THE GAZETTE IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY WILLIAM H. COUNCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—a failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

THE EASTON GAZETTE.

Vol. LI. Easton, Talbot County, Md., September 12, 1868. No. 52.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (six lines,) inserted ONE TIME for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly. Marriages and Deaths inserted without charge.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, will receive prompt attention.

"COSTAR'S"

PREPARATIONS

EVENYBODY—Tries Them!
EVERYBODY—Uses Them!
EVERYBODY—Believes in Them
EVERYBODY—Recommends Them!

Are you troubled by Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants, &c. Buy a 25c. or 50c. box of "Costar's" Exterminators.

"Only Infalible Remedies known."—"Free from Poison." "Not dangerous to the Human Family." "Rats come out of their holes to die." Improved to keep in any climate.

Are you annoyed with Bed-Bugs? Can't sleep nights! Buy a 25c. or 50c. Bottle of—
"Costar's" Bed-Bug Exter.

"Destroys and prevents Bed-Bugs."—"Never fails." A Liquid, used by Hotels, Boarding Houses, Ships, Boats, Public Institutions, and Housekeepers everywhere.

For Moths in Furs, Woolens, Carpets, &c., &c. Buy a 25c. or 50c. Flask of—
"Costar's" Insect Powder.

Destroys instantly Insects on Fowls Fleas on Animals. "Nothing exceeds it in power and efficacy." "Free from Poison." Imported and prepared only by "Costar."

"A sure thing." Thousands testify to its merits. Buy a 25c. or 50c. Box of—
"Costar's" Corn Solvent.

For Corns, Bunions, Warts, &c. "Try it." It is positively efficacious. Take away the cause. Apply the Corn Remedy, to your comfort. Then tell your friends about it.

Don't suffer with Pain! A Wonderful power of Healing! Every family should keep it in the house. Buy a 25c. or 50c, Box of
"Costar's" Buckthorn Salve.

Its effects are immediate. For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Wounds, Sore Breasts, Piles, Ulcers, Old Sores, Itch, Scrofula and Cutaneous Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Lips, &c., Bites of Animals, Insects, &c. This Salve has proved a comfort and blessing to thousands.

"A Universal Dinner Pill," (sugar-coated) 30 years administered in a Physician's Practice. 25c. and 50c. Boxes—
"Costar's" Bishop Pills

Of extraordinary efficacy for Costiveness, Indigestion, Nervous and Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, General Debility, Liver Complaint, Chills, Fevers, &c. Not griping. Gentle, mild and soothing—cleanses the system of impurities, and builds up constitutions broken by the use of Tobacco, Liquors, &c.

"That Cough will kill you. Don't neglect it. Take home the Cure—the nicest improved article. 25c. and 50c. Sizes
"Costar's" Cough Remedy.

The children cry for it—its a "Soothing Syrup." For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchial Affections, Singers, Speakers, and all troubled with Throat Complaints, will find this a beneficial Pectoral Remedy.

For the "Toilet," for Beautifying the Complexion, giving to the skin a transparent freshness. Bottles $1.00
"Costar's" Bitter-Sweet and Orange Blossoms

Renders the skin clear, smooth and soft. Removes Tan, Freckles, &c.—Ladies of taste and elegance in New York are now using it altogether, to the exclusion of everything else. Try one bottle and see its wonderful quality.

☞ Beware! of all worthless Imitations. None genuine without "Costar's" signature 25c. and 50c. sizes kept by all Druggists. $1.00 sizes sent by mail on receipt of price. $2.00 pays for any three $1.00 sizes by express $5.00 pays for eight $1.00 sizes by express. Address,

HENRY R. COSTAR,
482 Broadway, N. Y.

Sold by Levin H. Campbell, Easton, Md. and by all Wholesale Druggists in Baltimore, Md. (feb 1-6m

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in 1828.

THEY CURED YOUR

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern preparation, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicine. They are

The greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,

and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.

All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters

is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

DEBILITY.

There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

These Remedies are the best

Blood Purifiers

ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order: keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
Philadelphia, March 16, 1867.

I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.
Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
Philadelphia, April 23, 1866.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in cases of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates street.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

Price of the Bitters, $1 00 per bottle;
Or, a half dozen for $5 00.
Price of the Tonic, $1 50 per bottle;
Or, a half dozen for $7 50.

The tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

At the German Medicine Store,
No. 631 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
CHAS. M. EVANS,
Proprietor,

Formerly C. M. Jackson & Co.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine dealers everywhere.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.
aug 29-1y

From the West Branch Bulletin.

Grant or Seymour.

When Sumpter's fall, with lighting speed,
Flashed o'er the telegraph wires,
Who hastened forth with harnessed steed,
Flashed with the proud blood of his sires,
Who like our own lov'd Washington,
His country's armor buckled on,
And led where victory's eagles won,
Grant? or Horatio Seymour?

In Freedom's darkest, saddest hour,
When every loyal nerve was strung
To grappel with the despot's power,
Stern warriors 'round her banner clung;—
Who sat at home and calmly smiled,
Our toil-worn veterans reviled—
In peace a knave, in war a child,
Grant? or Horatio Seymour?

Who rode along our lines of blue,
And cheered his men with word and smile,
Who shared their hopes and pastimes too,
Their danger and their toil;—
Who led them on with sabres bright,
Through binding smoke up Vickburg's height
And put Columbia's foes to flight,
Grant? or Horatio Seymour?

When loyal hearts on bended knee
Were offering anthems up to God,
In honor of great victory,
Who counselled treason with a mob;—
Who laid the plot, matured the plan,
Who marshalled forth the Ku-Klux-Klan
Until New York with red blood ran,
Grant? or Horatio Seymour?

And when the war-clouds passed away,
(Thanks to our iron-hearted braves,)
Our starry flag resumed its sway,
And struck the shackles from the slave;—
Who spurned the country's saviors then,
Who called them mercenary men
And tried to kindle strife again?
The great Horatio Seymour.

When treason's hosts from North and South
Another Ku-Klux fight arrayed,
Who was it then came sneaking forth,
The people's trust again betrayed;
Who pledged his word and gave his hand
To revolutionize the land,
And place Confederates in command?
The "sage," Horatio Seymour.

Who are the friends of Liberty,
The men who 'neath the Southern sky
Carried the banner of the free,
Resolved to conquer or to die?
Or they who in the darkest hour
That e'er eclipsed proud Freedom's Sun,
Come forth to trample with their power
The victories our heroes won?
What! would a traitor even dare
The purple robes of State to wear,
And occupy great Lincoln's chair?
Not yet—Horatio Seymour.

Baby Poetry.

WRITTEN DURING THE JULY HEATED TERM.

Dood mornin, daddy,
How do oo' do?
Radder hot wedder
I sink, dont oo?

'Mom ter up to 90,
Makes a fellow sweat,
Hope it'll get cooler,
Aint done it yet.

How's all the fotes,
Untles, aunts, and tozzens?
Hope em's all well,
(Got em—by de dozens.)

Mammy says Ise fat,
Toodent be much fatter
Mighty sure o' dat,
And dats what de matter.

Des I'll have to stop,
Dittin rasser lazy,
'Fraid my baby talk
Make old daddy crazy.

Tell you what you do—
Dont oo say oo cant,
Take me out November next,
I doin to vote for Drant!

My Grimy Old Pipe.

BY JNO. R. SPEDDEN.

When sick of reviewing the vain, fickle crowd—
On the eddies of fashion that's whirled—
I gladly escape to my own little room
And lock myself in from the world.
I take from its niche my grimy old pipe,
And wrap'd in its gray curling cloud,
My fancy soon wafts me from scenes of this earth,
Away from the gay, thoughtless crowd.

When books cease to please and romance grows [staid,
And I'm weary of courting the muse;
When but the dark side of the picture I view,
And my spirit sinks down in my shoes;
When shadows obscure the sunlight of hope,
That bright for the future oft gleams,
A whiff at my pipe dispels all my fears,
And I'm lost in an Eden of dreams.

A friend tried and true, is my grimy old pipe;
Its friendship I often invoke,
And soon 'bove the crosses and trials of life
I ascend in a cloud of its smoke.
When false friends deceive, and burdensome cares,
And blue-devils close to me stick,
I'm soon at my ease as I draw through its stem
The solace of Kinnickinic—*Sunday Telegram.*

☞ The best remedy for mosquito bites and other insect stings is hartshorn and water.

Wanted—one column to fill this line.

For the Easton Gazette.

