CRABBING WITH JOE.

The Art, Science, or Whatever it May be Called Fully and Faithfully Explained.

"Crabs iz cu-rus. There's more spunk an' devilry in a crab 'an anything I know on. Jes look a' that feller. He's ready ter chaw a tenpenny nail. Down here on yer vacation?"

He was a lean, lanky Long Islander, familiarly known as Joe, and was sitting on the end of a narrow, shaky wharf that jutted out from the northern shore of the Great South Bay down beyond Bellport. He had, a few minutes before, returned from a crabbing expedition along the shore. A half-bushel basket was almost full with a mass of hard-shell backs and writhing claws.

"Don't they look ugly? They're better'n they look—that is, for eatin'. Some like 'em better boiled, and some like 'em roasted. Either iz good. No, them ain't soft shells. Them's hard shells. Hard shells iz good 'nough fur me, tho' soft shells iz mighty fine eatin'. Look out! Don't yer pick 'em up that way. You'll git yer finger caught. Jes look here. See that big feller grab this stick. See that?

Dropping the crab on the plank, he put one foot on its back and yanked the stick from the claw. But the effort was not repaid by substantial success. Stooping down to pick up the crab, Joe lifted his foot off its back. A tinge of rheumatism struck the crabber in the back, and before he could replace his foot the crab had darted away. Joe clutched at it, but the edge of the plank was only a few inches distant, and the crab slipped over with a splash, and, apparently, turning to wink at his late captor.

"That's too bad. He'd been good eatin'. But that's the way they have. Yer can't trust 'em a bit. But I tell yer what I'll bet. I'll bet half that lot against most nothin', I can get that feller agin. Yes, sir-ee, right here. Lay yer over ketch crabs? No? Then I'll show yer, tho' this is a mighty slow foreside scoopin' 'em. Yer ain't got a piece of pork in yer pocket, have yer? I've got a piece of string," pulling from a pocket a short length of hackline, two nails, and a half plug of tobacco. "Ther gals come down here sometimes crabbing, and I guess I can find a piece of pork slung around the house fur the bait. Them gals is smart," he said, returning, "but I guessed I'd find a piece. They'd cut off the string an' left it on ther loge, careless like, as if they'd lost the pork, an' then stowed ther pork under some chips. Cu-rus how much smarter women think they are 'an men, ain't it? Now, yer jest tie on a piece of pork like this an' drop it in ther water. Hold on! Don't drop it yet. Wait till I git my scoop out o' the boat, cause yer can't haul 'em in like yer can a fish. All right now. Jes stand on that edge of the plank, an' I'll stand here. Now drop the pork down slowly and let it stay till yer feel somethin' drawin' on ther line. See them little fellers scootin' around? They're no good yet. Feel nothin' yet? Lemme feel. By thunder, you'd give a crab a square meal 'fore you'd ketch any. There's a big one at that pork. Now draw ther line up gently, gently now. Don't yer feel 'im tugging at it now? Easy, easy now. Lift 'im of ther bottom. Don't git 'im too high yer git up to ther top of ther water. There he is. Now wait a minute."

With a movement that hardly caused a ripple, the scoop was put at an angle in the water directly under the crab. With a sudden jerk upward, a tremor of the wharf as Joe braced his shoulders, and the crab, the piece of pork, and one-fed of the line were in the netting.

"You've got it, but it ain't ther one I lost," Joe remarked with a shade of regret.

The first victim was thrown on the heap in the basket, and such a clawing, snapping, and struggling! In so small a prize the victor had never seen before. The newcomer seemed to be the enemy of each crab in the basket.

More hauling in, jerking up, and throwing into the basket followed, but the pet crab of the boss crabber was not lured back.

"Big minnow, that was that crab, or his big brother," Joe remarked, as a big fellow that was hauled up jumped off the scoop before he could jerk it up. "S'pose we go 'long shore an' scoop a few more up. This ain't payin'."

We jumped into a flat-bottomed boat and poled along the shore a short distance to the mouth of a creek that was almost hidden by the high reeds. Joe took the scoop and stood up at the stern. Several pokes in the mud produced no signs of crabs, but one that was training along sideways with the current was soon scooped up and thrown into the bottom of the boat. Become were caught while the amateur crabber, sitting in the bow seat, kept his feet away from the snapping claws.

"Guess this ain't much fun for you," Joe thoughtfully remarked after a while. "Do you feel hungry? Yer do, eh? Then we'll go back, an' I'll give yer a sample for that you'll enjoy."

Poling back to the wharf, Joe picked out the largest crabs, and the solitary guest gathered some chips and broke a board into pieces for a fire on the shore. While the blaze was starting fitfully Joe scaled a fence near by and returned with ears of corn under one arm and half a peck of potatoes in his pocket.

"Yer needn't smile," he said reproachfully. "I work here off an' on. You'd better let me blow that fire. I noticed yer eyes kinder watered when ther sun was up. Make yerself comfortable outer ther line of the smoke."

