



VAN WOERT'S

BOOK OF

Receipts, Anecdotes, Songs and

Stories, Amusing, Interesting,

Entertaining and

Useful.



INTRODUCTION.



This book contains many valuable receipts for most of the ordinary diseases, and most of the remedies can be found in the garden or house, and may prevent paying a doctor's bill if attended to. There are no receipts in the book but have been tried and tested and found perfectly reliable, and those who have used my remedies will find them in print in this book and can prepare them either for sale or their own use. To make my pamphlet interesting, I have added songs, anecdotes, etc., and the salt works receipt, that they charged from one to five dollars for learning a person how to make the putty. It is my aim to have things so plain that every one can understand them and my hope that it may benefit whoever purchases one of my books.

WM. T. VAN WOERT,
Sykesville, Pa.

Business Directory of Sykesville, 1890.

Eight miles from DuBois, seven miles from Big Run,
Between these two cities stands a thriving young town;
With railroads, coal banks and timber near by,
And a fine cemetery if you happen to die.

CHORUS.

So give us a call before you pass on,
And take observation of our little town:
If you wish to invest call on Shaffer and Sykes,
They will sell you a town lot honest and right.

The Hotel de Sykes is a first-class hotel,
Burns, the proprietor, will treat you well;
He sets out the hash in elegant style,
Cigars, wines and brandies if you wish to smile.

Joe Ake and Nichol, leading merchants in town,
Keep a large stock of goods and prices way down;
Provisions and groceries always on hand,
And a clothing department for women and men.

Another large store is standing near by,
Well stocked with goods if you wish to buy;
With Jake Sykes proprietor of the P. O.,
Draws a large custom from the country you know.

We've a school-house, churches and variety shops,
A jeweler's shop full of watches and clocks;
A saw mill and planer where lumber is found,
Everything handy in our little town.

Picnics and orders of different kinds,
If you want an excursion please bear in mind;
We've a park that's not equalled for fine shady groves,
Sparkling spring water where you can repose.

We have preachers and poets, a doctor and 'squire,
Blacksmiths and butchers and a few noted liars;
Carpenters, mechanics and young dashing blades,
A supply of young ladies, also of old maids.

We've the Rochester railroad running through town,
And a fine stream of water to float the logs down;
We have stages and liveries always on hand,
The best accommodations there is in the land.

We will now take a stroll in the lower end of town,
And find a large shop kept by Eites and Long;
They keep everything a person can wish,
Dry goods and provisions, ham, bacon and fish.

We've a hundred fine buildings in our town,
And a drilling machine to put the wells down;
A weaving machine that runs night and day,
The Lodges K. of P. and P. O. S. of A.

Now to the public who read these few lines,
Give us a call if you can spare time;
Call on the notary who has a plot,
Of Shaffer's addition and all vacant lots.

Sykesville Camp-Meeting.

Brudder Jenkins an' de choir
Will hold a little meeting,
De choir will do the singing
And he will do the speaking;
And de bredren and sistern
All must shout and holler,
And bring in de sinners
Who has a half a dollar;
So pass around the hat,
Take up a contribution,
For I is de orator of dis institution,
In Romantic Park, in sunshiny weather,
White folks, black folks will all get together;
De Baptist de Methodist and de Holy Roller,
Will march to de platform wid half a dollar;
So walk up, chalk up, don't you run away,
Listen to de sermon and what the preacher
has to say.
De Shakers and de Quakers,
And de Wine Banarians;
De Hard Shells, Soft Shells,
Fighting Presbyterians,
And to all de worldly people,
We send to you this greeting,
Gather up your pocketbooks
And come to de meeting;
We will sing, we will shout,
We will drive the old devil out,
And let de old rooster know
What we are about.
De meeting will commence
On the seventh of September,
Dar will be no whiskey foolishness,
Dot you must remember;
But walk troo de ticket office,
Give 'em ten cents,
Den you won't tear your clothes off,
A-crawling troo de fence;
So come on, march on, no matter how many
come,
We will shout out Glory Halaingurum;
Reach for de pocketbook,
Loosen up your collar,
Throw it in de preacher's hat,
Dot little half dollar.
Mr. Jenkins has arrived
Wid his colored population,
He exorted and he snorted
To the largest congregation
Dat went to the Park Sunday afternoon,
To listen to the preaching,
Of de same old coon.

We will get dar, shoo fly,
Money makes the mare go,
On bicycles, tricycles, we will make it snow;
So right about, face about,
March up de holler,
Deposit in de money box
Dat little half dollar.
Sunday de fifteenth wounk up de preaching,
To the largest congregation
Ever come to a meeting,
But de Democratic times,
And de lack of ten cents,
Caused most of de sinners
To crawl troo de fence,
But dey gat dar clothes tore,
Looked a little sneaking,
Dey said dey lost dar pocketbooks
A-coming to de meeting.

A young lady went in a drug store and asked the clerk if he could fix up a big dose of castor oil in a way it could not be tasted. He told her he could and she ordered it. While in conversation with her he asked her to have a glass of soda water. She took it and drank it down. In a few minutes she asked the clerk if he had prepared that oil. "Oh yes," said the clerk. "And you drank it when you took the soda water." "Well did you ever, I didn't want it for myself, I wanted it for my grandmother.

The government had purchased a tract of land from the Indians, in the northern part of Michigan where Petosky now stands, and thinking I could use my soldier homestead right at good advantage, I went up, took a claim 8 or 10 miles back from Petosky in the woods, stayed on it and nearly starved, as we had to carry provisions ten miles on our back. There were no roads but one Indian trail leading in. I soon played out as I found my army experience and frontiering in an early day had taken the tuck out of me, so I sold out to a German. While there I first saw a moss back. A Mr. Wilder, an old soldier, came in to Petoskey with a large piece of moss from a tree that some one had pinned on his back. It caused an excitement and every one after that was called a moss back. A man in Texas wrote up to Petoskey asking what a moss back was and was answered through the newspaper, that had just started, by lawyers, doctors and most every one who could write their own name, tried to explain to the man in Texas what a moss back was.

Van Woert's Receipts.

Sweet Liquor of Iron.

Take 1 pint of good cider vinegar, drop into it a few pieces of soft iron, nails, or pieces of nail rod is the best, let it stand and the vinegar will turn black. You can use it with or without wine. If you have wine take one part iron-mixture and two parts of any kind of wine, mix. This remedy is good for all female irregularities, general debility of old people, for coughs that syrups has no effect on, and should be used for a month or so at a time. It is easily made, costs nothing and one of the best remedies going. Dose, for a grown person 10 to 15 drops; for children, less.

To Prevent Vomiting.

Mix salt and vinegar together, give a teaspoonful every few minutes.

Chronic Diarrhoea.

Take hard wood ashes 3 table spoonfuls, cider vinegar 3 table spoonfuls, hot water enough to cover, stir it well, then let it settle. Give one teaspoonful of the liquid every little while.

Corns, Bunions, Etc.

Soak a piece of bread in good, sour vinegar and bind on the corn.

ANOTHER.

Equal parts of muriatic acid and nitric acid. Take a sharp pointed stick and dip in the acid and touch up your corns and they will turn yellow and rot out. To be had at the drug store, 5 cts worth of each will be enough to last you a year.

Inflamed Eyes.

Use scraped potatoes, beets, slippery elm or flax seed for a poultice, either one is good bound on the eye.

Spirits of camphor reduced a little with water, soak a rag with it and hold it on the outside of the lids. Be careful not to get it in the eye.

To Make Eye Water.

One pint of soft water, 1 teaspoonful of fine salt, 1 teaspoonful of white vitriol, 2 table spoonfuls of spirits of camphor, wash the eyes with this preparation, working it into the corners of the eyes.

Sores and Burns.

Linseed oil or Woodchuck oil is far ahead of most ointments for a burn. Pour on the oil, put on cotton to keep out the air, then pour into the cotton more oil and wrap up. For sores use as ointments.

Piles.