Reminiscences of the Frontier.

The Indians are the greatest thieves extant. Stealing with them is a second nature, and, is beyond all doubt hereditary. Their appetites are seldom appeased, and even when provisions are plenty with them, they will risk life and limb to the utmost extent in their endeavors to rob the whites. When not on the war-path as a nation, (they are *always* at war individually) their employment is to skulk around the camps of troops and emigrants at night, endeavoring to stampede the live stock of the camp. Having succeeded in "appropriating" a good animal, they run it up to Salt Lake City, among the Mormons, with whom they trade, and are great friends. The average price of a good horse or mule is two hundred dollars, taken in exchange for merchandise. Said "merchandise" consists of the following:—one gallon of whiskey, a few pounds of powder and ball; another gallon of whiskey, then some trinkets, a looking glass, handfull brass buttons, a bright colored handkerchief and blanket; then some more whiskey, after which the Mormon storekeeper tells the Indian his credit has run out, the trade is at an end, and the horse or mule changes owners.—The whiskey, of course, is consumed by the "reds" before they leave town. They do not seem to have much faith in the old saying that "wine (whiskey) improves with age," and consequently "put it under their belts" immediately. After idling around town a week or so, they are off to the plains again to repeat the operation. It is astonishing to see how eager they are for "fire-water." They will do anything, give anything, to obtain it, even to bartering their squaws for it. Some one has suggested that the Government build whiskey distilleries on the plains, to be worked exclusively by and for the Indians, as the surest and most expeditious mode of killing them off. I believe it would save the Government immense sums, and answer the purpose admirably.

The red skin is the most complete two-legged hog I ever saw. In the garrisons on the plains it is customary to deal out rations to the troops every ten days; and as our mounted Pawnees came under the head of troops, rations were at first issued to them as to the soldiers. But this plan would not work with them. If rations were issued to them this afternoon for ten days, on the third day they would not have a mouthful left. As soon as the food was received, they would build fires and group around them, and there they would sit, and roast and eat, and eat and roast until their ten days allowance was safely stowed away where there would be no danger of its being lost by theft.—For the balance of the time, until another issue of "grub," they would hang around the troops, or mount their horses and scour the prairie for antelopes, a large number of which were to be found, though shy. These animals have a great deal of curiosity, which is taken advantage of thus: We drive our ramrod in the ground, suspended from which is a red handkerchief, and throw ourselves in the grass some ten or twelve feet distant from where we closely watch the game. The antelope spies the red handkerchief, looks intently towards it for a few moments, then walks round and round it very slowly, drawing nigher every circle made, until he gets within fifty or sixty yards of it, when you cautiously raise your rifle and "let him have it" just in rear of the fore leg, and if you are an ordinary good shot the game is yours. This ruse, however, is not practised by the reds. Too much patience is required. If the game were white scalps, they would lay in ambush all day cheerfully; but when their larder is empty and their appetites sharpened, the thought of roast antelope is too much for them, and they chase them on horseback. The antelopes are very swift runners, but will run in a straight line for miles before they will break to the right or left; thus a horseman is enabled to head them off as they always make for the bluffs.

In consideration of the enormous appetites of our Pawnees, and of their being incapable of regulating their commissary department, they were generally kept on the move, when rations were issued to each red daily, and where they were able to supply the deficiency of the ration by hunting-game. Not one white man in fifty is able to consume the ration allowed and issued by the government, the quantity being so great.

The red skins are notorious for their love of finery. Anything they possess they will barter for gew gaws—looking glasses, pieces of bright tin, brass buttons, tin or copper kettles, belt plates—anything that glitters, no matter how valueless, and with them all the metals are on a par, whether it be gold or tin. At the peace conference at North Platte City last September, I saw any quantity of "buck" (male) Indians with their long hair plaited down their backs similar to a Chinaman's queue, in which was stuck pieces of gold, brass, tin, buttons from a soldier's coat and bright china, commencing with a large piece at the top, and diminishing in size downward. I saw one of them give a magnificent buffalo robe to a soldier in exchange for an old pair of dazzling bright shoulder scales and waist belt and plate. And at Fort Laramie, in Decotah, numbers of the soldiers owned squaws, purchased with a glaring red blanket or shirt, and a handfull of gew-gaws. The same is the case at many other posts on the plains.

