Democratic Watchman.

Friday Morning, October 25, 1889.

The Telephone Girl.

Fm& Central Union Telephone Girl, Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting; I come when you give your 'phone handle whirl.

whirl, Ting-s-ling, ting-a-ling, ting. I'm queen of a hundred holes here in a row, A hole for each telephone number, you know, And for each of these holes I've a cheery"Hel-ber " instant.

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting.

i can hear every word that you say o'er the wires Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting,
Even dewn to the whispers of love's fickle fire, Ting-a-ling, ting-a ling, ting :
i know all the secrets there are in the town Where *t* at the secrets there are in the town Where *t* at the secrets there are in the town

frown-It would take me a year to write the half

Ting a ling, ting-a-ling, ting.

I am just as curious as curious can be;

surlily.

floor.

in a different tone.

I am just as curious as curious can be; Ting-a-ling-ling, ting-a-ling, ling,
The face of all my patrons to see, Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting;
If I could but see as I hear o'er the line, My knowledge of things would be semi-divine And my job I would never, no never, resign, Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting, —-Columbus (O,)Dispetch.

THE SCOUNDREL.

Riding homeward late in the morn ng, I overtook two men on foot, who halted as I came up. One of them spoke to me. "I say, pard, how fur ahead is Van

Sickle's ?' I did not like the man. His face

was hard; the eyes furtive. The shoes of the two men were worn, their clothes dusty and travel-stained. It was not a good sign that they were taveling on the open prairie unmounted.

"You'll "A mile," I answered. sight it from the next rise."

The other man, a swarthy Mexican, did not look up or speak. I rode on and left them.

At the home ranch Mr. Keswick was sitting on the veranda. He was a New England gentleman, who was spending some time in the country in search of a ranch location. I sat down by him, and we fell to talking. manner changed.

The two footmen I had passed presently came up to the ranch and seated themselves on the edge of the veranda, saying nothing, but noting every-thing about them. The man who had addressed me on the trail I mentally named "The Scounrel." I saw his eye give a sudden gleam as Mr. Kespistol wick took out his gold watch to note the time.

At dinner the two tramps ate ravenously and silently. Black Joe, the cook, regarded them with obvious disfavor. After dinner they asked for employment on the ranch. Joe knew the foreman was looking for extra hands, but he said, shortly, that no men were wanted. Later, he privately remarked to me;

"Dem trifflin' fellers don' want work. Dey's looking fur to loaf roun', 'n spy, 'n steal. You see, sah, dey hab no hoss, no beddin', no gun, no nuffin'. Dey's bound to git 'em all somewha,' and dev'll git 'em wha' dey kin. We aint fur outfittin' no sich trash heah. We fill dev bellies and we gib um

sheets, with much thunder and light-The door blew open, and I bracdoor, and they carefully saddled him. ning. ed a board against it to keep it shut. "Never fear," said the Scoundrel, scowling in at me as he tightened the By the time my pipe was finished I was sleepy. I chose to make my bed cinch, "we aint a-goin, off 'n forgit ye." on the floor rather than in either of The horse stood ready to be mount the bunks. My saddle served for a piled, and I expected the crisis to follow low, and I lay down with my saddlewithout delay. But the two men came blanket rolled about me, soon grew indoors, the Mexican holding the end drowsy, and, with the thunder crashing of the lariat attached to the horse, and about me, fell to sleep. fell to discussing the route they should I was aroused by a pushing at the take.

door, and started up fully awake in an "Who's there ?" I called.

The pushing ceased. I heard low voices without. I walked to the door, movement 'n taint a stem-winder. Here's a better one." He took out a and, knocking aside the board that held it, threw it open. The storm had cleared, and I saw a It's the one the Eastern chap was glancing of the ball on a rib had saved

hat was pulled down over his eyes and fell in with him 'n left him on the prai- dead, but the coolness and rain of the partly hid his face; but I saw at once rie. We caught him nappin' just as night had revived him, and, guided by that it was the man whom I had nam-ed "The Scoundrel." we did you, 'n I killed him with his own pistol. I'm givin' you these crawled to the sheep-camp.