By this time the sun near the horizon the fire was brightened, and the reflection darted in lines of red and yellow across the water. The sun had set with a great display, and only the crackling of the firebrands and the low moaning in a grove of pines broke the stillness.

"Guess as ther brands had broken into live coals the crabs were thrown on, and the corn with husks on and the potatoes with coats on were tucked away out of sight, all being covered by more pieces of wood. The crabs sizzled and spattered, and there was an appetizing odor in the air. While they were roasting Joe sharpened a jackknife on a stone.

"Guess they're most done," he said, as the fire began to smoulder.

Taking a stick that he had whittled to a point, he poked among the embers and pulled out a clinker shell and one side opened.

"Are right," he continued. "Now, just take it this way, lift up that little thing sticking there, push it back, break open ther shell, and there 'tis. Throw away what's called ther devil's fingers, an' ther rest is good meat. Yer kinder take this knife, I guess, cause yer ain't used to the work yet. Now take this persater, cut it in two, and scoop out the soft part. Ain't that worth eatin'? Don't want no salt, leaver, nor nothin'. But wait till I get yer an ear of corn. That'll make yer smile. Jes pull off the husk fer ther ears. We roasted better'n yer can get in New York. Don't mind 'bout me. I'll use my fingers. Pitch in."

The potatoes were good, the corn better, and the crabs best.

"What's that? Any more? I'm blamed if that don't beat ther band. If yer want any yer'll have to build ther fire, which I guess won't pay yer right. Goin' ther? Wal, I'll walk up ther road with yer. But don't yer think I'm mean. Come down agin some time, an' we'll have some more."

A Convert to Judaism.

From the Little Rock Gazette.

About three weeks ago, as Rabbi Benson had finished the Saturday morning's service at the synagogue, and was about to enter his vestry room, a young lady stepped on the altar and expressed a desire to embrace the Jewish faith. Rabbi Benson, unacquainted with the applicant, and in obedience to the Hebrews' natural reluctance to gain proselytes, was at first inclined to refuse the application, requesting the young lady to call at his office on Monday, when further conversation would be held in reference to the matter.

Meanwhile, having casually mentioned the matter to several gentlemen, the rabbi was informed that the name of the fair applicant was Malinda Hauck, a young lady who had frequently expressed an earnest desire to embrace the Jewish faith. Having lost her mother at the age of four and her father at five years, she was placed by an aunt in Memphis named Mrs. L. Goldsmith. Since that day Miss Hauck has lived among the Israelites, and during the last few years she was a guest of a relative, Mrs. L. Wormser of this city.

When Rabbi Benson was informed of these facts, he at once decided to look more favorably on the application. On Monday morning, in accordance with appointment, Miss Hauck, in company with Mrs. Loeb, visited the rabbi's office. The latter lady confirmed the information already received by the rabbi. After asking several questions to relieve her conscience and ideas on religious matters, Dr. Benson presented the following document for her signature and also that of her legal guardian:

This is to certify that I, Malinda Hauck, of my own free will and accord, and in performance of my pure sentiment, am this day admitted to the Israelitish rites, before Rabbi Benson, minister of the congregation B'nai Israel, at Little Rock, Ark., to adopt the rites and customs of my ancestors, to which I hereby bind myself, thereby renouncing all adherence to any other worship or denomination, promising to abide by all the requirements and religious which the established laws of that creed, Israelitish or Jewish, and also to observe the sacred sabbath, the customs, rites, and ceremonies as well as all the laws of Israel.

In witness thereof I herewith affix my signature on this 13th day of the Jewish month, Tammuz, in the year of the creation five thousand six hundred and forty-one (5641).

Mrs. M. Hauck. Malinda Hauck.

Mrs. S. Karnas. } Witnesses.
Mrs. S. J. Benson.

In addition to the above, Rabbi Benson requested the young lady's guardian, residing at Memphis, Tenn., to give his legal consent to the act of his ward. Considering that previous to her conversion she is to pass a rigid examination in the doctrines of Judaism, its rites and ceremonies, and also its history, Miss Hauck was given by the rabbi the necessary text books to instruct herself and the ceremony of conversion will probably be solemnized in the early part of next month. Rabbi Benson has not yet fixed the date, nor stated whether the ceremony will be public or private.

This is the first instance, we believe, of a convert to Judaism in this city. The ceremony is highly impressive and deeply interesting. In addition to the requisite proficiency in the Jewish catechism and history, the applicant makes a public profession of her belief, delivers a brief [illegible] in a new name.

Mrs. [illegible] Wormser have been [illegible] the converts during the [illegible] year.

LABOR-SAVING FARM TOOLS.

Profitable City Customers—Reminiscences of Sales to Actor-Farmers.

A man entered an agricultural warehouse the other day, and bought a rake, a weeding hoe, a lawn mower, a scythe, and a pickaxe. An improved harrow struck his fancy, and he seemed disposed to buy it; but a friend who was with him persuaded him that the rake would answer his purpose. After the customer and his friend had gone out, the merchant in agricultural implements said: "That young man has recently bought a very pretty country place in New Jersey. His land is a quarter of an acre of sloping lawn.