Those who are troubled with this disease will soon find relief by taking a piece of canton flannel or any old sheet and tearing off a strip that will go around the waist and tie, then tear off another and tie it to the belt in front. Get a piece of brown paper or a soft rag and put on your ointment or oil (Linseed is good,) place the rag up tightly against the afflicted spot, bring down your bandage and put it through the belt behind and bring it back and tie it as tight as you can stand it. It holds up the piles to their place and you will find your harness of great benefit. Use 1 teaspoonful of sulphur stirred in sweet milk, daily, to be taken in the morning.

Itch or Other Breaking Out.

Make an ointment of brimstone, the stick is the best, scrape off some as fine as possible and mix it with lard. Rub it on good. It is the safest and best remedy used.

A soldier in the late war wanted a furlough for ninety days. He came up to the Colonel scratching and asked for the same. The Colonel said, "My man, you must either have fleas or the itch." "No sir," he replied, "I am neither a dog or the tattooed man, I am a soldier, I've got lice."

Catarrh and Bronchitis.

Use freely pulverized cubeb berries. Smoke them, chew them and snuff them; good for all throat troubles.

Van Woert's Root and Herb Bitters.

Take one handful of boneset and the same of bark of the root of bitter sweet and one large handful of the carpenter square root. Boil in 1 gallon of water until the substance is out, then strain and add two table spoonfuls of aloes, two of powdered rhubarb, then add one pint of good alcohol or other good liquor to keep it from souring. You can add to the alcohol before putting in the bitters any kind of flavor you wish, oil of wintergreen, cinnamon or peppermint, enough to flavor the whole gallon.

This remedy I have put up and sold for 20 years. It is good for liver complaint, general debility and dyspepsia. It does away with pills. Dose for an adult, 1 teaspoonful three times a day; children, a few drops. The dose can be increased or decreased according to how it works.

Van Woert's Pain Sweeper.

One gallon of alcohol, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of gum myrrh, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of gum guaiacum, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce oil of wintergreen, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce red pepper. Mix and let it stand until the gums are dissolved. Good for all pains. Dose, 10 drops in water, and rub well with the Pain Sweeper the parts affected. This is far ahead of most of the pain killers you buy at 25 and 50c a bottle.

Van Woert's Ointment.

Take the bark of the root of bitter sweet. The carpenter's square root and a piece of resin the size of a hen's egg, stew this to a crisp in lard and mutton tallow. You cannot make it too strong. Good for any kind of sores, burns, piles, etc.

Van Woert's Cough and Lung Syrup.

3 oz. syrup of squills, 1 oz. sweet spirits of nitre, 1 oz. pectoric, 1 oz. Turlington's balsam. If Turlington's balsam cannot be had, take instead, 1 oz. balsam of Tolu. This can be had at the drug store. Then make a syrup of herbs, such as hoarhound, boneset, elecampane, etc., mix the two together and you have a No. 1 cough syrup. Dose, 1 teaspoonful often if the cough is very troublesome.

A boy attending school in St. Peter, Minn., became unruly, and the school marm wrote a note to the Prof. teaching below, to give the boy a good, sound thrashing, as she could not manage him. She handed the boy the note telling him to hand that to the teacher below. The boy took it and went down stairs and met a German boy at the door and told him to carry that to the teacher. The boy took it and handed it to the Prof. who read it and gave the boy a good sound whipping and told him to go to his room and see if he could not behave himself. The first boy was afterwards called the smart youth of St. Peter.

Salt Work or Sea Foam.

TO MAKE THE DOUGH FOR MANUFACTURING.

Take 3 tea cups of fine table salt, put it in a clean wash dish or pan, pour on water enough to rinse the specks out, then take one tea cup full of corn starch and a teacupful of water, mix the two

together until the starch is all dissolved, then pour it in with the salt and boil until it becomes dough. When done take it out and roll it and kneak it as you would bread. First put it in a wet cloth until it becomes cool enough to work with the hands. Keep it rolled in damp cloth while you are not at work with it.

TO COLOR SALT DOUGH.

Dissolve the Diamond dyes, any color you wish, in a little water, divide up your dough in balls and work the color through with the hands. Then you are ready for business. Spread on a thin coating of dough, on a bottle, or cross, or frame, or whatever you want to ornament. Then try your hand at making leaves, buds, roses, etc. Keep a damp rag on hand to wipe your fingers, if it gets any ways sticky. Practice makes perfect and you can soon learn to make toys and other articles too numerous to mention. Dry them well before handling. You can set them in the oven, if not too hot. They charged \$1 for learning a person how to make this salt work in our town.

A man in the northern part of Michigan who had been lost three days in the woods, at last strayed out on a wagon road, and he said the first man he met was a medicine peddler who wanted to sell him a bottle of Root and Herb Bitters for his appetite.

I was peddling in Iowa and came to a house where the woman was complaining of sick headache. I persuaded her to buy a bottle of Pain Sweeper and gave all the good qualities of the medicine and went on. In about three weeks I happened in that neighborhood and called to see her and asked how the Pain Sweeper worked. She said all right. "Did you use any of it?" I asked. "No sir, as soon as you left my head stopped aching and I've had no headache since. The bottle stands on the shelf where I first put it." I told her that was the kind of medicine I carried, it would cure if only kept in the house.

Headache.

Stir baking soda in cold water, dampen a rag or towel and tie it around the head.

HEADACHE.

Stand behind your patient, who should be seated, place your hands on his forehead, keep them there a little and then make short passes in contact gently and firmly, with slight pressure, drawing them backward over the side and top of the head. Shake your fingers as if throwing water off them. In from five to ten minutes relief will be given.

Toothache.

Lay your hand upon the affected side of the face, then place a piece of flannel over the ear on the same side and blow steadily, breathe strongly in the ear, remove the flannel and the pain is gone. Practice this often and you will soon learn to work on more serious cases.

Cramp in the Legs.

Tie a piece of cotton cloth tight above pain, then wear a piece of cotton cloth or candle wick well rubbed with sulphur, around your ankle. Try it and be convinced.

Croup.

Take one teaspoonful of powdered alum, 2 teaspoonfuls of sugar, mix it as quick as possible.

Cold in the Chest.

A flannel rag dipped in boiling water and sprinkled with turpentine laid on the chest.

Bee Sting.

Use a poultice of mud.

Inflamed Feet.

Take wheat brand, mix in some soda, put it in a bucket and bathe and soak your feet. Repeat this for a week.

Furniture Varnish.

White wax 2 oz., oil of turpentine 1 gill, melt the wax and gradually mix in the turpentine.

A Fact.

A little child living handy to me had what the doctor called bronchitis. From the time she was born her mother tried all kinds remedies, but none helped her. An old lady told her mother if she would stand the child up alongside the door frame and bore a hole in the frame just above her head, then cut off a lock of her hair, put it in the hole and plug it up, that as the child would grow taller she would improve in health. I saw it tried and the child is now hearty and well and can walk around the house. It costs nothing to try it and whether it is hoodooism or magnetism, or whatever caused the child to get well right away, is well worth trying, as it saved a doctor bill.

Pipsissewa.

A tea made from this herb is good for scrofulous tumors, cancers, kidney complaints, eruptions, etc.

To Make Cordial For Children.

One teaspoonful of powdered rhubarb, 1 teaspoonful of baking soda, add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of boiling water, sweeten to suit the taste with loaf sugar. When cool add four ounces of paregoric, a large $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of the essence of peppermint. Dose for an infant a year old, 1 teaspoonful three times a day. This can be depended upon for children's diseases, colic, etc.

White Oak Bark.

Good for bleeding from the stomach, bowels and lungs. A tea made of it and a teaspoonful taken every three hours is beneficial. As a wash for ulcers and old sores it cannot be surpassed.

A man who had a mule on the street that would not go for him and had worn himself out whipping, was about to give up in despair when a medicine man came up and asked what was the matter. "Don't you see what is the matter, that mule won't go." "I can start him if you want me to," said the peddler. "Well start him then." The medicine man opened his box, took out a small syringe and a bottle, filled his syringe and injected a dose of the elixir of life into the mule and he went up town at a 2:40 gait. As he turned the corner, out of sight, the man turned to the peddler and asked, "Is that costly medicine you used?" "No sir, very cheap," was the reply. "What will you ask to give me a dose, I have got to overtake that mule."