"Whose camp is this?" he asked, things 'cause we're goin' to take mighty good care you don't go tell nobody.'

"Van Sickles'," I answered. He started, and an exclamation broke from him; "Aint we off that cussed place yet?"—He stopped, as if which struck him as exquisite. He 'dead or alive.' put in a word, touching his knife as he fearful of betraying himself, and asked spoke.

"He no tell ! No, he no tell ! Nev-

"Got anything to eat?" "Yer see that candle?" the Scoun-drel went on. "There's about an inch "There is nothing in the camp." "That's a likely story," he broke out, and again suddenly checked his speech. "I reckon we'll come in out o' the wet, anyway." When he said "we" I saw the Mexican, filling my pipe. "It'll 'low us time fur a smoke, 'n then we'll finish ye, 'n go who had so far kept out of sight. Little our way." He lighted the pipe, first as I liked their looks, I could hardly walking over to me and going through refuse them shelter, and stepped back, my pockets to see if there was any

saying, "You can come in. matches that he had missed in his first I lighted the candle and set it up on search. He went back to his seat, a shelf. The men entered with hesitacrossed his legs comfortably, and be-gan to smoke. The Mexican, with a tion, looking suspiciously about them. The Mexican croached against the igarette, sat on the floor.

wall, and held his head low, so that I The candle burned steadily down, saw little of his face, but I could catch neasuring out the minutes I had to the flash of his eyes as he glanced ive. Benito finished his cigarette and slanting up under his black brows. ooked toward the Scoundrel. That The other seated himself on the edge gentleman, whose pipe was drawing of the lower bunk and looked sullenly. well, was in no hurry. He had some-When they saw that I was alone their thing further to say to me.

"I seen yer looking at us kinder cur-'us at Van Sickle's," he said. "Meb-They asked some question about the trails and location of ranches, and the be yer'd like to know just who we are. Scoundrel began to grow ugly and I don't mind tellin' yer, seein' as yer bantering. This temper on his part carsartin to keep quiet. My name is Joried an ominous significance. I felt seph Outhart, commonly called 'Redplainly that the two men were "sizing dy,' 'n my friend here is 'Mexican Ben.' me up," and I wished that I had my We're vallyble men, fur there's a reward of five hundred dollars apiece out fur us, dead or alive. We don't like

We were not a happy company. thoroughly distrusted my ill-fayored so much public attention, so we're gitcompanions, and they evidently had tin' out 'o the country. By daybreak some disturbing thoughts of their own. we'll be a good twenty miles from here, However, we all prepared for sleep. 'n we'll be in the mountains afore our The Scoundrel rolled into the lower friends know which way we've gone. bunk; the Mexican curled up on the We broke jail at Canon City just a Both lay quiet and seemed, by week ago. We didn't have much outtheir stillness and heavy breathing, to fit to start with, but we're gittin' tol' able well fixed."

have gone to sleep. I lay with eyes half closed, wishing The candle burned low. The Scounfor the morning. I saw that the can-dle would not last much longer, and I drel knocked the ashes out of the pipe. "I 'low yer entitled to half an inch drawers had a strange dread of the dark. I grew more'o that candle," he said, "but restless, and finally got up and went to we're in a hurry, 'n I know yer wouldn't the door. The men started and rust- stand out about a little matter like led at my movement, but nothing was that, 'taint much in a lifetime. We've said. I stepped outside and across the no time to waste, waitin' on yer last grass to my horse. He whinnied at minutes. His bantering air left him, his cold, "Open it, then," said the robber, and, gray eyes took on a deadly glare, and still with the stiletto at his throat, Luchon his face I saw the instinct and har- ini arose, and with one hand pulled dihood of murder leap into expression, open the drawer which the other could He reached into the lower bunk and not even budge with all his strength. took up a heavy revolver which I had At the men's bidding he then pulled not before seen. The end was at hand. out the bag of money and threw it on "Hold the hoss, Benito." One of the thieves then be-He looked at me with jaw set and lip gan to fill his pockets with loose coin so compressed. He could not forbear one remark more; his lips curled in a the bag. At the sight of the glittering coin the other's avarice outstripped his fiendish grin, as he said, tauntingly : prudence. Withdrawing his poinard "This is Keswick's pistol, 'n I shot from Luchini's throat, he bent down him with it. I'll send ye off quick, so you can jine company afore he gits far and burrowed his hand in the pile of

The Mexican led my horse to the for an avenging ghost, gave place to rage and desperation. He still held his pistol.

