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JOHN JANKIN'S SERMON.

The minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin';
If your life ain't nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use o' livin'?",
And that's what I say to wife, says I,
There's Brown, the mis'rable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent towards buyin' a dinner,

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him a-givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
At every word he was sayin',

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds o' cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin',
I don't think much of a man that gives
The Lord Amens at my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swaller;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Not once, after that to holler.
Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
Of course I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk;
It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time;
And when he spoke of fashion,
And a-riggin' out in bows and things,
As woman's ruling passion,
And a-comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin'
And a-nudgin' my wife, and, says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, That sermon's pat;
But man is a queer creation;
And I'm much afraid that most o' the folks
Wont take the application.
Now if he had said a word about
My personal mode o' sinnin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not set here a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As sort o' moral umbrellas.
Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brothers';
Go home," he says, "and wear the coats
You've tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots o' smilin',
And lots o' lookin' at our pew;
It sot my blood a-biliin'.
Says I to myself, our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him when meetin's out, that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

THOMAS BLUMBLE.

And How He Got Married.

Blumble boasted of being a confirmed bachelor, and took pride in being called a woman-hater. I mean Thomas Blumble, of the importing house of "Hood, Stiver & Blumble." He was very fond of letting the people know that he disregarded the charms of the softer sex, and was frequently heard to say that he would like to see the woman that could get him under her thumb. There was a time, of course, when Blumble was susceptible to the overtures of Cupid; because when he was plain "Tom," of 15 years of age, and left "Rock Cove," came to the city, and entered the employ of "Mensor, Tigby & Hood," he left behind him a young "Polly Ann," with many a sigh and a tear, and more vows than both put together, to be true till death. For two years he wrote constantly to his Polly Ann, repeating the manifold vows of boyhood love; then he was promoted from boy to entry clerk, and soon after was introduced to a very bewitching young lady, whom we may be allowed to call Hattie Elton. Then he forgot his Polly Ann down in Rock Cove, and became very intimate with Miss Elton; he accompanied her to the theatre and made her presents; he got trusted for his new coat, and with the money that should have been paid for it they took a sleigh ride to Brighton, and feasted on hot chickens and champaign; to please her he learned to polka and waltz. Things had sped along very smoothly for about a year; so Tom, thinking he might as well have the matter settled at once, popped the question. Miss Elton appeared very much surprised; for a moment she remained silent, then lifting up both hands, she exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Blumble—she had constantly called him 'Tom' for six months previous—I've been engaged these two years; didn't you know it?"

"Know it? No," replied Blumble in utter astonishment.

"Why, yes. I've been engaged to Charley Dudley for a long while, and I thought you knew all about it, and was only paying attention to me out of politeness. Charley is in New York now, but we are to be married next Christmas."

"Married next—"

We may guess what Blumble was about to say, but we shall always be in doubt, for instead of finishing his sentence, he took his hat and rushed out of the house, not even waiting to make the parting salutation of "good evening." Perhaps he was afraid to trust his gnashing teeth, for fear they would change his well-meant words into some wicked expression.

Tom, in the privacy of his own chamber, with his door locked, his elbows upon his light stand, and his face quite buried in his hands, reverted to the year's time and the many dollars he had thrown away on Miss Elton; then he thought of poor Polly Ann, whom he had "cut" so shamefully, down in Rock Cove, and he decided to write to her, to offer pressing business as an excuse for not having written before, to sue for pardon for past negligence, and to assert that his affections were still unaltered and unalterable. So he unburied his face and penned the tender missive full of falsehoods and of stale love, which he dispatched with the fullest confidence that Polly Ann would be very happy to receive it. But alas for poor human expectations! Polly Ann's answer came. It was short: she told Blumble she had heard of his attentions to the city lady, that she had almost forgotten him, and was going to marry Jerry Smike, the village blacksmith, the next week. She returned to Tom his earliest efforts in love-letter writing and a lock of his hair, and requested him to return to her sundry articles in that line that he had received from her.

From that day Blumble announced himself to the world as a woman-hater. He had been false to one woman, and one woman had tricked him. So he cried down the whole sex. The time which Blumble had hitherto divided between love and business was now devoted to business, and in consequence he received one promotion after another until he had the pleasure of seeing his own name the third on the sign over the door which he had entered as an errand boy. I don't believe he remembered that there was any such person in the world as Hattie Elton or Polly Ann, the first day the new sign was raised.

