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Practical Jokes.

The story I am about to tell I had from an old aunt of mine, who, has long been gathered to her kindred dust. She was a woman of singular talent, and in her youth had possessed great personal beauty, at eighty years of age. her bright black eyes were undimmed, she had not lost one of her fine teeth, and her cheeks retained the bloom of the rose. What she had been in her early days might be gathered from the noble remains that time had touhed so lightly, that her elastic mind seemed to hid defiance to decay. In the glory of her prime, duels had been fought for her, and wise men had vied with each other to win from her an approving smile

If the term beautiful could be applied to an old woman, my aunt was a beauty still. The old lady was perfectly aware of the fact; and would recount with greate glee the conquest and triumphs of her girlhood. These reminiscences of bygone vanity, which it would have been wise at her time o' life to have buried in oblivion, I listened to with little or no interest; but her ghost stories & traditionary lore her legends of the wild and wonderful, her long catalogue of extraordnary dreams and mysterious warnings, always afforded me the keenest delight.

Naturally of a strong and vigorous mind my aunt did not herself believe in supernatural agencies; but they amused her, and she told these stories so wel. that she never tired her auditors. It is one of these tales that I am about to relate. She had the facts from my grandfather, who was himself personally acquainted with Mr. Lethwait, one of the actors in the drama.

About a hundred years ago. there lived iin the town of Kendal, Westmoreland, a man of gigantic stature and great strength, who followed the trade of a butcher.—This person, who was called Wat Robinson, was noted for his quarrelsome, ruffianly disposition, which won for him the name of Bully Robinson, the big butcher of Kendal. Foremost in all scenes of riot and dissipation, he was universally feared and hated.

This man was very fond of practical jokes. But his jokes were like himself. and originated in the cruelty and malice of his mind. The pain he inflicted upon others afforded him the greatest pleasure. The grating tones of his coarse brutal laugh inflicted a deeper wound than the most bitter of his biting jests.

It is impossible for a benevolent minded person to give any countenance to this species of amusement, for though the joke may be harmless in itself, a kindly person will derive no entertainment from anything that calls forth angry feelings in another.

There was a heavy lonely cross country road in the vicinity of Kendal, which formed a short cut to the beautiful lake of Windermere. The path was rocky and narrow, and seldom frequented by any but pedestrian or equestrian travellers. For some months previous to the period of which I am now writing, this road had got the character of being haunted. A hideous apparition in the form of a hairy monster, with horns and hoofs, obstructed the passage of travellers thro' the lane, chasing them back with dreadful bellowings and other diabolical noises.

Many persons had been frightened into fits by the spectre; and one feeble old man had lost his reason, by unexpectedly encountering the demon in one of the most lonely turnings on the rocky road.

This frightful phantom had been seen by so many respectable persons in the town and its vicinity, whose veracity, from the well known integrity of their characters, the most sceptical could scarcely doubt, that the public mind became greatly agitated by the nightly recurrence of such startling facts. People were no longer laughed at for their credulity, in believing that which so many respectable witnesses declared to be true.

The Windermere ghost became the general theme of conversation; and the road was abandoned by all who were acquainted with the tale, and could reach the lake by a more public thoroughfare.

One night a large party had assembled in a small public house in the suburbs of Kendal, to drink their ale, and discuss the news of the day. These were chiefly farmers and sheepgraziers from the moors and fells, who had disposed of the fatlings of their flocks at the market, and were returning in a body to their lonely homes among the hills. The centre of this group, and a man of no small importance among them, was the big butcher of Kendal. He had been a large purchaser; and the jolly yeoman had flung back a few shillings from the money they had received, to furnish a general treat—big Wat himself placed in the chair, as the great man of the company.

This was an honor the burly butcher never failed to abuse. As the fumes of the ale began to ascend into his head, he grew loud and quarrelsome, engrossing all the conversation to himself, while his blustering manner and illnatured jokes so disgusted his companions, that one by one they silently rose to depart, dreading, by word or action, to rouse into active operation the mischievous disposition of the man.

