

DAKOTA TERRITORIAL NEWS.

Rev. C. E. Harris, pastor of the Episcopal church, at Mitchell has resigned and removed with his family to a new field in Kansas.

The Presbyterian society at Mitchell, has engaged the services of the Rev. S. E. Elliott, late of Apollo, Pa., for the ensuing year.

The new depot on the grounds of the Minneapolis & St. Louis and Iowa & Cedar Rapids railroads at Waterloo, is nearly completed. The building is 20x60 feet, two stories, with a one-story wing 20x30 feet. The water tank and engine house will soon be finished and ready for use.

Ground was broken in Tower City for the Tower university.

The extensive railroad improvements at Mitchell begun in September are now well under headway, and will be completed in a few weeks.

Canton has in contemplation for next year a new 40,000 court house.

The Creel troubles have broken out again at Devil's Lake, and it is charged that there is a conspiracy to drive the lieutenant out of the country.

Rev. T. L. Riggs of Fort Sully, is in Washington.

The Fuller Electric company of New York has contracted to illuminate the city of Mitchell with the electric light.

The public school at Gary is closed on account of prevailing contagious diseases.

After a session of eight days, the United States grand jury at Yankton was discharged. Thirteen indictments were found.

The trouble over the Foster county, county seat was settled in favor of Carrington.

While the benediction was being pronounced, some miscreant fired a bullet through the window of the Methodist church, Mandan.

Building improvements in Madison this year will reach \$100,000 and \$75,000 in Alexandria.

The bank of Waterloo has failed. It was a private bank, with limited capital, the owners—who succeeded O. C. J. Shipners, last March—being C. K. Trampe and B. C. Antonsen. The National Park bank, New York, was its eastern correspondent. The failure is reported as for a limited amount.

Sam McMaster has resigned his position as superintendent of the Homestead mines, in the Black Hills, to travel in foreign lands for his health, which is reported impaired. His fortune is estimated at from a million and a half to two millions, all made in the Hills.

Ira N. Pardee writes from New York: The mission board of the M. E. church has granted all I asked, \$13,500 for Dakota, and the church extension society will grant \$250 cash donation and \$250 loan to every new church built this year. The church extension society will help the Chamberlain people to pay \$7,000 for the opera house for a Methodist church block.

C. Cutting, a brakeman on a west-bound freight of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, was standing on a car at Marion Junction, when the train backed against the car. He fell between the cars which passed over his left leg below the knee. He was taken to Parker and leg was amputated. He lies in a critical condition.

Burt Beers, who was recently involved in a disgraceful affair in the Wood river country, Black Hills, in which a companion was killed, and who was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, was liberated a few days ago, and arming himself, went in search of the district attorney with the avowed intention of killing him on sight, was run out of the country by an incensed populace.

A man calling himself Jackson, and hailing from Granite Falls, Minn., stole a team of horses from Allison Bros., of Brookings, and took it out of town to a vacant farm house, put the horses in the stable on the premises, and stowed himself away in a cupboard in the house, and waited for night. The owners soon found him there and brought him to town.

The centrifugal clothes wringer which is run by steam at the hospital for the insane about three miles from Yankton, while going at an unusual rate of speed, Charles Vandyke, head laundryman, was struck in the side by a piece of iron and probably injured fatally. Maurice Fitzgerald had an arm broken and two or three others were slightly injured. The building was somewhat damaged.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

From the Boston Transcript
'Twas when the sunset flushes
Gilded the dear old home,
When twilight's solemn hushes
Bade holy memories come,
We lingered, fondly turning
Toward the spot we loved so well,
With sad and tender yearning,
To say our last farewell.

No more for us the garden
And loved-wreathed rooms to roam;
The stranger there is warden—
No, no, 'tis not his home!
It hath no memories bringing
For him joy kin to pain;
For him no echoes ringing
Shall bring the loved again.

Sweet home! dear home! o'erflowing
With precious memories!
Not life in all its going
Shall bring more bliss than these.
A dear, bright picture ever,
As then, when sunset fell,
Youth-gilded, thou forever
We'll love; sweet home, farewell!