"Throw up your hands, I tell you!" thundered the sheriff. "Ah ! you would have it !" Two reports crashed in the room, followed by a heavy fall, as both fired, the sheriff an instant the quicker. The candle was extinguished by the concussion; when it was relighted it showed the outlaw dead on the floor. The sheriff was unhurt. The Scoundrel held up my watch Two of his men brought in the Mexi-

and commented upon it. "I reckon can, who limped between them with a yer paid the price fur a pooty good bullet hole through his leg. time-piece," he said. "I don't like the I was soon untied, and I was soon untied, and told the sheriff the story of the night. Mr.

Keswick was placed in a bunk; his gold repeater. "You've seen it afore. wound was found not to be serious; the man standing near the doorway. His showin' yesterday. He got lost 'n we his life. The outlaws had left him for The sheriff stood over the dead out-

law, looking not ill-pleased with the re-Benito, his white teeth showing, was sult of his shot. "Just as well," he enjoying this badinage, the humor of said, reflectively. "The reward reads

The early morning saw the sheriff's party traveling towards town with the dead and the living outlaw. A wagon and mattress came later, on which Mr. Keswick was taken to the home ranch. In a few days he was well enough to on it left. I'll give yer to live just ride to town, where he completed his while that's burnin'." He was now recovery.—Youth's Companion.

A Strong Man and Burglars

Like most very strong men, Salvini, the great actor, is fond of recounting the feats of strength performed by others. He relates the following of a Venetian mason and builder, named Luchini, whose strength was allied to wonderful presence of mind and coolness under trying circumstances.

Once he was carrying out to a villa he was building, some miles from Venice, a large sum of money with which to pay off his workmen. He carried the money which was in silver coin, in a bag over his shoulder, though it would have tak-

en two ordinary men to lift it. At night he found himself some diswhom had in his hand a stiletto, the uncomfortable sharp points of which were pressed against each side of his throat. Luchini grasped the situation instantly and saw that he was in a position where his enormous strength availed him you want ?'

"The money," was the answer. "Where is it?"

"Take it," said Luchini, "it is in that drawer," and he pointed to the chest of One of the ruffians remained to guard the recumbent Luchini, while the other went to the drawer indicated and tried

to open it. It would not budge. "Give me the key," he growled. "It is not locked," announced Luch-

Our Foreign Population.

Interesting Features of the Immigra-tion to this Country.

The Bureau of Statistics has lately published a volume showing the arrivals of immigrants in the United States from 1820 until 1888, which presents very many features of interest and is well worthy of study by all sociologists.

The Irish were the first people strongly attracted to America, and in numbers led all nations from 1820 down to 1854. These tables show very clearly the so-

cial and political conditions of the foreign countries which influenced emigration. The period of Irish agitation un-der O'Connell marks the increase of Irish emigration. In 1834 the number jumped from about 9,000 the year previous to 25,000. In 1842, when the repeal of the corn laws was agitated, anther jump was taken to 51,000, increasing steadily under the succeeding years of distress and famine to 105,000 in 1847, 112,000 in 1848, 160,000 in 1849, 167,000 in 1850, and 221,000 in 1851, the highwater mark of Irish immigra-

tion to this country. Before 1832 the Germans came over at the rate of from 1,500 to 2,000 annually, but in that year the number increased to 10,000, and from that time aversides

aged over that number until 1839, when they reached 21,000, increasing rapidly until the number reached 50,000, 60,-000 and 70,000 a year. In 1851 it was 72,000, in 1852, 145,000, and in 1854, 215,000. The highest point of German immigration was reached in 1881, when 249,572 persons were registered as coming from Germany, and in 1882, 232,-269. The great increase of German im-

migration began in 1846, the time when Europe was in the ferment of revolution. The Scandinavian people did not com-

mence to get interested in this country until 1843, when 1,748 arrived, and the number averaged about 2,500 a year un-87,610 Swedes and Norwegians came over, and the number annually has fal- harmony with it. len off but very little from these tigures,