The guests at the "*Holy-Tree*" had all dropped away, until the butcher and one young man, who had been a silent spectator of the scene, alone occupied the chimney corner. This person, who was vastly superior in his appearance to the men who had lately filled the table, was dressed in the grey home-spun cloth of the country. and looked like a wealthy yeoman of the middle class. To Robinson he was a stranger and that worthy continued to eye him with a sinister glance of curiosity and inquiry.

The landlord entered to throw on a fresh billet of wood, for it was winter, and the night was very cold.

"*Is* the moon up, Lowther?" said the yeoman, rising to his feet, and buttoning his great coat up to the chin. "It is time I was on the road."

"Yes. Mr. Lethwaite, she has been up some time, but, sir, if I were in your place, I would never travel that road at midnight.'

"Why, what the deuce is the matter with the road? Are you troubled with robbers in these parts?"

"No, sir, the road is haunted."

"Haunted!" exclaimed the yeoman, bursting into a merry laugh.

"Yes, sir; haunted, and by the devil, sir! I saw him with my own eyes, and you know, sir, the old saying, seeing is believing"

"Humph! and what was the devil like?"

'Like, sir? why, nothing human. He was as hairy as a buffalo, with huge white horns, a long whisking tail, and cloven feet,"

"Oh, ho! the old story, I never saw the devil, and have no great wish to make his acquaintance to night; but if is not an idle woman's tale that will prevent me from taking the nearest road home. Pray order your man to saddle my horse quickly, for I have overstayed my time already.'

The landlord hastened to give the necessary orders, and Robinson who had been listening to the yeoman, with a half sneer, now turning hastily around, addressed him abruptly, and without ceremony:—

'You wish us to think you a very brave man, Mr. Lethwaite, if that is your name.'

'That is to me a matter of perfect indifference,' returned Lethwaite, haughtily, and surveying the burly butcher with a stern glance: 'the man who has faith in himself cares little for the opinion of others.'

'No offence,' said Robinson, who did not like the fiery glance of his companion's eye; 'but if you are determined upon returning to Windermere by the cross road, it is the duty of a friend to warn you of your danger.'

'Danger! what the idle tale I have just heard? none but a coward would turn from his path for a gossip's fable.'

'Men as brave as you can be have sallied forth at nightfall, to bid defiance, as they said, to all the powers of darkness, and have returned to their hearth at midnight as pale as the sheeted dead There is not a man in Kendal,' cried the excited butcher, striking his huge fist on the oak table, until the glass upon it chattered and rang again, 'that dare travel that road tonight.'

'I am sorry to think that the descendants of the bold Kendal archers can have degenerated into such a flock of geese,' said the yeoman. 'I have lived too long among the hills to be frightened by shadows. My horse is at the door; good night, sir.'

'You are stark, staring mad,' cried the butcher, placing his huge person in the doorway, 'to attempt that road tonight—you will return to the 'Holly-Tree' before morning, half dead with fright.'

The young man smiled incredulously.

'Sir, you disbelieve me?'

'I think you very credulous.'

'Fellow, do you take me for a coward?' replied the butcher, the red blood rushing into his bloated face. 'You had better mind what you say. With one blow I could annihilate a puny chap like you.'

'Real courage can never be tested by mere animal strength,' said Lethwaite, calmly. David was a dwarf to Goliah, but mental courage and the fear of God, conquered his gigantic foe. I do not wish to quarrel with you sir.—You believe in ghosts; I do not. Good night.'

'Ah! quoth the butcher, shaking his huge fist after him, 'the Windermere ghost shall punish you well for your disbelief.'

Lethwaite's foot was in the stirrup, when a sudden thought seemed to stike him: 'I am not afraid of ghosts, Lowther, but I have some money about me; the Windermere demon may be a poor devil. whom the love of plunder may tempt to do a deed of violence. It will be as well to examine the loading of my pistols.'

