

The Boat Song.

Balanced we sit in our six-oared shell, Toils of the brain, for an hour, farrow!

ONE OF CUSTER'S SCOUTS.

Daring Deeds of "Lonesome Charley" Reynolds, who Perished with his General-His Romantic History.

I see in the list of the killed under Custer, says a Graphic correspondent, the name of Charley Reynolds--"Lonesome Charley" Reynolds.

My warriors are brave, but they are wise. They will carry a bag of letters to Fort Lincoln, but I cannot ask them to go through the Sioux country to Laramie.

Fort Lincoln was two hundred miles further than Laramie, although the route to the latter place was beset with tenfold more dangers. It led directly through the Sioux hunting ground, and just at this particular time of the year the young men were all out in hunting parties.

There was a familiar with courage in every form, but such a proposition surprised even him. "I wouldn't ask you to go, Reynolds," he said.

"I have no fear," responded the scout, quietly. "When will the mails be ready?"

"There goes a man," said Custer, "who is a constant succession of surprises to me. I am getting so that I feel a humiliation in his presence."

The next day I saw Reynolds lead an old, ill-shaped, bony, dun-colored horse to the farmer's. I was somewhat curious to know if he was going to ride that animal to Laramie, and asked him.

"All right," says the boarder. "I'm willing to pay you a dollar a day for fire, but don't want to pay for any more than I've had. Now, out of all the time I've had here it's impossible that I could have had a fire more than half a dozen days in the whole sixty."

Then he packed three or four days' rations in a saddle pocket, prepared a supply of ammunition, and cleaned up a long, old-fashioned rifle.

About four o'clock that evening an engineering party started off in the direction Reynolds was to take, and saddling his horse and strapping on a canvas bag of letters, he accompanied us.

I had been told that under his gentle demeanour lay a romance as remarkable as any Cooper wrote, and the one day I asked him to tell me the story of his life. He blushed a little, laughed quiet-

ly, and replied he didn't think it worth while.

"But they tell me you have had a remarkable experience," I suggested. "Not so very remarkable," he answered. "I guess you can find enough to fill your paper without publishing anything about me."

And that was all the romance I got from his lips. But from the lips of others I learned that he had not always been "Lonesome Charley Reynolds."

No one, however, knew his true name. He was called "Lonesome" because of an absent, pensive way he had--a habit of seclusiveness. He came to Lincoln from Montana three years before, with his "partner," where the two had been hunting and trapping together for several years.

Reynolds was the son of a wealthy and aristocratic family in Tennessee, but was educated in the North, and when the war broke out he found himself in a painful dilemma. He had imbibed enough of Northern ideas to make him strongly hostile to the secession movement, while his family, consisting of a father, mother, and sister, were violent sympathizers with the South.

He was a short, stocky man, with a little slooping of the shoulders, and a way of carrying his head bent forward with his face toward the ground.

He was full-blooded, but neither the growth of hair nor the marks of exposure had effaced the lines of beauty from his face. His manner was unobtrusive and gentle, his voice was as soft and tender as a woman's tones.

"I'll carry the mails to Laramie, General." Custer was familiar with courage in every form, but such a proposition surprised even him. "I wouldn't ask you to go, Reynolds," he said.

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Gen. Canby's Murder by Modocs.

The death of Gen. Custer recalls the terrible fate of his brother-in-arms Gen. Canby, who was treacherously murdered by Captain Jack of the Modoc tribe of Indians, April 11, 1873, in the Lava Bed camp, Siskiyou county, California.

Immediately in rear of my horse came the band, all mounted, and each with his instrument ready to begin playing the moment their leader, who rode at their head, and who kept his cornet to his lips, should receive the signal. I had previously told him to play "Garry Owen" as the opening piece.

Gen. Sherman, under directions of the President, at once forwarded orders to the camp to "make the attack strong and persistent that their (the Modocs) fate may be commensurate with their crime. You are justified in their utter extermination."

This is how the rumpus occurred: Higgins, who is a top-flopper, came home late, bringing a friend with him.

He was a man that horses and dogs loved instinctively at first acquaintance; whom men respected, although he was never fathomable by the wisest of his friends.

The neighbors rushed out or put their heads out of the windows, and the greatest commotion prevailed throughout the street.

The most daring railroad robbery on record was perpetrated recently on the Missouri Pacific railroad, a short distance east of Ottoville, Mo.

One party of troopers came upon a squaw endeavoring to make her escape, leading by the hand a little white boy, a prisoner in the hands of the Indians.

The desperado with which the Indians fought may be inferred from the following: Seventeen warriors had posted themselves in a depression in the ground, which enabled them to protect their bodies completely from the fire of our men.

The Journal of Health has been collecting all the recipes for rheumatism floating around, some of which are quite edifying.

The very hot weather during July calls forth from the New York Tribune the following: Old residents of the city will compare this year's heat with that of former summers.

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AN INDIAN FIGHT.

The story of an attack upon an Indian Village as told by General Custer.