1888 showing 65,000. Up to 1854 the Chinese came only in very small numbers, but in that year, tance from his destination and was drawn by the reports of the California obliged to 'put up' at a small inn. He went to bed, placing the bag of silver in the bottom drawer of a small chest of came in batches of from four to seven drawers in the bedroom. About mid- thousand every year until 1882, when night he was awakened by a rough shake of the shoulder, and, opening his eyes, saw by the light of a small oil the first limitation law was passed. That year 35,614 came over, the greatest number of any one year. The next year lamp two of his own workmen, each of the number was only 381, and since then almost none. Only one arrived in 1888. It was not until 1866 that the Italians awakened to the fact that their golconda lay in the new world. Before that time Italian immigration had been insignificant, but that year it exceeded one thousbut little, so he coolly said, "what do and, increasing year after year until 1872, when 7,000 was reached, and then almost doubling annually until 1888,

when 47,724 Italians arrived in this country.

In all, from every part of the earth, 10,465,476 people came to this country between the years 1820 and 1888. All were not immigrants, some being merely travelers, but it is safe to say that nore than ten million foreigners have settled in this country, and have largely contributed to the growth, the wealth,

Gloves are in great variety this sea-

Fashion Notes

son, not so much in material as in shape and style. Despite all predictions to the contrary

the Directoire redinggote will be as popular as ever.

Many of the new plaids are in two colors, and also in several shades of a single color.

Very striking plaids have a silk surface thrown up above a soft wool foundation, most of them in Madras colors.

White silk and lace parasols have an air that is not truly rural, but which is becoming to light and jaunty costumes revertheless.

A foreign contemporary makes note of a Directoire costume of stone gray cloth, on which a hundred yards of real silver braid had been worked up in designs.

The Watteau flat of fine, yellow Leghorn, shaped wide in front and narrow at the back, with many dents and bends and a big wreath of flowers is the hat of the season

Barbe de Cluny is a new lace for trimming dresses. It may be had in black or white, heavy or light. It has not straight edge but is scalloped on both

Black gowns are generally relieved with touches of color here and there. Embroidery in soft, dull cashmere tints is the best thing wherewith to brighten them.

Waistcoats will be almost de rigueur with wash gowns this season and are made removeable so as to let the pretty silk or cambric skirt now and then come to the front.

Many ultra-fashionables have complete suits of underwear to match each costume, either matching the color of the dress or of the ribbons with which it is trimmed.

The handsome trained redingotes til 1866, when it doubled, increasing made to wear with skirts of different collargely every year until in 1882, when or and stuff, must be lined either to match the skirt or else with a color in

The Princess of Wales appeared at Sandown races all in one color, hat, boots, gown, and with a straight skirt, falling without steel pad, puff, ruffle or furbelow, to her feet.

A blouse waist which fits the figure perfectly has a number of fine plaits at the back which converge at the waist. and also on each side of the front. The collar and belt are also tucked in fine rows.

Where well used, trimmings are as effective as the narrow feather edge baby ribbon so much used upon lace hats and bonnets. It needs light, yet firm handling, lacking which the result is fairly appalling.

Of the fifty white stuff's now to be found on the counters of large houses, quite the newest and most unique is silk muslin enwoven with single threads of white wool, or else embroidered with the same substance.

He Got the Bill.

A Detroit Tailor Catches His Man in the Nick of Time.

For a year or two past the collector or a certain Detroit t lor has ing all sorts of pacific ways to get the sum of \$13 out of a young man who has been a debtor for over two years. The collector has been put off a hundred times by promises made to be broken, and he has worked every racket known to the profession without avail. The other evening he happened down to the Third Street depot and saw his young man buy a ticket for Chicago. "So you are going west ?" he asked. "Only to Chicago. I'll be back in three or four days, and then I want to pay you that little bill." "Yes. Going to Chicago on a visit?"

mighty willin' good-by.' Shortly after dinner Mr. Keswick

saddled his horse and rode away to visit a ranch twenty miles distant. The two men loitered about a little,

and then sneaked away in the direc tion Mr. Keswick had taken.

