

VARIETIES.

An ill wind always finds something to blow about.

A breath of suspicion ruins a temperance lecturer.

Hard wear—Tight boots.—Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.

It's soap deferred that maketh the heart sick—of the spectator.

Industry needs not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting.

A stitch in time frequently saves the entire garment.—Bald's Express.

Why a door-nail is any more dead than a door must be because it has been hit on the head.—New Orleans Picayune.

You should never give advice. If the person to whom you offer it is wise he doesn't need it, if he isn't he won't take it.

Peterjohn says if he could have his way during life, he shouldn't care if his will were contested after his death.—Boston Transcript.

In South Carolina a statute provides that persons having no reasonable and lawful excuse shall attend some religious service every Sunday.

A mustard plaster is a good thing in its place; but the best place so far as experience goes is on the back of a mustard plaster on a ham sandwich.

The world didn't come to an end, as predicted, but we haven't yet seen anybody who paid his debts in anticipation of the general distress.

It is a happy provision of nature that people do not know when they lose their senses, and fools do not miss the absence of brains.—New Orleans Picayune.

New Orleans has a depraved school girl, who, instead of passing her gun around for the other girls to chew on wallows it herself when her jaws get tired.

Of course, the journal who said it doesn't mean anything when it says, "Common law is founded on common sense." Other laws are made by Congress.

A chap at Circleville, Ohio, smoked a pipe over an open keg of powder to show how brave he was, and when his wife called "Henry!" from a back passage he turned as white as snow.—Free Press.

"Death is the great commander," says a vexed quack in many Detroit house-holds. Heretofore it has been a hard struggle to see who should boss the job.—Free Press.

A country correspondent sends us the following song-borrowing conundrum. Why do pigs thrive better on our milk than they do on sweet? And this answer is because they get more of it.—Lockport Union.

An exchange published an article boasting of "What a single bean can produce." It is amazing. Fired from a bean-shooter into a man's eye, it produces some of the worst language man is capable of uttering.

Alfonso was obliged to borrow two million dollars for his wedding expenses. If he follows in this country couple borrow a couple of millions on such an occasion the Boston Transcript thinks there would not be a neglected spinster from Maine to Texas.

"Mamma: 'What's the matter, darling? You don't seem pleased to see me.' Precious Darling: 'No, I'm not, mamma. I find you have gone and engaged yourself to me again without my approval, when I had already promised you to one of Gerry's uncles!'"

When you see a man with a gun on his shoulder and three dogs at his heels making across the country, you needn't fear for the rabbits. He'll miss a crow or two, find a few frozen apples, and return home with a load of live ones he had a thundering big time.—Free Press.

Prof. Proctor has been delivering a lecture in New York on "The immensity of space." Can Mr. Proctor tell what space is?—Evening Journal.

First tell him whether you mean a three tin, or a hair space.—Albany Times.

Let him sit between two stout women in a narrow-seated cutter.—Free Press.

S. T. S.—We are sorry that you don't like the paper. We publish it simply as a matter of course. You should ask us to come down to the office and edit it, only that if you did some iniquitous thing might write to tell you how much better he could do it himself, and that would probably annoy a nervous person like you.—Fuck.

A Romance of the Frontier.

She was a little thing, with large luminous eyes, that the bell of her features, rendered positively attractive a face that would otherwise be passed in a crowd without a second glance, and a wealth of coal-black hair, neatly arranged, formed a single heavy lock that by its own weight had escaped from its fastenings. She seemed half frightened at her position, and her dark cheeks and forehead flushed to the point of her hair as she stepped into the little room where the Squire sat dispensing justice. She seemed not over sixteen, and modesty was apparent in her very attitude, as she stood with folded hands awaiting the commencement of further proceedings.

The commencement was a grizzled, awkward, looking man, apparently fifty years of age, with an ugly scar stretching from the inner point of his left eye across his forehead to the point of his chin, describing an arc, which had left a wide track bare of any whiskers luxuriant growth of gray whiskers. His matted hair was combed down on his forehead, together with the distortion of his eyes, occasioned by the scar, gave his countenance a sinister leer, positively repulsive.

The ill-assorted pair stood for a moment while His Honor disposed of some papers before him, the man fumbling a worn-out felt hat, while the girl anxiously twisted her fingers. As the Justice turned toward them expectantly, the man stepped to the desk, and leaning toward His Honor, said in a confidential, huffy whisper:

"Squire, you marry people, I suppose?" The official nodded.

"Well, I reckon I can give you a little job this morning." The Captain opened "Who are the parties?"

"This little gal here an' me."

