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November 30, 1875—I mive been a sufficient from Relining Piles. I procured a look of your olitheen best spring which gave me instant relief, and fee-centisient it will effect a permanent cure. Enclosed ind unity cents, for which please send me another box by mail.

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At Hortsman & Bros., 5th and Cherry, Phila. I was entirely cured of Tetter n its worst form by Dr. Swayne's All-Healing Oint-acut, and shall be happy to explain my case to all vio may call upon in: \$4.305 MeRistry, West End Hotel, 23d Street, below Lombard, Philadelphia. sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 5 the active symptoms in all communications, and ad-cess fetters to fell SWAYNE & SON, Planadelpida o charge for mivies.

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#### Poetical.

THE SUMMONS.

ubified! Jubified! Motherland, half to thee! Hall to the glory, the pride and the worth! All the sons flock to thee, the to thee, sail to thee, Lovingly keeping the feast or thy Lirth.

Throw all the banners out!
Joyful hosenman should!
Gather thine own from the ends of the earth. ather by millions, from lowland and highland-Kneel at the shrines where our forefataers knett, all all from mainland, and foreland, and island;

Where the figs ripen, or shows never melt; Where the swift shuttles from; Where the Halls this and drun-Norman, and Saxon, and Teuton, and Cett.

ome from the mountains where brood the flere oagles; Come from the groves where the mocking-bird

From the blue billows where drift the white se guille, Or where the red leaves of the prairie-rose fall.

Banner of Liberty streams over all, Loyal to thee and thine, nation all-beautiful, Oups we wish reverent homoge and dufful, Homeland so happy, united and free, Half to thy hundred years!

Keeping the year of our Linu's publice !

Come while the starry-eyed, Heaven-bern, rathbow-dyed

### Miscellaneous.

-Serlinger's Monthly

MATCHMAKING.

"Get out my Sunday clothes," said old ling for my Dermott?" forny O'Byrne, one evening when he reurned from his work. "I'm goin' over to Peter Linskey's to-night,"

"Musha, Corny, an' what are ye goin' for?" Judy asked, as she unlocked a large deal chest painted red, which stood near the his pocket. fire-place, and carefully took out a blue frieze tail-cont, with bright metal buttons, a pair of light colored cord knee breeches, ribbed worsted stockings, a pair of strong shoes and a billycock hat, which, with a recotton pocket handkerchief with a flowered border (which he carried in his hat,) and a you goin' to give Katie." stout blackthorn shillelah, constituted Corny's Sunday suit,

"Sure, I'm goin' to make a match between our Dermott an' Katie Linskey," he said at the corner, and said slowly: "Fortune last in reply to his wife's question. "She's a Corny! Katie is a fortune herself. I'm a purty colleen, an' the boy is mighty pleased poor man, an' the times is bad; an' beyond Dillon. with her, intirely,"

"So she is, Corny, a laukie little girl, an' a hank or so of yarn, I can't give any forshe'll have a snug fortune, maybe. Pether is a dacent honest man !"

"Faith, Judy, an' he is that same, or isn't Corny O'Byrne that would 'cut, shuffle, or dale' with him or his ; an' Dermott tells me Katie likes him,"

"An' why wouldn't she, Corny? There's ot as purity a boy in the parrish; nor a better," Judy said proudly. "Thrue for ye, asthore; give us out that

t this Shrovetide, with the blessin' o' St. Pathrick!" Corny replied. From the furthest corner of the chest,

Judy drew out carefully an old worsted "Well, Pether, is it to be me or Corny weighed it in his hand, and then, with a O'Bryne? Isn't my Martin as likely a boy sly wink, buttoned it into one of his pockets. as there is in the barony? He'll take your 'This 'ill do the business, Judy," he said, as | colleen without a brass penny, an' do well he left the house, with many Bannaughth- for her. What do ye say to that?" Tom Laths-God prosper, or be with you-from asked, slapping the table.

He had several sons and one daughter, yourself, an honest man an' a good neighbor Katie, who was considered the "beauty" of the village of Ballymoyne. Her eldest of the parish on a Sunday! I'm bothered brother was about to be married and bring intirely, an' what can I say, but settle it behis wife home; and her father considered it tween ye! Whichever of ye can do the best would be very advisable to get Katie married for her, take her in the name of St. Patand settled down before the arrival of her rick?" and Peter resumed his pipe and sank sister-in-law; and Dermott O'Byrne-a fine back into his corner. (especially as he was an only child.) if no rately and took out another, from which h etter suitor offered.

half door and said in Irish: "God save all here!" the customary form of greeting in that and many other parts of Ireland.