At Fort Sedgwick we had a Sioux Chief rejoicing in the name of "Red Bead," who, having killed a brother chief in council, had fled to us for protection, with his squaws and pappooses. He had killed this chief while debating as to the time they should attack our fort, and yet the vagabond ran to us for *protection*! which, I am sorry to say, was given him; as he afterwards led into ambush Lieut. Kidder and eighteen men of the 2d Cavalry, who had started to reach a force of ours who were fighting the reds on Republican river, in Colorado, and had taken "Red Bead" as a guide. Lieut. Kidder and party were all murdered, and Red Bead never heard of again. While at the fort it was amusing to see him strutting around in an old straw hat, a pair of much dilapidated leggings and moccasins, and a Brigadier General's coat, with full buttons and shoulder straps, which had been given him by the commanding general, and which he prized above everything. This chief had a mulatto man with him who was captured in Kansas when a boy. He seemed to like their mode of life, and could talk Indian with the best of them.

The Indians display great ingenuity in the manufacture of their arrows. Their arrow heads are made of iron, of a triangular shape, with a prong, which is driven into the wood and securely bound with the sinews of a wild beast.—Three feathers are also bound on the opposite end to guide and balance the arrow while passing through the air. They are in no wise particular, and will cut the sinews from the body of their victims with which to bind their arrows. In wet or very damp weather, however, their arrows are harmless unless in close quarters, as their bow-string, which is the large sinew of a buffalo or bear, relaxes so that their arrows fall short of fifty or sixty yards. In windy weather, also, their arrows fly very wild, and strike only by accident. In such cases they use their rifles. Many of the tribes on the plains do not use fire arms, their weapons being bow and arrow, tomahawk and scalping knife. The arrow, however, is sufficiently deadly. They cut three small grooves in the wood from the head to the feathers, through which one's life blood may flow when the weapon is driven into the body. Where the arrow is forced into the flesh adequate to cover the arrow-head, the victim will speedily bleed to death unless surgical aid is promptly rendered. It is a mark of terrible revenge by the red skins after they have scalped their foe to drive the body full of arrows, and thus leave it. While they will fight like demons to get possession of the slain bodies of their tribe, they will not touch them if they have been scalped; as in that event their spirits will not go to the "happy hunting grounds."—Many of the old hunters and troops make it a point to "raise" their "hair" after they have killed them.

The reds have a dread for field artillery that seems impossible for them to overcome. Those who can talk a little English call them "smoke wagons." We had two 12 pound pieces at Sedgwick, one of which was fired daily at sunrise and sunset. At its discharge you could see all the reds within hearing scamper off across the prairie for the bluffs. Even our half civilized Pawnees, some of whom were always in the fort, were dreadfully afraid of the "smoke wagons," and would not go near them, under any pretence.

While we lay at Fort Sedgwick, a detail was made daily of three or five men, according to the number of passengers—the passengers were all armed also—to accompany the mail coach to Denver, as guard to the mails. The distance from Sedgwick to Denver was one hundred miles, which was made in from twelve to fifteen hours including stoppages. Every ten miles there was a stage station, where the coach stopped to exchange its horses for fresh ones, and often, when the reds were numerous, would remain during the night. Each of these stations was guarded by two of the company's employees and three or four soldiers; every second station being a telegraph office. So with the station guard, the coach guard and the armed passengers, quite a respectable defence could be made in case of an attack by the reds. This guard duty was sought for eagerly by our fellows, notwithstanding the attacks made on the coaches, which occurred frequently, as the reds knew it would pay them well to "gobble" a coach. But the one day of rest and pleasure our boys would have in Denver shone bright through the dangers which presented themselves.

Another duty we had from Sedgwick, and one fraught with plenty of danger, was the repairing of the telegraph line, which would frequently be blown down by the terrible winds which sweep across the prairies, thereby causing a suspension of telegraphic communication. The detail for this duty consisted of one non-commissioned officer and six or eight privates, one employee of the telegraph company, and a six-mule team and driver, with the necessary material for repairs. This party would have to leave the road and strike directly across the country on a line with the telegraph, thus augmenting their danger in case of an attack, as on the road there would be a possibility of meeting a train—away from it none. Towards night, however, the party generally found its way to a ranche on the road, where they made themselves comfortable until morning, when they would start across to the line again. But any duty, no matter how dangerous, was cheerfully accepted by the boys, in order to escape from the dull life of a garrison.

