

Deacon Brown.

A DIABOLIC ENEMY FOR A GOOD MAN. It's Deacon Brown you're a-hin' about? He ain't been round for a year. They planted him last kibbage time. Which is why he isn't here. For y' say you've observed a sign'al thing—that this 'un's under ground. For a year or two don't make one feel 'Festy much like sloshin' round.

His kerrier, eh? What, old Deac. Brown? Well, I'm rather shamed to say. The deacon's much the sort o' saint. Set up by Haris and Hay. He never cussed in his nat'l life— I mention this with some an— He didn't know how, though he might a know'd. If he'd a cared to learn.

But it makes it rough for the chap that gets The writin' of his big. To hev'er confess he's slingin' ink Over such a bump on a log. Who didn't amount to much in a row. Who never was out on a tear. And for tucklin' a neat little game of 'draw.' Couldn't tell a fall from a pair.

For the Deac. just war a common cuss O' the most ornariest kind. Who never looked out o' the window o' sin. And dur'n't raise a blind. To've no idee how parvarse he was. I've heard him remark—'the soothin' thought' That though he war raised in a Christian land, One wife war enough fur him.

His canal boat on't—it was years ago— When drivers both dry and steered— Run acin the bank last above Penn Yan. An' some o' the help got skered. The pilot set in the high gear— And felt his nozzle and swore. But the Deac spread himself at the gang plank A sandin the ladies ashore.

Fraps the Deac., of 'd he'd had the rearin' of some. Would a panned out better that trip? But, considerin' o' his big bump on a log, He didn't quite lose his grip. So fortunet-like fur the Deac. an' me, He'd careful raisin' to him; An' yer can't expect much o' a chap, yer know, Unless he sprouts from a ship.

Eff'd he'd been a high-toned gambolier, Or the reach of a mimic's camp. With a bushel of sin in his kerrier. An' a touch of saucy Gamp. Or an lighter o' the high gear— Any kind of a run-bustin' bout— For ap's he'd a done some pretty big thing For me to be splurin' in a no't.

But he jest plugged on in a no't count way. A leadin' a good squar life. Till the war ken on—then he pulled up stakes, And said good-bye to his wife. I've heard tell a grittier man nor him In battle never trod. An' he didn't die in the face of Death, Although he believed in a God.

It's ayeen how he foot at Fredericksburg— The Deac. lookt out o' the window o' sin. A prysin' an' shootin' an' every time A leichin' his man, yer bet. At the grave o' that sort o' men. When he fell—the soothin' thought— That he'd a knockt it spots on the commandments, An' been special rough on the seventh.

Jest over beyond the turnip patch, Some twenty holes yer can see. That air filled by chaps who went from here To fight gin o' the general Lee. They went from here 'bout plantin' time. They kem back when corn was ripe. An' we buried 'em by that walnut tree— All chaps of the Deacon's stripe.

We'll cross over that to the old man's grave, And I guess I'll be there then. Yet pardin, stranger, I allers unroof At the grave o' that sort o' men. I've been gasin' 'bout 'em like a leichin'— But now I ake hold ter say. It don't foller on a man's a sneak 'Cause he lives in a decent way.

I know some folks rock'n cent'ary wise, An' sling their ink quite free. But they ain't got it in the right end on it. Accordin' to my idee. An' that's why I've set o' be chippin' in. A y' eadin the Deacon's commandments. For y' say we all can't be gambler and thieves, An' all women needn't be loose.

WASHED ASHORE.

"Bayside," as its owner somewhat ambiguously christened the incongruous aggregation of discomforts and wooden helocentrics at the head of the little cove, was one of those numberless salt-water summer refuges with which the shore of Long Island Sound is studded.

It was a quiet sort of place, and the neighborhood was good; but the most remarkable feature of Bayside that summer was the presence of Nellie Martin. Of course, there were other girls enough, that came and went; but the steady possession, week after week, of even one undeniable beauty, is a windfall for a small watering-place. Old Bowers and his managing wife frankly admitted to each other that they could have afforded to board Nellie for nothing.

"But not her mother," added the good lady; "those tall, thin people are awful eaters."

"But I rather like the old gentleman," responded her spouse. "He's a good fisherman, and he brings home his fish; but I don't believe he's rich."

