

GO WORK UPON A FARM.

The song I sing for you to-day is not to learn a trade; For I am and the truth to say— That song is laid. The mills are running on half time, The shops give forth no noise, And it is hard to find a dime Among the groceries...

THE LITTLE WIDOW.

Mr. Augustus Revington looked through the spiry clouds of cigar smoke that were floating lightly through the room—looked at Tom Spencer with such a cool, contemptuous, pitying glance, that the young gentleman actually laughed outright as he finished speaking, and then immediately began again: "Upon my word, Gust, old boy, but you are as good as a play, and the rare fun of it is I believe you honestly mean every blessed word you say."

pretty, in light mourning; that means not inconsolable." He turned to his paper again, and began to read the stock report, thinking what a fragrant perfume this aristocratic little lady had brought with her. Then she suddenly, but half-deprecatingly, spoke to him again. "I am sorry to trouble you, sir, but if you will be good enough to place my shawl and package in the rack?"

She cast her eyes down then, and played with the handle of her sachel. "I am quite sure it is your own fault that you are unmarried." "Do you think so, really? If I thought it, I'd be an engaged man before—"

PISTOLS FOR FOUR. Highly Exciting Night Scene on a Union Pacific Sleeping-Car. An incident recently occurred on the Union Pacific express train from the West, on its passage between Ogden and Omaha, that created a good deal of consternation, and some very excited and lively scrambling around in one of the Pullman sleeping-cars.

knives, and before sundown that wouldn't be more than one redskin left, and then I'd go and knock his brains out afore he could do any damage. That, sir, is the only real way to settle the Injun question. I've been among 'em, an' I know. Plenty of whisky an' long knives 'll fix 'em out, an' nothing else will."

SITTING BULL. His Views on the Indian Question. (Bismarck (Aug. 19) Telegram to St. Paul Pioneer-Press.) Medicine Cloud and his party, belonging to the Fort Peck Agency, whom Maj. Mitchell, Indian Agent at Fort Peck, sent to Sitting Bull with a message May 27 last, has returned to the agency.

BLACK AND BLUE EYES. BY THOMAS MOORE. The black eye may say, "Come and worship my eye; By adoring, perhaps you may make me!" But the blue eye, said he, Says, from under its lid, "I love, and am young, if you love me!"