"It is a puzzle to some folks," the dealer went on, "how such stores as this, situated remotely from the farming districts, do a profitable business, especially since there are in all such districts centres in which agricultural implements are retailed to the farmers. But if we depended on farmers for our custom we would starve. I made my first business venture with the late Prof. Mapes, who was then interested in the best-appointed agricultural implement warehouse in the country, and I cannot call to mind that we had among our many customers a bona fide farmer. We had plenty of market gardeners and lots of amateurs, but the bulk of our trade was with gentlemen who had places out of town, and the mania they had for labor-saving and improved implements was astonishing. They would call daily on their way home to see if we had anything new, and if we had they would buy it, even if it was of no more use to them than a tropical fan.

"The Professor had among his friends a large number of prominent actors, many of whom were experimental farmers. Among the most enthusiastic were Burton, Blake, J. W. Wallack, Jefferson, Chanfrau, Adams, and Harry Pieciple. They were as innocent as children, and when one of them came into the store he would act like a little boy in a toy shop, and want to buy everything we had, from a sausage stuffer to a flour mill. We were cautioned not to sell them anything without submitting it to the judgment of the Professor. Wallack was particularly irascible when his judgment was questioned. He once threatened to throw us overboard because we advised him against purchasing an eight horse power threshing machine, which he could never by any possible chance have the slightest use for.

"The Professor was very frequently brought in samples of soil to be analyzed, and asked for advice as to the kind of crops it was adapted to bear. I remember Mr. Blake brought in a very small sample one time, and the Professor asked him why he didn't bring more. He replied that that was all he could get from his farm, and I believed him.

"One day when the salesmen were at lunch and I was alone, an old gentleman came in. He told me that the lot back of his barn held moisture for weeks after a rain, and asked me what he had better do. I advised subsoiling, and showed him ploughs for the purpose. They were of various sizes, from No. 6 to No. 8—from one horse to eight oxen. He said they were just the thing, but we differed as to the size. He insisted upon a No. 8, while I positively argued that a No. 6 would answer his purpose. In rebuttal he made the argument that one couldn't have too much of a good thing. He decided, however, on a No. 6, and then told me that he had considerable difficulty in getting the grass sown evenly; that in some places it would come out in tufts, and in others would show bare spots. I recommended a patent seed sower, and showed him how it worked. His eyes sparkled with delight. He told me to ship the plough, but the seed sower he would carry home, because, he said, when its merits were fully explained there would be 'such a devil of a run on them that they couldn't be had anywhere for love or money.'

"When the Professor returned and looked over the sales, I saw that he was startled.

"'Tom,' said he, 'did you sell these things to Blaisdell?'

"'Yes, sir,' said I.

"'He bought a subsoil plough, I find?'

"'Yes, sir; he wanted to subsoil some marshy land back of his barn, and I recommended a plough. He wanted No. 8, but I persuaded him that a No. 6 would do. I told him, however, it it was not large enough that we would ex—'

"'Look here,' interrupted the Professor, 'you sold him a seed sower; did you also recommend that?'

"'Yes, sir,' I replied, becoming slightly nervous; 'you see, the grass on most of his meadows grows unevenly, in tufts in some places and leaves bare spots in others, so when I explained how the sower worked, he said it was just the thing he wanted.'

"As I saw fire flashing from the Professor's spectacles, I became alarmed, and, in order to appease him, told him that all was paid for.

"'Paid for!' he howled, with indignation. 'Why, didn't you know that he is my old friend Blaisdell of the Museum? He has an acre and a quarter of scrub oak out in Jersey. He hasn't swamp enough in his back lot to water a snipe, and you have sold him a seed sower that will scatter seed all over Bergen County!'

"But the young married man, who owns his place out of town, with a lawn in front, as big as a pocket handkerchief, he is now one of our best customers. His outfit usually consists of a full set of garden and pruning tools, a lawn mower, and a side hill plough."

THE DROUGHT AT ORANGE.

Wells Giving Out—The Question of a City Water Supply Discussed.

ORANGE, Aug. 20.—On account of the great lack of rain the prospect of a scarcity of water begins to cause uneasiness in and about Orange. There has been little rain for six weeks. The gardens are suffering terribly for want of it, and the grass plots look brown and burnt. The roads are dry and dusty.

Orange has no city water supply, and the people depend entirely upon wells and cisterns. Half of the wells are dried up, though many of them have never failed before. Some of the residents whose wells have given out have resorted to driven wells, and in many instances have thus obtained a sufficient supply of water for their own use. A singular instance is given of the use of these wells. A gentleman having a well that had given out for the first time within his recollection, put a driven well in the bottom of his old well, but failed to get a drop of water. He then drove it again at a distance of thirty paces from the old well, and secured a good supply of sweet, pure water. He must have struck a stratum of water entirely separate from the one that the old well had exhausted.