Washing Fluid.

Sal soda 1 pound, stone lime $\frac{1}{2}$ pound, water 5 quarts. Boil a short time, pour off the clear liquid in a jug, cork for use. About 1 teacupful to a boiler of water. It takes out grease.

The House-Keepers Friend.

This mixture is for washing any and everything. It will remove grease from a board. It will kill a bedbug so he will never crawl again if it touches him. Use it for shampooing, for washing your windows, put it in your dish water, use it in your water for washing clothes, hands, feet and everything else that needs cleaning. Take soft water one quart, salt peter one teaspoonful, shaving soap one cake, shave the soap as fine as possible and mix. Then add aqua ammonia 2 oz. Shake it up until the soap dissolves then it is ready for use. Try it once and you will not do without it.

Horse Radish.

Horse radish leaves wilted and bound on cures neuralgia.

Diarrhoea in Children.

Mix a little flour and milk together. Give them a teaspoonful every hour.

A seedy looking man standing on the street in Buffalo, N. Y., during the war, was writing poetry for any one who wanted a verse or so for a keepsake. I walked up to him and told him I had just come from Virginia where I had served two years in the 1st Minnesota Vol., and gave him a number of battles that I had been in and while asking me questions and talking to others around him, wrote the following lines for me:

I've had my share of danger, boys,
I'd have you all to know
That Wm. Van Woert never knew
The way to fear a foe.
I've marked the rebel's fiery glance,
The lustre of his eye,
But every Minnesota boy
Did shout out "Do or die."
From Minnesota far I came,
And I have wandered far;
I've fought to keep upon the flag
Each good old stripe and star;
I battled when at Bull Run, first,
Where thousands bravely met,
And Fair Oaks' bloody battlefield
I never can forget.
At Savage Station I have been,
The tyrant's course to dam;
I've been at Malvern Hill, my boys,
Ball's Bluff and Antietam.
And I have been at White Oak Swamp.
In many battles fought,
Yet life is smiling on me sweet
As if I saw no shot.
Thank God for life and sunshine sweet,
And for protection kind,
Our father's love and mercy, boys,
We all should bear in mind.
It may be some of us have lost
The friends we loved to love,
It is my hope that we may meet
All free from care, above,
The soldier's trials are but few
When in the field of strife,
Afar from children, home or friends,
From sister or from wife.
May heaven guide the absent ones,
Make Union balls expert,
And save the country, is the prayer
Of Wm. T. Van Woert.

Gold Thread.

Chew gold thread for sore mouth. Make a wash for canker by adding a small piece of borax.

To prevent clothes from taking fire, in the last rinse water, add 2 ounces of alum. Soak the clothes well.

Ointment for Swellings.

Stew catnip in lard, make it strong of catnip, then strain the lard and add a little spirits of turpentine. This is also good for rheumatism, by rubbing it in well. A poultice of catnip is good to bind on a swelling or stiff joint.

Make your own camphor by adding as much of the gum as your alcohol will dissolve, then you will have spirits of camphor, not such as you buy—spirits of water mixed with alcohol.

Essences can be made, adding the oils to alcohol. The coloring is only to make them appear as if some other ingredient was needed to finish them off.

Cramp in the Stomach.

Take cloths and dip them in hot water and lay on as hot as possible, and give 60 drops of paregoric.

Cider vinegar, kerosene and salt, mixed, makes a good house liniment for sprains, swellings, etc.

Cabbage leaves, rhubarb leaves, plantain leaves, all make a good poultice by wetting them and mashing them up and binding them on an old sore, ulcer, or swelling.

Honey and wild turnip make a good remedy for colds, coughs, etc. Grate the turnip and mix with the honey. One teaspoonful for a dose.

Common turnip and sugar makes a good syrup for colds. Slice the turnip in an earthen jar and put a layer of sugar to a layer of turnip, then set it in the oven and let it stew and simmer until the sugar melts and the substance is extracted from the turnip. Use freely.

A man in Pembino, N. D., said it was so cold there during the winter that one night when he lit his candle the blaze froze to the wick.

Ointment for Piles.

Stramonium 2 oz., finely powdered, nut galls 2 drachms, pulverized opium 8 grains. Apply three times a day.

Coperas, one ounce to a pint of soft water, makes a good wash for erysipelas.

Cumberland Crew.

It was on one summer's morning,
Just at the break of day,
When the good ship Cumberland
At anchor safe did lay.
When the man upon the look-out
To those below did cry,
"I see something like a house-top,
To the larboard it doth lie."

The captain seized his telescope,
And gazed far o'er the blue,
And turning, spoke as follows,
To his brave and hardy crew:
"That thing a-floating yonder,
Just like a turtle's back,
Is that infernal Rebel steamer,
They call the Merrimac."

Our decks were cleared for action,
Every gun was pointed true,
The Merrimac came steaming,
Across the watery blue.
On, On she still kept coming,
Till no distance did us part.
When she sent a ball a humming
Stilled the beat of many a heart.

In vain we poured our broadsides
Into her ribs of steel,
But no bridge did it make in her,
No damage did she feel.
When to our bold commander
The rebel pirate spoke:
"Haul down your flying colors,
Or I'll sink your Yankee boat."

Then our captain's eyes did glisten,
His cheek grew white with rage;
And, turning, spoke as follows,
In a voice of thunder says:
"My men are brave and loyal,
My flag shall ever stand;
Before I'd strike my colors,
You may sink us and be d—d."

Then, turning to his loyal crew,
Our bold commander says:
"I will never strike my colors
While the vessel rides the wave.
I'll go down with my flag a-flying,
Into a watery grave,
But you, my gallant comrades,
May seek your lives to save."

They swore they'd never leave him,
But manned their guns afresh,
And poured broadside after broadside
Till the water reached their breast.
And as she sank far down far down,
Beneath the briny deep,
The Stars and Stripes were flying
From her main truck's highest peak.

People make themselves sick by over eating.
Feeding small children more than their stomach
can digest causes a great deal of trouble and many
doctor bills.

An Irishman wanted to see the captain on one
of the Mississippi steamboats, and saw a man stand-
ing on the bow of the boat he yelled out: "I say,
Captain, are you the mate?" "No, sir, I'm not the
mate, but I am the man that ates the mate."

Tom Murray, an old soldier, said he went home
one night pretty drunk and he had a five dollar
bill in his pocket, and he knew his old woman would
capture it if he left it there, so he concluded he
would hide it. So, before going in the house, he
went down cellar from the outside, and laid it on
the door sill over the door, thinking he could get it
next morning. The next morning early he got up
and, feeling dry, he thought he would get his money
and strike out for a pint. He went down cellar and
reached up for his bill, but it wasn't there. He said
he searched the sill from one end to the other but
could not find his bill, and gave it up as a bad job.
In about three weeks after he went down cellar for
something when a rat ran across the sill and his \$5
bill came floating down to his feet. He picked up
the bill, shook it out and looked up at the sill and
said: "Mister Rat, if you ever want to borrow
another five dollar bill, come to old Tom Murray
and you will get it."

A Famous Cholera Mixture.

Tincture of opium 2 ounces, Tincture of Cam-
phor 2 ounces, Tincture of Capsicum 2 ounces,
Tincture of Peppermint 2 ounces. Mix. Dose:
one teaspoonful in water after every evacuation of
the bowels.

Warm borax water will remove dandruff.

Cramps in the Limbs.

Wrap them in towels wrung out in cold water,
then wrap outside a thick dry cloth. The relief is
immediate and complete.

Peppermint Herb.

Peppermint tea may be administered in all cases of colds, pain in the stomach and bowels, headache, vomiting, etc.

Calamus or Sweet Flag Cures Colic.

It is good to carry a piece in your pocket. If you don't feel very good and a little sick, chew a piece, it soon relieves that sickish feeling.

Soap.

Good soap can be made with sal soda 3 pounds, lime, air slacked, 1½ pound. Boil the lime and soda until they are dissolved, pour off the liquid, clean the kettle and add 3 pounds of clear grease. Boil until it becomes soap.