He returned with the landlord to the house, and both were not a little pleased to find the butcher gone. Lethwaite continued chatting sometime with the landlord.

'I do not like this ghost story of yours,' he said. 'If such a spectre has really been seen, depend upon it that it is some deep contrivance to hide worse danger—I wish, for the good of community, that I may be lucky enough to fall in with the ghost.'

'Ah! Mr. Lethwaite, sir, you are only tempting Providence when you talk in that careless way. The ghost is a real ghost; for, though it has frightened many and myself among the rest, I never heard of any person being robbed. Old Dodson, the lame beggar, lost his senses; but then he was always a halfwitted creature, and a man's reason is not his money.—Did I not see the horrid thing myself, I who, God forgive me! had made game of it, and those who believed in it, just as you do at this moment—I saw the monster with my own eyes; and how I escaped from it I never could tell. I ran so fast that I never felt the ground under my feet, while it pursued me with the most frightful yells. I kept my bed for a week after, and have taken good care never to tread that road by night again.'

'It is strange!' said Lethwaite, musing; 'some truth must be mingled with this fantastic error! What time of night does this spectre generally appear?'

'It has been seen at all hours, from twilight until the gray dawn of day. It was about nine o'clock in the evening when it appeared to me. *It* is near eleven now, sir. You will just reach that black, crooked turning in the road, which winds round the foot of the hill, by midnight. That lonely spot is the demon's favorite haunt.'

'I know the place,' said Lethwaite.—'Yes, it is a frightful gloomy spot, with steep banks, and high rocks on either side. Dark almost at noonday, but doubly dark at noon of night.'

Then, whistling an old border song, to keep up his courage the yeoman dashed the spurs into his fine horse, and rode off at a quick pace, and in a few minutes was out of sight. The landlord listened for a few minutes to the clicking of his horse's hoofs, striking against the frozen ground, and, thinking him a contounded fool, closed the door and went to bed.

Lethwaite sped merrily along. The moon shone bright and high above him in the cloudless sky, and the sharp cold wintry wind whistled in his ears, and chilled his manly cheek. An hours riding brought him to the foot of the steep crooked hill, which had been pointed out to him as the favorite haunt of the ghost.

At the foot of this hill, the road took an abrupt turn, and the high rocks, projecting on either side had the open space and presented to the travellier the appearance of a huge cavern, until he reached the bottom of the glen, when the delusion vanished. Stunted holly-trees had sprung up among the crevices of the rocks, and their close dark foliage cast a sepulchral gloom into the deep hollow below.

'It is an ugly spot,' thought Lethwaite, as he checked his horse to tread at footfall the steep descent. 'Murder may have been committed here in the olden time, but pooh, pooh, there are no such things as ghosts; but if ever there was a spot more capable of inspiring such a dread than another, it is surely this.'

The side of the road to his left was a deep shadow. The very spirit of darkness seemed to brood over the gloomy recess, while the moon glided with a wan and spectral light the opposite wall of rock Lethwaite, in spite of his boasted courage felt a sudden chill creep through him as he approached the awful spot.

'God of heaven!' he murmured in a tone below his breath, ?" what can that be?" as a horrid shape slowly and distinctly rose before him, and became stationary in the center of his path.

It was not the form of a man and certainly it was not a beast, but it appeared a shocking compound of both. Imagine a creature upwards of six feet high coverd with shaggy black hair, the head that of a bull. with huge white, wide ly extended horns.

The sinewy bare arm of a man extended above this ghastly head, grasping a burning brand, which emitted a thin clod of pale blue smoke. The lower part of the body was so enveloped in shade that it only presented a dark undefined shapeless mass. Lethwait, who never expected to behold a real edition of the Windermere ghost, felt his hair stiffen and his teeth slightly chatter as he suddenly reined in his horse and forced himself to look steadily upon the ghastly phantom. The horse possessing less self-reliance than his master plunged, snorted, and reared, as with a hideos yell the apparition advanced, brandishing his fiery weapon in a threatening manner.

