

DOT SCHMALL LITTLE BABY.

From as I love, most every day I thought us wild to see you. My little young baby dear to play— Dot funny little baby.

"I HAVE GOT A SECRET."

How a Young Lady Feels When She is Engaged.

From the New York Mercury. The following "intercepted letter," from the Home Journal, tells funnily how a young miss feels when surreptitiously engaged:

DEAR ALLIE: I have got a real, live, grown-up beau; and isn't it joy. He's perfectly splendid; just like those lovely was figures in the window, only they can't use their lips. It's my French teacher, and he says "ma petite" just like a cooing dove, and he always smells so sweet of pond lilies! I don't have anything to do with the boys now; those little boys of seventeen and eighteen do very well when there is no man around, if they can get money enough from their past to buy us Guntner's candies; but they can't amuse us girls of fourteen—they seem just like babies, and when they try to make love—O, my! when they must? Now, Monsieur Fontaine acts as if he had been engaged twenty times, although I'm his first love; but we don't let on before May and June. It makes Arethusa awful mad to have me call her Thusa, and that's the reason I do it. I heard her ask me the other day if that Frenchman's manners were not too familiar with that child. Child! She's awful afraid of my being a young lady. What need she care, now she's married? When he used to come and see her I would drag Tommy into the room and put my arms around his waist and squeeze his hand until her face would be as red as a beet. Such fun! I caught her kissing him once—such a dipping kiss, just as if she were tasting pepper sauce. Now, if I pretend to kiss a man, I do it in right good earnest; just plant my foot square on the ground and give it to him sure pop right on the lips. O, Allie, poor Thusa would go off on the dole faint at the low bred expressions, and inform me, for the nine hundred and ninth time, that my own name is Ellsworth. Just as if I don't know my own name, and what does it matter any way, when I expect to change it so soon. I do not intend to hang on to it until I am a married old maid, like poor Miss Tracy opposite. She might be a warning to the strongest-minded. She's nervous, and how I love to soothe her. I promised Tommy the other day five cents' worth of pean-uts to let me hold him out of our third-story window. He'd let me skin him for a paper of pean-uts. So I got him out, and knelt down under the window ledge, where I couldn't be seen, and held tight hold of his wrists. These things my strength is disgusting. Pretty soon there was an elderly strik, and then an elderly form rushed across the street to mother, but by the time they got up stairs I was seated quietly at my crocheting, and Tommy was turning somersaults on the bed, over the lovely fluted pillow-case. And me still thinks it is poor Miss Tracy that is "a little wild at times."

I love my brother Fred ever so much, but I don't see how he ever came to fancy such a die-away specimen as our Thusa. Because she is so awfully pretty, I suppose; but she just turns him around her thumb. If he refuses to get away from the flames, and lets down all her black hair like the Magdalen in the picture gallery. And although they are real pretty hanging on the walls, even an artist does not want to sit at the table three times a day opposite a live one, with their eyes rolled up and her hair down her back. So poor Fred always gives in, and she smiles a forgiving smile, puts up her hair, and goes off to buy the line silk or the set of jewelry which she has never given me even a cuff button. These always was stingy. And she is so stuck up, because she has got a son. Just as if it were something wonderful. Why, Mrs. Tubbs, our landlady, has eight of them, besides one that was drowned and one scalded, and she isn't a bitset up. But Arethusa says "my boy!" and does the maternal all to pieces. It would relieve my feelings to see a speck of dirt on that child's face. It makes me ache to see him so painfully clean. And she thinks he is going to be a little Solomon, or some humbug or other.

Now, Allie, I have got a secret that you mustn't tell a living soul. If you do I will never forgive you. I have promised Monsieur Fontaine to be married in three weeks, on my fourteenth birthday, and if mother seems likely to object we are going to elope, just like the girls in the novels. Won't it be splendid? Just think what a sensation it will make! The Chicago papers will be full of it. "Elopement in Of course I wouldn't have anything happen to him for the world; but if something might you know—the railroads are always smashing up; and, if there should, why then I would be a young and interesting widow; and black sweep with my complexion would be so sweet, and oh, Allie, do you think that I am too young to wear a widow's cap? What a blow that cap would be to Arethusa! She would

rather receive a whole paper of needles in her side—that is, gold-headed ones, not your common steel things. Now, Allie Wynham, if you tell you'll be just as mean as you can be.

CELIA ELSWORTH, (for a little while.)

STRANG'S MORMONS.

A History of the Renegade Saints Who Went to the Island of Big Beaver, in Lake Michigan.

