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New York *World*, a leading democratic paper, recognizes the existence in this country of a "party-holding class," and says in form cliques, national, and municipal, which control all the approaches to the temple of Honor. Practically, the offices of government are not open to men who their neighbors love and trust, but to the professional politicians who contend for the control of a conch shell, and the best of these are the men of wealth, or reputation at the bar, but the majority are fellows who sell their influence in business further than they can make it forward their political preference, or than they can make their political preference their business. In the persons of both parties there is a strong tendency to the same system—the money power—the money power in the country.

not getting so now that a man
state truth without being
sed of radicalism, or a ten-
that way; but, as we mean
ness, we are prepared for any
the Bourbons may do us.
to deny that they recon-
the secession democracy,
firm as a truth that they did
the republican platform.—
first attempted it by sup-
a leading republican—
of the most ultra of radicals,
Greeley, for President—
sailing in that, abandoned all
eratic principle, and in the
a platform professed to treat

inference is plain. Any
of common sense would
believed from his own state
that Mr. Rakestraw report
now. If the report is
deviously false," Wm. Rake-
straw is the author of it, and if
he desires to "face" the party
first told the tale, he had bet-
ter take a looking glass and take a
good look at himself.
I should not have paid any
attention to his card, had not a
friend of mine informed me
that it was reflecting upon me as
the author of a false statement.
I am sure some gentlemen in Mariet-
ta would not believe the report
of Mr. Rakestraw reported
in his whiskey men. I did not intend
to do him any injustice, but simply reiter-
ate my own statement. I have no
desire to appear in public print,
and do so in vindication of

new and fresh goods at low prices. (It is useless to quote them.) Call and examine my goods, you will see that they are cheap if not cheaper than those of any other dealer in the city. Stock is complete, consisting of all varieties, from low price to best in the City. Satisfaction guaranteed. Goods promptly ordered. Please give me a call. Remember my place: 85 White- and 92 Broad Street's, between Hudson and Canal.

THE FIELD AND FIRESIDE.

MARIETTA, NOV. 7, 1878.

We are authorized to announce SAMUEL F. MAYES as a candidate before the people for the office of Receiver of Tax Returns at the election in January next.

sept 19

The "Field and Fireside."

A Weekly Paper devoted to the advancement of Agriculture, Literature, the Useful Arts, Political Truth and General News. Lowest priced Paper in the South. In the County \$1 per year in advance. Out of the County \$1.15. Postage included. Club Subscribers for the Campaign 30 cents.

J. G. Campbell & Co.

MARIETTA NOTES.

"Revive us again." Cotton is a little on the rise. Guess you'll agree that Felton's the man.

Rack up your lions and lambs to the slaughter that hay stack.

The Atlanta Braves were more excited over the election in this district than in their own.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. John Christian was buried last Sunday.

Marietta's favorite barber, Andrew Rogers, has returned from Arkansas.

Now that you know which way the thing has gone, bring in your announcements for county offices.

The "Brighton" is the best fertilizer for wheat on the market.

Ah, friend Triplett, those hats will be felt on our heads, and no doubt we can Spier you a Corker for your head, and a 'Arn old one at that, if the Abbot and Persons don't get after us for fuss words.

Why did you make them trip lets?

Wednesday opened the first term of our Legislature under the new constitution.

Dr. Kelton's speech here on Monday was a masterly effort.

Indeed, it was remarked that Dr. Kelton fairly excelled himself. Monday night, he addressed a respectable audience at Stegall's station.

Tuesday, though election day, was as free from disturbance as any day could be. Our citizens are certainly a law-abiding people, and we are gratified that such is the case.

The Temperance Society of this place has opened a coffee and lunch house, on the corner next McClatchey's store, where all can be supplied with the delicious essence of pure coffee. Marietta ladies will wait on all who give them a call.

It will be seen at a glance that our paper is as old, well filled with a variety of choice miscellany, agriculture and general news; a paper for the people, and at a price so low that all can afford to take it.

Dr. Fisher has returned from Chattanooga where he has been in the interest of humanity attend the fever sufferers. Marietta should be proud of, and should encourage such a worthy man.

STABBING AFFAIR.—As a Mr. Jas. Garmon and two other men named Sherman, all residents of the upper part of this county, were returning from the speaking at this place last Monday, a difficulty occurred between them resulting in the stabbing of Garmon from the effects of which he died in a few hours. From information it seems that the cause of the unfortunate affair was a previous misunderstanding between Garmon and the eldest Sherman.