His Honor pushed back his chair, put on his spectacles, and deliberately surveyed the man from head to foot. His inspection finished, he turned to the girl, whose blushing, under his earnest, acquiring gaze, chased each other over neck, cheeks and forehead, until she was one glow of burning color.

"See here, my man," said the Squire, "come into my private room for a moment. Take a seat, miss."

Leading the way to the inner room, His Honor closed the door and turned fiercely upon his countenance. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you old scoundrel, to come here expecting me to marry you to a child like that?"

"Now don't get so flustered. I know I ain't much to look at, I've been told that since I was a kid, and this beauty spot," touching the scar, "ain't an improvement. An' it's all along of this scar that this 'ere circumstance has come about. This was the way of it: You see, what with being so ugly

and awkward, and all of that, I ain't been the best man in the world. I never harmed anybody, but I generally got pretty full, and if I got ahead any, why, it all went in a few days for liquor; and so I traveled round, and was never anything but a vagabond. Well, the last spring I struck the camp, an' saw men making money, an' after a big drunk found myself without a cent. This ain't no place for a man when he's a vagabond, I thought to myself, I've got chopped short. I worked a month in the Little Pittsburg, an' never got drunk once, an' then I took my money and went to South Evans an' took up a claim. There's where I first met Kitty, out there. Her father had the next claim to mine, an' she kept house for him, an' we got kinder neighborly like. When I got broke I was down forty feet, an' the hole looked good. I worked for the Little Chief a month, an' then when I went back to the Little Chief, I didn't drink a drop. The second day after I went back to the hole Kitty's father said in three ways he was dead. Me an' two or three others did all we could for the girl, but there wasn't many of us up there then, an' we was all poor, an' she had no money to get away with. I had to move my grub over to her cabin, an' I told her that if she'd go with me, I'd take care of her. She couldn't do anything else, poor thing, an' so I went on working, an' in a month I got it. Of course I got foot, an' I'd been broke a couple of dollars, an' I came to town, an' when the money was all gone I was too durned to go to that little gal, an' because I knew she'd come with me, I thought I'd go down the shaft an' sleep it off. But a drunken man can't be trusted, an' after I'd been down the rope down an' fastened it I went to slide down the rope an' touched the bucket, which was on the edge of the hole, and it came down on my face an' left this scar. I don't know how I got down the rope, but I know that when I got down I couldn't get up, an' I laid out there for a week, an' after that when I came to it was mornin', an' there was that little girl's face lookin' down the shaft. I thought it was an angel, an' kinder swooned off again, an' the next thing I knew some one was tyin' the rope around under my arms, an' blessed if it wasn't that little gal. When she got through she just shined up the rope and hissed me up herself. I don't know how she did it, but she got me out an' nursed me, an' I'm well. I sold my hole yesterday, an' got on my feet, an' I've got used to her, an' don't know how to get along without her, an' so we went to get married, an' that's the long an' short of it."

"But there's such a difference in your ages."

"Not so much, Squire," said the man, with a movement of the eye that would have been a wink had a wink been possible. "She's twenty-five, an' I'm fifty-two—the same figures you know."

"But is the girl entirely willing?"

"You can ask her," and as the old man spoke the door opened and the girl, who had become a part of the long conference, walked in.

"There's nothing wrong about this, Judge," she broke out. "I'm turning twenty-five, an' my own mistress, Jim is the kindest, best man in the world, an' I love him, an' though he don't say much, I know he loves me, an' we're going to get married, an' here she broke down with a sob, "he changes his mind."

"I'll never change my mind, Kitty," said the old man, drawing her toward him.

In a few minutes man and wife went out of office, and the Squire with a gratified smile pocketed the fee he had received for a month.—Leadville (Col.) Herald.

Matlay in the Gulf.

Something over two weeks ago a brief dispatch from Key West to the Associated Press announced the arrival at that port of the British bark Geo. S. Barry, Captain Howard, in command, and that several days from Key West, bound for Montevideo, with her crew in a state of mutiny, and her Captain badly cut by the mutineers. The dispatch further stated that the bark was saved, and the mutiny quelled, by his daughter.

From a passenger per steamship Charles from Key West, the following particulars of this affair:

The George S. Barry sails from Halifax, and was bound on the 31st ult. from Pensacola to Montevideo. In the night of that day, being somewhere off the southwest coast of Florida, the mutiny broke out. The Captain's watch continued until eight bells, midnight, and at that hour, while expecting every moment to be relieved by the bark, the mutineers came aft to relieve the man at the wheel, and as he passed the Captain he drew a long knife and plunged it into the Captain's neck.

The Captain turned round and seized the man by the collar. Twisting his fingers around the shirt-band, he pulled the man's head down under his left arm, and with his right hand blow with his right fist, laid the mutineer out senseless upon the deck. At this point, just as the Captain was about to turn away to see about attending his profusely-bleeding wound attended to, the man at the wheel came forward and rushed upon him. This man was armed with a revolver, and rapped the Captain several times on the head and on different parts of his body.

