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Poetry.

DOES ANY ONE CARE FOR FATHER.

Does any one care ought for father?
Does any one think of the one
Upon whose tired, bent shoulders
The cares of the family come?

The father who strives for your comfort,
And toils on from day unto day,
Although his steps ever grow slower,
And his dark locks are turning to gray.

Does any one think of the due bills
He's called upon daily to pay,
Milliner bills, college bills, doctor bills?—
There are some kind of bills every day.

Likea patient horse in a treadmill,
He works from morning till night,—
Does any one think he is tired?
Does any one make his home bright?

Is it right, just because he looks troubled
To say he's as cross as a bear?
Kind words, little actions of kindness,
Might banish his burden of care

'Tis for you he is ever so anxious—
He will toil for you while he may live;
In return he only asks kindness,
And such pay is easy to give

YAKOB.

it was a saying in the family that "Sue was the poet, Joe the financier, and Charley—had discovered the Yakob."

It needs very little wit to give a saying long life in a lonely farm-house, and Yakob was as remarkable a novelty among us as a poem or a good deal of money would have been.

He was a very short, very stumpy, very white headed Dutch boy of seventeen, whom Charley found on the battery one winter's day. Charley went to New York every winter to buy groceries for the plantation, and clothes for the slaves, and he had found Yakob on his last visit, in 1859, just before the war began.

The German showed no sign of interest in any living thing except Charley, whom he followed about like a dog whenever he could, never speaking, however, unless forced to do so.

The war came, of which I wish to say little. Our family, like many others on the border, was divided. Joe went into one army, Charley into the other. My mother and Sue presented banners and arms to Southern companies.

The negroes caught the excitement, some of the house servants following their young masters. Yakob alone was unmoved as a stone. Either Joe or Charley would have been glad to have him as a recruit in their companies.

"Never, never!" he grunted. "No fight."

"But don't you want to uphold the Republic," said one.

"Do you care for liberty," inquired another.

"I care for mine kopf," clapping his hands to his head. "I keeps mein kopf on mein shoulders."

"Beast," muttered Joe.

Even Charley looked disgusted, which Yakob quickly perceived.

"I come to this country for peace," he said, rapidly in German, "and the men take each other by the throat. I know nothing of your North—your South."

"You know nothing but Yakob," with a laugh.

The light eyes flashed a little.

"Ya—und Yakob's work," he said doggedly, and turned away to the tobacco house.

Even we, who were children remember the times that then followed on the border; the marching and counter marching of the armies; the turning of our fields into battle grounds, and our houses into hospitals; the ravages of the bushwhackers and guerrillas, first on one side then on the other; and, worse than all, the bitterness of neighbor against neighbor.

Two years passed. My brother Joe had been killed at Bull Run. Charley had been in prison for nearly a year.

I think that Charley's imprisonment was harder for mother to bear than even Joe's death; for one was at rest, while the sufferings of the other were continually in her mind. Such tales were told of the prison where he was that I believe she would have been glad to know that he, too, was dead.

One July morning she came down to breakfast looking more wan and haggard than usual.

"I had a strange dream last night," she said. "I thought Charley stood beside me with his rod in his hand, as he used to when he was going out to fish. I was putting up his lunch, and he was joking with father as if the war had never been. It was all just as it used to be."

"And as it will be again," said father heartily. "Don't loose your trust in God, mother."

"I shall never see Charley again," she said, "if he would come home it would be to certain death."

Our house was at that time encircled by troops; not regular troops, but the rabble and followers of a great army that was encamped a few miles to the north. Until now the officers had protected us from outrage, but a change in the position of the forces left us without their authority.

Just as we were rising from the table Dutton, the coachman, opened the door. The hollows about his jaws were gray with terror.

"Dey's come, massa! Dey's takin' de last ob de hosses out ob de stables."

My father was an old man and crippled. He only wheeled in his chair to the door and waited in silence. A tramping of men was heard on the gravel walk. The next moment a dozen sturdy fellows with bloated faces, pistols at their belts and rifles in hand, dashed open the door.