The good time of refreshing has come again.—"The Junto," a literary club of this city, which has been for some weeks suspended, will re-open on Tuesday night, Nov. 12th. All are cordially invited to witness the proceedings.

MARIETTA MARKET REPORT.—Cotton 81. Corn, 68 @ 70. Flour 55 @ 7 per bush. Coffee, 110 @ 12 @ 22. Sugar, grain, 11. Syrup, 40 @ 50. Mackerel, fish, 80 @ 82.

[COMMUNICATED.]

To the Field and Fireside:

With how much of accuracy the prophetic spirit of the Atlanta Constitution was endowed, when, at the opening of the campaign in the Seventh, it saw fit to predict that an issue of veracity between Judge Lester and A. A. Winn, of Cobb County would result in carrying that county solid for Lester, may be gathered from the official vote of Cobb County.

Judge Lester's home, which declares for Felton by a majority of two hundred and seventy-one. This is one hundred and twenty-nine more than it gave Felton in the last race against Dabney, notwithstanding it has "lately" been said that in that race "the hunters (the organized) had to tote their dog."

VERITAS VINCE.

To the Field and Fireside:

When did our Judge Lester, get so much religion—to justify him to denounce any one else for not having any. I do not know what Mr. Robert Goodman's religious opinions may be—or is at all material; and any man claiming to be abreast with the intelligence of the age, or who aspires to places of trust in this government, is unworthy himself of the confidence of a christian people, who would deify a man for such a cause.

Does any man object to Judge Lester, who heard him denounce in solemn argument the pure doctrines of the christian religion?—for maintaining that it would exclude a man from decent society, that no woman would tolerate his attentions, who when "smitten on one cheek would turn then the other also."

No one ever thought of alleging this as evidence of his being an infidel—though there might be, and is great doubt on this point; but that, I say, is no objection to him, on the score of personal honor, or to his qualifications for Congress. If that had worked a disqualification Jefferson could never have held office.

But a new sun has risen on the light of the nineteenth century. Judge Lester, like Rip Van Winkle, after sleeping for 25 years under the party guardianship, wakes up and finds him "an infidel, and unworthy the confidence of a christian people"—and that a man, an editor, must have an inquisition appointed to certify that he is orthodox. That was indeed once the gloomy idea of tyranny. The Blue laws had such a statute. The British constitution, once so provided, and even went further—it excluded all but protestants, even if they were the most zealous believers—but all this tyranny has now been reason and justice.

Now, we see a Jew, holding under Queen Victoria the Seal of Premier of England—he is an infidel.

Von Moltke, holds the first military office under the German Empire. He is a Jew, and an infidel, and while he has the confidence of the chief of that grand empire, he, according to Judge Lester, is a disgrace to his country.

But lately, the christian powers of Europe held a congress, and among other important matters settled by them was this—disgrace to the christian world—according to Judge Lester—they established religious freedom—they guaranteed equal rights to Mahomedans, Jews and Christians—guaranteed all religions—guaranteed the infidel Turk in his—the unbelieving Jew in his. This was the work of the congress of the Christian Powers of Eu-

rope. Did they disgrace themselves—are they worthy the confidence of the christian people whom they represented.

It is supposed, if Goodman had supported Lester he never would have thought him unworthy the confidence of any one—but he would have said, as he really thinks and knows, that Goodman is one of the ablest editors in this State—a man of the most undoubted personal probity—who frowns on all dishonesty, speaks the truth in clear accents and maintains equity every where.

[COMMUNICATED.]

The most competent men that we have to select a suitable man for President, are the members of Congress. Let them name candidates for that purpose.

For Governor, let the members of the Legislature nominate, as they have a better chance to know the abilities and qualifications of our statesmen.

For Congress, let no man be selected until we have had the views of all aspirants clearly set before the people for a reasonable length of time, so that the people can choose the man according to their judgment.

For members to the Legislature, when the men that expects to be candidates have given their views fully on all points of expected legislation, the people then can, with some judgment, select their candidates by primary elections; but they should all ways have as many candidates as the party can run in safety; but never apply the two third rule, if it is unjust, and always discards the will of the people.