It was as the junior member of the firm that Blumble had traveled through the New England States last fall with samples, receiving orders. During his tour he remained in the pretty little village of P., N. H., one fine night in October. He sat in the bar-room after supper, smoking his cigar, until it became filled with villagers, discussing politics, smoking their pipes, talking of their crops, and ogling him, all of which was quite uninteresting to him, so he concluded to walk out and view the village by moonlight. He had hardly stepped into the entry, and before he could close the door, ere he heard a voice inquire:

"Who's that gentleman?"

"His name is Blumble; he's from Boston," chimed in a third voice, and then added: "You don't say so!" followed by a long whistle of astonishment.

Blumble stepped off the piazza and walked up the village street. He had scarcely walked twenty yards before he was aware of being followed. Giving the matter but little thought, however, he turned from the road into a pleasant lane that wended its way toward some half dozen farm houses, until he came to a rustic seat, upon which he threw himself, and was soon oblivious to all the world excepting the business affairs of "Hood, Stiver & Blumble." He sat until his cigar was consumed, when he was aroused to the world around him by the village clock striking out ten. Buttoning his coat closely around him, he hurried down the lane toward the hotel. As he turned from the lane into the road he was suddenly and not very softly seized by the throat, by the shoulders, and by the coat tails, by at least a dozen hands. He was rather too much surprised to speak, even if he had a chance to; the hands so closely clenched around his throat would have prevented him from speaking even if he had not been so greatly surprised. As he could not speak he listened very patiently to some half dozen exclamations of "Now we've got you!"

Something desperate must be done; so Blumble struck the fellow that held him by the throat full in the face, knocking him down, and then cried out as though he expected this would be the last chance he would have to speak:

"What in the deuce are you about?"

The striking question had a miraculous effect upon the numerous hands distributed about his person, and Blumble was free. He waited a few moments to regain his breath; then, looking around, asked very energetically:

"What does all this mean?"

"It means that if you don't promise to leave town, and not go to see Mary Gay again, we'll just hide you, and then ride you out of town on a rail," said the young man, the recipient of the blow, who had regained his feet.

"Leave town? Mary Gay? Why, I do not understand what you mean," remarked Blumble, considerably mystified.

"Well, sir," interrupted another voice, "we mean that you've come here from Boston to court Mary Gay, and you mean to cut out Billy Higdy here; now if you don't give up Mary and leave town to-morrow night, we'll pitch you into the mill-pond."

"Hold on a moment," said Blumble, "I think you've got hold of the wrong person, as I have not the acquaintance of Miss Gay, nor, in fact, of any other lady in this place. But I want you to understand one thing distinctly, and that is, I shall not leave town until I get ready."

Something about Blumble's manner seemed to convince the young men that he was in earnest, for they uttered various expressions, such as, "That's a likely story!" "He's gassing!" "I don't believe that!" etc. Men invariably express doubts when being convinced of something they had rather not believe.

For a few minutes the whole party remained in silence; then one of the young denizens of P. broke the spell by asking:

"Ain't your name Blumble?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are from Boston?"

"Yes, sir."

"And don't you know Mary Gay."

"No, sir."

"Well, that's strange! She said his name was Blumble, and that's your name; he belongs to Boston and so do you; and you've been right up by her house, and we believe you've been there to see her. Don't we, Bill."

"Yes, we do," replied Higby.

"Well, young men," said Blumble, "if you don't believe me go and ask the young lady herself."

This proposition was met with approval by the whole party, so Blumble started back up the lane, accompanied by a large escort before, behind and on each side of him. They filed into the yard, and crowded on the steps, of a neat-looking farm-house, and Higdy knocked at the door. In a few moments one of the chamber windows was opened, and a protruding head asked:

"Who's there?"

"Come down to the door a minute, 'Squire, will you?" asked Bill.

"Why, what do you want?" inquired the voice in the chamber window above.

"We want to see Mary a minute," replied a voice in the crowd below.

"Why, she's been abed these two hours. Is it anything important?"

"Yes; we want to speak to her just a minute."

"Well, I'll speak to her."

In a few minutes Mary appeared at the door. She was very good looking, notwithstanding her being called out of bed at such an unreasonable hour—and so thought Blumble. For some moments the whole company remained speechless. At last Blumble, tiring of his conspicuous situation, and the nothing-to-say spirit of the party, broke the silence by asking the young lady if she had ever seen him before.