They paused, daunted by my father's calmness and silence.

"Hubbard! You're Judge Hubbard, eh?" blustered the foremost.

"That is my name."

"Well, you've got to deliver up your arms and livestock to us for the use of the army."

"I have no arms. You have taken my horses and cattle; not"—his color rising—"for the use of the army, but for thieves and murderers, who plunder on their own account."

"Father! father," my mother whispered in terror, laying her hand on his arm: "we are at their mercy!"

"The old cock crows well," laughed the leader: but it is the young fowl we want."

"What do you mean?"

"Your son Joe has been seen prowling about the neighborhood. We've orders to take him and hang him to the nearest tree."

My mother put out her hands before her. "My son is dead," she said.

For a minute even these ruffians were silent.

"We'll soon see that," cried the foremost, "Come boys!"

They ransacked the house, The family could offer no opposition, being but women and children, with two weak old men to guard us.

My father sat trembling with rage and shame, poor old Dutton beside him. The negroes had all gone. Nobody was left but Yakob, busy as usual in the stable, for he had turned into a man-of-all-work when left alone.

He came out from the stable now, glanced at the pillagers, and going to the door of his shanty, sat down and lighted his pipe.

"He would not move if they blew him up with a petard!" cried Sue, whose knowledge of warlike instruments [illegible]

Presently they came up to him.

"Hi, Dutchy! We've heard of you, What side are you on, Reb or Yank?"

"I goes for my own side."

"So do we. Stand out of the way. We want to go into this cabin."

"Nein; dish is mein house," calmly.

"Get up, you pig!" prodding him with the point of his sword.

"Oh, yesh! I gets up," slowly rising and putting his hands into his capacious pockets. He drew out a couple of revolvers, and pointed them full in the faces of his assailants.

"I gets up and—I fires."

He did fire—once, twice, it seemed to me a dozen times, turning sharply from side to side.

The men staggered back dismayed. Two fell and were dragged off by the others. Like all bullies, they were cowards.

For a moment they hesitated, as if uncertain whether to take the German by storm or to take to their heels. A stinging bullet in the leader's arm decided the day in favor of Yakob.

They fired back scattering shots as they retreated, but did not face the determined Dutchman again. I saw him totter as the last man fired, but he recovered himself, and stood delivering his deadly shots with the same stolidity and regularity with which he hammered in a bean-pole.

With oaths and yells, the men hurried down the road.

We ran out. Yakob lay on the floor white and ghastly. My mother raised his head.

"He is dying?" she said.

"Why did he throw his life away for the old shanty?" cried Sue, impatiently."

Yakob shook his head. "Not de house."

The same thought came to us both. We pushed the door open. On the bed lay a pallid skeleton of a man,—our brave, handsome Charley!

For more than a month Yakob had hidden him there, afraid to trust even his mother with the secret.

If the faithful German had died for his friend, it would have been but one of many such sacrifices which the testime brought from men.

But Charley lived, and is now a sturdy farmer on the Shenandoah. Yakob is his steward and partner,—known to all the country side as the ugliest, shrewdest, most honest man in the valley.

A Philadelphia lawyer collected $442 for a soldier's widow and charged her $250, which is ten times the legal fee. The shyster was arrested and sent to prison for eight months. If he had lived in Pittsburgh, he would have been promoted to a Judgeship or sent to the Legislature.

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Irish Witnesses.