I wish all the democratic papers in the State to copy, and give their approval or condemnation, or a better plan, to secure the will of the people and the good of the country.

Wild Man Of The Woods.

The wild man brought to the city yesterday by Dr. G. G. Broyley, of Sparta, Tennessee, is truly a mysterious and wonderful creature. He will be exhibited throughout the country by the Metropolitan, who is a third owner in this remarkable being, who promises to successfully baffle all scientists who desire to give a satisfactory explanation of his unnatural ways. Before entering into the details of his capture, which form quite a thrilling and interesting episode a description of the curiosity, which promises to excite more attention than Barnum's "What is it?" will be given. At a distance the general outline of his figure would indicate that he is only an ordinary man. Close inspection shows that his whole body is covered with a layer of scales, which drop off at regular periods, in the spring and fall, like the skin of a rattlesnake. He has a heavy growth of hair on his head and a dark red beard about six inches long. His eyes present a frightful appearance, being at least twice the size of the average sized eye. Some of his toes are formed together, which give his feet a strange appearance. His height, when standing perfectly erect, is about six feet five inches. A nervous twitching of his muscles shows a desire to escape, and he is constantly looking in the direction of the door through which he entered. His entire body must be wet at intervals, and should this be neglected, he begins immediately to manifest great uneasiness, his flesh becomes feverish, and his suffering cannot be alleviated until the water is applied.

At times he is dangerous, and yesterday morning, when Mr. Whalen attempted to place him in a wagon, in which he intended to bring him to the theater, it occupied some time. The strange creature acted in the most mysterious manner, refusing obstinately for some time to get into the wagon. He has quite a sharp appetite, having eaten a meal yesterday morning. His food, however, has been very satisfactory for men. With the exception of fish, his meals are all prepared in the ordinary way, but the fish is eaten entirely raw. Dr. Broyley says that when alone he is sometimes mutter unintelligible jargon, which it would be impossible for any one to understand, but that, in the presence of visitors, he remains perfectly silent.

Yesterday afternoon, from one to four, a private exhibition was given, and a number of physicians were present, among them Drs. Brant and Cary Blackburn, who said that he was a great curiosity.

Dr. Blackburn said that his seal condition could not be attributed to any skin disease, but undoubtedly was born in that condition. He will be exhibited in one of the private rooms of the Metropolitan theater this afternoon and to-morrow between the hours of one and four o'clock. Only physicians and those especially invited will be allowed admission. His exact age is not known, but for the last eighteen years he has been running wild in the Cumberland mountains in Tennessee, near the Ganev Fork and Big Bone creek. He has been the constant terror of the community, although he was never known to attack any one until the day of his capture. Dr. G. G. Broyley, of Sparta, Tenn., says that since the surrender of the confederate army it has been his intention to capture this creature and exhibit throughout the country. The doctor says the parents of the wild man are respectable citizens of North Carolina, named Coslin; that their son is unquestionably a freak of nature they do not deny, but they could not account for his scaly skin. At the tender age of five years, having always been possessed with a cruel disposition, he left his home and plunged immediately into the mountainous region of Tennessee. Here he lived as best he could, subsisting on roots and herbs and small animals that he could find. When he was fifteen he was in his element. He could dive down into the depth of the inland lakes, remaining under water for a considerable length of time, and finally emerge with both hands filled with small fish which he would devour at once in the raw state. Dr. Broyley says that until about eighteen months ago he had not attempted the capture, although he had been waiting for the creature to arrive for the past twelve years. About the 15th of September he started into the mountains fully determined to succeed in the capture.

The "Wild man of the woods" as he is termed by the people of the vicinity, was unusual in fleet of foot and possessed a great deal of agility, bounding over the mountainous regions in the most there, but I have never seen an unexcited man go into any of the details of his capture, which form quite a thrilling and interesting episode a description of the curiosity, which promises to excite more attention than Barnum's "What is it?" will be given. At a distance the general outline of his figure would indicate that he is only an ordinary man. Close inspection shows that his whole body is covered with a layer of scales, which drop off at regular periods, in the spring and fall, like the skin of a rattlesnake. He has a heavy growth of hair on his head and a dark red beard about six inches long. His eyes present a frightful appearance, being at least twice the size of the average sized eye. Some of his toes are formed together, which give his feet a strange appearance. His height, when standing perfectly erect, is about six feet five inches. A nervous twitching of his muscles shows a desire to escape, and he is constantly looking in the direction of the door through which he entered. His entire body must be wet at intervals, and should this be neglected, he begins immediately to manifest great uneasiness, his flesh becomes feverish, and his suffering cannot be alleviated until the water is applied.