"Steady, boy—steady," cried his master, in a soothing tone, shamed out of own fears by the terror of his steed. "If this be the devil, stand still, and let thy master face him like a man."

Reassured by the well-known voice, and the caress of the well-known hand, the noble animal did as he was commanded; but he shook and shivered in every limb.

Lethwaite had by this time drawn a pistol from his belt, and riding towards the spectre, he cried out in a stern voice, 'Miserable imposter! throw off your disguise, or you are a dead man; for, by the living God that made me, I will see if your body is proof against a leaden ball!"

A wild unearthy yell was the only answer he got to his threat; and the demon was within ten paces of his horse. The sharp report of Lethwaite's pistol woke up all the lonely echoes of the place and the huge hairy monster fell heavily to the earth with a smothered curse; and the yeoman yielding for a moment to uncontrollable fear, turned the head of his terrified steed, and never slackened his speed till he reached the door of the public house.

After a few minutes of breathless suspense his lond hurried knock was answered by the landlord, who, thrusting his head out of the window, demanded, in no very gentle tone, the cause of such an unreasonable attack upon his door,

"*It* is I, Lowther—it is Richard Lethwaite: get up and let me in directly."

"Ah! ah! *I* thought, how it would end, said the landlord, as he descended to unbar the door; and he called up the groom to relive his guest of his tired horse.

'The ghost has driven you back faster than you went. This is to disbelieve the word of honest folks. Why, man, what have you seen? you look like one just risen from the dead.

'I fear I have sent one to dwell with the dead a little before his time," said Lethwaite, drinking off the glass of brandy proffered to him by his host at a draught.

I have shot the ghost—whether it be man or devil, it was not proof against powder and ball.

I am more distressed at this event than if I had encountered all the hosts of hell, with Satan himself to back them. Call up your people; for I can no longer go alone to that infernal spot—and let us examine and identify the corpse.'

It was daylight before Lowther could persuade any of his servants or neighbors to accompany him and Mr Lethwaite to the lane. They believed that the latter had seen it, that was a sort of waking nightmare—something too incredible even for the supernatural wonders of a dream.

Many were the questions put to Lethwaite by the little band of men but he walked on silently and thoughtfully, without speaking a word to any.

'Why did you not call up the big butcher, Lowther?' said one of the party. 'In any case of danger that man is a host in himself.'

'I have great doubts as to his courage,' said Lowther, drily. 'He is a great bully, and these wordy men are all froth; they make a great noise, but are very slow in action. If Mr. Lethwaite has killed the ghost, big Wat would be of small service to us, as the danger is already past.'

'*Killed the ghost!*' said the first speaker with a sneer, 'who ever heard of mortal man killing a ghost?—it is not in flesh and blood to do that.'

'But suppose the ghost was a man,' said Lethwaite—'suppose that it was the big butcher of Kendal himself.'

'Now God forbid!' said several voices at once; 'the man is a devil, but not bad enough to turn ghost.'

'We shall soon know,' said Lethwaite, 'at the bottom of this hill the riddle will be solved.'

They had now reached the brow of the steep hill. The sun was just rising above the distant mountains; and his first beams glanced upon tree tops, without penetrating the gloomy recess which still lay buried in dense shadow

Slowly and with evident signs of fear the little party wound down the hill.—One man tried to hum a tune, another to whistle, while a third talked very loudly about his own courage—in reality posessing very little; but all endeavored to dissipate the fear to which they involuntarily became the prey, as they approached the dreaded spot.

Lethwaite, who had lingered behind, now walked briskly forward and headed the party. A dark, indistinct mass lay huddled up in the centre of the narrow road. All drew back; Lethwaite stepped up to it and remained stationary, beckoning with his hand for the others to advance. They did so; but what was the surprise and astonishment of all, to find, in the supposed spectre, the dead and bleeding form of Wat Robinson, wrapped up in the hide of a bull; his naked arms bare, and a club smeared with phosphorus still grasped in his stiffened hand.