An Irishman, examined before a Fishery Commission, seemed so inclined to avow anything that one of the commissioners asked if there were any whales on the west coast. "Is it whales?" said Pat. "Sure we may see'm by the dozen, spouting about like water-engines all over the place." "Are there many dog-fish?" was the next question. "Dogs, begorra! ye'd say so, had ye passed the night here. Sure we can't sleep for the barkin' o' thim." "Do flying-fish abound here?" inquired another gentleman. "Flying fish, is it?" quoth the veracious fellow. "If we didn't put up the shutters over night, there wouldn't be a whole pane o' glass in the house for the craters batin' against thim!" When he came up for his expenses, Pat tried to coax something extra out of the commissioners, on the plea that he had sworn to everything their honors "axed" him. Nothing pleases your fun-loving Irishman better than to bother a lawyer, and the Irish courts have known many a dialogue like this: "You are a Roman Catholic?" "Am I?" "Are you not?" "You say I am." "Come, sir; what's your religion?" "The true religion." "What religion's that?" "My religion." "And what is your religion?" "My mother's religion." "What was your mother's religion?" "She tuk whisky in her tay." "You bless yourself, don't you?" "When I'm done with you, I will." "What place of worship do you go to?" "The most convanient." "Of what persuasion are you?" "My persuasion is that you won't find out." "What is your belief?" "That you are puzzled.' "Do you confess?" "Not to you." "Who would you write to if you were likely to die?" "The doctor." "I insist upon your answering me, sir. Are you a Roman Catholic?" "I am." "And why didn't you say so at once?" "You never axed me. You said I was a great many things, but you never axed me; you were drivin' cross words and crooked questions at me, and I thought it was manners to cut my behavior on your own pathern,"

A Silver State Carriage.

A Calcutta paper says it has rarely seen anything in manufactures in that city so worthy of notice as a state carriage just built for his Highness, the Maharajah of Jheend. It is one of the most remarkable outcomes of the blending of the skill workmanship, and solid [illegible] and modified to oriental taste. It may be described as a state phaeton, with coach-box and hind rumble all fitted with hoods. The body is of graceful design and very light and elegant in appearance, but the peculiarity is that the whole of the paneling, mouldings, iron-work, springs, wheels, and pole are covered with massive silver plates, while the splashboard and wings are literally solid plates of the precious metal, the whole enriched with leaves of lotus flowers and pepul leaves, also of silver richly chased and heavily gilt, while on the centre of the panels, also ablaze with gold, are the armorial bearings of the Maharajah. The interior is fitted in the most luxurious manner with cushions and hangings of rich blue tabouret, edged with broad rich velvet lace, heavily embroidered with pure gold. The lamps (four in number) are of solid silver, richly chased and gilt, and bear his Highness' arms upon the glass. The carriage has been ingeniously designed with a double under frame, so that, when the Maharajah may fancy to handle the ribbons himself, the coach-box can be removed and the wheels brought much closer together. There is over 25,000 tolahs weight of pure silver on the carriage.

Rather Practical.

The New Haven *Jornal* says that a practical joke was played upon an agent at a small station on the Shore Line road. A number of fellow agents united in telling him that at a certain time all unmarried agents would be discharged and their places filled with married men. At first the victim did not believe it, but so many repeated it to him, and with such earnestness, that finally he took it for solid truth. First he wanted his father nominally to hold the office. This, however, the jokers insisted would not do, and Mr. Agent at last, in sheer desperation, said: "Well, I suppose I'll have to get married, but whom to, I don't know. I'll go over to Blankford, and if I can pick up a wife there I will; if not, I'll have to lose the job." He was getting ready to go when the joke was explained to him.

Charles Harak, of Rushville, Ind., is 70 years old, but he woed a girl of 18 with so much vigor that, after long hesitation, she promised to marry him. They were to meet on a certain day in the County Clerk's office and have the ceremony performed. In the mean time Harak's son, aged 24, took a fancy to the girl, and had no difficulty in winning her away from his father. The young couple went to the County Clerk's office earlier then the appointed hour, and when the old man arrived they were already married. They asked his blessing, but did not get it.

A convict broke through the wall of his cell in the new prison at Concord, N. H. The jailer says it is an excellent grate cell, and the prisoner also says it is a great sell.

It Was Alive.

He was rather an uncouth looking fellow, and as he sauntered into the store the crowd sitting on the barrels winked at each other and made remarks about his person.

"Where did it come from?" asked one pointing at him.