Other residents, who have not used the driven wells as a substitute for their exhausted wells, have either depended for their water supply upon their neighbors or obtained it from the public pumps, of which there are seven. The best one, containing the greatest amount of water, is situated in front of McChesney's Park Hotel, and belongs to the hotel. Its supply of water seems inexhaustible. Many of the families residing in the neighborhood depend entirely upon it. Livery stables send their horses there in droves, and nearly every passing team stops for a drink. Still the well does not give out. The proprietors of the hotel permit this free use of the water to all for drinking purposes, but on no account allow any to be taken away for washing purposes. Mr. Dexheimer also owns a well that has a good supply of water. He charges $2 for a load of 40 barrels of water.

Unless there is a good rainfall soon the condition of affairs threatens to become much worse. The question of a city water supply is being agitated. In fact, it has been discussed seriously for some years, and the public-spirited citizens are in favor of bringing water from either Lake Hopatcong or Greenwood Lake, both of which are about 35 miles distant. The water of these lakes is sweet and pure. Lake Hopatcong is six miles and Greenwood Lake is nine miles long. As both are at a considerable elevation, there would be a sufficient fall to force the water into the tops of the highest houses, thus rendering any forcing machinery unnecessary. The supply from either of these lakes would be ample for all of the Oranges and of the surrounding villages, and for Newark, Hoboken, and Jersey City.

The expense would be very great, yet there are a great many citizens who say they are entirely willing to undergo this expense for the sake of the lasting benefits that would ensue. But they are intimidated by the objections of those who are called the old settlers, who argue that things have been as they are for a great many years; that they see no reason for a change that will cost so much money, and, furthermore, they point out that the question of sewerage must necessarily follow the introduction of city water, and that would be another source of expense, fully as great, it is thought, as the water supply itself.

There seems to be no other outlet for sewerage but to run the pipes down past Newark and over the meadows into Newark Bay. Still those who favor the introduction of a water supply say there can be no doubt that the whole water and sewerage problem will have to be solved before long, or the growth and prosperity of the town will be greatly retarded.

At present the only water obtainable in case of a fire is from fire cisterns that are scattered throughout the town, about a thousand yards apart, and which are constantly kept filled. These, however, are of comparatively little service, as a fire of any size would speedily empty one, and it would have to be filled again from the next cistern, thus causing delay that would probably be fatal to the success of those who were fighting the fire.

The Bad Man from Honolulu.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

John Daly was his name, and he recently arrived from the Sandwich Islands. He entered a Market street saloon, and calling for beer, invited the bartender that he was the bad man from Honolulu. The bartender took a cautious look at that over walked on back. "Don't say so," mildly remarked officer Marshall, as he leaned up to him with an [illegible] beer handle and have found one. I think can break you in two, so take your time." That do? called the Honolulu, slow [illegible] Where is he? and the bad man unsuspectingly followed the finger of the officer down the street, where he staggered three blocks to search for the man who had told him to look for.

NEWSBOYS AND BOOTBLACKS.

How Two Thousand of Them Enjoyed Themselves on a Complimentary Excursion.

The newsboys and bootblacks have had their excursion and picnic. None of them was killed. They assembled before 9 o'clock on Friday forenoon, two thousand strong, on the Starin pier, at the foot of Dey street, and waited for the immense gate to be opened. Two thousand screaming, howling, thumping, pushing, and fighting little newsboys and bootblacks are not the personification of tranquillity. As they came together they saluted one another kindly.

"'Ullo, Paiser, y' blue-eared terrier; where y' been?"

"Ar, keep quiet, will yez? I've been sojournin' at Raspberry Park."

"Don't raspberry me, sonny, I'm bossin' this pic-er-nic, an' I wishes fur respectable language."

The boys, while waiting, amused themselves in the various ways known to innocent childhood. One diversion was to pelt a corpulent watchman with stones and mud until he retired behind the gate. After singing "The Sweet By and By" with touching pathos, they unitedly approached a mild-mannered vender of apples and demanded his entire stock. They might have secured it if the gate to the pier had not at that moment swung open. The boys rushed through like an avalanche. The stevedores retired hastily behind the bales of goods and allowed the crowd to tear ahead. An obstruction was encountered at the end of the pier. Mr. Truax, in charge of the free excursion, had profited by the experiences of the three previous ones which Mr. John H. Starin has given. The boxes and bales on the wharf were ranged so as to focus the crowd to such a point that only one boy could pass through at a time. As each boy dashed through a paper bag with two sandwiches, a pie, and some cakes were given to him. He immediately crammed most of the pie into his mouth, jambed the cake in his pocket, and then hid behind a post till the next boy appeared, and promptly hit him in the face with a sandwich.