"Not that I remember of," she replied.

"Then he ain't your city beau?" asked Higdy

"No!" as short as though it had been but one letter.

"Then we were mistaken," said a voice in the yard, and two or three of the party slid out at the gate.

"I am very sorry that I have been the indirect cause of this annoyance to you; but it is no fault of mine. This gentleman," pointing to Higdy, "and his party seized me, and would not allow me to proceed to my hotel until I had proved to them that I had not been visiting you. I must now leave them with you to make their own explanations, and bid you good evening."

"Good evening," said the young lady, in a very sweet voice.

Somehow Blumble didn't sleep very sound that night; he was in a very strange place and he kept constantly thinking of his strange adventure, and of the good looking strange young lady; and the more he thought, the more he wondered who she was; and, when at last he determined to inquire about her in the morning, he fell asleep and dreamed of her.

Blumble was an early riser—bachelors generally are—and the next morning, before the village was astir, he had walked out and passed the house of 'Squire Gay; but he did not see Mary, so he returned to the hotel and inquired of the landlord concerning her. The landlord must have praised the girl, for the bachelor decided to remain another day and be introduced to her, then to remain a third, and finally he concluded he might as well stop the week out, and so he wrote to his partners, informing them that he should remain there a few days to himself. The professed woman-hater walked up that same lane each evening, and walked into the house, too. He was not disturbed again by Bill Higdy, for the 'Squire had threatened that if he came within gun-shot of the house again to put a dose of cold lead into him. So the wise but jealous Higdy kept out of the way.

There was a great reform in the manner and habits of Thomas Blumble, merchant. He left his bachelor clubs, notwithstanding the jeers and taunts of his former companions, and he became circumspect in his remarks on female character. For a number of months he spent his spare hours writing to Mary, and choosing appropriate gifts for her, and for a long time the Boston and P. express considered him one of their best customers. But ere long there was a brilliant wedding party at the house of 'Squire Gay, and P. lost its most charming belle for Miss Gay became Mrs. Blumble. A few weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. B. went down to Rock Cove, and paid a visit to the old Blumble homestead, and while there Mr. Thomas Blumble introduced his wife to Mr. Jerry Smike and Mrs. Polly Ann Smike, and all the little Smikes. It would be impossible to tell which are the most contented with their lot, Thomas or Polly Ann. One thing more, and I'm done. In answer to Blumble's advertisement for a chamber-maid, who would assist in plain sewing, who do you think applied for the situation? You'll never guess, so I'll tell you; it was Hattie Elton! Her New York beau had heard of her flirtations with Blumble, and for that reason broke his engagement with her; and she, who might have been Mrs. Thomas Blumble, must be content to be Mrs. Thomas Blumble's servant.

THE CURE OF SANTA CRUZ.

Singular History of the Fanatical Carlist Leader.

A dispatch received by the cable on the 18th inst. announced that the bloodthirsty Cure, Santa Cruz, turning his back upon the bands of Carlist insurrectionists of Spain, had resumed his clerical robes and gone to Rome to ask forgiveness for his sins. It was quite time for him to make this show of penitence. The newspaper have recorded some of the most abominable of the bloody deeds he has committed since the outbreak of the Carlist war, and now the romance of his personal history is described by a writer in the July number of *Blackwood's Magazine.*

Manuel Santa Cruz, cure of Hernialde, is certainly a remarkable man. He is only thirty-three years old, but he has been a devoted adherent of the Carlist cause all his life. Before the guerrilla war began he was leading a quiet life in his Parish of Herniaide; he was of a slight, delicate frame, and looked like an invalid. Since then he has grown stout and strong; exercise, constant living in the open air, and ever-recurring danger, he seems to thrive on. The abstemiousness he had always practiced he has never parted from. In person he is under the middle stature; his features dark and irregular, and rather commonplace, but his small black eyes, deep set, glow from out thick eyebrows, and indicate the fiery energy that burns within. When he took the field as