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Two Heroes.

Dr. Luke P. Blackburn, "brave old Dr. Blackburn," as they call him in Kentucky—as is modest as he is heroic. On his return to Louisville, Ky., last Tuesday, from his twelve weeks' labors in the yellow fever district, he was serenaded at his hotel, and called out for a speech. In his response he complimented his fellow citizens.

"There are others who have done more than I have. There is a gentleman in this crowd—a stranger to us—a man from a Northern city, who had never been in the South, who had never been acclimated in the South, who, when he heard of the great suffering of the Southern cities, left his home in the North and came to give his services, and his life if he was necessary, to the sick of the South. I accidentally met where he had come in that epidemic, and I watched him. I have seen many men go fearlessly man. During the cholera he kept the wild man constantly to sight, and their plan was to tire him out, in which they finally succeeded. He was pursued through the wild, mountainous country, over lakes and precipices, until his pursuers almost despaired of success. Straggle was finally resorted to. The larriat was thrown at him without success, and then a kind of net was formed, into which he was decoyed and captured. He ran bravely into the net, and was captured entangled in the mesh. Captured but not conquered, a struggle ensued in which Doctor Broyley was seriously wounded. The wild man fought with his hands and feet, and he was bruised and scratched by the doctor in a frightful manner. At last they quieted their unwilling victim and brought him to Sparta. The doctor immediately telegraphed to Mr. Whallen, who purchased a third interest in the wonder, and had him brought to Louisville yesterday morning.

The presence of this wild man in Louisville has excited considerable attention among the doctors, who also a large crowd of curious persons, who are anxious to see the wonderful creature. There will be only one public exhibition in this city, which takes place at the Metropolitan theater Saturday afternoon.

At the Metropolitan Savings Bank.

"Appearances are something everyone—everything with that." (Bishop Berkley.)

1857.

J. W. Metcalf, respectfully informs the citizens of Marietta, Ga., that he has prepared a plan, never to do anything in this line, guaranteeing his patrons fair work and moderate prices. sep 19

MENKO BROS. have just received the best selected stock of men and boys clothing and a general assortment of Goods for the season. If you want bargains go to 21 Whitehall St. Atlanta, Ga. Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere. Prices low. sep 19

NEW GOODS.

WE are now receiving our FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF GOODS, which we have in store CLOSE FOR CASH. We have in store:

Concord Jeans and Cashmere. Kentucky Jeans, 15 to 40c. per yard. All-wool Virginia Cashmeres, 40 to 75c. Stout Virginia twilled white Flannel. All-wool red flannel, 40 to 45c. All-wool white Flannel, 20 to 30c. 4-1 stout Shaker Flannel. Heavy medicated Flannel, 40c. A beautiful line of fancy and plain.

A large line of Dress Goods, 15c to 35c. Black Alpacaes, 25 to 35c. Black Cashmere, 40 to 50c. CALICOS, 5 to 7 CENTS.

New York Mills, 11c. Wamettee, 10c. Louisiana, 10c. 4-1 Fruits of the Loom, 10c. 7-8 Fruits of the Loom, 10c. Canton Flannels, 10 to 15c.

BOOTS AND SHOES. HATS, NOTIONS.

FINE CUSTOM-MADE BOOTS AND SHOES. A LARGE STOCK OF clothing!

Thus we have ever kept before. For the exhibition of which, we are having a separate room.

Respectfully, J. J. NORTHCUTT & SONS.

P. S.—We will move in to our store, now being built by Mr. J. J. Northcutt & Sons, on the corner next to the City Savings Bank, on the first day next.

Encourage Home Industry.

William Spence, CHEROKEE STREET, MARIETTA, GEORGIA.

DEALER IN LEATHER

of all kinds, Shoe Findings and new Mountings, Upper Leather, Boots, Kip and Calf Skins, Hamper, Home, Tanners, Leather.

Mr. G. T. Swann, and will be where we guarantee as good as any made. Spend your money where it will do the most good. The prices are low. sep 19

NEW LIVERPOOL REDUCED.

Atlanta Street, near the City Savings Bank.