"If they ain't pretty well off," said his wife, "they've no business to have spoiled Nellie to that degree."

And beyond all doubt, the willful beauty had been spoiled "to that degree," so that she frankly accepted all male attention and devotion as no more than her due, without the least apparent idea that it could rightfully demand repayment in more serious coin than her own smiling approval.

To do her justice, however, her fault extended to her dealings with even the children; and she seemed as happy among the veriest babies that came to Bayside as with the most of her grown-up admirers.

Even when her pale-faced mother chided Nellie on her behavior, she could obtain no more than a kiss of peace, and, "Nonsense, mamma; I'm sure it won't hurt either of them."

And Mrs. Martin shook her head lovingly, and held her peace, for when, among so many young gentlemen as appeared and disappeared at Bayside, a young lady like Nellie could say "either of them," it was very clear that there were two in particular.

Both of them knew very well which two, for Nellie's other worshippers were undecided whether Jack Lourel or Murray Nesbitt were most deserving their bitterest resentment. One at least of the more favored or skillful pair was sure to be in the way of anybody else who dreamed of aspinning to a *tele-a-telo* with Nellie Martin's blue eyes and golden hair.

Fine, presentable fellows were they both, and old Mr. Martin knew all about them, and their fathers before them.

"Either would do," he had said to his wife more than once. "Yes, but, husband—"

"Oh, now, Nellie must choose for herself, and I ain't at all sure she fancies either of them."

No more was Nellie; but they both amused her in just such a way she liked to be amused.

Jack and Murray gallantly maintained an outward semblance of personal good-will to each other, through all the ups and downs of their doubtful rivalry; but who shall blame Jack if he

experienced a keen sensation of triumph at finding Nellie Martin actually in his boat, one splendid July morning, when he felt sure he was bearing her away from C corresponding devices on land? Alas! for Jack's triumph! If he could only have known that the feeling uppermost in the heart of his companion was one of merry anticipation of the disgust of Murray Nesbitt, when he should drive up to Bayside with his new turn out, and find that she and Jack had "gone to sea."

Nevertheless, for she was fond of boating, she fully appreciated the skill and vigor of Jack's rowing, as the gay little craft darted forward over the glassy water. Nellie herself could pull very well, but Jack Lourel was an athlete of no mean order.

"It's a splendid morning for a row," she said; "but we must not stay out too long. The sun will be very hot by-and-by."

"Not too long, indeed," said Jack; "but I've a notion there's a storm brewing."

"Perhaps there was; but Jack had made up his mind that some things should be attended to that morning, storm or shine."

"There's that desolate-looking little island, at the mouth of the cove," said Nellie. "Did you ever go ashore there?"

"Island?" replied he. "Yes, desolate enough. It's dry now, at low water, but the waves go clean over it when the tides up. Shall we land, and take possession, and make believe there's a chance of finding something?"

"I don't care," said Nellie, and in a few minutes more they were seated cozily on the low ledge in the center, and Jack was silent for a little space, as he looked dreamily out to sea, with his great brown eyes.

"When he turned them again at Nellie, they had a look in them that almost frightened her, and she could have wished herself in the boat again."

"What is the matter, Jack?" she asked, with an attempt at banter. "Are you—"

"Hush, Nelly; don't laugh at me just now," interrupted Jack, in a voice that was deep, even for him; but very low and sweet; "I've something I want to say to you."

And so he had, and he said it all before Nellie could muster courage to stop him. It was hardly a fair advantage for Jack to take, away out there on the half-sunken rock, so far from Bayside, and a good quarter of a mile from either shore. Perhaps Nellie herself had some such idea, or it may be she was startled and bewildered.

At all events, when her eloquent companion pleaded for an immediate answer, she sprang to her feet with a laugh that expressed a world of willful meaning.

"Do you mean to mock me, Nellie Martin? Do you not know—can you not feel that I am in earnest? It is a matter of life and death with me! Answer me!—oh, Nellie!"

"Mr. Jack Lourel, will you allow the goodness to pull ashore, or shall I take the boat, and go alone?"

"I want to be your oarsman for life, Nellie, but not just now."

Nellie was already standing by the boat, as it rocked gently at the edge of the little islet.

"Shall I wait for you?" she said, and there was a half tremor in her voice.