'He deserved his death,' said Lowther, looking down upon his ghastly corpse.—It was a cruel thing of him to adopt this hideous disguise, in order to frighten his friends and neighbors.'

'It was just like the man,' said another, 'he was full of spite and malice, he could not bear to see others happy.'

'He has paid a heavy price for his folly,' said Lethwaite. 'His melancholy fate should be a solemn warning to all persons who engage in such wicked jokes. Come. my friends, let us carry him hence; I am sorry that he got his death by my hand.'

John Mills, the Mormon Preacher.

When the Mormons settled in Missouri in 1833, an enthusiastic young man named Mills was their most popular and admired preacher. Indeed, so great was his fame, that whenever he held a meeting, a crowd of the saints were sure to be present.

A strong and violent mob of lynchers was about this time organised to put down the Mormons, under the command of Col. Tuck, one of the most desperate dangerous men that Missouri, or in truth, any other country ever produced. Some of the Mormons were tarred and feathered. some were scourged with long knotted hickories till they fainted from excess of torture and loss of blood—others were forcibly deprived of their property, and reduced in a day to the condition of beggars, while others shared a doom of more mercy, and were shot down on the prarie like so many wolves. At last Turk resolved to take some of the concert out of the young preacher. Mills, and he gave notice to his men accordingly.

It was a dreadful cold night in mid winter, 1833, and although the sky was cloudless, and the full moon shone out in all her splendor, the earth lay in that pearly radiance, and dreary as a frozen tomb, for a thick sheet of snow crusted its surface, and the north wind howled over it a dismal dirge. It was a night to drive even thieves and outlaws into barns and stables for shelter, and to keep honest people by the blaze of their own roaring hearths.

And yet, strange to say, in a log cabin within three hundred yards of the Missouri river, then froze from shore to shore, at least one hundred people had assembled to hold a religious meeting. They were Mormons, you may be sure. No fanatic of old faith would have turned out on such a night; they must be fresh zealots, with some new idea, but at its birth, in their hearts, and flaming like a meteor in their imagination; or they never could venture to face such an icy blast as that. The congregation, including men and women in about equal numbers, and many of the former carried rifles, which they grasped with one hand, even when they kneeled down to pray; such was the imminence of peril, either real or imagined, as the deemed pending over them.

The preacher—the enthusiast, Mills—had advanced to a thrilling head of his eloquent discourse, and was painting in terrible, fiery language, the bitter persecution which has ever followed the footsteps of all great reformers. since the beginning of time. Never before had he been half so animated or half so affecting. His blue eye glanced like a star, his voice pealed like a trumpet, shrill as the wind that whistled over the house-top, and his lips seemed literally loaded with music. Groans, tears and wild shrieks from the audience, proved the despotic power of his utterance

Suddenly three rifles exploded in quick succession before the door, and three sentinels shaking with terror, rushed into the room, crying out—

'The mob! the mob! Save yourselves from Col Turk's mob!

No pen can depect to the scene of dismay and confusion that ensued. The females screamed aloud, as if all hope had departed. Several of the men sprang out of the windows and fled as if pursured by a legion of devils, whilst most of those who remained, appeared stupified and totally powerless, either to escape or make ready for resistance. Indeed. there was very little space allowed for preparation. In a few moments a mob amounting to hundreds had surrounded the building, and the muzzles of fifty cocked guns and pistols were thrust in through the doors and windows. Still none within lifted a finger for defence—fear seemed to have turned them into stone. Persecution had not yet hardened the 'Latter Day Saints' veterans, and the afterwards famous 'Mormon Legion' existed hen only in the imagination of the Prophet.