INSURANCE COMPANY.

U. S. Branch Agents. \$250,000.00. \$1,000,000.00. \$1,000,000.00. \$1,000,000.00.

Surplus over all liabilities. \$1,000,000.00. \$1,000,000.00. \$1,000,000.00. \$1,000,000.00.

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Miscellaneous.

THE CONDEMNED SENTINEL.

A cold, stormy night in the month of March, 1867, Marshal Lefebvre, with 37,000 French troops, had invested Dantzic. The city was garrisoned by 17,000 Russian and Prussian soldiers, and these, together with 20,000 or 30,000 armed citizens, presented nearly double the force that could be brought to the assault. So there was need of the utmost vigilance on the part of the sentinels, for a desperate sortie from the garrison, made unawares, might prove calamitous.

At midnight, Jerome Dubois was placed upon one of the most important posts in the advance line of pickets, it being upon a narrow strip of land raised above the marshy flat, called the peninsula of Neuhung. For more than an hour, he paced his lonely beat without hearing more than the moaning of the wind and the driving of the rain. At length, however, another sound came upon his ear. He stopped and listened, and presently called:

"Who's there?"

The only answer was a moan of sound.

He called again, and this time he heard something like the cry of a child, and pretty soon an object came toward him out of the darkness. With a quick, emphatic movement, he brought his musket to the charge, and ordered the intruder to halt.

"Mercy!" exclaimed a childish voice; "don't shoot me! I am Natalie! Don't you know me?"

"Heaven!" cried Jerome, elevating the muzzle of his piece. "Is it you, dear child?"

"Yes; and you are good Jerome. Oh, you will come help mamma. Come, she is dying!"

It was certainly Natalie, a little girl only eight years old, daughter of Lisette Vaillant—Lisette was the wife of Pierre Vaillant, a sergeant in Jerome's army regiment, and was with the army in capacity of nurse.

"Why, how is this, my child?" said Jerome, taking the little one by the arm. "What is it about your mother?"

"Oh, good Jerome, you can hear her now! Hark!"

The sentinel bent his ear, but could hear only the wind and the rain.

"Mamma is in the dreadful mud," said the child, "and is dying. She is not far away. Oh, I can hear her crying."

By degrees, Jerome gathered from Natalie that her father had taken her out with him in the morning, and that in the evening, when the storm came on her mother came after her. The sergeant had offered to send a man back to the camp with his wife; but she preferred to return alone, feeling sure that she would meet with no trouble. The way, however, had become dark and uncertain, and she had lost the path and wandered off to the edge of a morass, where she had sunk into the soft mud.

"Oh, good Jerome," cried the child, "do you see the man's hand? Can't you hear her? She will die if you do not come and help her!"

At that moment, the sentinel fancied he heard the wail of the unfortunate woman. What should he do? He said to the good, beautiful, the tender-hearted Lisette—was in mortal danger, it was in his power to save her.

It was not in his heart to do so, and the pleadings of the child could go no further.

He returned to his post of detection. At all events, he would not refuse the childish appeal.

"Give me your hand, Natalie," said the child, "and I will lead you to her."

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the fatal mud. It was no easy matter to extricate her from the mire, as the workman had to be very careful that he himself did not lose his footing. At length, however, she was drawn forth, and Jerome led her toward his post.

"Who comes there?" cried a voice from the gloom.

"Heaven!" gasped Jerome, stopping and trembling from head to foot.

"Who comes there?" repeated the voice.

Jerome heard the click of the musket-lock and he knew that another sentinel had been stationed at the post he had left.

The relief had come while he had been absent!

"Friends," with the counter-sign," he answered, to the last last call of the new sentinel.

He was ordered to advance, and when he had given the count-down, he found himself in the presence of the officer of the guard.

In a few hurried words he told his story, and had the officer been alone, he might have allowed the matter to rest where it was; but there were others present, and when ordered to give up his musket, he obeyed without a murmur and silently accompanied the officer to the camp where he was put in irons.

On the following morning, Jerome Dubois was brought before a court-martial under charge of having deserted his post. He confessed that he was guilty, and then permission was granted him to tell his own story.

This he did in a few words, but the court could do nothing but pass sentence of death; yet the members thereof all signed a petition praying that Jerome Dubois might be pardoned; and this petition was sent to the general of the brigade, and through him to the general of the division, by whom it was indorsed, and sent up to the marshal.