Later in the afternoon I rode out in search of a horse which had strayed. I did not find the animal, and got farther away than I intended. I suddenly became aware that it was sundown and that I was a dozen miles from the home ranch.

As I was about to turn back, a rider less horse ran up on the ridge beyond me, and stopped a moment with head and tail in air. I saw that it was Mr. Keswick's borse. The animal seemed frightened. It looked about a moment -looked back-and then ran on at full speed.

Thinking that some accident had be fallen the rider, I rode in the direction from which the horse had come. I kept on until it was too dark to search farther, and then halted. After ali, he might only have had an experience, not uncommon with unpracticed riders, and been left afoot on the prairie by a restless horse. If this was all, his plight was encomfortable but not serious. It meant nothing worse for him than a night in the open air and a few jokes from the ranchmen at his expense.

A night on the prairie, in fact, seemed likely to be my own portion. I was now at least fifteen miles from home, off the trail, and the night was dark. But I knew I could not be more than five miles from the nearest sheep station of Wan Sickle's ranch. To this I determined to go.

I knew the general lay of the country, and an hour's riding brought me to the station. There was no light in the frame shanty, and the empty corrals showed me that the shepherds had taken their flocks to another range.

As their absence meant for me night without supper or bed, I was at first minded to make for the home ranch, although my horse was tired. The elements decided the matter for me. A drop of rain fell on my hand, and others tapped on my hat brim. The sky had become black, and, the rainy season being at hand, I knew that it had set in for a wet night.

There was nothing for me but to stay where I was. I hurriedly picketed my horse on the prairie, leaving him free to feed to the end of his long rope; then took my saddle and bridle to the house, the door of which was unfasten-

Within, it was pitch dark. I struck a match as I stepped inside. To my pleasure, my eye fell on a half-burned candle. I lighted this and looked about

The interior was bare and unfurnished, save for two bunks, one above the other, and a wooden stool. On the latter I seated myself, and filled and lighted my pipe.

I had sought shelter none too soon, for the rain was now coming down in fust,'

my approach, and raised his head. patted him, and stood awhile with my hand on his shoulder The longer stood, the less I felt like going back into the camp.

My antipathy to the men was so strong that I determined to saddle my horse and ride to the home ranch. turned back to the shanty. The candle was not burning, a fact which should have caused me to hesitate ; but entering, I groped my way over to the corner where my saddle lay, and stooped

to pick it up. A sensation of red light suddenly filled my eyes, and I next found myself on my face on the floor, where I had fallen, struck down by a heavy blow from behind. The two tramps had flung themselves on me and were tving my elbows behind my back. Caught wholly at a disadvantage, and half stunned, I could make no effective re-

sistance. After I had somewhat recovered, lay quiet, so as not to incur rougher usage. As it was, my first instintive struggles had gained for me a savage kick in the head. The men knelt heavily on me, wrenching my arms back, as they twisted and tied the lashing.

Then they stepped back, and the of flint on steel; a shower of sparks glanced in the dark, followed by a tiny flame; then the lighted candle revealed the house interior, and the two men both men swore shockingly. looking at me with an expression that betokened anything but good-will. They proceeded to search me, rolling me to

ration. They emptied my pockets and sat "I'll do you up, anyway?" he said, and down to appraise their plunder. They discussed the value of my watch, and the Mexicen opened and shut the different blades of my pocket kaife, which seemed to strike his fancy immensely. They showed ill temper at finding so little money in my pocket-book, and the Seoundrel threatened to come over

and kiek me. Their humor improved on finding a whole plug of tobacco, but they eursed me for not having more matches. Having completed the valuation of my effects, the Scoundrel addressed me :

"Yer warn't enjoyin' ver night's rest 'n war goin' ter quit us without sayin' good by. We'll put yer to sleep this time so yer won't git wakeful no more.' The corners of his thin lips drew back in a cruel sort of smile, as if the idea of "putting me to sleep" pleased him. The Mexican grinned responsively,

with a flash of superb white teeth. sealed. The men had gone too far to stop now. What they had already

done was a hanging matter in the ranch country. They would add nothing to their danger, but would help their safety by killing me,

"You bring up the horse, Benito," said the Scoundrel, "n we'll saddle up

n his way. The hammer click-clicked as his thumb pulled it back; I looked straight for Luchini. He calmly stooped forinto the muzzle of the pistol. Now-A yell, a sudden commotion in the doorway, and a call from the Mexican out his arms and bringing them stayed his finger at the trigger and aused him to turn.