A CHIEF OF PARTISANS,

he quite laid aside the clerical costume; for the long black cassock, the black cloak, and the enormous hat of the Spanish priest would be inconvenient in campaigning and dangerous. He assumed the dress worn by the peasants—the low vest of strong brown cloth, the red sash round the waist, the loose-fitting breeches of the mountaineer of Navarre, reaching to the knee, the legs enveloped in black gaiters, and the feet protected by the sandals or alpargatas of the country. Before close-shaven, like all Spanish priests not missionaries, or of the monastic orders, he let his beard and mustache grow. He carried in his belt a pair of loaded revolvers, and in his hand the thick stick, which is as necessary a part of the equipment of a Basque peasant as the shillelah to an Irishman. His head-dress was the boina or flat white cap, white in color, with a blue tassal in the center, which, according to the fancy of the wearer, may be of woolen, silk, or silver fringe. His body-guard was composed of ten or twelve stalwart youths from his native village, who accompanied him in all his expeditions, armed and equipped like himself, and prepared to execute any order he may give them.

It is related of him that he was declared an outlaw by the Spanish Government in 1870, that he passed a whole year in hiding, but that he plotted for the Carlists with such zeal as to bring the secret police and the gens d'armes on his track, and that he had several narrow escapes from death or capture. Scarcely had Don Carlos made his second appeal to the Spanish people in 1872—which was responded to by some thousands of partisans, though still scantily supplied with arms—when Santa Cruz once more appeared in the mountains. He left his retreat in France, crossed the frontier, and when on Spanish soil offered his services as chaplain to a band of about 400 Guipuzcoans, commanded by one Recindo. The vicissitudes during this attempt included the disastrous combats of Onate and Manaria, and the defeat and dispersion of Orosquieta. Santa Cruz was one of those who escaped after the defeat of Orosquieta, and we soon find him again in France. In France he remained but a short time, for knowing that the struggle was still carried on in spite of all difficulties, he returned to Spain, and as before, proffered his services as chaplain. This time the cause of the bands were increasing in number, and spreading throughout Biscay, and had actually hemmed in a column of troop, among whom the dissatisfaction which was rapidly dissolving the Spanish army had not yet reached, in the Amescoas. It happened that in

ONE OF THE FORAYS

Santa Cruz was cut off from the party to which he was attached, and taken prisoner. On being brought into the presence of the commanding officer, he made no attempt at concealment. "I am" he said, "Santa Cruz, Cure of Herniald. I am in your power through my own rashness—do with me as you please; my life is in your hands." "Then my good friend," answered the other, "there is nothing more to be said but to recommend you to make your peace with heaven, for in a few hours you shall be shot." "So be it; it is a consolation to know that I die in a righteous cause." His arms were bound with cords, he was thrown upon a mule, conducted under a strong escort to a neighboring village, and locked up in a room in the upper story of a house, next to a loft where maize was stored, and then his bonds were loosened. From this room, which was to serve as a *capilla* or chapel, where the condemned criminal was to spend his last night, he was to be taken next morning for execution. The house was ill-guarded, for the detachment, tired and worn out by marching and countermarching in pursuit of an enemy they could never come up with, had moreover to guard against surprise in the village church, and could spare but few men for the prisoner. It was rumored, too, that some of the soldiers were not over solicitous as to his safe custody. It spread like wildfire through the village and the country round that the Priest of Hernialde was in the hands of his enemies, and already in the capilla. All the inhabitants, women as well as men, were Carlists, and of course friends of the prisoner, whom they had known from childhood. He saw a group of them as he was led to his prison, and threw out a signal which they well understood, and which escaped the notice of his guards. He entered his room, and after partaking of refreshment—for it is considered a sacred duty to give a prisoner whatever he may have a fancy for—he desired to be left alone, to prepare for death. On inspecting the bed on which he was to sleep his last, he found it was furnished with the usual allowance of sheets and coarse linen.

No time was to be lost, as the officer of the guard would soon make his visit. He set to work and made a rope of the sheets, which he cut into proper lengths. While his guards were eating their rations at the door below Santa Cruz quietly opened the small window, the only one in the room, which was at the back, looking into a garden planted with fruit trees, made fast the rope to an iron bar which ran across over the window frame, slid down, and when within three or four feet of the ground found himself in the arms of his friends, who had understood his signal and were waiting for him. In half an hour the sergeant of the guard made his visit, and to his great consternation (at least apparently), he found that the prisoner was gone. The open window and improvised rope told which way he had passed. The officer sent out as many men as he could spare in pursuit of the fugutive, and spent the greater part of the night searching every house in the village, but in vain.