Lefebvre was kind and generous to soldiers almost to a fault, but he could not overlook so grave an error as that which had been committed by Dubois.

The orders given to the sentinel had been very simple, and foremost of every necessity was the guard in forbidding him to leave his post until properly relieved.

To a certain extent, the safety of the whole army rested upon the shoulders of each individual sentinel, and especially upon those who at night were posted nearest the lines of the enemy.

"I am sorry," said the gray-haired old warrior, as he folded up the petition and handed it back to the officer who had presented it. "I am sure that man meant no wrong, but yet a great wrong was done. He knew what he was doing—he ran the risk—he was detected—he has been tried and condemned. He must suffer!"

They asked Lefebvre if he would see the condemned.

"No, no!" the marshal cried, quickly. "Should I see him, and listen to one-half his story, I might pardon him, and that must not be done. Let him die, that thousands may be saved."

The time fixed for the execution of Dubois was the morning succeeding the day of his trial. The result of the interview with the marshal was made known to him, and he was at all disappointed. He blamed no one, and was only sorry that he had not died on the battlefield.

"I have tried to be a good soldier," he said to the captain. "I feel that I have done no crime that should leave a stain upon my name."

The captain took his hand, and assured him that his name should be held in respect.

Toward evening, Pierre Vaillant, with his wife and child, were admitted to see the prisoner. This was a visit which Jerome would gladly have dispensed with, as his feelings were already wrought up to a pitch that almost unmanned him; but he braced himself for the interview, and would have stood it like a hero had not little Natalie, in the eagerness of her love and gratitude, thrown herself upon his bosom and offered to die in his stead.

This tipped the burning cup, and his tears flowed freely.

Pierre and Lisette knew not what to say. They wept and they trembled, and they would have died for the poor fellow.

And how thus condemned, a shell that exploded against his bosom.

mother, and he sent her a message of love and devotion. Then he thought of a brother and sister. And finally, he thought of one— a bright-eyed maid—whose vine-clad cot stood upon the banks of the Seine—one whom he had loved with a love such as only great hearts can feel.

"Oh, my dear Natalie," he cried, bowing his head upon his clasped hands, "you need not tell them a falsehood; but if the thing is possible, let them believe I tell in battle!"

His companion promised that he would do all he could; and, if the truth could not be kept back, it should be so truthfully told that the name of Jerome Dubois should not bear dishonor in the minds of those who had loved him in other days.

Morning came, dull and gloomy with driving sleet and snow; and at an early hour, Jerome Dubois was led forth to meet his fate.

The place of execution had been fixed upon a low, barren spot by the sea; and thither his division was being marched to witness the fearful punishment.

They had gained not more than half the distance when the sound of some strange commotion broke upon the wintry air, and very shortly an aide-de-camp came dashing to the side of the general of the brigade, with the cry:

"A sortie! A sortie! The enemy are out in force, and this thing be stayed. The marshal directs that you face about and advance upon the peninsula!"

In an instant all was changed in that division; and the brigadier general, who had the temporary command, thundered forth his orders for his counter-march. The gloom was dissipated; and with glad hearts the soldiers turned from the thoughts of the execution of a brave comrade to thoughts of meeting the enemy.

"What shall we do with the prisoner?" asked the sergeant who had charge of the guard.

"Lead him back to the camp," replied the captain.

The decision was very simple, but the execution thereof was not to be so easy, for scarcely had the words escaped the captain's lips when a squadron of Prussian cavalry came dashing directly toward them.

The division was quickly formed in four hollow squares, while the guard that held charge of the prisoner found themselves obliged to flee.

"In heaven's name," cried Jerome, "cut my bonds, and let me die like a soldier!"

The sergeant quickly cut the cord that bound his elbows behind him, and then dashed toward the point where his own company was stationed. The rattle of musketry had commenced, and the Prussians were vainly endeavoring to break the squares of French troops. Jerome Dubois looked about him some weapon with which to arm himself, and presently he saw a Prussian officer not far off reeling in his saddle as though he had been wounded. With a quick bound he reached the spot, pulled the ring officer from his seat, and leaped into the empty saddle.

Dubois was fully resolved that he would sell his life on that day as well as in that of France—and sell it as dearly as possible.

He knew that the Prussians could not break those hollow squares; so he rode away thinking to join the French cavalry, with whom he would rush into the deepest danger.