Jack Lourel could not have spoken at that moment to have saved his life, and he sank back upon his seat, from which he had partly risen, but with his back toward the boat. He justly felt that he had said something which was worthy of more serious dealing, coming from a man in earnest.

Perhaps if he had spoken, or had turned his great brown eyes upon her for a moment, the result might have been different; but he sat, without voice or motion, more like a human binnacle than anything else.

A moment more Nellie waited. She would have given something for an answer, for any sign of yielding; but none came, and his proud will carried her into the boat, and seated her at the oars.

She pulled very slowly, and it was half a mile to the beach in front of the Bayside Hotel, but a curve in the land at last hid the rock from her sight, without her constant gaze discerning the slightest change of posture in the figure she had left sitting on the ledge.

It was a tremendous experience for Nellie, altogether unlike any she had ever had before; and it may have been the tumult and excitement of her feelings, even more than carelessness, that led her to accept so eagerly the offer of a drive with Murray Nesbitt, which waited for her acceptance as she stepped on shore. Little change was required in her simple seaside costume, and in a few minutes she was whirled away behind the new team.

Meanwhile, Jack Lourel had remained, in almost sullen fixedness of musing, for a much longer time than those who knew him would have dreamed of, for he had risked much on one cast, and he had failed to win.

He was not physically uncomfortable, for the fast-rising clouds had not eclipsed the summer sun, and with a good provision of fishing-tackle, perhaps the rock would not have been so bad a place.

Not so very bad, with due allowances, for now the sore-hearted watcher was suddenly aroused by the splash of little waves that were breaking at his very feet, and he felt the fresh wind of the sea upon his face.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, "the tide coming in? Of course it is; and what am I to do, now Nellie has carried off the boat?"

Black and heavy the clouds were gathering overhead, and a sort of mist had settled on the water away to wind-

suddenly snatched off his light chip hat, and sent it spinning out upon the water.

"It's one of those varnished things, and I'm sure it'll float. I've got an awful pull to get ashore, and I'll see which'll be at Bayside first—I or my hat."

And now the wind was beginning to be something more than a breeze, and Jack's work was all cut out for him, for he did not care to be carried too far into the cove by the tide.

Still, there was nothing so impossible in the feat, for a man like Jack, but wait, in due time, though pale, and dripping, and exhausted, he dragged himself out on dry land. And then he found it no contemptible job to coax himself once more inside of his water-soaked clothing.

Beyond him, at a little distance, rose the bald, weather-beaten knob that they called "The View," and which formed a stock attraction of the Bayside "drive." The road itself passed near where Jack had landed, and he waited a moment in the thick bushes at its edge, for his ears had caught the sound of coming wheels, and he hesitated about making an exhibition of himself. It was a rising tide he had breathed, but within his own heart things were at a terrible lull.

Nearer and faster came the rattle of the wheels, and then they swept past him at their best gait, the new team of Murray Nesbitt, and Nellie Martin herself was sitting beside the handsome driver. She seemed to be looking up at him, too, with more of earnestness and emotion in her face than Jack Lourel had ever seen there. True, it was but a glimpse he caught as they flashed past him; but he cared no longer who might see him in his forlorn predicament, and sprang over into the road to make the best of his way to the hotel.

That had been an eventful morning for Nellie Martin. It was a long drive that Murray Nesbitt had planned for her, and that, too, not without a purpose of his own. The swift motion was a good thing for Nellie, and aided amazingly in restoring the tone of her somewhat ruffled spirit; but, for all that, she was more silent, and in a manner more subdued than Murray had ever known her before. How could he have given up so good and so hopeful an opportunity! At all events, he did not, and Nellie heard him to the end in such a half-humble quietude, that Murray's heart throbbled quick and fast, with a glow of coming triumph.

"They were not driving very fast just then, but were coming out upon the seaward slope of 'The View.'"

Nellie's face had been half-averted, and there was a dreamy look in her eyes that her companion did not see. Suddenly she exclaimed, with a sort of half-electric start:

"Where is the rock? Why, it is nothing but foam; and how the wind is blowing!"

Murray Nesbitt looked, with puzzled amazement, in the direction in which Nellie pointed.

"Oh, that rock," he said, coolly. "Why, that's nothing. The water has been over it this half-hour."

"Home! home! Drive back to the hotel, instantly!" gasped Nellie. "Oh! if anything has happened to him! I left him on the rock without a boat!"