ON THE HIGHLAND ROAD.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat

"It smells like the Garden of Eden," said the major, leaning forward in his saddle and peering up the long vista of the avenue closed by broad flights of steps leading up to a gleaming structure with many-columned gallery and dormered roof.

"When I was in Eden last it was pig roasted whole, with petaties well browned in the gravy that we had for supper," said O'Dowd, with a wink at the lieutenant.

"Looks more like fried chicken here," responded the lieutenant, raising himself in the stirrups to peep over the thick Cherokee hedge that seemed to retain no recollection of the pruning shears.

"Bedad, look at the major now, fillin' himself up with odors," said O'Dowd.

"He'll dine off a posy bed any time. I must have something more substantial, myself, not bein' of the hummin' bird variety."

"Lieutenant," said the Major sharply, turning toward them his lean, sun-browned visage, all the leaner by contrast with the white Havelock that draped it, "ride down to the river and tell Capt. Coulter to camp in the clearing to the left of the road. Let there be a strong picket guard posted." The lieutenant saluted and obeyed, though with inward remonstrance his hungry stomach rebelling against the five-mile ride and the recession of the already deferred dinner to a dimly prospective supper.

"Well, Cap," said the Major to his remaining companion, "we'll see what we can get in here, though I swear it's a shame to go clanking swords and spurs through such a heavenly place."

"Shure an' there was war in heaven itself wanst, I'm towld," rejoined O'Dowd, exaggerating the slight brogue that still clung to his Tipperary tongue, as was at times his facetious wont. "If the howly angels could injure the clash o' arrums, their airthly sisters shud be able to do the same."

As they approach it the gleaming structure resolved itself into a wide-winged, high-perched cottage, with numberless arched windows opening upon the spacious gallery which encircled it upon every side. It stood silent and apparently deserted in a little opening among the trees, surrounded by carefully tended flower beds, and caressed by the clinging arms of rose vines. A bird uttered a shrill note above their heads as they advanced which sounded like a cry warning, but no living creature of a domestic character appeared, not even a cat.

"May be it's an enchantment," said the captain. "I hope it won't vanish before dinner, if it is."

"Here is a good substantial door at all events," rejoined the major proceeding to knock vigorously.

The knock reverberated with a hollow sound, and almost immediately the door swung quietly inward, and a stout mulatto woman appeared in the opening. She courtesied respectfully and without the slightest appearance of surprise on her sober, middle-aged face, stood silently awaiting the announcement of their business.

"We want something to eat, Anntie," said the Major, pleasantly; "can't you give us something?"

"Yes, sir, I recon so; walk in."

Stepping back a few paces she ushered them into a long room, whose furniture, mysteriously draped in gray colored chintz, stood about in groups with that air of patient waiting, which furniture, in its summer dress, always wears. The bare floor, beautifully polished, and the open windows, before which lace curtains swayed gently in the light air, made up an interior of delicious coolness, after the long ride in the hot sun.

The captain threw himself at full length upon a large sofa, but the Major moved restlessly about, examining the books and engravings on the tables and the pictures on the walls, the last, evidently, family portraits.

His command had but recently joined the forces whose mission it was to gain control of the Mississippi and this was his first experience of spring and summer south of the famous boundary which had at that time assumed such tartling prominence. He had come

filled with a fierce indignation, and, like Saul, "breathing out fire and slaughter," but when the magic of the season began to work in his blood; when days and nights whose counterpart had never shone for him, unrolled their brilliant panorama; when every thicket and morass laughed back to the laughing skies with myriads of strangely beautiful blossoms; when the yellow jasmine hung its clustered drops of scented sunshine in the deepest forest shades; when the great magnolias, those sylvan priests, held up to heaven their ivory chalices filled with the wine of fragrance, there had occurred within him a responsive awakening to softer words and sweeter emotions, which even the rude entourage of the military camp could not dispel. In the face of this beautiful and munificent nature the terrible expedients of war took on an aspect of aggravated barbarity and though by sheer force of will he still held himself sharply to his convictions of duty, he was conscious of a certain mental relaxing and expanding which he alternately yielded to and strove against.

