

THE EVENING NEWS.

FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1871.

HOW I MADE FROM ST. JOE TO SWAMP CITY.

"I DON'T KNOW why I should have my life in your defense, for you people have taken mine without a scruple," I replied. "Yet as I'm dying to have a shot at those dogs of Aspinabines, who have worried me so, I'll stop and empty one of two saddles for you, still even."

There was no time to say more, for the Indians were upon us. They seemed surprised at receiving our numbers, but they were quick in their method of striking the contest on that account. We were never to twelve but our revolver, and my six-shooter rifle, especially, gave us great advantage over them. Directly as the redskins came within range, the robbers fired a volley at them, not a shot, however, taking effect. In return the Aspinabines drew rein, and unwillingly the rifles brought them to present as cavalry. The Indians, however, who were horsemen, would have done us parades had not before a single trigger was pulled, two had fallen victims to my ride carbine, and of the remaining shots one grazed my shoulder, and another killed one of the robbers—that was all.

I had by this time worked myself into the rear of the half dozen Indians—on the right side, the Indians being steadily taking deadly aim, I brought down another Indian, and then shouting, "Now, I guess you're an equal match, for I've wiped out three redskins, and having kept my word, will leave you to fight it out fair and straight"; and wheeling round my pony, I once more struck out into a gallop for Swamp City.

For several minutes I heard shots and cries, but I never stopped to listen, and took round and in less than half an hour I saw lights gleaming ahead, and presently drew up before the wooden Post Office in Swamp City, where I found another expressman ready mounted and waiting to carry on the mail to the next stage, Slaton Town.

It was in the Pony Express service at St. Joe for six years after this my first ride, but I don't care to encounter anything so perilous a ride again. I discovered, on my next journey, that the Aspinabines had beaten their white opponents, and killed and captured every man of them.

MORNING OF MOUNT DESERT.

BY F. W. LORING.

Glendale Seminary is situated on the Northern Halligan, thirty miles from Boston. There young ladies are educated in "all the accomplishments that adorn society, as well as in those Christian graces that adorn a home." Miss Palomino Shearer, called by the girls "the lady and the lamb," controls "Fife and Drum" is the principal. This much must be stated to explain the time and place and circumstances of a conversation which occurred one bright, fresh morning in spring in the room of a pleasant little brunette, Alice Lennox, by name.

A group of girls were standing entwined in a circle in the middle of the room, while a little girl, Alice, was prettily engaged in the study of fagoting. This stoutish young lady deserves special mention. Her name was Constance Chamberlain, and she had the beauty and manner that a Princess is popularly supposed to possess. Her hair was a chestnut brown, gleaming here and there with golden highlights; her eyes were large, her mouth prettily curved, and her complexion wonderfully clear and brilliant. One foot, as is customary with lovely girls, peeped from below the hem of her skirt, and her long, slender, allowed a singularly beautiful arm to be partially exposed to the gaze of unappreciative female observers.

"Look at that one there," said Alice Lennox, pointing by herself, and not daring a bit to know what we've got here."

"No, I do not," said Constance; "what is it?"

"Look and see," said Alice, holding up a pamphlet in a blue paper cover.

"It looks like a catalogue of Harvard College," said Constance.

"Harvard University" is what is on the title-page," said Alice, "but you are evidently correct, as this would say."

"What are you going to do with unselected Candidates indifferently?"

"We are going to select some names here," said Alice, "and open a correspondence with their owners."

"How silly," said Constance.

"Oh, no, not really Alice, 'tis fine needn't you know anything about it. I can tell you so that you won't think us silly at all in doing it."

"I think it is more than silly; I think it is unladylike," was the stately reply.

"But, Connie, we shall have letters from the Harvard boys, and it will be such fun," said Alice with a pout.

"Fun," said Constance, with supreme disdain. "You may think so, but I have found boys decidedly stupid, said the experienced beauty of eighteen years.

"Oh, of course, Miss Chamberlain, you have seen a great deal more than we have, and know much more than we do."