Even Murray's disappointment did not prevent his obeying so serious an injunction, and on they sped, past Jack Lourel's ambush, little dreaming that he would come striding on behind them.

It was a short drive, long as it seemed to Nellie's conscience-stricken haste; and she ran breathlessly from the carriage to the beach.

Careful hands had hauled the boats up high and dry, for the waves were chasing one another in a rough and tumble that was momentarily becoming more boisterous.

No one seemed at hand to help, and Nellie's own fair hands were quickly tugging vainly at one of the gaily-painted wherries.

"Wait a moment, miss!" shouted behind her the rough voice of the boat-keeper. "Why, yer into the water yerself. You don't want to row out in all that sea?"

"Oh! but we must save him! I left him on the rocks!"

Just then, a long, crested, splashing wave died away from around her feet, and left behind it, on the sand, a round, water-soaked chip hat. Nellie saw it, and covered her face with her hands, for now she knew that Jack Lourel was not upon the rock.

As for Murray Nesbitt, by this time he measurably comprehended the situation, or thought he did, and insisted in doing his utmost to get one or more of the boats into the water, having it in mind to row all over the cove in search of any hope of aiding his unfortunate rival; while poor Nellie, after a few moments, mechanically picked up the water-tossed wreck of a hat, and concluding a word of explanation to the curious and anxious inquirers, who were now rapidly hurrying down to the water-side, so general, in fact, was the exodus, that when Nellie entered the veranda, she found it altogether deserted.

On she walked, like one in a dream; but at the further end, toward the road, a tall form, clad in garments that clung forlornly close to their wearer, passed stiffly by her, as if it had been one who knew her not.

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed Nellie, and she grasped him hard by the arm as she spoke. "Jack Lourel, is it you? Jack, here's your hat."

Jack had turned upon her a pale, reproachful, almost a stormy face; but Nellie's blue eyes were streaming with tears, and her lips, that had been so wilful, were quivering as they never had before.

"Oh, Jack! if you had not come ashore, I should have died!"

"Nellie—Nellie Martin!"

"Yes, Jack; I found it out all at once, when I saw there was nobody on the rock. And, then—oh! when I thought nothing but your hat—Please forgive me, dear Jack!"

Alas! for Murray Nesbitt! The glory of his new team had departed, for Jack Lourel had got his answer.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

Definite Advice Concerning the Great Explorer—The Progress of his Explorations in Africa. A cable telegram announces that letters have been received at London from Stanley, the explorer sent out by the New York Herald in search of Dr. Livingstone, of which the following is a summary:

From Unyanyhube, where Stanley arrived in September last, he intended advancing on Ujiji, but Mirimbo, King of Ujowa, declared that no caravan should pass Ujiji, except over his body. The Arabs had declared war and anticipated a victory. "I gave assistance the first day, and in concert with the Arabs attacked two villages and captured, killed and drove away the inhabitants. On the third day the Arabs were ambushed and routed with terrific slaughter. The fourth day was a general desertion of the Arabs and my own men." After considerable difficulty, he reached the suburbs of Ujiji. "I entered, firing guns and carrying the American flag. The astonished natives flocked in crowds, with deafening shouts. I noticed, in the center, a group of Arabs, strongly contrasting their sun-burnt faces with those of a hale-looking, gray-bearded white man, wearing a naval cap with a faded gold band and a red woolen shirt. Preserving a demeanor of calmness before the Arabs, I inquired: 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' He, smiling, answered: 'Yes.' He informed me that he started in March, 1866, with twelve Sepoys, nine Johanna men, and seven liberated slaves. He traveled up the banks of the Roruma. His men got frightened, deserted, and reported Livingstone dead as their excuse for the desertion. He crossed the Chambezi, and found it not the Portuguese Zambezi, but a wholly separate river. He found it was called, further on, Luabaha. He explored 700 miles, and found that Chambezi is doubtless the source of the river Nile, and that the length of the Nile is 2,600 miles. It is not supplied by Tanganyika. He reached within 180 miles of the explored ground, when he was obliged to return to Ujiji, destitute. He here met me. We both left on the 16th of October, and arrived at Nyanamba at the end of November. We spent 28 days in exploring the district together. Livingstone left at Unyanyembe to explore north of Tanganyika lake, and the remaining 180 miles of Luabaha river. This will occupy the next two years.