The vessels in tow were the steamboat Blackbird and the barge John Neilson. The excursion started southward. The German band discoursed "Golden Slippers," and the boys whistled and hummed. It played "In the Morning by the Bright Light," and "Marching along." It blessed "The Order of Full Moons," and the newsboys and bootblacks howled with delight. They enjoyed it so thoroughly that at the expiration of the second stanza there were three cases of bleeding at the nose. Then there was a contest to see which could first throw a cake into the bell of one of the cornets. The first volley was not successful, but those cakes that missed the cornet struck the musicians on the nose or eyeglasses, and the boys did not take their failure to heart. They were devoting their energies to filling the bass tuba with fire when the police interrupted them.

Here a little difficulty in the otherwise harmonious party occurred. The gentlemen who had charge of the bank stand refused to give away all the milk at once, whereupon the boys first pelted them with their own glasses, then broke down the counter, and, after throwing away the covers of the milk cans, drank all the milk they wanted, and poured what remained down one another's necks. The policemen sat down and looked eastward with blank despondency on their faces.

At half-past 1 the boats arrived at Boynton Beach, near Woodbridge, N. J., and the boys tumbled and jumped ashore.

"Hay, O'Mulligan, lave yourze an' me be scouts and shut blazes out er Mike McGonigle's gang, will yez?"

The O'Mulligan announced his willingness to "sing" his friends, and a general fight was begun, but was interrupted by a stumpy little fellow, who mounted a hillock and screamed:

"Fellers, there's a crowd, a crowd, yes, a crowd, filled with such a bloody lot of boomin' aspies as would make yer eyes Croton, yer kno—so 'elp me, or my name ain't 'Arry."

The several thousand New York boys about town rushed for the orchard, when they were confronted by the old farmer in a voluminous hat and canvas trousers. The farmer was only slightly injured. The boys swarmed up the trees, late to the verge of cholera morbus, and then threw the apples at one another. Before the boat started on the return, the farmer approached cautiously and demanded damages, but didn't get them.

On the home trip the boys discovered a new divertisement. It consisted of throwing each other's hats overboard. It was 7 o'clock when the city was reached, and the boys went hooting ashore. They thought their way down the dock and went into the streets like a pack of crazed coyotes.

AN EXCITING MELODRAMA.

But the Hero Had to Rescue Himself After the Most Dreadful Sufferings.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The fifth act was lively. The stage showed the interior of a barn. There were two apartments on the lower floor, and a hay loft above. The hero came into the barn, drank a drink of a bottle, and had a delirium tremens. The actor suffered dreadfully. He saw hideous beasts, he wrestled with himself in the straw, he described a cemetery of open graves, he told about his supposed dead daughter, and altogether he made it as unpleasant as possible for himself and his audience.

"Merciful heavens!" he cried, when the paroxysm was over, and he fell asleep.

Then the wife dashed into the other room with the daughter. She expressed emotion as the freezing, hungry, despairing medley by flashing to and fro, singing her parts wildly alarm, and rattling in the circumscribed space like a pea in a pod. At length she took the little girl up a ladder to the loft to get warm in the hay, and was down again in a jiffy. As an acrobatic performance it had merit.

"Merciful heavens!" the wife cried, and darted out into the storm to scare up for her husband.

Then came a prayer by the little girl. There was the child praying above, unconscious of the besotted parent wallowing in the straw below. The hero awoke in mental and physical torture, for he was a hero.

"Merciful heavens!" he cried.

His eyes fell on a halter. He would hang himself. He tied the rope round a beam overhead, climbed on a manger, and adjusted a noose. The horrified child implored him to stop, but he threw her off in a fit of frenzy, and did not heed it. He leaped from the manger, the noose seemed to tighten round his neck, he made wry faces indicative of strangulation, and stifled exclamations by women in the auditorium denoted that they were thrilled.

The hero had an extra pocket, and at length found an ax, which had been left in the loft to chop hay. She ought to have used it to cut the rope, and thus rescue her father. She hacked away vigorously, but without severing a strand. The dangling hero made fresh grimaces, drew up his legs, straightened them out, quivered, and did all he could think of to fill out the time. But still the ax didn't cut. I heard excited words from the author, as he suffered in the prompter's corner. Eventually the actor coasted up and deliberately untied himself; and a roar of laughter by the audience drowned the voices of the characters as they crowded into the stable to close the play.

THE SCANDAL OF THE PENSION OFFICE.

From the Utica Observer.

Edward Hudson, the Washington correspondent-in-chief of the Boston *Herald*, after visiting the penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pa., where Judge Bentley was removed and Dudley appointed:

The late commissioner, Mr. Bentley, who was far from being a professional officeholder, had put his office into excellent condition. He had introduced a system of business which was unknown before, and the clerks were compelled to take the work at hand week up through several grades to show competence as the result of their study of the business. The reports and regulations were made ready with the assistance of Mr. Schurz, and were most excellent. Mr. Bentley, being an honest man in all respects, made himself very obnoxious to the Stalwarts, who had placed parasites here, who are reaping large fortunes by collecting fees from pension claimants, to whom they are accustomed to charge a hundred times the proper fee. These men determined to make a united effort to get Mr. Bentley out of the way. They raised a large sum of money, and, during and after the Chicago Republican proceedings, sent agents to Washington to procure a letter from Blaine, that entered this city on the Republican manager's condition that Bentley should be removed if a Republican President should be elected. The offer seemed too good to be true, but it was accepted, and the sum of money paid. I have heard it said $50,000. As soon as Mr. Garfield became President it was recently stated that Bentley had a letter from Blaine, and was asked to resign. He refused, and was then given to understand that he was marked for the sacrifice. In June, Garfield came out of the way, the President sent for the Commissioner and told him with great regret that the position which he held had been promised to another, and that for that reason he would be compelled to ask for his resignation. He declined to do so. Bentley understood that he was charged with his conflict of the pension office, and to prove to him that this was so the President said he had promised to give him another office—that of United States Minister to Denmark. Bentley declined the offer, and he distinctly understood that the change was not made in pursuance of any bargain made behind the curtain in November. "Did I look like an office seeker," replied Mr. Bentley. "I want no other place than I have cut through with this one, and am not in needy circumstances." Still the President begged him to accept the appointment that he could go home and see Mr. Blaine, who was passing from the room he occupied him to the door, and again begged him to rest assured that the change was not in the slightest degree a bargain made with Blaine in the election. Mr. Bentley was unable to understand why the President was so anxious to have him think that the promise to remove him was not made, and, as the result of his conversation with Mr. Dudley of Indiana, who had distinguished himself as a political manager while holding the office of United States Marshal in that district, Mr. Bentley was soon after informed that the duties of his office would be took it, but he went in with two aims that together Bentley had done was wrong and should be undone.

We learned some months since that the Republican Presidential candidate gave his consent to the stealing of the Star Route Ring. We discover now that some one who felt authorized to do so obtained money for the Pension Ring on a promise that Bentley should be removed—and we know that that promise was kept, and one of Indiana's least reputable politicians appointed in his stead. But the Star Route Ring's $55,000 and the Pension Ring's $15,000 by no means exhaust the Indiana fund. In good time we shall doubtless know where the rest came from.

FAIR VISIONS OF POETS.

My Portion.

Very little of gold have I.
Wealth and station have passed me by,
But something sweet in my lire I hold,
That I would not change for place or gold.
Beneath my feet the green earth lies,
Above my head are the tender skies;
I live between two heavens; my eyes
Look out to where, serene and sweet,
At the world's far rim the two heavens meet.

I hear the whisperings of the breeze,
The sweet, small tumults amid the trees;
And many a message comes to me
On the wing of bird, in the hum of bee,
From the mountain peak and the surging sea.
E'en silence speaks with voice so clear,
I lean my very heart to hear,
And all above me and all around
Light and darkness, and sight and sound,
To soul and sense such meanings bring,
I thrill with a rapturous wondering;

And I know by many a subtle sign
That the very best of life is mine.
And yet, as I spell each message o'er,
I long and long for a deeper lore;
I long to see and I long to hear,
With a clearer vision, a truer ear;
And I pray with keenest of all desire,
For lips that are touched by the altar fire.

Patience, O Soul! from a little field
There cometh often a gracious yield;
Who toucheth His garment's hem is healed.

CALIFORNIA PEARL.

The Latter Law.

From the Examiner.

When, schooled to repentance, I had ceased
To yearn for my lost Eden, when I knew
No loving smile shone out in the blue,
And none could see his coming in the East,
I looked to comfort in my crowds. I sought
To draw all nature nearer, to replace
The sweet old ties, the tenderness, the grace
Of God's dead world of faith and reverent thought.

Oh, joy! I found the stern new law reveal
Romance more rare than poesy creates;
Your blood, it said, is kindred with the asp
Which throws a shroud into the cedar, and, maybap,
In some dim wise the tree recuperates.
Even as a dryad, all the love you feel!

You and the great glad earth are kith and kin;
There is one law, one scheme of life, one hope
On that and this side of the interstellar
All things are kin, from the Man of many been,
And all shall be. A disk in Homer's blood
May redden a daisy on an English lawn,
And was a wine-cup, ere Rome, in the dawn
To-morrow o'er the plains where Ilion stood.

No lot is lost, or scorned, or disallowed;
One law leads over all. Take you no care.
For while all beings change, one life endures;
And a new cycle writes for you and yours
To-morrow's day, like streaks of morning cloud,
Into the infinite azure of things that were.

And soon the selfish cling into sense,
The longing that this life should never fall,
Loosed quivering hands, for one of what avail
Is more and more, and, in the end, for all
It all the great and good of days gone by—
Plato, Hypatia, Shakes eare—had succeeded,
Died mingled with the cloud, the plant, the beast,
And God were but a mighty life of the sky!

And when I thought, o'ershadowed with strange awe,
How first we were dead, had ceased in utter woe,
With that great cry, "Forsaken!" on the cross,
I felt at first a sense of bitter loss,
And then grew passionately pitying. He it so!
Thy one with Christ and Judas. "I is the law."