My horse was plunging to escape. The lariat was slipping through the They were dead without a groan. Mexican's hands as he braced hard Hearing a noise at the window, Luchagainst the door-posts.

"Quick ! quick, or we loose time !" The Scoundrel sprang to his companion's aid, but before he could reach him the rope was jerked from the Mexican, who, in the attitude of a half shut jack-knife, came backward with a jerk Scoundrel said in Spanish, "Light the candle, Benito!" I heard the sound the floor, tripping up the Scoundrel, who fell over him, so that the two most unwillingly rolled about like acrobats. The pistol banged in the scuffle, and

They gained their feet enraged at the escape of the horse, and ready for a moment to fight each other. The loss this side and that, to facilitate the ope- of the horse would force them to go on foot. The Scoundrel looked at me.

picked up the pistol which had fallen to the floor. He stopped-his eyes staring at the

doorway-then staggered backward, and, turning away, covered his face with his hand. In the door stood Mr. Keswick, his

ace pallid, his hair and beard matted, his clothes dishevelled. At the same instant came a tramping of horses'

Benito gave one look at the figure in the doorway, yelled, and plunged through the window, carrying the sash with him. There followed a rush of horses, shouts and shots.

The Scoundrel started up and looked wildly around. He took one step toward the doorway and again shrank back. He turned to the window; but a man on horseback was guarding the opening with a shot-gun. Behind Keswick bearded faces came into the light, I had little doubt that my fate was and there pushed by him a quick moving man, with sombrero and spurs, over as he wished. holding a cocked revolver in each hand. He gave a quick glance around, and

and the glory of the United States.

His Views Were Nipped.

summer weather. Gone! All gone!

When Washington Laughed.

"Great Heavens! but the country is all ruined !" he shouted as he met an acquaintance on Fort street yesterday. "What do you mean ?"

"Why, there was an awful frost last night. Everything has been killed as as to lighten somewhat the weight of dead as a door-nail!"

"Well, I dunno. "But I do. Land only knows what will become of the poor folks this winter. One calamity follows another at lightning speed.' money and began to follow his comrade's "Well, now, but I have a fine field of

example. The look-for opportunity had come corn, and it is quite ripe and beyond damage. That's the case all over.' "Yes, but-" ward, grasped one of the robbers by the "And my potatoes are ripe and can't hair in either hand, and then spreading be hurt a bit. "That may be, but-" together within credible force, he crushed in the two men's skulls "And a frost like that won't hurt aphe ples any. It is the usual time o'vear to as if they had been egg-shells. get frosts, and the crops are ahead of the average time, if anything. Hearing a noise at the window, Luch-"But you don't seem to realize.

Good day.'

ini then looked out and sa 7 a third "Don't I?" scoundrel was keeping watch outside. "No, sir. This morning I went out Taking up one of the dead men in one and lo! every tomato vine in my garden hand, he opened the casement and call- was wilted and blackened." ing out, "there's something for you," "I see. And you had two vines, propitched the dead robber at the living | bably ? one with such force that the man below "Yes, four of them, and they are gone was not only scared almost to death. but -killed dead. I am no alarmist, but if was seriously hurt. and limped off as we don't see more suffering this winter fast as a fractured leg would allow him. than for years before then it will be be-Luchini went back to bed and calmly cause Providence comes to our aid with

slept till morning. Ethan Allen's Moral Courage.