Mother Wort.

The tea will ease pain in nervous headache.

This song was composed when the regiment was ordered to the frontier forts in Minnesota, thinking they would not be ordered south, but soon after found out different.

1ST MINNESOTA SONG.

Oh, when we left our hearths and homes,
Our country's honor to maintain,
We little thought we'd have to serve
In forts as Abercrombia men,
You St. Paul girls now weep and wail,
You never will see your beau again,
For the Red river squaws will cut you out
Of the hearts of Abercrombia men.
Our uniforms is easily got,
Don't make a fuss about it then,
For old plug hats and blue breech clouts
Will do for the Abercrombia men.
Our commissaries' department
Will furnish naught but pemican,
For buffalo shanks, tongue and tails
Will do for the Abercrombia men.
I would rather breathe any fell disease,
In any distant southern glen,
Than fight the big mosquitos and fleas,
Along with the Abercrombia men.
But boys we all will meet next fall,
And drive Jeff Davis to his den,
We will teach the foe wh'er we go,
To dread these Abercrombia men.

Wild Bill, as he generally was called, was in the habit of drinking considerable while around home and his wife told him if he did not quit the business he would see snakes or some other things he would not want to behold. Bill paid no attention to the warning. So one evening he came home pretty drunk and went to bed. While he was asleep his wife went over to a neighbors who had just received a pet monkey for a present, and borrowed it for the occasion, thinking it would scare Bill. She tied it to the bedstead and retired. Bill woke up and wanted a drink of water. So he got up, struck a light and looked around and saw the monkey. Remembering what his wife had told him about snakes he grabbed his revolver and said, "If you are a monkey you are out of luck. If you are not a monkey I am out of luck." He fired, killed the monkey dead, went and got a drink and went back to bed. It took more than monkeys or snakes to scare that gentleman.

A fellow said the corn grew so tall in Ohio that at one time an ear fell off from the stock and went into the soft soil so deep that they could not pull it out. So they hitched a yoke of cattle to the cob and started up and out came the cob and left a nice well of water, stoned up with kernels of corn.

Time is money and money is time, for when you give 25 cents to a couple of tramps it is a quarter to two.

An old hunter was telling his yarns to a party of men up in Dakota. He said he started out that morning with his three hounds and hadn't gone far when the dogs started up three foxes. He said they chased them around for a short time then the foxes ran down to a small lake and jumped in an air hole. The hounds followed right after them and in they went. He watched for some time and at last saw the foxes coming out of another hole on the opposite side, and the hounds still after them, soon made an appearance. The ice was three inches thick and cold as blue blazes. One of the men spoke up, "Uncle Enoch isn't that a rather large story to tell about foxes and hounds swimming so far under ice?" Well says Uncle Enoch, "If you don't believe it I can prove it by three men who were hoeing corn on the bank of the lake."

Pillows made of fine shavings, leaves, etc., are good for lung troubles, as the odor of pine inhaled seems to loosen up tightness of the lungs and chest and costs but a little work to gather it.

Poem of Childhood.

How dear to my heart is the school I attended,
And how I remember so distant and dim,
That red headed Bill and the pin that I bended,
And carefully put on the bench under him.
And how I recall the surprise of his master,
When Bill gave a yell and sprang up from the pin,
So high that his bullet head smashed up the plaster
And all of the scholars set up a din.
The active boy Billy, the high jumping Billy,
That loud shouting Billy who sat on the pin.

A little boy running along in the meadow caught
hold of the old cow's tail and the cow ran into some
bushes and tore the boys clothes nearly off. He
went up to the house and told his father what he
had done, and his father asked him why he didn't
let go. The boy said he had just as much as he
could do to hold on.

An old lady who had been visiting in New York,
about to return home and not feeling well, her
daughter gave her a couple of pills and to take one
right away and the other when she got to Pough-
kepsie. She got aboard of the cars and started out.
Every station they came to the old lady would call
the conductor and ask him if that was Poughkeps-
ie. The conductor soon got tired of it and told her
he would let her know when they got there. When
they arrived at Poughkepsie the conductor forgot
all about the old lady and ran his train out quite a
distance. When he thought of the old lady want-
ing to get off there, so he backed up to the depot
and found the woman and told her if she wanted to
get off they were now at Poughkepsie. "Oh," says
she, "I don't want to get off at all, but my daughter
way down in New York told me I must take another
pill when I got here so here it goes, swallowing the
pill.

A person who is forever telling of their aches
and pains is worth listening to, as it is a complete
lecture on physiology and nothing to pay.

To Clean Mica Stove Plates.

Use equal parts of vinegar and water and rub
with a flannel cloth dipped in the mixture.

Beef Gall Liniment.

One pint of alcohol, 1 ounce of camphor gum, 1
beef gall. Mix the gall and alcohol thoroughly,
then add the camphor gum. Shake well before
using. For sprains, pain in the joints or bones and
rheumatism, this is good.

What is a Moss Back?

The question put forth, as I understand,
What is a moss back a mouse or a man,
A roaring gorilla or a harmless doe,
The curious what is it
With Barnum's great show.
Can he eat, can he drink,
Does he chew, smoke or swear,
Is he a specie of hog, porcupine or bear.
Is he Beecher like innocent,
Like a young lamb,
My friend down in Texas don't quite understand.
Can he stand on his head,
Drink out of a flask,
And more very interesting questions were
asked.
In answer, I'd state as well as I can,
The moss back inhabits North Michigan.
He's the flower of the wild wood,
Human and kind,
And far in advance of the rest of mankind;
He is active and strong, so goes the report,
He is a judge of good whisky and a lover of pork.
He is death on tight boots,
Boiled shirts and plug hats,
Mosquitos, black flies and buffalo gnats.
He is a ranger and granger,
Wears the old army blue.
He's in all sorts of business like a traveling Jew.
He tears through ground hemlock,
With a hundred pound pack
Of corn meal and mess pork
Strapped on his back.
He's a lawyer and doctor, a preacher and poet,
A deacon, a fiddler, a reporter to blow it.
He is posted on language, also Indian tongues,
The Oregon jargon, the Chinese Hong Kong,
And the deaf and dumb alphabet.
He can comprehend.
He's a great curiosity, I tell you now my friend,
Now for further instructions, if any you lack,
Please come to Petoskey and view a mossback.
He is perfectly harmless, disturb him he'll fight,
He makes peace with strangers,
If honest and right.
And three months' experience
With a hundred pound pack,
Gives a good definition
Of a northern moss back.
Please excuse this weak answer,
Your questions were such,
I had to write it in English,
Though I'm full-blooded Dutch.

Live Within Your Means.

Don't run in debt, never mind, never mind,
If the old clothes are faded and torn,
Fit them up, make them do, it is better by far
Than to have the heart weary and worn.
Who'll love you more for the set of the hat,
Or your ruff, or the tie of your shoes,
The shape of your vest, or your boots or cravat,
If they know you're in debt for the new?
Kind husbands, don't run into debt any more,
'Twill fill your wife's cup full of sorrow
To know that a neighbor may call at your door
With a bill you can't settle to-morrow.
Oh! take my advice, it is good, it is true,
But least you may, some of you, doubt it,
I'll whisper a secret, now seeing 'tis you,
I've tried it and know all about it.

Cough Syrup.

Take a good sized handful of hoarhound, boil it
in 1 qt. of water down to a pint, add a few sticks of
licorice and a tablespoonful of the essence of lemon.
Dose: 1 tablespoonful 3 times a day.

We had a man in the 1st Minnesota Regiment
who stuttered badly, and we called him Bogus Bill.
While in Chicago on our road to Virginia, we had to
wait for the train a long time, and we had a great
many callers to look us over. One man came up to
Bogus Bill and asked him what regiment that was.
Bill told him the f-f-f-first Minnesota Regiment.
"Fine looking lot of men." "Pretty f-f-f fine lot of
men." "Pretty f-f-f fine lot of f-f-fellows." "What do
you raise up in that Nor' wes' country?" was asked.
Bill told him they generally raised hell around
where he came from. His right name was Wm.
Cunningham. He was shot five times at the battle
of Bull Run and died in Richmond.