"Some one left the door open, and it blew in," said another.

"I don't think its alive," said a third.

"Touch it and see," remarked a fourth.

'Yes, it's a man—see it move?" queried the first.

All hands laughed boisterously.

"I'm a poor man, and I don't want to have trouble with anybody. I'm a Christian, and I don't believe in turmoil and strife, and can't participate in it. I pray, you worldly minded people, that you will allow me to depart in peace," said the new arrival.

One of the crowd, more daring than the rest, hammered the man's hat down over his eyes, and another dabbed his nose full of molasses from a barrel standing by.

Then the poor Christian took a small volume from his pocket and began reading the scriptures, in a drawling, sing-song tone.

While he was engaged in this the crowd played all sorts of tricks on him.

One put some eggs in his pocket and another mashed them.

Then the biggest man in the house poured some oil on his hat and lighted it

Then the clerk hit him under the nose with a cod-fish.

Then the man quietly put the little volume in his coat tail pocket, and the clerk went head first into the molasses barrel. When the biggest man in the house picked himself from under the counter it was next to an impossibility to tell where his nose left off and where the cod-fish began. No. 1 made work for the glazier as he knit a ventilator in the window. No. 2 hatched out half a barrel of eggs, and No. 3 got up on the pie shelf and stayed there. As No. 5 walked out of the door on his back he wondered how much it would cost to make him as good as new, and the poor Christian man remarked:

"Next time you folks pick me up for a slouch, look out you aint in the wrong pew. Good day, fellers."

The clerk is waiting for them to [illegible] they must have forgotten where the place is, as they pass right by without looking in, and their bills remain unpaid.—*Shenandoah Herald.*

Little Johnny on the Pigeon.

My sister says no man wich shoots pidgin maches shal marry her, but no man wude want to marry her I guess, as long as the pidgin shootin held out, cos that wud be fun enuff. Wen she said it her yung man got red like a beat, but didn't say nothin. Next day he asked my Uncle Ned did he kno enybody wich wud like to buy a jam up good shot gun. Uncle Ned he sed: "Ide like to buy it myself if it was a good pidgin gun, but I guess it aint cos it has come mighty ni spilin a match." Some pidgins carry letters same as the post ofice, and one time when my sisters young man went away he cot one of her pidgins and took it along for to fetch back a letter to her, just for a flier. Next day when ever that girl herd the door bel ring she was jest wild, cos she thot it was her letter come, for her idea was that the pidgin wud leave it at the post ofice, for to be delivered by the letter carryers. But wen my mother tole her the pidgin must cum thru the winder, she went out and thru up every winder in the house, and it was a cold day, and Franky, that's the baby, cot cole and cum mity ni peterin out.

The Real Hero.

In 1793 the Prussian officers of the garrison of Colberg established an economical mess, of which certain poor emigrants were glad to partake. They observed one day an old major of hussars, who was covered with scars of the wounds received in the Seven Year's War, and half hidden by an enormous gray mustachios. The conversation turned on duels. A young, stout-built cornet began to prate in an authoritive tone on the subject.

"And you, major, how many duels have you fought?"

"None, thank heaven," answered the old hussar, in a subdued voice. "I have fourteen wounds, and heaven be praised there is not one in my back; so that I may be permitted to say that I feel myself happy in never having fought a duel."

"But you shall fight one with me," exclaimed the cornet, reaching across the table to give him a blow.

The major, agitated, grasped the table to assist himself in rising, when a unanimous cry was raised:

"Don't stir, major."

All the officers present joined in seizing the cornet, when they threw him out at the window, and sat down again at the table as if nothing had occurred.

A man in Berks County, Pa., found a land tortoise on his farm, upon whose shell was engraved the inscription, "Wm. Penn, 1730." A boy had carved it there the week before.

On a Blazing Steamer.