Presently the lynchers, headed by the all dreaded and gigantic Col. Turk, came rushing in, and began to beat the people furiously with the iron ramrods of their rifles, with very little distinction of mercy as to age or sect. The cries and entreaties of the poor sufferers swelled to a wail wilder than the howling of the wind without. At length Col. Turk roared out—

'Turn out the women and seize the men, and let us have the hickory switches and the tar and feathers!'

And the drunken mob shouted, and hastened to execute their drunken mandate the brutal mandate.

Up to this time young Mills had continued standing with the bible of the prophet in his hand, but unearthly pale and strangely excited, his lip writhing, his teeth clenched, and his bright eyes swimming in a halo of fire. Suddenly he made a bound for an adjacent window, and notwithstanding more than twenty endeavored to seize him, he effected his escape from the house.

'Chase him—shoot him! Take him. alive or dead!' cried Turk, in a transport of rage, setting the example by commencing the pursuit himself.

The flight of Mills was directed in a straight line for the river and his marvellous agility, added to the start he had first got, soon placed him at some distance ahead, They fired both rifles and shot guns at him as he ran, but happily without effect. When he came to the river side, he stooped down and hastily fastened on a pair of skates, which he had carried in his pocket for the last few days, to be ready for any extraordinary emergency; and then taking the ice, skimmered over the frozen stream with the swiftness of the wind.

'Has nobody a pair of skates?' shouted Turk, striking his forehead with a gesture of wrath and vexation.

'I have,' answered one of the mob, 'but I shall not try them on the ice such a night as this.'

'Be quick—give them to me!' exclaimed the Turk, in a tone of fiery impatience.

The skates were produced; the eager Colonel tied them on, and then swearing a dreadful oath that he would bring back the preacher's scalp or leave his own, he began the perilous chase. Oh, there is no daring like the courage inspired by the passion for revenge!

In the meanwhile, Mills had approached the opposite shore, when he discovered the startling apparition of armed men on the bank. He knew at a glance what it meant. The mob, to prevent any of the Mormons from escaping, had stationed a guard beyond the river. He instantly turned his course down the stream, when a whole platoon let off their rifles; but the distance was too considerable—a hail of bullets rattled on the ice around him, without doing him injury.

'I will foil the fiends yet;' he said to himself, and put forth all his strength.—He fled away, but soon became conscious that somebody was pursuing him. He slackened his velocity, and wheeled about so often as to obtain a view of his enemy. But the latter was still too remote for an accurate survey, and the Mormon uttered a loud prayer—

'God grant me that it be Col. Turk, and I am willing to die!'

On rushed the pursuer—on, still on, like an avalanche. The noise of his iron skates could be heard above the roar of the northern blast, and his dark form loomed in the glittering moonbeams large in statute as a giant. As he drew nearer the young preacher, he smiled venomously. Mills recognized his arch persecutor, and he laughed outright a laugh that rang over the frozen river like the wild scoff of some demon when he saw him unsheath his glittering knife The Mormon immediately pulled his from its scabbard, and started off so as to avoid the coming shock, which might otherwise, through the mere force of the collision prove fatal to both.

And then began a series of rapid and cunning evolutions to secure the advantage in this terrible method of combat—the most terrible ever conceived. They marked the smooth surface of the ice with circles, ellipses, angles, squares, triangles, paralellograms, and almost every possible figure of plain geometry; but each seemed a perfect skater, and could not find the other at fault, or take him unprepared.—They passed repeatedly within three feet of each other, and made quick thrusts which pierced to the bone. And still the cold grew more intense, and the wrathful wind howled on, while their manœuvres and flights somehow carried them farther down the river, where the crusty ice was thinner, and cracked fearfully beneath their tread.

Finally the Mormon took the desperate resolve to terminate the strife by sacrificing his own life so as to make sure of that of his foe at the same time. In the following rush he no longer turned aside to avoid a direct collision, and frustrated the attempt of the lyncher to that end, by swerving slightly inwards from a straight line.