"Enough to lose my temper, Miss Lennox, and to avoid a scene,"

and Constance bowed her head.

"There," said Alice, "now, in a majestic mood day, I say, girls, I'll tell you what we'll do with her off."

"What?" said the girls, in chorus.

"Why, send her address to Harvard with ours. Won't she be furious when she gets an answer? and now let us select a name for her. We must have something romantic."

"Fitzgerald Perkins," said a girl, laughing.

"Well, said Alice, "I have decided upon the name of that name as my property. We must have something very tremendous for Con. Read us out something."

"George Washington Kenrick?"

"Stupid!" said Alice.

"Henry Kent?"

"Perfectly commonplace," said Alice.

"Go on."

"Benjamin Franklin Lang?"

"Extremely unromantic," said Constance.

"Next name?"

"Philip Anchindine Lexington?"

"Magnificent!" said Alice, in delight.

"Constance shall have him. Hush! here's a file."

During the course of the day, Miss Lennox, accompanied by Philip Anchindine Lexington being a gorgeous dame, she would appropriate it herself, while the other, humbler, humiliates the friend of her bosom, she would pin her at the mercy of abominably named Perkins. The deed once resolved upon, was promptly executed.

The class of '18, at Harvard, is acknowledged to be the most choice of the class. It was to this class that most of those who received letters from Gladstone's pony.

Fitzgerald Lexington was reclining on his bed in a smoker's reverie after supper, when a single was heard at the door, and Fitzgerald Perkins and Alice Johnson entered the room.

Philip Anchindine Lexington was a small, round person, with plump contours and a complexion similar to his chin. He was celebrated throughout Harvard as a "jester," of an amiable and not always delicate nature, can make anyone porous to a group of three or four utterly uncontrollable. Roughing had been induced by Ady Lexington to a fine art. He is here recorded that "Ady" was the natural abbreviation of "Adolphus," which application, bestowed on him, has clung to him ever since.

Ady's other specialty, besides his abilities as a jester, was in understanding of the students' ways in college the atrium, which he noted in the most approved and conventional manner.

END TO CONTINUE.

NEW YORK TRADE.

**WILKINSON BROS. & CO.,
PAPER & TWINE**
Manufacturers
of
W. P. WILKINSON,
W. J. WILKINSON,
and A. J. WILKINSON.
New York
and kinds of Paper Made to Order
and
TWINE.

NEWS TO HOUSEKEEPERS:
BARNETT of New York makes Forty Pounds
of Flour, Rice, etc., for the Market.
SEA FOAM POWDER!!
The Sea Foam is an entirely new invention
and is a whitening compound of Yeast
Baking Powder, Soda, or Tartaric Acid.
DENMAN & CO., Manufacturers
11 Duane St. New York.

B. GODFREY & SONS,
Importers and Jobbers of
FRENCH CALF SKINS.
Wool and Dealers in Leather Findings
No. 29 Spruce St., NEW YORK.
Tanners' and Curriers' Tools
Foot and Shoe Machines.

MERIDEN CUTLERY CO.,
Manufacturers of all kinds of
TABLE CUTLERY,
And exclusive makers of its PATENT
HARD RUBBER HANDLE CUTLERY
at Chambers Street, NEW YORK.
dishes.

L. M. BATES & CO.
Importers and Jobbers of
SILKS and FANCY DRY GOODS,
14 and 45 Broadway,
NEW YORK.
dishes.

HOYT, BUSICK & CO.,
(Successors to Sheldon, Hoyt & Co.)
**FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
HARDWARE,**
CUTLERY, GUNS and Goods, especially
adapted for the Western Trade.
Nos. 43 Chambers and 21 Broad Streets
Wm. J. Hoyt, J. Busick, J. E. Hoyt,
Edward Lyon, J. K. Keating-Sneddon,
NEW YORK.

American Clock Co.,
Agents for
E. N. White, New Haven, Seth Thomas and
Gilbert Clocks,
ONE E. LAND STREET, NEW YORK.
101 Lake St., SAN FRANCISCO,
CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, NEW YORK.
Agents by Zion's Co-operative,
Salt Lake City.