From Laura Ream's Letter to the Cincinnati Commercial. From the pilot's account, when the Mormons were driven from Nauvoo, Ill., a colony of 500 seceded from the society, and, under the leadership of one famous Strang, made their way to the lakes. They attempted to settle at Green Bay, and three other points, but were driven off, before pitching their tents on Big Beaver Island. Its remoteness from the main land, and the fact of Strang being a native of Michigan, no doubt had much to do with the selection. They drove off the few fishermen that resided on the island, and proceeded at once to make themselves at home. They built a number of houses—twenty perhaps, scattered along the shore at some distance apart, in the manner I have described. The residence of James Strang or "King James," as he was called, is situated about half a mile south of the landing, and is a few hundred feet from the bay. It is two stories in height, and two rooms and a hall in width, with a long porch in front. Here he lived with four polygamous wives, having left his lawfully-wedded old wife at home in Michigan. Of course his four wives were young and handsome, and for a man of middle age, he is described as a marvel of manly beauty. In the words of the pilot: "Strang was a man of medium height and exceedingly handsome. He had an eagle eye, and wore a long flowing red beard. His manners were very fascinating, and he had the most remarkable conversational powers of any man I ever saw. He seemed born to command and had unbounded influence over his people. After living here some years he was arrested on complaint of the authorities, and while being conveyed to the United States steamer Michigan, then lying in port, was shot by one of his own men—just there," said the pilot, pointing with his finger to a wood-pile on the deck just off the only street. "The man who shot him was concealed behind a wood-pile that stood just as this does; and fired the pistol into his back, two balls going through the body. The assassin took refuge in the Michigan, which conveyed him to the nearest court of justice, where he was acquitted."

STAR-GAZERS.

How a Big Crowd was Sold.

From the New York Times, May 27. It frequently happens that practical jokers start street crowds simply for their own private amusement, and the effort invariably proves successful. A case in point happened yesterday in Broadway, near Union square. Two gentlemen, well known in New York, were recently conversing on the subject of curiosity as an universal trait, when one, a wag in his way, offered to bet a supper that he could keep a crowd all day on the opposite side of the street on any clear day. The wager was accepted, the terms being that the crowd should remain in full force from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon.

Yesterday morning the practical joker stationed himself at a street corner at the hour specified, and at once apparently became interested in gazing at the clear blue sky overhead. He had remained thus employed scarcely three minutes before four or five other men were standing quietly by his side, all gazing wisely into the heavens. Finally, one of them ventured the inquiry, "Why, at that star there," the joker replied, at the same time pointing into the sky near the sun. "Finding that the imagination of several people led them to believe that they actually did see the star, the practical joker quietly withdrew and joined his friend to witness the progress of the experiment.

Burying the Hatchet.

Speaking of the proposed West Pointers of Union and Confederate War Veterans next year, the Newark Advertiser whose editor was "in the service," remarks: "This comrade is feeling reminds us of the surrender of the Confederate General (Gideon Pillow to his old friend, Gen. A. L. Smith. It was a touching scene. Pillow came into Montgomery one morning, afoot and alone. He sat down on the curbstone and shook the gravel out of his rough army shoes, and then walked into Smith's office, a bank parlor, to surrender. The ceremony was simple. He said: "How are you, Gen. A. L.?" To which "Good God, Gen. A. L.!" was the reply. Pillow feelingly responded, "No, and I haven't a dollar to pay for one." Pillow got his breakfast, gave his parole, remarked that if he could not whip Yankees he could go back to Tennessee and raise cotton, and went on his way rejoicing, with money in his pocket to resume his place as one of the best citizens of West Tennessee.

THE NIAGARA FALLS TRAGEDY

The Story of Two of the Victims—An Elopement and a Fatal Pleasure Trip.

Our readers are familiar with the principal circumstances connected with the terrible casualty at Niagara Falls, on the Fourth of July, by which five persons lost their lives—two couples of young people and a boy. Two of the party were from Cleveland, and we give below, in brief, the story of their elopement and its fatal ending. The name of this couple, as they appear in the Buffalo papers, doubtless taken from the marriage license found among their effects, were John Elliott

PIERCENESS.

An Awkward Arkansian Goes for an Innocent Lamb.