The steamer City of Chester, from St. Louis, was completely destroyed by fire recently. The steamer's captain, Alex. Zeigler, says:

"We had been in and tied up to the elevator about two hours when the fire occurred. It was reported to me that every thing had cooled off and that all was snug, and so I turned in. A tap of the bell awoke me, and I knew that something must be wrong, so I jumped up and grabbed my coat, and saw that the steamer was afire. It shot up to the hurricane deck, and the whole of the boat for'ard was burning away. I put my coat over my head, and rushed through the fire down the stairs and out on the elevator. She was all over a blaze then. When I got off the hose had been got off and was playing on her, but did not seem to be doing any good. I rushed down to the elevator and saw the people standing on the aft of the deck. There was no way for them to get off without jumping in the water. I went back, and the fire had caught the elevator, and was roaring and blazing all over the steamer. Then I heard the tugs coming up, and knowing that the chances for the people to get off were as good if she drifted off as they were then, to save the elevator I ordered the men to cut her loose, and then she drifted down, burning as she went. The passengers and crew were picked up by the tugs and rowboats. They all had floaters."

"How many were lost, captain?"

"We have heard of three who have not turned up yet. One is the colored barber, Albert Brown, another is the mail agent, Johnnie Kirnan, and the third is a passenger, Gus Zeller, a white Memphis barber. A passenger, Mr. Meyers, who went up to St Louis to-day, told us about young Kirnan. He and Kirnan were standing aft together, ready for a chance to jump off. Johnnie Kirnan said to Meyers: 'I'm going to try and get back to get my books and some registered letters and things.'

"'Stop,' said Meyers to him, 'you'll never come out alive.'"

Kirnan didn't mind him though, but rushed back to the cabin, where his papers were, and that was the last seen of him. When the steamer got down [illegible] boilers never had been hurt."

After the cutting loose the steamer floated down stream, and the people on board huddled aft, about ten in number. There they seized oars, pieces of timber, etc., and sprang over-board, and were picked up in various ways by skiffs and tugs. The tug Oriole first touched the burning steamer, and took from it what seemed to be the last three remaining human beings. She was soon after forced to leave the Chester on account of the excessive heat, and then the transfer boat Pierson, took the wreck in charge, towing it over to the sand bar. There the terrible explosion of the magazine took place.—*Memphis Avalanch.*

Suicides.

A recent curiosity of suicides was the attempt of a bride to drown herself in Detroit. She and her husband were on a honeymoon journey. In a railroad station he petted a little child, and conversed with its mother, whereat the young wife became absurdly jealous, went to the river, and tried to jump in. A less sudden suicidal resolve was made by Henry Stevens, of Skowhegan, Me., who long ago said that he would never live to be more than seventy years old, because he regarded that as the proper limit set by the Bible. So on his seventieth birthday he drowned himself. In Adrian, Mich., a sixteen-year old girl went home from a social entertainment, where she had been one of the gayest of the party, and laughingly, in the presence of her escort, ate an orange in which she had put strychnine. Her Brother, on learning of her death, shot himself through the head. Mrs. Snyder, in Kenosha, Wis., instead of jumping into a well carefully lowered herself with a rope into the water and was drowned. The cause of Deacon Phillips' suicide, in Clinton, Ill., was the sale by the sheriff of his property. He had always been honored and prosperous, and could not bear adversity. Nor could Arthur Noyes, who poisoned himself in St. Louis, although he had not been honorable in his prosperity. As a bookkeeper for an insurance company, he had been paid for perjury, and when the money was gone he found himself possessed of a character so bad that he could not get employment. A more touching excuse for wishing to die was given by a vagabond boy in New Orleans, who had lost both legs in a railroad disaster, and had become convinced that "this world aint no place for cripples."

There have been fifty-six Atlantic steamers lost during the past thirty-seven years, in which 4,300 persons perished. Nine vessels were never heard from after leaving port, four were burned, thirty wrecked, five lost through collision with icebergs, two foundered, and two were lost in fog. Of nationalities, forty-two were British, five American, four French, for German, one Belgian.

SIFTINGS.