Colorado Herdsmen. For ten days a hundred men have been sweeping every nook and corner of the country, gathering in, rounding up, and cutting out their stock. Men were here from Wyoming and various parts of Colorado, eagerly watching every round-up to catch a glimpse of the peculiar mark or brand that should indicate an animal of their own number. They adopted a half military plan, by appointing a new captain for each separate round-up. Before disbanding the place of assembling is designated for the following day, which is sometimes fifteen or twenty miles distant from the preceding round up. Early in the morning herdsman may be seen radiating from a common center and scattering over the plains to every point of the compass, and from 10 o'clock a.m. until 4 p.m. they come stringing in from as many directions, each with a lot of cattle numbering from a dozen head up to sometimes several hundred. As fast as the small lots are driven in they are assembled in one general herd, and surrounded by enough horsemen to hold them until the round-up is completed, when the work of cutting out commences. Getting them together is only exhilarating exercise, but cutting them out is quite a different thing. From five hundred to two thousand head constitute the usual number at each round-up, and they are so densely jammed together in a body that if one moves it puts the whole herd in motion; thus with their long horns in the air they sway back and forth like a leafless forest shaken in the wind.

Six or eight men are designated as buzaros, whose duty it is to ride into the herd, and like so many wild Indians, in a herd of buffalo, they dash among them whip in hand, select each an animal bearing the proper brand, and spur their horses to their utmost speed, they run the gauntlet of a thousand bristling horns, dash out of the excited herd through the surrounding picket line of men, and out into the open country beyond, where the poor brute is left to ponder over the sudden change, while the buzaros return to the herd and go through with another exciting chase. About every half hour they are relieved by fresh men and horses, and so the wild excitement continues amid the din and confusion of perhaps fifteen hundred older cattle and half that many calves in the beginning, and all striving their best at once to see which shall out-hawl the other, until each man has separated from the main herd the entire number bearing his brand. The labor is not long, but extremely severe while it lasts.

Horses and riders are severely taxed, and some of the calves get their lives crushed out of them, and occasionally the older ones succumb from being over driven. Pending the cutting out period, disputes sometimes arise between some of the different stockmen over cattle with dim brands, or such as have no brands at all. In this, as in other counties, men are finding more stock than they anticipated, and out of the several thousand head that have come under my observation, not one have I seen but was in a thriving condition, and very many of them are fit for the butcher's stall. It is now well understood that seven per cent. will cover the entire loss of the stock in Northern Colorado for the past winter.—Fort Collins Cor. Denver News.

A SAN FRANCISCO manufacturer of bird-cages discharged his workmen, to whom he had been paying \$3 per day, and filled their places with Chinamen, at one-third that sum. When the new hands had learned the business, they struck for \$2. The employer refused. Thereupon they went into the business on their own account, and now bid fair to drive him out of the market by the superior excellence and cheapness of their wares.

UNCOMFORTABLE suits to wear—Libel suits.

Personal.