The Indians never attack a wagon train except they have an overwhelming force. In case of an attack, unless at a considerable distance from a fort, the wagoners "corral" their wagons, from which they fight the reds. If they are near a military post they make a "running fight" of it. Out on the prairies, if a train is attacked, they form a circle of their wagons, running the pole of one under the rear of another, so as to bring them close together; the men and beasts all being on the inside. Thus they are enabled to drive off almost any number of Indians, as the red is very wary in approaching a corral. If the reds are very numerous, however, they hover round the corral at some distance, with the intention of starving it out.—In that event the whites depend solely upon the arrival of another train, numbers of which are almost constantly passing to and fro over the plains. In a "running fight" the teams are whipped up two abreast, the drivers running along side, spurring their animals and emptying their revolvers at the reds. This is kept up until the firing is heard at the fort, from where the troops rush out and drive off the savages.

Each emigrant train going over the plains is required to report to the commanding officer of every fort on the line of their travel, whose duty it is to telegraph to the next post that such a train had passed. These trains are governed by regulations established for their benefit, the chief of which is that every train shall number at least thirty men, each of whom shall have a rifle and ammunition. In case a train has not the requisite number, it is detained at the post until another arrival. The commanding officers of the posts have authority to sell them muzzle loading rifles and ammunition at cost prices, the troops on the plains being armed with breech loaders.

Military rule is dominant on the prairies.—In such an open country, where a stick of firewood is not seen for hundreds of miles; emigrant trains have resort to "buffalo chips" (dried buffalo excrement) with which to cook their food; and when the chips become scarce, they take to cutting splinters from the telegraph poles as high up as they can reach with an axe, thus leaving the pole with but a slim support, and liable to be blown down by the heavy winds.—It is this that causes the telegraph repair duty described above. But woe betide the man detected chipping the poles. His punishment is speedy and severe.

Timber is almost "worth its weight in gold" on the prairies. The cross-ties used in the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad were transported west from Omaha, in Nebraska, until the road reached the Black Hills—a spur of the Rocky Mountains—a distance of seven hundred miles. At Fort Sedgwick, last September, I saw one hundred cords of *red cedar* fire wood delivered to the Quartermaster, for the use of the garrison, at a contract price of *thirty-two dollars and a half a cord!* This wood was hauled a distance of forty-five miles, in large wagons drawn by twelve yoke of oxen. A quartermaster-sergent of the 30th Regiment told me that during the winter of 1866, a detachment of his company being "snowed up" in a ranche, he bought wood from the ranche-keeper during the three weeks of their stay, for which the sergent gave his receipt at *eight cents per pound.* The receipts were afterwards cashed by the Quartermester, who demured thereat but in vain. This seems almost incredible, yet it is an undoubted fact.

During the summer months fierce storms of wind pass over the prairies, lasting three and our days at a time, and blowing such a quantity of fine sand as to render it impossible to distinguish objects at a distance of twenty feet. I once saw at Julesburg three empty freight cars blown from the track by a guest of wind, and carried over a space of fifteen feet. Were it not that the houses in the fort were built of clay, or mud, the winds would sweep them entirely away. In the spring, during the wet season, the soil is cut into blocks two feet square, with which the houses are built, the walls being four feet thick. During the hot and summer, these blocks are burnt by the sun until they become almost like rock.

It is unlawful for a dealer to sell liquor to Indians either in Kansas or Nebraska. The first offence is punishable by fine, followed by revocation of license if repeated. A drunken red skin is a very amusing animal. His actions when in a state of liquor are almost beyond description. Whenever our fellows wished to drive away the blues, they would get hold of a red and make him drunk. They always found a willing subject, and their end completely attained.

Gen. Sherman boasted considerably of having ridden alone across the plains, and happening to miss contact with the reds, he was led to say that he believed they were not as vicious as represented, and that more of the blame for the many murders committed on the plains belong to the whites, who were but protecting themselves in destroying the savages. The gallant General started on his ride very early in the spring, *before the reds had fairly gotten on the war path*, and therefore had the good fortune of not meeting with any of them. Subsequent events, and particularly the occurrences of the past month on the frontier, have caused the General to change his mind and order the troops to take the offensive, which action I trust he will maintain until every copper colored savage in the West meets his just doom—death.