If you will take a short piece of wire, twice or
three times as thick as a knitting needle, bend it
into shape of a horse shoe with little shoulders or
hooks to support it, and then hang it down in the
top of your lamp chimney, it will save you in break-
age enough in three months to purchase one or two
of my books. Try it.

I had often heard of some very large catfish be-
ing caught in the West, but Bill Fadden said he
caught one in the Minnesota river so large he had
to get a team to haul it home, and when he opened
it he found three lengths of stove pipe, a pair of
gum boots and a nigger baby. He took first pre-
mium.

The Bullet Head.

He stood in jail in Richmond,
The hero of the plugs,
With a pipe he bought in Chatham street,
Protruding from his mug.
His shirt was like the sunset,
His pants an azure hue,
And his general appearance was
A mild red, white and blue.
His head was like a bullet, shaped,
With bristles stuck thereon,
His eyes they shone like bits of glass,
Prismatic in the sun.
His hair it was the color
That the Autumn forests wear,
And his whiskers looked like jungle
On the Rocky mountain bear.
He looked out through the prison bars,
Where they drilled the raw recruits,
And winking at an officer,
He whispered "Go it Boots."
The officer indignant, cries,
"Hang the Yankee fool,"
To which the bullet head replies,
"Now Johnnie, just keep cool."
The rebel jailor entered,
And brought the brave a feed,
The bullet head squared off at him,
And caused his nose to bleed.
The jailor called the Sergeant,
And the Sergeant called the guard,
When he swore he could lick them ever one,
If they'd let him in the yard.
For I'm a New York fireman,
I runs with the old machine,
At that he pulled the Sergeant's nose,
"Say Johnnie, my boy, your green."
They took him before the officers,
And reprimanded him,
But he only winked at the Col's wife,
And whistled Dandy Jim.
They put him in the trenches,
With a pick and spade in hand,
Where he spent his time in making love
To a pretty contraband.
Then they marched him back to prison,
At which he showed his joy,
By asking scolding Beauregard,
"Ain't I a dusty boy?"

A cup of hot water drank before meals will pre-
vent nausea and dyspepsia.

Minnehaha.

A Norwegian family was killed by the Indians in Minnesota, and the following lines were written on the banks of the Minnehaha river in 1864:

Minnehaha laughing water,
Cease thy laughing now for aye,
Savage hands are red with slaughter
Of the innocent to-day.
Ill accords thy sportive humor,
With their last despairing wail,
While thou art dancing with the sunbeam,
Mangled corpses strew the vale.

Change thy notes, gay Minnehaha,
Let some sadder strain prevail,
Listen while a maniac wonderer
Sighs to thee his woeful tale.
Give me back my Lela's tresses,
Let me kiss them once again,
She who blessed me with caresses
Lies unburied on the plain.

See yon smoke, that was my dwelling,
That is all I have of home.
Hark! I hear their fiendish yelling,
As I houseless, childless roam.
Have they killed my Hans and Otto?
Did they find them in the corn?
Go and tell that savage monster
Not to slay my youngest born.

Yonder stands my new bought reaper,
Standing mid the ripening grain,
E'en my cow asks why I leave her
Wondering un milked o'er the plain.
Soldiers bury here my Lela,
Place me also 'neath the sod,
Long we've lived and wrought together,
Let me die with her, O God.

Faithful Fido, you they left me,
Can you tell me, Fido, why
God at once has thus bereft me?
All I ask is here to die.
But my daughter, Jennie darling,
Worse than death is Jennie's fate.

Nelson, as the troops were leaving,
Turned and closed his garden gate.
But the laughing Minnehaha
Heeded not the woeful tale,
What cares laughing Minnehaha
For the Corpses in the vale.

A bag of hot sand applied will remove neuralgia.

The Tramp.

Let me sit down a minute,
A stone's got into my shoe.
Don't you commence your cussin',
I haven't done nothing to you.
Yes I'm a tramp. What of it?
Folks say we ain't no good,
But tramps have to live I reckon,
Though folks don't think we should.
Once I was strong and handsome,
Had plenty of cash and clothes,
That was before I tumbled
And gin got into my nose,
Down in the Mohawk valley,
Me and my people grew.
I was a blacksmith, Captain,
Yes, and a good one, too.
Me and my wife and Nellie,
Nellie was just sixteen,
She was the prettiest creature
The valley had ever seen.
Beaux, why she had a dozen;
Had 'em from near and far,
But they were mostly farmers,
None of 'em suited her.
There was a city stranger,
Young, handsome and tall,
Darn him, I wish I had him
Strangled agin that wall.
He was the man for Nellie,
She didn't know no ill.
Mother she tried to stop it,
But you know a young gal's will.
Well it's the same old story,
Common enough you say,
He was a soft tongued devil,
And got her to run away.
More than a month or after
We heard from the poor young thing,
He'd gone away and left her
Without a wedding ring.
Back to her home we brought her,
Back to her mother's side,
Filled with a raging fever,
She fell at my feet and died.
Frantic with shame and trouble
Her mother began to sink.
Dead in less than a fortnight,
That's when I took to drink.
Gimme one glass, Curnel,
And then I'll be on my way.
I'll tramp till I find that scoundrel,
If it takes till the judgment day.

Pat Murphy, of the Irish Brigade.

'Twas the night before battle,
All gathered in groups,
The soldiers lay close to their quarters,
A dreaming, no doubt, of the dear ones at home,
Dear mothers, wives, sisters and daughters.
With a pipe in his mouth stood a dashing
young Blade,
A song he was singing quite gayly,
'Twas honest Pat Murphy, of Meagre's brigade,
He sang to the land of Shelaly.
The day it soon broke, Pat he soon awoke,
On the rebels to have satisfaction;
The drummers were beating the devil's tatoo,
A calling the boys into action.
The Irish brigade into battle soon went,
For the cause, shedding blood quite freely;
With a bayonet charge they rushed on the foe
With a shout for the land of Shelaly.
The battle was over, the dead lay in heaps,
Poor Pat he lay bleeding and gory,
With a hole in his head from a rifleman's shot,
That finished his passion for glory.
No more will his laughter be heard around camp,
Or his voice singing ditties so gayly,
Like a hero he died in the land of the free,
Far away from the land of Shelaly.
Oh how can Columbia ever forget,
While valor and fame holds communion;
How nobly our brave Irish volunteers fought,
In defense of the flag of our union.
If Ireland for liberty ever shall strike,
A helping hand we will offer quite freely,
And the stars and stripes will be seen alongside,
With the flag of the land of Shelaly.

Coperas, as much as will lay on the point of a common pen-knife, mixed with some kind of sauce or molasses, will rid childred of worms. It is good for puny children. Give a powder for three mornings, then skip three, then three, until you give 9 powders. It is safe and sure.

Yarrah

Makes a good wash for the head where the hair is falling out, also for salt rheum and piles.

Blackberry Roots.

The roots are the most medicinal. A tea made from the roots is good for looseness of the bowels, and can be used also for a wash for sores. Drink freely of it for diarrhoea.

Sherman's March to the Sea.

Our camp fires burned bright on the mountain,
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by the guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe,
When a horseman rode out from the darkness,
That hung over river and tree,
And shouted, "Up boys and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea!"
Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman,
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugle re-echoed the music
That came from the throats of the men;
For they knew that the stars on their banner,
More bright in their splendor would be,
And the blessings from north lands would greet them
When Sherman marched down to the sea.
Then forward boys, forward to battle,
They marched on their wearisome way,
They stormed the hills of Resacca,
God bless those who fell on that day.
Then Kenesaw dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free,
But the east and the west bore the standard,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.
Still onward they marched, till their banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
Aye the blood of the patriots dampened
The soil where the traitor flag falls;
But they paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet they twined them a wreath of their laurels,
And Sherman marched down to the sea.
Proud, proud was the army that morning,
That stood by the cypress and pine.
Then Sherman says, "Boys you are weary,
This day fair Savannah is mine."
Then sang they a song for their chieftain
That echoed o'er mountain and tree,
And the stars on their banner shown brighter,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Witch-hazel, red raspberry leaves and gold thread makes a gargle for sore throat, canker or sore mouth of any kind.

