

THE HENS IN COUNCIL.

There is tumult in the hen-coop. There's a clucking on the wall; Is this a fool's proverb? Or is it a hen's? Methinks I'll softly enter—

WEARING THE CROSS.

A NOVEL.

BY NELLY MARSHALL.

CHAPTER XII.

"Miss Grandison, I have come to fulfil my promise to you, in regard to your interview with your father, Col. Charles Grandison."

and tell him, O, tell him of all the dark despair and desolation she had endured at the old home place; tell him of the dear sleeper she had left there all alone in her peace, and wisdom of that world, of which we talk, only as dreamers do, with unconscious lips. Yes, the reward was won. She had played for that stake:—An interview with her father and his prompt exchange.

"It is this wound—this wound that will kill me!" he replied pressing his slender white hand with a despairing gesture over his heart.

A Rich Speech.

"SUNSET" COX ON THE BILL TO TAX WOMEN'S CORSETS.

Sam Cox is one of the cleverest men in the house, albeit he is a Democrat. His sallies of wit, genuine humor, were wont to set the House "in a roar," and on no subject is he more happy than on the tariff.

Here is the way Cox protests against the tax on corsets: "There is a bill before the House of Representatives, reported by Messrs. Schenck, Kelly, Blair, McCarthy, Hooper and Maynard, to impose a national tax on hoop skirts. Against this tax the free women of America should promptly protest."

Are there no men in Congress who will lift their voice in favor of untaxed hoops? Will Gen. Farnsworth be silent while this outrage is perpetrating, and vote to tax the vestments that include the shrines of purity, beauty and love?

THE DIFFERENCE.—When Sheridan was sent by Grant, in 1864, to lay waste to the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, the now wonderfully wise and humane President of the United States (?) then told his subordinate to "spare not," but to "make his devastation so fearful, as to crush the last hope from the bosom of Lee."

"JIM, what makes your cats keep up such a cawed mewling all the night?" "Don't know, Bill; I suppose, though, it's on account of their maw-cuss moun-bance."

PLAIN hanging is playing out with those Western reporters. They tell of a man's "spirit being choked out of his mortal casket at the end of the hangman's cord."

Swallowed up in a Quicksand—Heroic Efforts to Save the Victim.

A correspondent of the Kansas Journal says: This afternoon the citizens of Silver Lake were shocked by the intelligence that a man, by the name of Price Roberts, was partially buried in a well out on Big Soldier.

Mr. Elmore Randall engaged Mr. Roberts to dig him a well. When he had sunk to the depth of twenty-five or thirty feet, he commenced curbing with rather frail material, using grape vines, secured by boards.

Buried up to his chin, and with the fearful prospect of another slide every moment, Mr. Randall, with heroic fortitude, descended the well and commenced digging him out.

The first to descend the curbing was a young man by the name of Johnston, who pulled the sand away from his face, came up, and Mr. Randall went down with a hoe.

REBUKE.

The world is old and the world is cold And never a day is fair I said— Out of the heavens the sunlight rolled, The green leaves rustle above my head, And the sun was a sea of gold.

Just One More.

Summer has got the ballot for the negro, the gun for the negro, the negro in the army and navy, in the departments, the negro in the United States Senate, and negro candidates for Congress by the score; and yet, like Robin O'Bobin in Mother Goose, or young Oliver he wants more.

As a warning to young men intending to make their future home in Wyoming territory, that Eden of the anti-fugitives, being known that the ladies of the territory wallup their husbands with clothes lines, and wind up by chucking their heads into the swill barrel, and making them sleep under the bed, as punishment for getting too tight to sing.

Two Napoleons—The Uncle and the Nephew.

In the life of Queen Hortense, recently published by the Harpers, we read an interesting sketch of the early life of the present emperor:

Louis and Hortense were an ill-assorted couple, brought together by the ambition of Josephine and the exigencies of state. The empress, with no hope of an heir herself, and knowing the intense desire of her husband for a successor to the imperial crown, arranged this unfortunate marriage with his favorite brother and her only daughter—feeling perhaps a dim foreshadowing that at some distant day her grandchild might sit upon the throne of France, and find more happiness there than ever she had tasted.

Madame Cochelet in her interesting memoirs says: "I have frequently seen Queen Hortense take her two boys on her knees and talk with them in order to form their ideas. It was a curious conversation to listen to, in those days of the splendors of the empire, when those children were the heirs of so many crowns which the emperor was distributing to his brothers, his officers and his allies."

The impression then made upon the susceptible mind of young Louis was never afterward effaced. Through all the bitter strains and disappointments of his earlier life he has never forgotten the name he bears, and in going forth to meet what must be the crisis of his fate, he confides that name to his son, and bids him remember it and be worthy of it.

Warm Weather in the Past.

As some of our people think this summer has been a very hot one we publish the following from the records kept at Nuremberg, Bavaria, to show how far the past has been ahead of the present in the matter of extreme heat.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

A CASUS belli—green-apples. A REGULAR old salt—Salt peter. POPULAR diet in Utah—spare rib. A CHOP dinner—Minceed meat. THE raw material—Undoroned steak. How to make a clean sweep—Wash him.