But when my child, my one girl babe, lay dead—
The blossom on my bosom, and my desire—
And unshed tears burned in my eyes like fire,
And when my wife sobbed her sobbed and said,
"O husband, O dear grave, be comforted,
She is with Christ!" I was hushed, my despair,
Who Christ? O God! and where is Christ? and where
My poor dead babe? and where the countless dead?

The great glad earth, my kin, is glad as though
No cloud had ever flitted; the heaven of May
Leans like a laughing lover above my grief.
Is she clean lost? Nowhere? Now, shall I know?
O Christ, art thou still Christ? And shall I pray
For fairness of belief or unbelief?

L. DEVRIES.

Creeds.

From the Hawkeye.

Believe as I believe, no more, no less:
That I am right, and you are in a mess;
Feel as I feel, think only as I think;
Eat what I eat, and drink but what I drink;
Look as I look, do always as I do,
And then, and only then, I'll fellowship with you.

That I am right, and always right I know,
Because, forsooth, I think so myself, my self;
And to be right is simply this, to be
Entirely and in all respects like me;
To deviate a hair's breadth, or seem to
To question, doubt or hesitate, is sin.

I reverence the Bible, if it be
Translated first and then explained to me;
By church laws and creeds I abide,
If they with my opinions coincide;
All else is delusion, I am sure I believe,
Excepting those which disagree with mine.

Let sink the drowning if he will not swim
Upon the plank that I throw out to him;
Let starve the hungry if he will not eat
The food I offer him, and say it is meat;
Let freeze the naked if he will not be
Clothed in such garments as are made for me.

"Fewer better that the sick should die than live,
Unless they take the medicine I give;
Let the ignorant perish, for I am wise
To be conformed to my peculiar views;
Twere better that the world stand still than move
In any other way than that which I approve.

The Land of Delight.

From the Sheboygan Press.

When the sun sets at night
Then the Moon rises in the Land of Delight;
And the children straightway jump from their beds,
And dance with joy on their dairy heads.

Then they slide on the icy lake
And eat charlotte Russe and ginger-bread flake;
And as the summer, the berries grow
And the tall trees sink in the snow,
So while they are eating their ginger-bread,
They hasten off to the strawberry bed.
But first they put on their little brown hoods,
For you know they are afraid of the wicked woods;
They tie up their boots and pin up their curls,
And dress the sweetest of little girls.
They wear pink stockings to cover their pretty little toes,
And are dressed throughout in the nicest clothes.
Even the boys wear suits of blue
To look as fine as their sisters do.

When the clock strikes half past one,
Then the sun sets in the Land of Delight;
They hurry home on swift little heads,
And bide away in their dairy beds.
But the clocks never stop, and the nearly day
To put on and to their jolly play.

Oh! you would laugh to see the fun,
As home to their beds they hurry on,
And curl themselves up four in a row,
Like a couple of spoons in a drawer.
They gather the feathery quilt around,
And pretend to be neither a sound
Nor a sight, and they stay in their dairy days,
Till over their beds the bright moon plays.

We all once can never hope by night
To wander away to the Land of Delight,
Where each and each believes like a fairy sprite,
And capers and dances in the clear moonlight;
The little boys and the little girls
Tossing their frisky heads and curls.

On a land with neither heat nor cold,
Where no fakes cry and none are sold;
Where all are merry and young and gay,
Where nothing is real, but all is play.

L. DEVRIES.

A Romance Ended.

From the Boston Transcript.

And this is the end of it all! It rounds the year's completeness!
Only a mound in the aisle, through fields afoam with sweetness;
Only the sunset light, ripple and red on the river,
And a lingering, low as a sight that means goodby forever.

So be it! and God be with you! It had been perhaps
Had you spoken (pardon the word) been sure of knowing your minds
When can hear so much in youth—who cares for a swift, sharp pain?
And the keen-edged sword of truth cuts deep, but it leaves no stain!

I shall just go back to my work, to my little household
That never make any show. By time, perhaps in my prayers
I may think of you! for the rest, on this way we've trodden together
My feet will fall as lightly as if my heart were a feather—

And not a woman's heart! Strong to have and to keep,
Patient and gentle of speech, and to hide the ache in sleep;
Better its sweet cross and wince another's hand
Finds for fresh a gem where here lies only sand.

Ah! well, I don't know that this world's bright! as off as the blessedness
The path with its waxen pink, the waving snow of the
I shall think how I used to watch, so happy to see you
I could almost kiss the print of your foot on the dewy grass.

I am not ashamed of my love! Yet I would not have yours now,
Though you laid it down at my feet. I could not stoop so low
A love is but half a love that contents itself with less
Than some colossal faith and truth and unswerving tenderness.

Only this walk to the mill; this parting word by the river,
That is as quiet and cold, going and flowing forever.
"Good by!" Let me wait to hear the last, last sound of footfall!
Ah me! but I think in this life of ours the bitter outweighs the sweet.

Friendship After Love.