Supposing that the heaviest fighting must be upon the Neuhung, he rode his horse in that direction, and when he reached it he found that he had not been mistaken. At Hatzelberg the enemy had planted a battery of heavy guns, supported by two regiments of infantry; and already with shot and shell immense damage had been done.

Marshal Lefebvre rode up shortly after this battery had opened, and quickly made up his mind that it must be taken at all hazards.

"Take that battery," he said to a colonel of the cavalry, "and the battle is ours."

Dubois heard the order, and saw the necessity. Here was danger enough, surely; and determined to be the first at the fatal battery, he kept as near to the leader as he dared. The distance he had gained when from the hill came a storm of iron that plowed into the ranks of the French. The colonel fell, his body literally torn in pieces as the shell that exploded against his bosom.

The point upon the peninsula now reached by the assaulting column was not more than one hundred yards wide; and it was literally a path of death, as the fire of twelve heavy guns was turned upon it.

The colonel had fallen, and very soon three other officers went down, leaving the advance without a commissioned leader.

The way was becoming blocked up with dead men and dead horses, and the head of the column stopped and wavered.

Marshal Lefebvre, from his elevated place, saw this, and his heart throbbed painfully. If that column were routed, and the Russian infantry charged over the peninsula, the result might be calamitous.

By chance, a man in the uniform of a French private, mounted upon a powerful horse, caparisoned in the trappings of a Prussian staff officer, with his head bare, and a bright saber swinging in his hand rushes to the front and urges the column forward.

His words are fiery and his look is dauntless.

"For France and Lefebvre!" the strange horseman cries, waving his sword aloft and pointing toward the battery. The marshal will weep if we lose this day."

The brave troopers thus led by one who feared not to go forward where the shot fell thickest, gave an answering shout and pressed on, caring little for the rain of death so long as they had a living leader to follow. Hoping that he might take the battery and yet court death, Jerome Dubois spurred on, and finally the troop came upon the battery with irresistible force.

It was not in the power of the cannoniers to withstand the shock, and the Russian infantry that came to their support were swept away like chaff. The battery was quickly captured, and when the guns had been turned upon those who had shortly before been their masters, the fortune of the day was decided.

The Russian cavalry—Prussians—horse-foot and dragoons—such as were not taken prisoners, made the best of their way back into Dantzic, having lost much more than they had gained.

Jerome Dubois returned to the guard-house, and gave himself up to the officer in charge. First a surgeon was called to dress several slight wounds which he had received. Next, his colonel was called to see what should be done with him. The colonel applied to the general of the brigade, and the general of division applied to Marshal Lefebvre.

"What shall we do with Jerome Dubois?"

"God bless him!" cried the veteran general, who had heard the whole story.

"I'll pardon him to-day, and to-morrow I'll execute him!"

And Jerome Dubois, in time, went himself to see the loved ones in France, and then he wore the uniform of a captain.

The Saragitan tells of a Unitarian clergyman at the recent conference who saw the placard, "Leave your dog outside," and tried to purchase a dog in order to comply with the regulations.

A subscriber wrote to a journal to make some inquiries about the next world's fair, whereupon the wicked editor replied that he was under the impression that the next world wouldn't have any fair.

A pedler, overtaking another of the fraternity on the road, exclaimed: "Hallow! What do you carry?" "Patent medicines," was the reply. "Good! you go ahead, I carry gravestones," was the rejoinder.

Six years ago two young men in Philadelphia inherited from their father about \$80,000 each. Since that period one has died poor, and the other is now driving a furniture cart for a living. The name of the daily paper they started is not given.

Rate passenger to cabman, who gets off his box and opens the carriage-door: "I told you I lived at the top of the hill, not at the bottom, you blunderhead!"

Gabby: "Wait, your honor, wait! I'll merely slam the door, and the bastle'll think you're out and go up the hill like the devil."

Ill effects liable to result from feeding cotton-seed may be obviated by boiling the seed and mixing with other food.

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Black Walnut Dressing Case Suits, Full Marble, 10 Pieces, \$50. Cottage Suits \$30. The Best Parlor Goods in the Market For The Money. Walnut Bu. with Glass, \$10. Good Common Bedsteads, \$3. And a Full Line of other Furniture Cheaper Than Any House in The State. Terms Strictly Cash.

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