Home Cure for Canker.

Take four large spoonfuls of good cider vinegar four of water, one teaspoonful of salt and a very small portion of black or red pepper. Gargle or swab the mouth.

*Old Ink With Captain Bucks Surveying Party
on the Red River of the North.*

Come all of my old comrades,
No doubt you'd like to hear
The trials and the hardships,
Out on the north frontier.
The trials and the hardships
That eight of us saw,
While on the survey both night and day,
On the prairies of Pembina.

We left the town of Henderson
With a bunkum span of mules,
A wagon load of provisions,
As much as they could pull;
Besides a keg of tarantula juice,
And tobacco for to chew,
While on the road with our big load,
For the prairies of Pembina.

When we reached the town of Moorhead,
The weather being fine,
We went into town and waited
For the captain left behind.
While traveling through the city,
A telegram we saw,
Ordering us to pack our goods
And start for Pembina.

We traveled down Red river
Till we struck old Kelly's camp,
Where we saw some half breed girls
A sitting on the bank.
A dozen young papooses,
And two or three old squaws,
Without delay, showed us the way
To the prairies of Pembina.

We crossed the great Red river
On a regular home made boat,
And when our wagon was aboard,
We could hardly keep afloat.
But by careful engineering,
We soon brought her to tow,
But we thought we'd sink into the drink,
On our road to Pembina.

We roamed out on the prairie,
Till our oats were nearly gone,
The mules being tired and hungry,
Five hundred miles from home.
The captain says, "We'll go into camp,
The mules they will not draw,
And its best I think to send old Ink
Right through to Pembina."

So early the next morning,
By the rising of the sun,
Out on the wild prairie,
I started all alone.
With two little biscuits,
And a piece of meat, 'twas raw,
I made up my mind that I must find
The town of Pembina.

I traveled all that day,
And as the sun was getting low,
I met a band of Indians,
And said, "How do you do."
I asked about the distance,
Of a half breed Chippewa,
And with a smile, told me two mile,
To the town of Pembina.

At last I reached a settlement,
But in an awful plight,
I found a friendly half breed,
Who kept me over night.
Made arrangements for provisions,
And jumped in a canoe,
And bade farewell forever
To the land of Pembina.

Persons not acquainted with the prairie country can form no idea how easily a man can lose himself. When I started Capt. Buck brought out his surveying instrument and showed me a white spot in the distance as far as the eye could see, and I was to make that place and I would be near the two rivers, handy the Red river and a few miles from Pembina. I traveled 40 miles that day and reached Pembina soon after dark. The next day sent a dispatch from the Custom House over in Manitoba, loaded myself with provisions and started back to camp. Two days after the boat came along and we hailed her and she had on a three months' supply for Capt. Buck's surveying party, who were nearly starved for flour, pork and beans, as fresh game for a steady diet, without the staff of life, would soon have started a mutiny in camp.

A Mr. Reed, who was in the government employ in 1874, at WalaWalla, N.D., had a severe attack of sore eyes. A half-breed Indian came in one day and told him if he would put a louse in each eye and let them remain over night his eyes would get well. Mrs. Reed spoke up and told him they had no lice at their house. The half-breed told her he could furnish them, as they had plenty of them over at his house.

The Tramp.

How many men there are
Who ride in fortune's car,
And bolt and bar
Their gates against the poor.
Because they have lots of gold
Their hearts turn icy cold.
They ought to be condemned
For it I'm sure.

CHORUS:

So if you meet a tramp,
That bears misfortune's stamp,
If he is worthy of your aid,
Why freely give.
Give him a hearty grip,
Wish him luck upon his trip,
And remember that a poor tramp has to live.

I lately saw a tramp
Whom people called a scamp,
And upon him set their dogs
Least he might steal.
But as he turned away
I saw him kneel and pray,
And God above I know
Heard his appeal.

How little do we know,
As he tramped through rain and snow,
That once he was as happy as a king,
Until misfortune's cruel dart
Came and pierced his manly heart
And took away his home and everything.

I once heard a tramp relate
The sad story of his fate,
And how he was an out-cast
Shunned by all.
He had lived a happy life,
Had a handsome child and wife,
But alas! like Eve, this woman had to fall.

For she grew weak and frail,
There's no need to tell the tale,
How it pierced his manly heart in sad despair.
And he never since has smiled
On that handsome wife and child,
And he tramps the world with little care.

So if you meet a tramp
That bears misfortune's stamp,
If he is worthy of your aid
Why freely give.
Give him a hearty grip,
Wish him luck upon his trip,
And remember that a poor tramp has to live.

A Sketch of My Adventures in the West.

My first introduction to the territory of now the great wheat growing State of Minnesota, was in the spring of 1857, when I stepped off the gang plank of a Mississippi steamboat at Minneiska, a small town in Wabasha county. I was about 20 years of age at the time and having no home or friends to fall back on, if I should get homesick or discouraged, I made up my mind to take what would come, let it be good or bad. I had paid out the most of my money in car fare from Troy, N. Y., to this place, and having an uncle who had moved on the half breed tract and taken a claim of 160 acres near plain view in Wabasha county I thought best to call on him for advice and started on foot for that place. I found my relations in a comfortable log cabin and joined in with them and went to work on the farm. I stayed with them during the following winter and when spring opened and boats commenced running on the river I left them and took passage on board of one for St. Paul. While traveling up the river I made acquaintance with a young man who had started a store at Henderson, a new town laid out by Major J. R. Brown, the agent for the Indians. It was 60 miles from St. Paul up the Minnesota river, and he advised me to go with him, as he thought there would be plenty of work, as streets would have to be cut out and graded. Building and other business would be going on, so I went with him to what he called the town of Henderson. You could not see from one house to the other on account of the timber, and most of them were log cabins. In one part of the town about 1000 Sioux Indians were camped with their tepees in full view. I thought they held the biggest share of the town, and between them and their dogs they made things quite lively. I was somewhat doubtful of the gentlemen, as those were the first ones I had the pleasure of seeing and becoming acquainted with. I soon found employment and settled down to business. People still kept coming in and clearing up lots and building, and in a year's time made Henderson quite a respectable looking town. While I was in this place news came in that Old Ink pa du ta and his band of Indians were massacring the settlers at Spirit Lake, near the Minnesota line. It caused quite an excitement as it was the first Indian trouble that had occurred in the State. It was known as the Ink pa du ta war. In March, 1857, Ink pa du ta's band had a quarrel with some settlers on Rock river, in the northwestern part of town. In consequence of this they came north into Minnesota and killed a good many people at Spirit Lake and Springfield, on the

headwaters of the Des Moines, about 42 miles in all, and carried into captivity four women, Mrs. Marble, Mrs. Noble, Mrs. Thatcher and Miss Gardner. The Governor of Minnesota sent troops but found no Indians. They buried the dead and came back. In May following, the scouts succeeded in recovering Mrs. Marble and in June Miss Gardner. Mrs. Thatcher and Mrs. Noble were both killed. In July a party of regulars and citizens killed Old Ink pa du ta's son on the Yellow Medicine river, who had been engaged in the massacre. In my travels through Iowa I became acquainted with Miss Gardner and had a long conversation concerning her hardships while a prisoner with the Indians. She was married and settled down near Cedar Falls. I found after a short experience in the wilds of Minnesota that I was in a wild but beautiful country and among wild people, much different from my once quiet home in New York, and I had to make the best of it. The Half-breeds got to calling me after that old chief Ink pa du ta and I went by that name as long as I stayed in Minnesota. In 1858 I drove a mule team to the mouth of Red Lake river that empties into the Red River of the North at a point where Grand Forks now stands. On my return I hired to Major Brown and was sent to the agency 60 miles above Fort Ridgley on the Minnesota river to help make brick and build houses for Indians and also a government ware house to hold the supplies for them. In 1859 I returned and made preparations to go to Pikes Peak Col. After a long trip down the Mississippi and up the Missouri river I landed in Leavenworth, Kansas, and thinking I could strike a wagon quicker by going out of town I packed my goods out a few miles in the direction of the Peak and waited for some one to come along who would haul my supplies through to my destination. But every wagon seemed to be loaded down and had as many men with them as they could haul provision for. So I returned to Leavenworth, sold my outfit for half what it cost me and looked over the town. It was amusing as well as entertaining. People were homesick, some cursing, some with faces as long as a mule, wishing they were back home. Auctioneers on every corner selling wagons, horses, mules, camp equipage for mere nothing. I did not stay long and started for St. Louis on a boat. I looked over the city, saw signs here and there, "Negroes bought and sold." I concluded that that was no place for me and strolled down to the river and took passage on the steamboat War Eagle for St. Paul, then a small boat for Henderson and went to work again for Major Brown hauling goods with cattle from Henderson to the