After the fierce midsummer, all ablaze,
Has burned itself to ashes, and expires
In the intensity of its own fires,
There comes the mellow, mild St. Martin's days,
Crowned with the calm of peace, but sad with haze.
So after Love has led us to the tires
Of his own throes and torments and desires,
Comes large-eyed Friendship: with a restful gaze
He beckons us to follow; and across
Cool verdant vales we wander free from care.
Is it a touch of frost lies in the air?
Why are we haunted with a sense of loss?
We do not wish the pain back, or the heat;
And yet, and yet—these days are incomplete.

ELLA WHEELER.

Why He Laughed.

From the Detroit Post and Tribune.

Several men were making purchases in an [illegible] when a young man, who had evidently been looking out of the window for some time, turned and said:

"Will that a bad case?"

"Why, I have seen at least two or three at one time."

"Well, I don't know what to do. I promised to this woman outside in the hallway that if I would go home he'd go across the street and shoot that man's head."

"Why, because he has been [illegible] The drawer for the hat hold [illegible] to settle a dispute with her."

At the close of the next round he chuckle. Then the chuckle ran into a laugh, and finally he had to sit down.

"What the matter with you?" we asked.

"Why, I promised to give a thousand."

"Are you [illegible] over the flirtation?"

"Well, I don't know. I'm sure I'm not of into another [illegible] I'm [illegible] down and [illegible] the bed [illegible] and there has been some [illegible] for seven years—but ha! ha!"

THE CIVIL JUSTICESHIPS.

An Eighth Ward Analysis of the Merits of the Candidates.

Dropping into Hoeh's barber shop, in Macdougal street, a few days ago, we found the chairs filled with Eighth Ward dilettanti, calmly awaiting their turns. Conversation turned upon candidates for office next fall. A score of names were mentioned as candidates for Civil Justiceships and other offices. One of the dilettanti was asked what he thought concerning a prominent candidate. "Oh," he replied, "it reminds me of the old story of the King and the jackass. The King had just bought a pea-green hunting suit, and he didn't want to get it wet. So he asked his astrologer whether it would rain on the following day, as he wanted to go hunting. The astrologer cast a horoscope, and decided that it wouldn't rain. The next day the King rode out in his pea-green suit, accompanied by his retainers and a pack of hounds. A few miles from the city they met a countryman mounted on a jackass. The King asked the countryman whether he thought it would rain. The countryman looked at the ears of his jackass, and replied 'Yes, sure.' At this the King laughed. 'Whr, the ignorant boor,' said he, 'pretends to know more than my astrologist.' He rode on. Clouds gathered, and he was drenched to the skin. The pea-green suit was ruined. On his return he summoned the countryman to his palace, and asked him how he knew that it was going to rain. 'By looking at the ears of my jackass,' was the reply. 'Whenever it is going to rain, like all jackasses, he keeps pricking up his ears!' The King then hung the astrologist, and put the jackass in his place."

"But what has all this got to do with a candidate for Civil Justice?" asked a King street dilettante.

"Oh, nothing," was the answer. "Only since that time every jackass has been looking for office."

When the laughter had subsided, Civil Engineer McIntyre, a well-known Eighth Ward inventor, who says he can make anything from a rivet up to a Corliss engine, began to develop a bonanza in natural history. "You can bet that countryman told the truth," he said. "A man who don't know nothing about a jackass might think that a jackass don't know nothing, but he'll get left if he does think so. A jackass knows more than many a politician in the Fourth Assembly District. He knows enough to get home when he loses his bearings. Do you remember Tom Canary's stables up in Mercer street? They used to be filled with politicians. Well, Tom owned a jackass that used to hang around the stables and listen to the statesmen. Whenever one of them got off any stale idea the jackass would bray until you could hear him at the Bowery end of Bond street. It was a dull summer, and the statesmen kept him a-going. They were so full of stale ideas that he got to be a regular nuisance. One day, while Tom was away, Jack Squint gave a man a dollar to take the jackass down to the Captain of a Connecticut time sloop. The Captain's wife was with her husband, and he was running up the Housatonic River the next day, when the jackass got disgusted and jumped overboard. He took good care to land on the west shore, and he put straight for New York. He had never been over the country before, and he didn't know his bearings, but he turned up in Tom Canary's stable the next night just in time to hear Luke Grimes's opinion on civil service reform, and he brayed so loud that all the boarders in the Grand Central Hotel jumped from their beds. There's heaps of good runners among the New York politicians, but none of 'em could have got back home as quick as that jackass.

Then everybody laughed. The barber varied the entertainment by slightly slashing the cuticle of one of the dilettanti, who vigorously protested. Mr. McIntyre started in afresh. "Any man who reads books ought to know all about jackasses," he said. "They can always find their way back home. Why, I read not long ago of a jackass in Ireland who was shipped on a coasting schooner in Bantry Bay. The schooner ran up the coast as far as Donegal, and the jackass travelled overland to County Cork in three days, without stopping, in Limerick. There's many an Alderman in New York from Kerry, Limerick, and Clare who couldn't have done it in a week. It's always a wonder to me that that jackass did