"God save ye kindly, Corny," Peter replied from the chimney corner; "come in stocking, and taking from thence a five pound Corny entered with both his bands be-

hind his back, took his seat on a three legged "Fine weather for the crop, Corny," Peter

aid, poking up the fire with his shoe. "An Mary, throw on a couple o' sods o' dry turf, m' sweep up the hearth, will ye ?"

Mary did as her husband desired, and the oing to a recess in the wall in the fireplace ook out from thence a new clay pipe and piece of tobacco. "Will ye light the pipe, Corney, she said, handing them to the old man, who took them with a nod and "Thanke kindly," and filled slowly, kindled with a coal from the hearth, blow a few whiffs in grave, dignified silence, and then handed it in cash, Pether; do ye mind that?" to Peter, who in equal silence smoked it for a few moments and then handed it back to

Corney and proceeded to light his own pipe. we have with her, an' give Martin two acre They both smoked steadily for a time, of land, au'a couple of boules (little pigs) then Mrs. Linskey pulled a small table between them, produced from her chest a stone jar of potheen and a couple of craced glas ses which she set on the table with a noggin of cold water; and taking up her pail procoded to the barn to milk the cows.

"That's a purty colleen of yours, Pether!" forny said after a long silence, "Thrue for ye ; an' a good, sensible little irl into the bargain; its happy's the man

that'll get her," Peter replied, after due onsideration. "That's what I said myself; an' I come | what I'll do!" ver to see if we can't make a match be

tween my Dermott and herself!"-O'Byrne Peter observed; "think of that, Corny!" said, after another interval. "He's a likely boy," pursued Peter, re-

"Ye may well say that Peter, an' he'll to provide for." make a good husband, no doubt, for he's a

goed son. What do ye say to it? Corney asked, lecaning forward on his stool. "I'm pleased"-"God save all here!" said a harsh, grating voice, and a head appeared in the doorway.

"Good evening to ye, Pether I" "Good evening, kindly," Peter returned. 'Come in and take a sate, Tom." The new comer then took a stool, and casting a questioning glance at Corny O'Bryne, "Pll throw in a calf?" exclaimed Dillon proceeded to light his pipe and smoke for "Twenty pound, three acres of land, a bo some minutes. He was a stout, hash-fea- nive, a helfer an' a calf. Now, Pether-don tured man with a loud voice. He was not or not?" much of a favorite in the village, and especially disliked by Corney O'Bryne-who nev- Peter said quietly.

one of his sons had been "making up" to Katie Linsley some time before, After a bonizes," Peter said again. silence, during which the three old men "Nahoelish, (never mid) Peter. I'll throv smoked energetically, Dillon cleared his in a classic (a whole broad) o' ducks-take it throat two or three times and then said also or lose it? Twenty five pounds down the ruptly: "Pether I want to make a match day they're married, a house an' home, feabetween your little girl and my Martin; ther bed, mule an' heifer, and a clutch o'

back in his stocking.

eried exultingly.

"Faix, an' a clutch isn't bad," observe

fiseed pointoes, "There, Corny O'Bryne,

Corny at first sight of the sack, started to

ute," he cried: "I'll not be long," and run-

ring all the way home he was soon there.

n' be quick, asthore, he cried excitingly.

"Get me a sack, Judy-the meal sack-

mve ye anything to say agin it?" "Sorra, one word, Tom; only me neighoor Corny O'Bryne an' myself were speaking o' the same thing when ye came in!" Peter replied, with a shrewd glance at them that hasn't a cow to feed it; an' Corny's i

"First come, first served, Pether," Corny said, shaking the ashes from his pipe by it'll be mighty narrow for ye all!" knocking his pipe against his thumb nail; 'mind that !

"To be sure, to be sure," Peter replied and there was another long pause. there anything else yer inclined to offer? "An' we may as well clinch the bargain

Dermott is the best match at this minute." at once," Corny continued. bserved Peter. "To be sure, to be sure," Peter again as "I'm done," said Tom. Then suddenly sented, smoking stendily. arting up, he cried: "Wait a minute; "Ye have nothin' agin' my Mastin, have and ran out of the house, returning in a ye, Pether Linskey?" Tom Dillon said, lay-

ing down his pipe "Agin bim? No; he's a nice decent boy an'I have a great regard for him," Peter

"An' he has a great regard for your little girl, an' sorra a day's good he'll do till he's married," cjaculated Tom, bringing his fist down on the table. "He's set his mind on it, an' I'll back him out.