Santa Cruz's hiding place was indeed not far off; it was a marsh or swamp covered over with reeds and bulrushes, and in this he remained for eight or ten hours, up to his neck in water. When he saw that the coast was clear, he emerged from this unpleasant bath, and made his way to the hut of a wood-cutter, which had already been more than once searched by the soldiers, so that it was probable it would not again be visited. The wood-cutter, who, by the way, was more Carlist than Don Carlos himself, gave him a few dollars.

The next people heard of him he was again across the frontier, living quietly in some obscure village not far from Cambo, in the Basque country. These narrow escapes from certain death, his indominable courage, pushed to rashness, and the ingenuity of his plans, soon gave him a certain celebrity among the Royalists.

He preached up among the peasantry with astonishing success the duty of rising in the cause of King and Country and Faith. His followers are thus described:

The partisans who acknowledge the Guipuzcoan Priest as their leader go by the name of the Black Legion—*Legion negra.* It is composed of vigorous young men, all natives of the province, many of whom have rarely passed the night in a town. Their absolute devotion to their chief is proved by the fact that not one was tempted by the reward of 50,000 reals (£500) offered for the capture of Santa Cruz, dead or alive, and 50,000 reals is a fortune to a Basque peasant. The most complete order and discipline are enforced in his little army. In the evening, when the day's work is over, the enemy distant, the hour for repose at hand, and the rations eaten, those rough men assemble round their chief, once more their priest, to hear prayers read, in which they all join. Their prayer is for "King Charles VII.; for Spain, now delivered over to the demon of anarchy; for those who have died in battle, and for those who may yet fall in the cause of the King." And then, wrapped up in their *mantas*, which serves as cloak or blanket, they lay themselves down to sleep, each with his loaded musket by his side, ready to start up at the slightest notice; while men are stationed as sentries at regular intervals, to give warning of approaching danger.

Extraordinary Sagacity of a Dog.

The celebrated shepherd poet, James Hogg, had a dog named Sirrah. "He was," says he, "beyond all comparison, the best dog I ever saw. He was of a surly, unsocial temper, disdaining all flattery, and refusing to be caressed; but his attention to his master will never again be equaled by any of the canine race. The first time I saw him a drover was leading him by a rope; he was hungry and lean; and far from being a beautiful cur. The man had bought him of a boy for three shillings, somewhere on the border, and had doubtless fed him very ill on his journey. I thought I discovered a sort of sullen intelligence in his face, notwithstanding his dejected and forlorn situation; so I gave the drover a guinea for him, and appropriated him to myself. He was then scarcely a year old, and knew so little of herding that he had never turned sheep in his life, but as soon as he discovered that it was his duty to do so, and that it obliged me, I can never forget with what anxiety and and eagreness he learned his different evolutions. He would try every day till he found out what I wanted him to do, and when I once made him understand a direction, he never forgot or mistook it again. Well as I knew him, he often astonished me, for when hard pressed in accomplishing the task he was put to, he had expedients of the moment that spoke a great share of the reasoning faculties. After seven hundred lambs, which were under his care at weaning time, broke up at midnight and scampered off in three divisions across the hills, in spite of all a shepherd and a lad could do to keep them together, 'Sirrah!' cried the shepherd in great affliction, 'my man, they're a' awa.' The night was so dark that he did not see Sirrah; but the faithful animal had heard his master's words—words, such as of all others, were sure to set him most on the alert—and without more ado he silently set of in quest of the recreant flock. Meanwhile the shepherd and his companion did not fail to do all in their power to recover their lost charge; they spent the whole night in scouring the hills for miles around, but of neither the lambs nor Sirrah could they obtain the slightest trace. 'It was the most extraordinary circumstance,' said the shepherd, 'that ever occurred in my pastoral life. We had nothing for it (day having dawned,) but to return to our master and inform him that we had lost his whole flock, and knew not what had become of one of them. On our way home, however, we discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but standing true to his charge. The sun was up, and when we first came in view of them, we concluded that it was one of the flocks which Sirrah had been unable to manage until he came to that commanding situation, but what was our astonishment when we discovered that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How had he got all the divisions collected in the dark is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself, from midnight until the rising sun; and if all the shepherds of the forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have affected it with greater propriety. All I can say is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning.'"

Obtaining a Pardon.