Agencies. In 1861, as soon as I heard of their wanting men for the 1st Minnesota regiment I started for Fort Snelling and enlisted in that regiment. It was a gallant regiment and done hard fighting from Bull Run to the close of the war, and history tells us they lost more men killed at the Battle of Gettysburg than any single regiment engaged. I was not in the battle as I received my discharge soon after the Battle of Antietam, serving with the regiment 23 months. I went back to Minnesota. People were still scared. The Indians in small squads were still on the war path. Co. I, of the 10th Regiment, commanded by Lieut. James Gorman, whom I was well acquainted with, was scouting over the country trying to find the redskins. I concluded I would go with him and cook for him, not caring to enlist right away. He made raids over the country where he would hear of Indians being seen, but never came in contact with them. We had been in camp but a short time at Hutchinson, a small town on Crow river, when a man came in and reported that his father and him had been deer hunting that day and out a few miles from town they ran on two or three Indians and they fired and the Indians returned the fire and he thought they had killed one of the Indians and that his father was also killed. Some of our men and a few of the cavalry went with him and met his father coming in and not hurt but badly scared. They went on to where the shooting occurred and found one dead Indian, who proved to be Little Crow, the leader and commanding chief of the Minnesota massacre. The company soon after was ordered to join their regiment at Fort Snelling to go South. I went back to Henderson, stopped over winter, listening to the braves talking and giving their opinion of Lincoln's nigger thieyes, as they called the Union soldier, and not under pay at the time for killing Copperheads, I thought it best to enlist again. So I went to the Fort and enlisted in Co. I, 10th Minnesota Vols., served one year and a few months and returned to Minnesota. In 1866 I bought a wagon and a yoke of cattle, two cows and a wagon load of provision, took two other men in as partners and we joined Holmes' wagon train that was going to Montana territory. We started on the first of June and arrived at Helena City, Mont., on the first day of September. There were seventy-five wagons and about 125 men, women and children belonging to our train. When we arrived at Fort Wadsworth, Dakota, we were inspected by the Col. commanding, who said we were the best equipped train that had ever passed Wadsworth. After the inspection we started on over the prairies of Dakota

little knowing where we were going or whether we would ever get there, but we had started for the gold mines west, and we were traveling in that direction. We were lucky in running on a train of Red river half-breeds and hired two of them for guides, so they took the advance with their carts and done most of the scouting and hunting. We passed droves and droves of buffalo, deer, antelope and for a night or two was surrounded by buffalo wolves. I was fortunate enough to kill one and the half-breeds ate him, as they were not as particular about their eating as some people. After a long trip nearly dead half the time for water, burning weeds and buffalo chips to cook with in the hot broiling sun of July and August, on an open prairie, no road, running our brain by the compass, we reached Fort Berthold, on the Missouri. We camped a few days to recruit, then started up the Missouri to Ft. Benton, the head of steamboat navigation. We made a short stop there, then started and after a trip of 400 miles we reached Helena. I sold my interest in the outfit, got a pack horse and four men of us crossed over the range into the Bitter Root valley and landed at the mouth of Gold Creek. We then went to Pioneer Gulch, where I mined for gold a year or so, was put in as recorder of the Gulch and roughed it with the balance of our population a few years. Then sold out and started on a pack horse for Ft. Benton, then took a boat for Sioux City, Iowa, then a wagon for Mankato. On this trip I passed over the ground of the Ink pa du ta massacre. After my arrival at Henderson I found that most of my old friends had left the town and moved to the Red river country and the German population had taken possession. I took my gun and started on foot for Duluth. That town was just building up. I did not like it. A steamboat was about ready to start for Buffalo and I boarded her and was soon taking in the breeze of Lake Superior. From Buffalo I went to Manassas, Virginia, then back to New York city, out to Hartford, Conn., then to Troy where I found a job, earned money enough to take me west and started and landed in Cedar Falls, Iowa, and then to Minnesota, got in with a surveying party and helped survey a large tract of land along the Red river. Then I took a trip to the northern part of Michigan, took up a soldiers' homestead, sold it soon after and landed at last and cast anchor in the great state of Pennsylvania.

I could not give the particulars of my adventures and hardships that I have underwound in this short sketch, but when I think of my travels over the prairies and well acquainted with the country

where the Indians killed over 1400 men, women and children, and camped often on the spot where the battles took place, traveled often hundreds of miles alone, with some of them that were no doubt in the massacre, going hungry, nearly famished for a drink of water, in danger of freezing to death, digging through blue mold in an old flour barrel to get flour, grinding parched corn in an old coffee mill to make pan cakes, and snow drifted over my cabin, 35 miles from the nearest white man, when I think of my many friends who were shot down like dogs, both men, women and children, some of them mutilated in a horrible manner too bad to tell, children thrown into wells and stuck on fence stakes, and myself still on deck. I feel I was born lucky if not rich.

Ink pa du ta's Jubilee.

Eight years ago boys, there seemed to be a vacancy in the lining of my pocketbook and I had to hunt an agency, I came up to Sykesville with a box of varieties, Settled down to business in first-class society; There was Jake Sykes, Ed. Groves and 'Squire Phillippi. Gave me a recommend on my ability, I fixed up a grip sack, prepared a lot of remedies To work on the liver, also upon the kidneys, With Red Oil, Black Oil and Sweet Oil of gladness, I cured an old lady who had just died with sadness; There were lame men, blind men, men who had no brains at all, Said if they were taken sick they would sure give me a call. I sent out advertisements in different Indian languages, And quit selling peanuts, bologna and sandwiches, And practiced under Gearhart, Zufall and Kennedy, Till I became an expert compounding different remedies, For slashing, clashing, tattling and lying; I relieved quite a number who were actually dying, Old folks, young folks, people of this latitude, Came by the thousands to show me their gratitude, I worked hard, fought hard for notoriety, For when I was young I was noted for my piety; With mind cure, faith cure, twinkling of biology, I cured a sick dude who was studying phrenology, Old ladies, fat ladies troubled with solidity, I brought them all around with a dose of asafetida; I compound my remedies with nothing that's injurious, If you take an overdose it will not make you furious, Like Old Rye, Red Eye, Burns preparation, It will purify your conscience, give you recreation; Now if reference is needed of my different compounds, Write to Dr. Barr, a resident of Stump Town, He will give you information concerning the remedies, Will brace up your character, liver and kidneys,

CHORUS.

So now friends I will close my song,
Start agents with a grip
To sell my frontier remedies,
That is the long and short of it.

A pillow made of hops is valuable to persons subject to headache and insomnia.

Hiccoughs, 25 grains of table salt placed in the mouth swallowed with a little water.

Reverend Olympus Jump.

The Mountain Howitzer of God and His Good Works
—Religion on the Comstock Lode—The Crude and
Original Ideas of some of the Pioneer Delvers for
Gold—Bob Gurnsey's Opinion of the Merits of a
Minister—A Man With a Natural Gift for Con-
verting Sinners.

It was a cold, stormy night on the Comstock. A blizzard played at hide-and-seek about the peak of Mount Davidson, and splitting on the pinnacle gave birth to a whole brood of frolicksome little whirlwinds. These mischievous imps of the storm racing to and fro from under the brow of the mountain, tossed high in the air great columns of frozen and powdered snow, hurling them in blinding showers down into the streets of Virginia City. 2,000 feet below where the principal business streets were almost deserted. Gathered in the "Golden Fleece" saloon, their favorite resort, were a dozen or more old grizzled "Argonauts" of the days of "49." Snugly harbored by the storm, the veterans enjoyed their pipes, their hot toddies, and their flagons of beer.