One of the most interesting chapters in Custer's "Life on the Plains" is that which deals with his attack on the Indian villages on the Wachita. He says: "Immediately in rear of my horse came the band, all mounted, and each with his instrument ready to begin playing the moment their leader, who rode at their head, and who kept his cornet to his lips, should receive the signal."

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A SORRY PICNIC PARTY.

Three Persons Drowned-A Farmer and his Young Wife Die in Each Other's Arms.

A terrible casualty occurred near Eldred, Pa. A mile and a half from the pond is the farmhouse of Thomas Bream. William, his son, was married to Annie Chase, of Buffalo, and came on with his bride to spend a few days at the homestead.

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ADVENTURES OF THREE TRAMPS.

An Old Farmer and his Wife Gagged and Ill-Treated--Twenty Tubs of Butter and a Horse and Wagon Stolen--Recovery of the Property.

Jared Wells and his wife, old people, live on a farm three miles from Port Hickson, Pa., on the main road. Their son, John Wells, lives a mile further on. During the day three men, decently dressed, stopped at the farm and asked for something to eat.

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Items of Interest.

What'er-fall there is when a waterfall meets a downfall.

Nobody is more like an honest man than a thorough rogue.

There are in Turkey over 40,000 persons in prison for debt due the government.

"Borrow as you go," is popular, but "borrow all you can and then go," is more so.

In England, iron is rolled into sheets as thin and as flexible as paper, and not easily torn.

In 1875 the deaths of infants under one year of age were equal to 192 per 1,000 in London.

A Spanish proverb: The man who, on his wedding day, starts as a lieutenant in his family, will never get promoted.

The commission in Rome revising the Italian penal code is unanimously in favor of abolishing capital punishment.

Die Lewis says that a lady will eat four times as much corn beef when alone, as she will in the presence of other people.

The copper mines of Newfoundland are being developed with great success, and large deposits of lead have been discovered.

Of the Americans on the staff of the commander of the Egyptian expedition into Abyssinia, three were killed and eight wounded.

Wood for a big bonfire was conveyed to the top of Mount Davidson, Nevada, by eight camels, each carrying about a third of a cord.

The people in Honolulu say that in that region it sometimes rains faster into the bungalow of a barrel than it can run out at both ends.

A bold rascal on an Illinois railroad train pretended to be the conductor, collected all the fares in two cars, and jumped off with the money.

"These are only volunteers--not regular soldiers," said Gen. Sherman to Prince Oscar in Philadelphia, when three of the militiamen fell off their horses.

Dr. J. R. Nichols, a Boston chemist, says that he has never found a trace of strychnine in whisky, and that "it is a mistaken notion to suppose it is ever used by distillers."

Temperance is rapidly increasing among the British troops in India; 7,405 men are connected with the temperance organizations, and 8,121 more are registered as "off canteen."

Mr. Benham, of Madison, Ind., noticed a large snake coiled around the bough of an apple tree in which a pet dove was rearing her young. He killed the snake, and in it the dove and her brood were found still alive.

Plowing in unbroken furrows six miles long can be seen in Fargo, Calif. The teams start in the morning and make one trip across the entire township and back before dinner, and the same in the afternoon, making twenty-four miles' travel every day.

The deepest Atlantic soundings ever made were about ninety miles north of the island of St. Thomas, in 3,875 fathoms. The pressure was so great at this immense depth that the bulbs of the thermometer made to stand a pressure of three tons, broke.

A curious reaper from South Australia is shown in Agricultural hall on the Centennial grounds. There are no knives about it, the heads of the grain being knocked off, after passing between long fingers, by bars upon a revolving cylinder, and deposited in a great bin.

Poverty's Offering.

To be poor in a great city is to have nothing, to be nobody, to be ever struggling and planning for breadalone. This fact might have entered the mind of a lad who one day, walking by a cottage tenanted by poverty and despair, tossed his painted rubber ball to a little ragged girl sitting on the doorstep.

Lord Dufferin, in an address before the female normal school in Quebec the other day, said: I observe that it is an almost universal practice upon this continent, even on public occasions, in prize lists, roll-calls, and in the intercourse of general society for young ladies to be alluded to by their casual acquaintances, may even in the newspapers, by what in the old country we would call their "pet" names--that is to say, those caressing, soft appellations of endearment with which their fathers and brothers, and those which are nearest to them, strive to give expression to the yearning affection felt for them in the home circle.

The Heated Term.

The very hot weather during July calls forth from the New York Tribune the following: Old residents of the city will compare this year's heat with that of former summers, and doubtless pronounce it inferior to the extraordinary summers of their recollection. They will recall the three hot weeks of June and July, 1835, when men's minds were also ablaze with the fever of speculation; the hot weather at the date of the Croton celebration, which made its promises of cool water the more welcome; the dry, scorching weeks of 1845, from the latter part of June to the ninth of August; the three months of hot weather in 1856 when all the grass disappeared, and there was almost a famine in feedstuffs; the summer of 1864, when for five weeks not a drop of rain fell, it is said, in the whole State of New York. Other years might be instanced of brief or more equally excessive heat; and although 1876 will go on record as among the worst in respect to sunstroke mortality, its 154 deaths in three days do not surpass the fatality of the hottest of recent summers, 1878.