SEWARD is in feeble health. WALT. WHITMAN'S poems are quite popular in France, having been translated. A FLORIDA negro, named Rollinstone, gathers \$50 worth of moss every week. MISS NELLIE GRANT, accompanied by Minister Schenck, visited the British House of Lords July 2. JOAQUIN MILLER, the "poet of the Sierras," passed through Chicago last week. LOUIS RITZ, nineteen years old, and son of the Republican candidate for State Treasurer of Illinois, was recently drowned at East St. Louis. THE University of New York has conferred the degree of Master of Arts on Whitelaw Reid, of the New York Tribune. DETROIT has a wealthy old lady who has taken a whim to peddle oranges and figs, and goes about the streets retailing her wares. JULIA WARD HOWE is in London, trying to enlist the active support of the women of England to a crusade against war. AMONG the Senators whose terms expire next March are Spencer, of Alabama; Pomeroy, of Kansas; Kellogg, of Louisiana; Nye, of Nevada; Conkling, of New York, and Cameron, of Pennsylvania. MISS FOLEY, an American sculptor at Rome, has been about the most successful artist in the Poly City, during the past season. Most of her work has gone to England. MISS CORT, a pretty young brunette of eighteen summers, was married a day or two since to J. F. Fox, alias Leslie, a convicted horse thief, under sentence of a year's confinement in the Colorado Penitentiary. CAPT. JAMES B. EALS, the builder of the American rams and iron-clads, and the engineer of the great bridge over the Mississippi at St. Louis, has been made an LL.D. by the St. Louis University. MRS. ELIZA CALLAGHAN purchased a cabin ticket from New York to London-derry in the Anchor steamship India. She was not willing to wait for another vessel, and as the cabin was full the officers gave her a berth in the steerage. She was taken sick on the passage. She sued the company in the Supreme Court for \$3,000 damages, and was awarded \$5,000. NEW YORK millionaires do not seem content to let their families depend upon what may be left of their transient fortunes, after they themselves have passed away. Hence we find that numbers of them are the largest patrons of the life insurance companies. FRANCIS S. SKIDDY pays on policies amounting to \$230,000; F. E. ROBERTS, Cyrus W. Field and Alexander Barrett, \$200,000; A. B. CORNELL, August Belmont, and three or four more gentlemen on \$125,000; A. T. STEWART, Henry Ward Beecher, E. B. SUTTON and a dozen others on \$100,000; H. B. CLAFFIN, Ben. Wood and Judge Fullerton, on \$75,000; Billy Tweed values his life at \$150,000, which is the figure that a score or so of other rich men put upon theirs.

A Tragical Enigma. The tragedy at Bridgeport, Conn., of which Capt. George M. Colvocrosses was the victim, promises, from late developments, to absorb more of public interest than it has yet received. At first there was no question but that this was a deliberate, carefully-concocted murder for the sake of gain, which had been carried into execution with extraordinary nerve. Committed early in the evening, in a street of a large city, usually much frequented at that hour, the murder seemed to have been done by one who had patiently followed his victim, and finding darkness and solitude where neither could have been expected, seized the opportunity thus suddenly presented. There was nothing improbable thus far in the theory of murder, and it was greatly strengthened by the discovery of memoranda which seemed to show that Capt. Colvocrosses had been robbed of a large amount in securities. Here was a motive for the crime, and the officers appear to have worked as honestly and patiently, as they have fruitlessly, upon this basis. They seem to have been troubled from the beginning by a circumstance never before encountered in murder; though the dead man had been shot through the heart, his coat and vest had not been perforated and his shirt had been burned, thus showing conclusively that the muzzle of the pistol had been placed within the two outer garments before the shot was fired. It was exceedingly difficult to imagine what sort of an assassin he must have been, who would have taken the chance of defeating his purpose by his shot going astray, as there was great danger it would from being hurriedly fired from the side, as it must have been.

Failing to find the slightest clue to the murderer, the detectives went back to the dead body, and have commenced a critical examination of the pistol and satchel found beside it, which it is singular was not made before. It is found that there are indentations in the latter, in which the muzzle and hammer of the weapon exactly fit, thus raising the inference that the pistol was the property of the deceased, and consequently that he died by his own hand. As a fact leading to the same conclusion, it is announced that a few months before his life Capt. Colvocrosses insured his death for the unusually large amount of \$193,000; and being sixty-five years of age, he was paying twenty thousand dollars per annum in premiums, although now supposed to have been a comparatively poor man. Doubts have arisen whether he ever possessed the securities mentioned in his memoranda, and these are taken as additional evidence that the tragedy was nothing more than a suicide.

But it is urged against this theory no man ever deliberately took his own life in the cause of philanthropy, and that the will of Capt. Colvocrosses, executed March 9, 1872, containing charitable bequests to the amount of a few thousand dollars, shows that it is impossible that his death should have been the consummation of a shrewdly concocted plan to defraud the insurance companies.—New York Times.

Red Riding-Hood.

Cool and dark the shadows glimmered In the gloomy, grim old wood. Where, with careless, lingering footsteps, Wandered fair Red Riding-Hood.

Dark the shadows grew and dimmer, While the gray wolf by her side Prowled—low and trenchant gleaming— That no harm should her betide.

Beat her pulse swift and strangely, Fluttered fast her trusting heart; Yet she told him all her errand, Ere at last they turned to part.

Well we know the tragic ending Of the simple and old tale; How, for once, in fairy stories Evil projects did not fail.