H.

Filial Love Rewarded.

Olaf Bager was a rich and noble merchant of Denmark, who lent immense sums of money to his king, Frederick the Second. At one time when the king was paying Bager a visit, he praised the taste and sweet smell of some preserved apricots brought upon the supper table. "Wait until the desert," replied Bager, "I will give you some incense that will please you far better." After supper a dish was brought containing perfumed cedar chips, on which was laid a mass of papers, which the king saw was the whole of the bonds he had given Bager as security for the money the latter had lent the king, and which the king had very little hope of paying, the amount was so large. "Will your Majesty light the pile?" said Bager, quietly.—The king did so, and saw his enormous debt cancelled by the flames. Bager was so rich he thought he could well afford in this way to show his love for his sovereign. But in after years misfortunes came, and Bager was reduced to absolute want. In his distress he applied to his children for help.

They could have easily kept him in comfort for in his prosperous days he had established them well in business. But they treated him badly, and were anxious to be free from him as an unwelcome burden. Bager resolved to secure their good will again, and accordingly went out among the merchants with whom he had formerly traded, and soon succeeded in filling a strong box which he had made for the purpose, with enough, as he *supposed*, to make him comfortable. He then let it be known that he should present what might remain in the box at his death to the one of his children who should treat him best. It was surprising to see how attentive they all became; he was handsomely supported, and each one strove to show him the greatest kindness. Finally he ended his days in peace. Just before his death he called his "dutiful" children about him, and declared that all had been so kind, he could not decide to whom to leave the box, and therefore directed that its contents should be equally divided among them. He was buried with much display, and immediately after the funeral the box of treasure was opened, and found to be full of common *stones!* This was certainly a proper reward for their selfish kindness.

Fascination of Snakes.

Says a recent traveler:

"When I was engaged as a surveyor, I had frequent opportunities of seeing snakes, and, as I stood one day very sluggishly leaning over a fence, I saw a large rattle snake in as pretty a coil as a painter could have desired. The only apparent living part of it was its head, which moved to and fro. My eyes fell upon it, and immediately I lost power to move. I felt surprised—dizzy—and indifferent. How long I was so I do not know, but my pressure against the fence caused a piece of the timber to fall; the movement aroused me, and made my fascinating enemy glide off. And so I was saved, but the feeling of horror, sickness and fainting that came over me affects me even while I tell it." Another says:—"I was passing through Maryland with three others, when one was observed to stop behind without any assignable cause; his companions called him, but he not moving, one returned and upbraided him with indifference of their companionship, but not moving, he came up close to him, and, taking him by the arm, pulled him towards him, saying, 'Why do you linger man?" He now observed his eyes were fixed, and, directing his to the object of vision, saw an immense rattle-snake half-bowing and half crawling towards him. His companion heard him ejaculate, "He will bite me! he will bite me!" and replying with a jerk or pull he gave him, he said, "Yes, he will bite you sure enough, if you don't come away." The enchantment was now at an end, and turning to his friend, he fell prostrate into his arms, was very faint and sick, and was long ere he recovered.

The German Republicans.

Dr. Frederick Schutz, candidate on the Electoral ticket and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the German Grant and Collax and Griswold Club, of New York, in accordance with a resolution of the Club, has been on a tour through the State, for the purpose of meeting and conversing with German Republicans, to learn their political condition and secure an active and harmonious campaign. In New York, the whole German Republican party is seriously engaged in the campaign, determined on a victory for Grant and Collax, Griswold and Cornell. They will not bring into this national contest their differences about the excise law.—This is evidently their firm resolution everywhere, trusting that this difference will be amicably settled by a fair understanding in the party.

The German Republicans of New York will poll next November a full vote, and probably a larger one than ever. Some of the principal German bankers and merchants, who have been hitherto strong Democrats, are now working zealously for Grant and Collax; because they believe that national ruin would be the consequence of a Democratic victory.

Dr. Schutz has visited Troy, Albany, Schenectady, Utica, Syrdcuse and Rochester, and has everywhere found the German Republicans either already well organized or organizing and working enthusiastically for the cause. In all these places the German Republicans will open the campaign with mass meetings in the beginning of September, when Dr. Schutz will address them.