Of late our news prints have borne record of various shifts resorted to by interested friends to obtain pardons for convicted criminals, but none of them can approach in cool audacity an attack to that end which was made upon Gov. Shannon, of Ohio, thirty years ago. In 1842 or '43—many in that State will remember the circumstance well—a man named Green McDonald had been convicted of a crime and sentenced to the Penitentiary. A few of his friends were eager to get him pardoned out. They knew that upon the merits of the man and the case a pardon could never be obtained, so they resorted to other means.

At that time, by the death of Gen. Harrison, John Tyler had been left President of the United States, and though not a noted traveler, yet Mr. Tyler, especially in the later days of his administration, was not averse to exhibiting himself to the people. The friends of Green McDonald hit upon John Tyler as the scape-goat. a petition was drawn up inviting President Tyler to visit Cincinnati, and a host of distinguished and influential citizens signed it. As soon as these names had been obtained the original heading was removed, and a petition put in its place imploring Gov. Shannon to pardon Green McDonald. The thing looked fair upon its face, and the good-hearted Governor was completely deceived. He granted the pardon forthwith, and not until the convict was clear, and beyond the reach of the law, was the trick discovered.—*New York Ledger.*

Saved Through Masonry.

We clip the following from the Portland *Argus*:

A young Maine man, in the "commercial traveling" business for a Chicago house, was traveling out in the far West, when he was taken possession of on the train by two men, who simply informed him that they were officers and wanted him.

He expostulated, explained, demanded explanations, &c., but all in vain. No one on the train knew him, and there were those that knew the officers. All that he could get out of them was that he was the man that they wanted. In this way he was taken some ninety miles into the interior. Upon arrival he had no longer to remain in ignorance of his supposed offence, the whole village being out to welcome him with such cries as "Hang the d—d horse thief, caught at last. Let's string him up."

The officers made some show of resistance, but the excited mob took possession of their victim and marched him into town, near the centre of which a noose was already strung over the limb of a tree. Our young friend thought it was all up with him sure. Expostulation was received with derision. Everybody recognized him as a notorious horse thief, whose depredations had been continued and extensive. A horse-thief in that section was looked upon as something worse than an average murderer. There was not a pitying eye in the crowd, and the universal howl was, "Lynch him!" He tried to pray, but the commercial traveling business had ruined him for praying! While waiting under the noose a happy thought struck him! His Masonry! He is a Royal Arch Mason!

In all that crowd there must be Masons. He gave the grand hailing signal of distress. We are not at liberty to explain how it was done, for several reasons the chief of which is, we don't know. But he gave it, and in an instant one of the foremost citizens of the town sprang to his side and gave some more Masonic signals, and the prisoner was quickly surrounded by twenty or thirty determined men, who held the crowd at bay with drawn pistols. Our friend explained to the leading man who he was. They organized a committee of investigation, telegraphed to Cairo and verified all his statements; and the brutal mob slunk away heartily ashamed Our friend was made as comfortable as possible by his Masonic friends, but he says he never experienced such intense anxiety as he did when he stood under the noose.

How a Woman Saws Wood.

Danbury News.

Did you ever see a woman undertake to saw wood? It is always a little while before dinner, when the pies won't bake, and the potatoes absolutely refuse to come to the boiling point, and the only stick of wood is exactly three inches too long. After vain attempts to prove the elasticity of matter by putting a two-foot three-inch stick into a two-foot stove, she goes out to the saw-horse, puts her knee on the refractory stick in a way she has seen men do. But the edges of the wood are sharp, and she takes it down again with an ejaculation, and with a growing disregard for appearances, puts her foot on it instead. Her hair never fails to come down at this juncture, and she has to stop and twist it into a tight knot behind, before beginning to saw. Here the saw commences a frantic jumping and skipping on its own account, and the whole feminine mind being concentrated in keeping up the foot that is up, and down the foot that should be down, until, in an unlucky moment, the center of gravity is lost, the stick flies up and launches a blow at her nose just as somebody is going by. She stops and pretends to be looking for something, while dark thoughts of divorce and separation flash through her mind, and she vows in her innocent soul that she will never attempt to saw wood again if there is never any dinner. But her pride and her dinner are at stake, and all her native obstinacy comes to the surface; she will conquer that stick or die. Fired by a new fury, she succeeds in sawing two-thirds of the way through and breaking off the rest of it—it is a rotten rail—she goes into the house to find the potatoes boiled dry, and the pie in a state of sodden uncertainty. The children come home from