Therefore, linger not to listen When your path by wolves is crossed, Be you deaf unto the pleading— She who hesitates is lost.

Varieties.

A ROOPER-IN—The hangman. A SOAR place—Up in the clouds. A BAD thing to keep—Late hours. A FINAL report—The crack of doom. THE children's kingdom—Lapland. To make both ends meet—Bow very low.

It is impossible to say how many dog-days there are in a year, because every dog has his day.

"They fired two shots at him," wrote an Irish reporter; "the first shot killed him, but the second was not fatal."

It is reported that the Massachusetts shoemakers propose striking. If so, they will probably hold on to the last, unless their action is forced to wax to an end by more Chinese competition.

FAME is like a shaved pig with a greased tail, and it is only after it has slipped through the hands of some thousands that some fellow, by good luck, holds on to it.

A WISCONSIN girl was so anxious to know who was making the music under her window, the other night, that she fell out of the window, and so scared her serenader that he fled and left her to her fate.

Two Hibernians were passing a stable which had a rooster on it for a weather-vane, when one addressed the other thus: "Pat, what's the reason they didn't put a *him* up there instead of a rooster?" "An' sure," replied Pat, "that's aisy enough; don't ye see it would be unconvenient to go for the eggs?"

CONNECTICUT is excited because a young lady of Branford has been caught at robbing the mails. Why, bless the unsophisticated Yankee heart, this is what women have been persistently doing ever since Eve robbed Adam of his share of Paradise.

JOHN GILL, an enamored Mississippi youth, recently assaulted with a deadly weapon the object of his adoration because she declined to be Gill to his Jack. As she wouldn't make a match with him, he took that method to show himself more than a match for her.

"JOHNNY, where is your pa?" "Gone fishing, sir." "He was fishing yesterday, was he not?" "Yes, sir." "What did he catch?" "One catfish, the rheumatism, two eels, the toothache, and some little ones. Ma says he'll catch the devil to-night. Just wait till he gets home!"

A young lady, who was recently out riding, became alarmed when the horse began to kick, and naively requested her beau to get out and hold the animal's legs.

NEWLY Married Daughter—"How long does the honeymoon last, mamma?" "Practical Parent—"Until you ask your husband for some money, my dear."

"We have a span of horses," said an economist, the other day, "on our farm that support themselves without any cost." "Why, how is that?" exclaimed a listener. "Why, you see," remarked the questioner, "one is a saw-horse, and the other a clothes-horse."

A VERY close-fisted old fellow, in treating a friend to some liquor, poured out a very small drink. The latter, taking the glass and holding it above his head, remarked very skeptically, "You say this is forty years old?" "Yes," replied the host. "Then," replied our friend, "all I have to say is, it is very small for its age!"

A TEMPERANCE lecturer descending on the superior virtues of cold water, remarked, "When the world had become so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough sousing in cold water." "Yes," replied a toper present, "but it killed every critter on the face of the earth."

A MAN who wanted to buy a horse asked a friend how to tell a horse's age. "By his teeth," was the reply. The next day the man went to a horse-dealer, who showed him a splendid black horse. The horse-hunter opened the animal's mouth, gave one glance at it, and turned on his heel. "I don't want him," said he; "he's thirty-two years old." He had counted his teeth.

THE following note to a school teacher in Troy shows that there is one woman who knows her rights—and knowing, dare maintain them:—"Miss— I want you to know that I am the boss of my boy and when I say I want him to cum home at recess I mean business and don't want him kept till school is out if mothers aint to say what they want don't about such things its time somebody knode it I don't want trouble but I am bound to have my rites youres truly."

ABERNETHY, the celebrated surgeon, finding a large pile of paving stones opposite to his door, on returning home one afternoon in his carriage, swore hastily at the pavior, and desired him to remove them. "Where shall I take them to?" asked the Hibernian. "To hell!" cried the choleric surgeon. Paddy leant upon his rammer, and then looking up in his face, said with an arch smile, "Hadn't I better take them to Heaven?—sure they'd be more out of your honor's way."

WE frequently hear of showers of worms, fish, frogs, etc., but the latest and most remarkable development in this line is reported from Sandburg, in this State, where, just after a brief but heavy shower, a live baby was found in the woods. Its intimate connection with the squall previously noted is insisted upon by all the people living in the neighborhood.—New York World.