He drew a knife and began to stab the bewildered officer. By this time the other sailor recovered from the blow he had received and advanced against the man who had just been rapped. The fight now became a butchery, and the men cut the poor man relentlessly. The Captain's daughter, in the meanwhile, awakened by the scuffling on deck, heard her parent cry to bring his pistols. Springing from her bunk, she seized the weapons, small silver-mounted revolvers, and ran quickly upon deck.

Holding one of the pistols by the muzzle, she placed the cold steel to the head of the wheelman, and cried: "Leave off, or I'll blow your brains out!" At the same time she slipped the other pistol into her father's hand. The wheelman dropped his knife and ran to the cabin, and the Captain fired upon the assailant and put him to flight. As the men retreated, he sent five messengers of death after the villains.

The men went to the boat on the port side of the vessel and attempted to lower it. The Captain staggered forward and drove them back, though he could not prevent the boat from falling into the water. Successful so far, the loss of blood told upon the gallant Captain, and he fell all motionless upon the deck. His daughter dragged him to his cabin and did what she could to stop the flow of blood. The Captain closed his eyes, and the girl, who was his only child, wept in several places. His last words were: "I die, my child, for the word's worth, and the man who governs the action of the eyes that in fact, poor Captain Howard was all but used up.

When daylight came the ship passed close to the Tortugas, and the Captain had the flag hoisted, upon down, as a sign of distress. The lighthouse-keeper

put off in a boat and came alongside. When he learned what was the matter he was afraid to come aboard. He immediately rowed to the fort, however, and got the corporal and one soldier who have charge of that post, and the three, heavily armed, boarded the vessel. Under the Captain's orders they arrested the two mutineers and put them in irons.

The ship then sailed to Key West, and the mutineers were brought before the British Consul. By the latter they were remanded to the United States Commissioner, in whose charge they were taken, and the demand of the Canadian Government.—New Orleans Times.

In a Bear's Clutches.

About a month ago Miss Alice Corey, of New York City, came to visit her uncle, a German, who owns a small farm in the mountains, six miles north-west of that place. Miss Corey is about sixteen years old, and her parents are well to do. Her uncle has a daughter, Clara, also aged about sixteen years. Her father having but one son, Clara has for years helped to do the work on the farm, and she has become an expert shot with a rifle. She has a mania for hunting, and she frequently goes into the forest in search of game.

A few days ago Clara invited her cousin to accompany her on a hunting expedition. They started from the house shortly after breakfast. Alice with a double-barreled gun and Clara with a rifle. After scouring the woods for some time, they returned to the house, and there they visited "Dark Swamp." This swamp embraces several acres, is densely wooded, and bears are frequently seen there. The girls reached the edge of the swamp at noon, and started for the thicket. They had gone about a short distance when Miss Corey, who was walking a few yards behind her cousin, heard a crackling noise in the bushes, and she stopped to look. Looking around, she saw a large black bear coming toward her. Clara, who had frequently encountered the angry monster, called to her frightened cousin to follow her. She then drew her rifle to her shoulder and, taking deliberate aim at the animal, awaited until it came within easy range, and then fired. The bear uttered a howl of pain and fell bleeding. As Clara's rifle was a single-barreled one, she seized the double-barreled gun from her cousin and discharged both barrels at the infuriated animal, in the hope of killing it outright. But with the disappearance of the smoke from the gun the bear was still writhing, but not dead. The brave young woman then approached cautiously to within reaching distance of the monster, and, taking aim from a large leather belt encircling her waist, a bone-handled deer knife, plunged it into the bear's neck. At this moment the dying monster gave a sudden lunge and fastened its sharp claws into the girl's skirts, pulling her down. Her frightened cousin ran about wildly and screamed at the top of her voice; but, as there was no house within two miles, her cries were not heard. She then retreated to where Clara was still clinging with the animal. The bear still held the girl in its grasp, but was rapidly growing weaker. The girl was using every effort to free herself from the bear's grasp. She dealt the dying animal blow after blow, until it finally released its hold and rolled over dead.

Though very much exhausted and considerably scratched by the bear's claws, Clara, with the assistance of her cousin, was soon able to walk. They then retraced their steps, and Clara, and then returned home. Clara's father and brother drove to the swamp and brought the bear in, which, when dressed, weighed 340 pounds. The skin is to be sent to New York City, and the rest of the animal will be kept by the young woman as a souvenir of her terrible struggle and fortunate escape.—Hunters' Range, Pa., Cor. N. Y. Sun.

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