"WELL, WELL!" CRIED OLD DAN MANIX, as he laid aside the newspaper he had been ogling for the last half hour through the cracked and misty lenses of his iron-rimmed spectacles. "Well, well! Hit's jist the same old song back yander in the states. Alles a fussin' 'bout religion an' quarlin' 'bout the preachers. Why can't they take thare religion in the nat'ral way, like us ole fellers? They all think they've got to go to a certain place at a certain time an' get it waccinnated inter 'em like a lot o' school childred in small pox times. Let 'em take it in the nat'ral way. Let 'em lay alone on the mountain top and look up at all the millions of stars, and the light of trust will shine down into their souls. Let 'em listen to the voice of the Lord in the tops of the tall pines in the dark, still night! They all think they've gotter jine church, give in thare sperience, pull long faces, and pull up long prayers in public—prayers sich as is more for the ears of thare neighbors than to be heard by the Almighty." "Wall, that's 'bout so," put in old Jim Hawkins. "Let 'em say what they will 'bout us old California mountain men, we've got about as good religions as is goin', and about as much as some as makes more noise about it. We've had it, too, right along through thick and thin, and I for one am goin' to hang on to the faith the Lord has given me. I'm not much on the golden harp business, but the Lord will find some quiet nook for me somewhere when I cross over to the other shore."

DO YOU KNOW, BOYS,

said Gurnsey Bob, a battered and weather beaten old Forty-niner, who had all along been quietly sipping his beer. "Do you know," said he, as he thumped his glass on the table before him and called for another half-gallon of beer, "that it jist makes me sick to hear all the talk and furse they makes these times about these fashionable highfer-luzin preachers. I tell yer, boys, they ain't duce high 'longside the preachers we had in the airly days in California."

"In course not! Can't hold a candle to 'em! Hain't got the sand nor the gift, nor the grit!" choroused all present, for Bob was a big chief among them, and an authority on all pioneer matters. Indeed, when it came to speaking of affairs in the old mining camps in early times his word was law. Besides, as he was this evening putting up freely for the beer, he was entitled to a patient and respectful hearing.

"I tell yer, fellers," cried old Gurnsey, filling his beer mug and squaring himself for a big talk, once he found he was going to obtain the floor and have things all his own way, "I tell yer what it is, fellers. I uster know a preacher what uster ride on what they called a circle, over in Californy, in '52, as was named Olympus Jump, and he was a roarer, you kin just bet! He wasn't one of yer stuck up, kid gloved kind, as would be afeered they'd dirty their hands if they give the flippers of an honest miner a grip. No sir, he'd take hold of yer paw like er wolf-trap. Olympus, he wasn't one of them kind as goes a snuffin' and a prospectin' about with noses in the air, a-smellin' roast chicken an' hot biskits afar off. Not at all. He wasn't one of your yeller-legged-hen kind. No sirs, Olympus

HE WAS A GOD-FEARIN' MAN,

an' pork and beans was the highest ambition of his meek and lowly bowels. He'd flop his lip as was eddifyin' to the highest, and giye comfort to the soul of the humblest. Olympus Jump wasn't one of yer kyoters in sheep's clothing sich as goes a-sneakin' about among the ewes of the flock a-makin' more scandals in a week nor yer could wash out in six mouths by pipin' into them all the water that could be throwed by the biggest hydraulic in the mountains of Californy. No sir, that wasn't his style. He walked uprightly before the Lord, and was as happy as the day was long, with his own comely sweet wife and his half dozen little Jumps. He was a miner of the word afore the Lord, Olympus was. He'd drifted and creviced all through the Bible, from the

'grass roots' down to the 'bed rock,' pannin' out bushels of 'chispas' and scores and scores of 'nuggets' of pure gold. With these he was loaded clear up to the muzzle, and when he turned loose and began to fire scripture into the audience he might'er been called the mountain howitzer of God.

HE WAS FULL OF THE SPIRIT
and when he took off his coat and laid himself out for his flock the kyoters took to the woods. He wasn't one of them kind of prayers whose prayer is jist a little sneakin' drizzle that only wets the earth here and there, washin' away none of the dust of iniquity—never causin' a single good seed to sprout nor raisin' up the droopin head of a single crushed or wilted plant. No, the prayer of Olympus was like a cloud burst on the mountain; it swept down thro' all the dark deep canons and gulches of sin, and sent all the miners delivering then end over end down through the 'tall flumes' of the devil till they was glad to grab the branches of the tree of life that hung in reach and haul themselves ashore, high and dry on the rock of ages. Why fellers, he jist mount a dry goods box or a big boulder, haul his little pack of greasy loose leaves of Bible out'n his coat-tail pocket, shuffle it up, give it a cut, deal out a text, and then jist hammer hell's bells out'n every sinner from Shirttail Canon to Sucker Flat. There was a preacher for yer. He'd bring tears of repentance from the eyes of a three-card monte dealer, make a sluice robber moan, and even rock the sudden soul of a water agent. Then when he'd pernounced his benediction and tied up and stowed away his gospel deck, the boys would chuck gold into his old wool hat till the bottom hung down like a strainer bag. Fill up yer glasses boys, and let us drink to the memory of the great and good Olympus Jump, now safely landed on the other side of Jordan, high up on the golden shore."

Bleeding of the Stomach.

Take one pound of yellow dock root, dry it thoroughly, and pound it fine. Boil this in 1 quart of milk and strain it off. Use 1 gill three times a day.

Make teas of wormwood for stomach complaint, dyspepsia, etc. One spoonful of it mixed with molasses for a dose.

Witch hazel makes a splendid wash for old sores.

Liniment that is hard to equal for swellings, can be made by boiling a quantity of sassafras bark, the root is the best, in 3 quarts of vinegar, then add 4 oz. of salt peter.

Old Moss Back.

As I have been called on, I'll try and explain
Of the terrible times a-takin' up claims.
Out back from Petoskey was government land,
Near the North Pole, in old Michigan.
So with loads on our backs we started from town,
Every man had some fifty odd pound,
We traveled all day and slept on the ground,
With screech owls and wolves a-prowling around.
Out in the back woods, boys, resting on a log,
Appetites keen enough to eat a common dog;
Sitting by the camp-fire, spinning awful yarns,
Thinking how rich we'd get taking up a farm.
The land sharks were willing to show us around,
And for twenty-five dollars,
Would pick out our ground.
Close to a market, short distance from town,
And a beautiful stream to float the logs down.
Tearing through the ground hemlock,
And wearing out clothes,
The hardships we endured, but very few knows.
The knats and mosquitos would light on our nose,
While up to our elbows a-mixing up dough,
Out in the back woods, boys, facing wind and rain,
Swearing like pirates, trying to find a claim.
Out in the back woods, boys, hoofing it all alone,
Worse than a mule a hundred miles from home.
By expert engineering and plenty of sand,
By the help of our compass we came to our land.
The moss backs collected with axes in hand,
Up went a log cabin for every man,
The roads were cut out, the people moved in,
Such a terrible fix they never were in.
The women were jawing, the children would grin,
While swarms of flies and mosquitos would sing.
Out in the back woods, boys, money nearly gone,
Lying on short rations, fifteen miles from town.
Out in the back woods boys, bound to winter through
Roasting little chipmunks, hump ta doodle doo.
The moss covered devils are as happy as clams,
Killing mosquitos and laying out plans.
They will point to the timber,
Do you see that big tree?
One hundred dollars that's bound to bring me.
The beech and the maple, the hemlock and pine,
The valuable trees I think are all mine,
And lofty old arguments to pass away time,
While preparing a stew from a big porcupine.
Out in the back woods, boys,
Gather up your stamps,
Trot out the fiddler, let us have a dance,
Pass around old belzezebub we are getting dry,
Balance to the demijohn, how is that for high?