After a brief delay the servant announced dinner, and the two officers followed her to a room, where a table was spread with a repast so bountiful as to excite the suspicion that the family dinner had been diverted to their use. O'Dowd fell to with appetite, his tongue keeping time with the play of his knife and fork, but the Major made little response to his remarks.

As he ate in silent abstraction, the Major glanced from time to time at a pleasing picture of the wide, breezy hall, a section of the shadow-haunted gallery, and the swaying blossom-starred branches of a climbing rose reflected in a large mirror above the mantle-piece. All at once something interesting occurred. Upon this shadowy scene entered a little white kitten, with sinuous back and protesting tail, that spoke of wounded sensibilities. Close behind, running silently and swiftly upon tiptoe, and laughing breathlessly, came a young girl, hardly more than 16 her little slim figure draped in a clinging gown of blue home-spun, open at the throat, and with loose sleeves that afforded enchanting glimpses of white girlish arms, her sparkling face crowned with an aureole of red gold hair; such a vision as a watcher in an enchanted mood might hope to see. Catching up the runaway pet she shook it reprovingly, then set it upon her shoulder, and holding it there with a hand that showed like rose-veined alabaster against its white coat, she arched her snowy neck and seemed to listen toward the door.

Hearing nothing but the clatter of the Captain's knife and fork, she began what seemed to be a dance of defiance, addressed to the presumably unconscious enemy. It consisted of half a dozen polka steps too and fro across the hall, terminated by a vigorous kick of either slipped foot and a fierce brandishing of an impotent little fist. After several repetitions of this spirited impromptu pas, she waltzed noiselessly out the door, and so passed beyond the scope of the mirror.

The Major who had fairly held his breath during the enactment of this novel and captivating pantomime, now astonished his friend by springing up and tip-toeing hurriedly from the room.

Following with like circumspection the Captain found him standing on the gallery with a blank, baffled look on his face.

"What was it?" asked the Captain, "guerrillas?"

"Not dangerous ones," returned the Major laughing. "Come, let's be going. You were right about the place being enchanted."

"What have you seen?" again demanded the Captain.

"The Queen of the Pixies. Come on."

"But I should like to see her, too."

"What! you don't suppose she'd show herself to a prosaic beef-eater like you?"

He looked back with a little sigh as they remounted their horses, and turned down the hill road. Here now was a rebel in whose subjugation he would have taken genuine delight, but the rigid finger of duty pointed inflexibly to the rude camp near the river.

Peace was in all the air. Birds called and chirped, cicadae droned their sleep-songs, wild bees swarmed with a warm, humming sound in the tops of the tall locust trees. The atmosphere was distinctly realizable as a fluid, warm perfume, and tinged greenish gold. War and all its horrid appurtenances appeared to belong to the class of unthinkable things.

Suddenly from a thicket—crack! crack!—two puffs of light blue smoke curled upward and melted away among the tree-tops two frightened, riderless horses dashed madly into the wood, two men lay bleeding on the ground.

"Secure the horses!" cried a voice, and half a dozen gray figures scudded away in the direction the animals had taken. Half a dozen others stepped in to the road and gathered about the fallen men.

"Dead!" said one, dropping the hand of the Captain.

"Dead!" repeated another, who was stooping over the Major.

"Hark, what's that? Come, boys, let's skeddaddle, they're at it already down by the river."

Slowly consciousness came back to the Major, consciousness alone, unaccompanied by memory. The room was faintly lighted by a lamp hidden away somewhere. There was a sound of weeping near him, and a smothered voice said:

"Do you think he will die?"

"I can't tell," replied another voice.

"Isn't it strange I feel sorry?" asked the sobbing voice. "I hated him so

when he was here eating dinner, and yet I can't help crying to save my life. It seems so terrible; and then to think that Charley shot him. Oh, it's a dreadful thing to think of one's brother having killed a man."

