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WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 12 @ 1 13
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BUTTER—Choice Creamery	19 @ 23
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WHEAT—No. 1	1 18 @ 1 20
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