The Chinaman's weak spot is white sugar. He'll pass over jewelry to steal outloaf.

One man's fish is another man's *poisson.—Boston Post.* Some cast the net and others *filet.*

How is it engineers have a weigh of complaining about the scale on their boilers?

The geese of Maine are so well trained that no two of them ever grab at the same kernel of corn at once. One takes the cob and the other the kernels.

A St. Louis man will bet $500 that no human being has a soul. He imagines that a person's soul should be as visible as a red nose, and he has always resided in St. Louis.

Two little girls were comparing progress in catechism study. "I have got to original sin," said one. "How far have you got?" "Oh, I'm beyond redemption," said the other.

The editor of the Bangor *Commercial* says the word "girl" is not found in the Bible, which seems to show that he never read that blessed book.—*Boston Post.*

An old Methodist preacher going around among the members of his congregation, came across an old lady in spectacles. "Do you love the Lord?" he asked, "Well, Parson, I ain't got nothin' agin him!"

In Swedise Lapland the mosquitoes are the more voracious the further north you go, and a traveler says that they bit him "on the verge of the snow." In New Jersey they generally bite you on the nap of the neck.

Mishaps will happen. A pious deacon of Newburg was recently praying when his elbows and head went through the bottom of the chair, and he was extricated with some difficulty. It must have been a rush-bottom chair.

A Nebraska saloon keeper became so affected by the temperance agitation that he promised to reform; so he put out a sign, "Owing to the cause of reform all fifteen cent drinks will here after be sold for ten cents."

"Oh, here's a red car!" exclaimed a southern Illinois youth at a recent corn-[illegible] gave him [illegible] girl at his side as [illegible] head when he tried to kiss her.

An exchange says that stoves are a modern invention and that Franklin was one of their earliest advocates; he evidently does not know that one hundred and fifty years before that the Pilgrims had a ship stove on a rock at Monhegan.—*Lowell Courier.*

The rising youth feels the need of an invention that will instantaneously absorb a lighted cigar, and save him the trouble and danger of putting it in his coat pocket when he unexpectedly meets either of his parents.—*London Advertiser.*

A shoemaker with one eye complained that one of his lamps did not burn. One of his shopmates, who is a genuine son of the Emerald Isle, with astonishment exclaimed, "Faith what do you want of *two* lamps? Ye haven't but *one* eye!"

"You must cultivate decision of character and learn to say 'No,'" said a father to his son. Soon afterward, when the father said to his son. "Chop wood," the boy said "No," with an emphasis that showed a remembrance of the lesson.

"Yes, gentlemen, certainly, of course," said a polite clothier; "if you want a pair of pants, step right into my pantry; if a vest, walk right into my vestry; and if a coat—here Jacob, show these gentlemen in the coterie. This way, this way, gentlemen."

Paul Aprill of New York was arrested for obtaining a valuable clock from Lizzie Kratzky, under false pretences. It was rather an unreasonable spectacle to see Aprill March to a police court under the care of an August policeman.

At dinner the host introduced to the favorable notice of the company a splendid truffled pheasant, amid murmurs of admiration. "Isn't it a beauty?" he says. "Dr. So-and-so gave it to me—killed it himself." "Aw, what was he treating it for?" says one of the guests.

He appeared to be almost gone. Rolling his eyes toward the partner of his bosom, he gasped: "Bury me 'neath the weeping willow, and plant a simple white rose above my head." "Oh, it's no use," she snapped out. "Your nose would scorch the roots!" He got well.

His wife caught him with his arms around the hired girl's neck, but his courage, even in this trying extremity, never forsook him. "I suspected some one of stealing the whisky on the preserves, Jane, for some time, and you know her breath would have told if she was the guilty party.

Madame Y. the other day instructed her maid to put a few handfuls of salt in her bath "These baths, Madame," said the servant, "will do you much good. It will be like sea-bathing." "Not exactly, though." "Oh! the sea is a little more salt, to be sure, but then it has so much codfish in it."

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