The major tried to turn his head toward the speaker's who seemed quite near, when a hand was laid upon his forehead and another voice said, "Don't try to move, sir."

"Am I shot?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who brought me here?"

"A couple of men found you in the road."

"Where's the captain?"

"Him as was with you"

"Yes, sir."

"Dead, sir."

Days of lethargy, nights of delirium. At last a morning, when a voice beside his pillow said:

"He is much better, Rachel," and he looked up into a kind sweet face, which he seemed faintly to remember having seen somewhere before.

A figure came and stood in the long open window and looked at him:

"Ah! I know," he said with a weak smile, "The Queen of the Pixies."

"Come in, Puss," said the lady at his bedside, and the girl drew shyly nearer.

"Puss!" he repeated; "and where is the white kitten?"

"How did you know I had a white kitten?" she answered, laughing.

"Yes," he said, looking at her reminiscently, "that is the way you looked, when you danced in the hall."

"He is delirious again," exclaimed the matron, but Puss laughed and ran out of the room.

Days of enchantment succeeded, each more divine than its predecessor. The bullet, fortunately, had taken itself out, and though it had torn an ugly opening in dangerous proximity to vital parts, the simple domestic surgery of Mrs. Sterling proved equal to every emergency, and the convalescence met no serious interruptions.

Gradually the patient progressed from an arm-chair near the window to a hammock on the southern gallery, then to a slow promenade under the trees.

The tide of war seemed to have rolled away and left him there in paradise.

Puss—it was the only name he ever heard her addressed by—sometimes walked beside him a few moments in the avenue; sometimes read to him for a brief half hour on the gallery; but she was an erratic puss, and seldom staid long in one spot.

"Do you still hate me?" she asked one day, as she paused for a moment near where he sat on the gallery.

"Not so much, no," she answered candidly; then with an air of reflection, "but I suppose I shall when you are gone."

"What! then I shall not go. Why should my going renew your hatred?"

"Oh! I shall only think of you then as a Yankee."

"And you are bound to hate all Yankees!" he said with a pained look.

"Of course, they are our foes."

"I am not your foe."

"Mine or my country's, what does it matter. You will go from here to fight against us. You may kill my own brother."

"Believe me, I would save his life at the sacrifice of my own."

"He nearly killed you, and you don't hate him?"

"I regard him as my greatest benefactor." "She looked at him incredulously.

"You are a funny Yankee," she said, with her charming, joyous laugh.

But with fuller strength once more awoke the suspended senses of duty. The semi-occasional newspapers supplemented by information gathered from roving negroes who fluctuated between the Federal camps and their old homes had enabled him to follow, though not very definitely, the course of his regiment up to the investment of Port Hudson, and when he had positive assurance that it was among the besiegers he felt that, cost what it might, he must make an effort to join it.

It was the last morning—the last breakfast had been eaten. Even Mrs. Sterling, who had felt that she was performing an act of exalted magnanimity in sheltering and healing wounded enemy, and who had carefully guarded herself against a deeper interest than was natural on the part of a physician toward a patient, felt a little sense of prophetic loss when they rose from the table and moved together into the hall. As they stood looking at each other, with the awkward irresolution that precedes adieu, Rachel called Mrs. Sterling to some domestic consultation, and the Major found himself alone with Puss.

She wore, as usual, her homespun gown, and the white kitten curved itself purring about her feet. The Major stopped and lifted it to her shoulder.

"It was that way I first saw you," he said.

"You will never forget that," she returned, laughing and blushing a little, though she was ordinarily too unconscious to be much given to blushing.

"You must have thought me a little savage."

"I thought you—" the sentence eagerly begun, and accompanied by an impassioned look, was cut short by a hand on his arm.

"Major," said Mrs. Sterling, "here is a letter belonging to you. It fell from your pocket when they were undressing. It was all stained with blood, but I rinsed it off as well as I could, and kept it, that I might know where to write in case of the worst." She laid the stained and blistered paper in his hand.