Established in 1860.
LOCKWOOD & HANNINGTON
Woolen Dealers in
LOOKING-GLASSES
AND LOOKING-GLASS PLATES,
MILTON and FRANCIS and GERMAN; also Pier
Mirrored and other Glassware; made order
No. 315 Pearl St., NEW YORK.
dishes.

RUNNELL & ERWIN
Manufacturers of
HARDWARE
Nos. 8 & 9 Chambers St., and 20 & 21 Broad St.,
New York, and 101 Lake St., San Francisco, Cal.
Manufacturers: New Britain Conn.
dishes.

POOL, ASHER, KIMBALL & CO.,
WHOLESALE
GROCERS
No. 35 Warren Street, Corner Church,
HORN & ASHER, RICHARD D. KIMBALL
NEW YORK.

EDWARD TODD & CO.,
Manufacturers of
GOLD PENS,
Pen and Pencil Cases, Toothpicks, etc.
1 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK.

HALL, BLACK & CO.,
Manufacturers and Jobbers of
PARASOLS & UMBRELLAS,
5 Walker Street,
NEW YORK.

BUTTIS & FRENCH,
Importers and Jobbers of
CROCKERY!
China, Glassware, Ceramics Goods, etc.
No. 12 Barclay St.,
Rooms below Astor House, NEW YORK.

RANDALL & WILLIAMS,
Manufacturers of
TRUNKS,
Traveling Bags, etc.,
20 Canal St., NEW YORK.
Patented by the Patent Office.
dishes.

COMMISION HAT HOUSE,
MEN'S, BOYS AND CHILDREN'S
FUR AND WOOL HATS
By the Case, at Manufacturer's Prices.
"Go on."

Benjamin Franklin Lang,"
Extremely unromantic," said Constance,"
said Alice. "Next name?"

"Philip Anchindine Lexington?"

"Magnificent!" said Alice, in delight.

"Constance shall have him. Hush! here's a file."

George Washington Kenrick?"

"Stupid!" said Alice.

"Henry Kent?"

"Perfectly commonplace," said Alice.

"Go on."

"Benjamin Franklin Lang?"

"Extremely unromantic," said Constance.

"Philip Anchindine Lexington?"

"Magnificent!" said Alice, in delight.

"Constance shall have him. Hush! here's a file."

During the course of the day, Miss Lennox, accompanied by Philip Anchindine Lexington being a gorgeous dame, she would appropriate it herself, while the other, humbler, humiliates the friend of her bosom, she would pin her at the mercy of abominably named Perkins. The deed once resolved upon, was promptly executed.

The class of '18, at Harvard, is acknowledged to be the most choice of the class.

It was to this class that most of those who received letters from Gladstone's pony.

Fitzgerald Lexington was reclining on his bed in a smoker's reverie after supper, when a single was heard at the door, and Fitzgerald Perkins and Alice Johnson entered the room.

Philip Anchindine Lexington was a small, round person, with plump contours and a complexion similar to his chin. He was celebrated throughout Harvard as a "jester," of an amiable and not always delicate nature, can make anyone porous to a group of three or four utterly uncontrollable. Roughing had been induced by Ady Lexington to a fine art. He is here recorded that "Ady" was the natural abbreviation of "Adolphus," which application, bestowed on him, has clung to him ever since.

Ady's other specialty, besides his abilities as a jester, was in understanding of the students' ways in college the atrium, which he noted in the most approved and conventional manner.

END TO CONTINUE.

W. H. Schieffelin & Co.,
Importers and Jobbers of
DRUGS.
Chemical, Dye Stuffs, Essential
Oils, Spices, Gums, etc.
DRUGGISTS' SUPPLIES.
Perfumery, etc., etc.
170 & 172 WILLIAM ST.
New York.

STUCKED FEET.

REDWOOD SUGAR PINE SHINGLES.

TRUCKEE LAHOKI

#