They met at full speed, and the shock was like the crash of two adverse comets. At the moment of their fall the quaking ice split beneath their weight with a deafening roar, and the wild waters, boiling and hissing like a hell, swallowed them forever—the persecutor and his victim—both victims now!

Many persons complain of being pestered by bed bugs. It is easy to avoid this inconvenience. On going to bed strip off your shirt, and cover yourself from head to foot with boiled molasses. Let every part of the body be thickly covered with it. On coming to bite you the bugs will stick fast in the molasses, and you can kill them in the morning.

Dr. Chalmers is said to be the author of the following beautiful poem, written on the occasion of the death of a young son whom he greatly loved:

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near,
And the faggots crack, and the clock's dull tick,
And over my soul in its solitude,
Sweet feelings of sadness glide;
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all—
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son—
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept,
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come,
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fire-side,
When the flowers have decayed.
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride;
And they will speak with a silent speech
Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our souls shall have no [blight,
Our love no broken ties.
We shall roam on the banks of the river of [peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide,
And one of our joys of the heaven shall be
The little boy that died.

A DOG STORY.

A friend of ours owns a noble, great Newfoundland dog, about which he tells a good many funny stories, among which is the following:

We tell it as it was told to us, premising only that our friend is a man of fair character for veracity, and we believe the story ourself. He spent several weeks last summer in a country village, accompanied by his dog Boney—an abbreviation of Napoleon Bonaparte—his true name. Now Boney is an educated, gentlemanly dog conscious of his own strength, and, from very magnanimity, pays no attention to small animals that bark at, or even bite him. He had been taught to fetch and carry, and it was only necessary to point out any article that he could lift, and order him to bring it along, and Boney would bring it.

A small spaniel, about the size of a cat, was in the daily habit of imposing upon the good nature of Boney, impudently attacking him, seizing him by the long hair on his hind-legs, and shaking and growling away, as if it were really somebody; all of which Boney bore with Christian forbearance, never even showing his ivory, but trotting away with dignified contempt from his puny assailant.

One day our friend was walking out with his dog, when the little spaniel, full of importance, made his usual attack on Boney. "Fetch him along," said our friend, pointing to the spaniel. No sooner said than done; Boney pounced upon him, and, rolling him over and over without hurting him, took him by the nape of the neck, and trotted along after his master with all the dignity of an animal conscious of being in the performance of a pleasant duty. The little dog yelled, and howled, and struggled, but there was no use in talking. Boney trotted around after his master, with the spaniel in his mouth, as a cat may sometimes be seen carrying one of her little ones, greatly to the amusement of all the little boys in the village. At length his master ordered his prisoner to be released, when the little animal, thoroughly humbled, drew a bee line for home. He gave Boney a wide berth after that.—*Albany Register.*

Meekness is the grace at all times attractive, but we have seldom been so impressed by its exhibition as in the recent reply of our friend Christian S., to some complimentary remark of ours.

'No,' said he, 'I am no better than other men; I used to have a very good opinion of myself, but since I have looked around and found so many 'excellent people,' far better than myself, who are infernal scoundrels, it makes me humble.'

SMART—"Why, Mr. B." said a tall youth to a little person in company with half a dozen huge men, "I protest you are so small I did not see you before."—"Very likely," replied the little gentlemen; "I am like a sixpense among copper pennies, not readily perceived, but worth the whole of them."

A droll fellow had a wooden leg, being in company with a man who was somewhat credulous, the latter asked the former how he came to have a wooden leg. 'Why said he, my father had one, and so had my grandfather before him, it runs in the blood.'

Prentice, the wag of the Louisville Journal and the editor of the Alabama Flag got by the ears as follows: Says the Flag, 'Why is the editor of the Journal's career through life like a celebrated tune? Because it is the rogue's march. Prentice, who is a 'dead shot,' loaded his piece, and let the Flag man have it after the following manner:—'Why will the editor of the Flag, at the close of his career through life, be like a tune of Paganini's? Because he will be executed on a single string.'