"From my mother!" he exclaimed with an emotion he did not attempt to conceal. "I wish you had written to her. She would have thanked you better than I ever can for your goodness to her boy."

"It needs no thanks," returned the lady, and her own voice shook a little. In times like these every mother must be glad of the opportunity to do such things."

"Only a life's devotion could repay such service," he said fervently, and involuntarily his eyes sought the girl who was looking curiously at him.

"Kitty and I are going to the gate with you," she said.

"We will all go," said Mrs. Sterling.

They moved almost in silence down the long avenue. Puss for once deigning to walk like an ordinary mortal, and the major admonishing himself to enjoy without regret the fleeting pleasure.

At the gate they lingered a moment, and Puss, with one of her quick, darting movements, broke from a shrub near at hand its single spray of white blossoms, and gave it to him.

"Myrtle," she explained, in answer to his questioning look. "It is the first I have seen. It must have bloomed for you."

"It is like the spirit of a flower; it is like—you."

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Sterling. "Remember not to expose yourself too much to the sun."

"Good-bye," repeated Puss, and the Major was pleased to fancy that her voice had a cadence of regret.

They waited, smiling upon him from the gate. Puss holding up the white kitten for a last farewell, while he mounted into the family carriage which was to bear him away from the Highland Road down to the river bank.

"We shall surely meet again," he said hopefully, turning to take a last look, and touching the fragrant myrtle to his lips.

"I do believe we are sorry to have him go," said Puss, as the carriage vanished around a curve in the hedge. "Strange that we should care for a Yankee."

The Game of Chess.

What prevents many, otherwise desirous of learning chess, is the seemingly terrible bugbear, the acquiring a knowledge of the moves. Of a variety a great mistake. An hour's attention, under a competent teacher, and the stumbling block is removed, at once admitting the student to witness the intrigues of rival courts, to put "his Majesty" hors de combat or to defend the royal person from the assaults of the enemy—the Queens often a the post of danger, ever directing the fight, with the Church aiding the state in repelling or engaging in the attack. It requires but a beginning, and, once entered upon with any degree of interest, chess is very unlikely to be again cast into oblivion. It will beguile many a quiet hour spent with an agreeable companion, or even when alone and apt to be ennuied (if the expression is allowable) far more than to repay the trouble to unlock its wonders. Then, beyond question chess is an undoubted incentive to the study of the everyday problems of life and has frequently proved advantageous in overcoming real and out difficulties. It inculcates patience, demonstrates that perseverance is requisite to substantial reward, and that it is essential ever to be on guard against dangers, seen or unseen, as well as ready to improve a position. It shows the necessity for one to have a fixed purpose, gives ingenious instructions in affecting such and when successful, recommends modesty in gaining the victory. For the more advanced problems disclose inexhaustible treasures—new worlds to conquer—providing a stimulant worthy the brain—i. e., excitement with rest from the world's care and worry.—Chicago Current.

Love the Legitimate Object of Romance.

An armful of nauseous, or silly, or vulgar novels is as great an affliction as a number of happy, and wholesome stories are a delight. Love is the legitimate object of romance. We are no longer young; but a novel without a love story is an abomination to us. Nevertheless, there are many other things in life—a great many—besides love, and he or she is a poor practitioner who can do nothing but ring the changes upon that one episode of existence, whether in the form of the strictly virtuous but highly unreasonable quarrels which keep two lovers apart for two volumes, the misunderstandings which any reasonable person could clear up with half a dozen words, or in the more questionable shape of uneasy and hairbreadth balancings upon the edge of vice. We have a great deal too much of this in contemporary fiction. Our brethren of the weekly press who lay down the law upon the subject, and part of whose capital and stock in trade, when they begin the exercise of their profession, is a series of short essays upon the female novelist, would have us believe that she is the sinner, and that the inherent viciousness which makes women desire to read Greek and study medicine is at the bottom of this degradation of the art.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Lady Dufferin, the wife of the British Ambassador at Constantinople, raised \$10,000 for charity in a single year, and managed its distribution. She devotes nearly all her time to work among the poor people.