From the Memphis Appeal, July 19th. An editor of a religious paper in this city asks what steady his nerves affect receiving such calls as this: Yesterday a gentleman from Arkansas walked in, holding in each hand a loaded and cocked Colt's repeater, and asked, "Is this the office of the Baptist?" Dr. Graves in. Upon receiving an affirmative reply to both questions, he said, "Wal, I'll just call in 'The Other.'" "The Other" came in, bristling all over with deadly weapons. On being asked the nature of their unusual call, "Number One" replied by asking, "Did you publish in your paper Person, formerly of Arkansas, as a swindler and a horse-thief?" The doctor did remember him, and many others who, as "wolves in the fold," he had exposed, and remembered, too, their threats and how surely he was to suffer martyrdom for his duty. What to say or do was the question, but it was late to recede; so, boldly accepting the situation, he replied, "No." Instead of a bang of a pistol, a pool of gore, a weeping widow, &c., which he vividly pictured in his mind, he received an extended hand, large, brawny and sunburned, with, "Wal, parson, let's shake, for I'm glad to see you." The sequel proved that though "on the trail," it was not that of the Doctor, but of "the exposed parson," who had stolen of "Number One" his horse, and of "the Other" his daughter (making her his fifth wife), and had gone to a more pleasant field of labor, where he is at present feeding the "lamb" in a certain part of Alabama, and through the "detection column" of the Baptist they had discovered his whereabouts. Now, Dr. Graves requests that all gentlemen from Arkansas will, when they call, leave their arms and ammunition just outside the door.

Counting Shingles.

From the Danbury News.

There are men who dispute what they do not understand. Mr. Coville is such a man. When he heard a carpenter say that there was so many shingles on the roof of his house because the roof contained so many square feet, Coville doubted the figures, and when the carpenter went away he determined to test the matter by going up on the roof and counting them. And he went up there. He squeezed through the scuttles—Coville weighs 230—and then set down on the roof and worked his way carefully and deliberately toward the gutter. When he got part way down he heard a sound between him and the shingles, and became aware that there was an interference, somewhere, in his further ascension. He tried to turn over and crawl back, but the obstruction held him. Then he tried to move along a little in hopes that the trouble would prove but temporary, but an increased sound convinced him that either a nail or a silver ball held his cloth, and that if he would save any of it he must use caution. His folks were in the house, but he could not make them hear, and besides, he didn't want to attract attention to the neighbors. So he sat until after dark and thought. It would have been an excellent opportunity to have counted the shingles, but he neglected to use it. His mind appeared to run into other channels. He sat there an hour after dark, seeing no one he could notify of his position. Then he saw two boys approach the gate from the house, and reaching there, stop. It was light enough for him to see that one of the two was his son, and although he equaled him, he turned on the boy, knowing of his misfortune, yet he had grown tired of holding on to the roof, and concluded he could bribe the strange boy into silence. With this arrangement mapped out, he took out his knife, and threw it so that it would strike near to the boys and attract their attention. It struck nearer than he anticipated. In fact it struck so close as to hit the strange boy on the head, and nearly brain him. As soon as he covered his equilibrium, he turned on the boy's boy, who, he was confident, had attempted to kill him, and introduced some astonishment and bruises in his face. Then he threw him down, and kicked him in the side and banged him on the head, and drew him over into the gutter, and pounded his legs, and then hauled him back to the walk again and knocked his head against the gate. And all the while the elder Coville sat on the roof, and screamed for the police, but they did not come. And then Mr. Coville dashed out with a broom, and contributed a few novel features to the affair at the gate, and one of the boarders dashed out with a double-barreled gun, and hearing the cries from the roof, looked up and seeing a figure which was undoubtedly a burglar, drove a handful of shot into his legs. With a howl of agony Coville made a plunge to the nail, lost his hold on the roof, and went sailing down the shingles with awful velocity, both legs spread out; his hair on end, and his hands making desperate but fruitless efforts to save himself. He tried to swear, but was so frightened that he lost his power of speech, and when he passed over the edge of the roof, with twenty feet of tin gutter hitched to him, the boarder gave him the contents of the other barrel, and then drove into the house to lock up again. The unfortunate Coville struck into a cherry tree and thence vaulted to the ground, where he was recognized, picked up by the assembled neighbors, and carried into the house. A new doctor is making good day wages picking the shot out of his legs. The boarder has gone into the country to spend the summer, and the junior Coville, having sequestered a piece of brick in his handkerchief, is lying low for that other boy. He says that before the end of another Sabbath rests on new England there will be another boy in Danbury who can't wear a cap.

Saved Through Masonry.

We clip the following from the Portland Argus:

A young Maine man, who is engaged in the "commercial traveling" business for a Chicago house, was traveling out in the far West, when he was taken possession of on the train by two men, who simply informed him that they were officers and wanted him. He expostulated, explained, demanded explanations, &c., but all in vain. No one on the train knew him, and there were those who did know the officers, but all that he could get out of them was that he was the man they wanted. In

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