During the Revolution the pride and the hero of the Green Mountains was Ethan Allen, and probably there was no man living then that had more of the This, however, is not correct. One instance is mentioned by a gentleman, well elements of the popular hero than he. With all his rough ways and fits of known for his veracity, with a degree of sang froid. At the time the troops were anger. Allen was a remarkably honest encamped at Cambridge, information was received at headquarters that the man. It is related of him that he owed a person in Boston \$60, for which he English were about leaving Boston to gave his note. When due it was sent to Vermont for collection. Allen could give them battle. All was bustle and confusion. The soldiers were strolling over the town, and the officers were but lawyer to secure a postponement of payment until he could raise the money The lawyer rose in Court and denied Allen's signature to the note, as this vould oblige the other party to send to arms; and among the rest was Gen. Boston for a witness, and give Allen all the time he wanted. When the lawyer Greene, at the bottom of the stairs, bawling to the barber for his wig. "Bring my wig, you rascal; bring my wig!" Gen. Lee diverted himself and made his plea, Allen, who happened to be in the back part of the Court room, strode forward, and in a voice of thunder addressed the lawyer : "Mr. Jones

the rest of the company at the expense of Freene. "Your wig is behind the look-I did not hire you to come here to lie! This is a true note—I signed it—and I'll pay it! I want no shuffling' f want ng glass, sir." At which Greene, raising his eyes, perceived, by the mirror, that the wig was where it should be-on his time. What I employed you for was to Washington, in a fit of laughter, head. threw himself on the sofa, and the whole group presented rathera ludicrous spectacle.—New York Mirror Jan. 11, 1834. get this matter put over to the next Court, not to come here and lie and jug-gle about it." The lawyer shrank from his blazing eye, and the case was put

-A convention of colored religious associa-tions lately in session in Indianapolis has de-manded of the next Congress an appropriation of \$100,000,000 to promote a project of coloniz-ing Southern negroes in the west. What with the Blair educational scheme, the steamship subsidy job, the Service Pension bill, and nu-merous contemplated raids of more or less pro-dicacy, there is evidently a general prevalent He gave a quick glance around, and called, "Throw up your hands!" He added, "I am the sheriff of Bent county, and I place you all under ar-rest." The Scoundrel's terror at sight of Mr. Keswick, whom he had first taken

"Something of a visit, going to get married. "No!"

"Fact. The ceremony takes place at

1 o'clock in the morning.' "And you want to be there, of course?" "I should smile !"

The collector took off his hat, removed his coat, and was peeling off his vest when the other asked him what was up. "I've been biding my time, and my opportunity has come," he replied.

"How-what?" "I'm going to light into you. You'are the bigger man and I expect to be licked, but the row will certainly cause both of us to be arrested and taken to the station, and you will thus miss your train: Perhaps I can black your eye, and in that case the marriage can't come off for a week. Put up your dukes !"

"Say, man, you wouldn't be as mean as that ?"

"Thirteen dollars or a row." "I'll pay you half."

"The whole or nothing. It's my first, last and only chance. Come down or putup.

The young men took out his boodle It has been observed that Washington and counted out the amount of the bill. ldomed smiled and never laughed. and while he skipped for the train the other calmly donned his garments and left the depot whistling, "I Wonder What My Ma Would Say ?"-Detroit Free Press

A Sauerkraut Appetite.

Well, Mr. Dunderheim how do you enjoy living et Wauwatosa ?"

"Oh, pooty well. It vas a fine blace, ill prepared for the approaching renconbud id runs mine sauerkraut bill oop so Some of the generals were calling high dot I haf to economize my oxpenses for their horses, and others for their

"Runs your sauerkraut bill up! Why what the devil is there about the town of Wauwatosa that should increase the consumption of kraut in your family ?' "Vell, it ain't in Wauwatosa brober dot I lay de blame, but in the suburbs. You see, ven I go on de train between Milwankee and my home in Wauwatosa I haf to pass by dot glue factory, und de shmell vos so much like dot sauerkraut dot mein mouth vos make such water inside und I haf to eat about a bushel of kraut ven I get home. Dot glue factory will ruin me yet, for ven I eat so mooch den mein veif she too gets hungry for kraut, und God in himmel! a barrel vos gone before it vahs time to say Shack Robinson."—Chicago Herald.

-Hood's Sarsaparilla is a purely vegetable preparation, being free from injurious ingredients. It is peculiar in its curative power.