"Turf and' tundther! Tom Dillon, didn't Pether Linskey tell you I came match-mak-"Tundther an' turf, Corny O'Bryne, don't

I tell you that I come to do the same thing for my Martin; an' I suppose a Dillon may ask a Linskey in marriage any day-an' he trotted off with it as fast as he could. can afford it, too!" Tom added, slapping

"An' let me tell ye, no O'Bryne can put down round for pound with a Linskey an day; or for that mather with a Dillon, Corny said, with a scornful glance at Tom who was in his working clothes. "Pether," ye know what I came for; what fortune are

Peter took out his pipe, emptied it, pre ceeded to relillit leisurely, poked the fire, relit the pipe, and settled himself back in a new gown, a couple of fleeces of wool, an'

tune!" Corny looked astonished, and pushed back his stool, as much as to say that all further negotiations were useless; when Tom Dillon said, Never mind, Pether: there's them as'll be willin to take her without any fortune, an' can afford it, too!"

"Thrue for ye, Tom Dillon, an' one them is Dermott O'Bryne. We're not dependin' on a few bare pounds-not but it's uld stockin', an' we'll make a match out of well to have something to put by for the childer," he added cautiously.

"To be sure, Corney, to be sure," Peter assented.

"Bedad, then, Tom, I'm in a fix intirely. Peter Linskey was a small farmer living Here's Corny, adacint old man, with a fine about a quarter of a mile from Corny's cabin. steady gossoon of a son—he's first; an' here's -sorra better-an' sure Martin is the pride

strapping young man, very "steady" and The two old men eyed one another silent-good-natured—Old Peter thought would ly for a few minutes, then Dillon pulled a make a very good husband for his girl little bag from his pocket, opened it delibe drew forth a third made of purple stuff, fas-When Corny O'llyrne reached Peter tened with a piece of red braid. Very slow-Linskey's cabin he put his head over the ly, his eye still fixed on Corney, he pulled out a sovereign and laid it on the table "Shew Pether Linskey what ye mane to do,

Corny O'Bryne," he said. Corny smiled scornfully, produced his old note put it beside him and nodded his head

defiantly. Tom drew forth four more sovereigns tool that Mrs. Linskey had pushed in front clinked them one after another on the table and nodded his head. Old Peter smokes away in his corner without uttering a word Corny waited for a moment, and then said "Is that all you're going to do, Misther

Dillon ?" Tom threw down another sovereign, Corny followed his example, till they had each laid twenty pounds upon the table, "Is that all you're goin' to do, Misther

"In ready money, it is Misther O'Bryne. "Then I bate ye at that," Corny cried, throwing down another pound. "I bate hi Peter nodded and smoked away. "I'll take the girl in, an' share 'the bes

nnouncea Tom Dillon. Dermot'll have my land when I'm gone very rood," cried Corny. "Ill give a heifer in, Twenty pounds, share of a house, two acres o' land a r' a heifer

What do you say, Pether? Not bad for colleen without a penny," "Thrue for you, Tom," Peter assented What'll you do Corny ?"

"Twenty-one pound -down, when they's married, a house an' a home, a feather bed, an' the finest mule in the parish-that's "But the land-Tom is giving two acres

"Dermot'll have the land afther me, an aough to eat off it till I'm gone. I have no ne but him. Tom Dillon has three more "An' plenty to do it with, an' I'll make it

three acres, Pether, of the best upland in Ballymoyne," Tom replied. "It's very fair, an' I'm obliged to ye, Tom," Peter said, slowly.

"I'll make it twenty-five down, an' throw in a heifer!" cried Corny. nunching of toast, till the ten pot was set "It's very dacent, Corny, an' I'm obliged lown with a violence that made the table to ye," Peter quietly observed, in the same crockery jump Then Mrs. Hayes low, flute

"I think ye spoke of two bonives Tom?

er lost an opportunity of annoying Tom "No, no; only one. It's all I can spare; Dillon. He was a comfortable farmer and 'an' I think it's not bad, l'ether!"

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. X, NO. 35 COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XII, NO. 39

"Bodad, Tom, I think ye said a couple of ise me about brother Peter and Cousin Webb he had the department of the interior he New York World. would not prove a deadhead in the enterducks !" said Corney, putting his money prise and to burn the letters so there couldn't be anymore Mulliganing? What did you write to Mr. Cameron? What did you Peter, "They're better than a caif to them promise Mr. Chandler? And after all this

the best house, an' Kate'll have it all to her-'But, my angel,' expostulated the comself. When your Matt an' James marry romise candidate; 'I didn't write it, I hall make a point of telling Simon that he has put that too strong. But these letters are "James is going to America, Pether," said "Well, that makes a differ. But isn't

'O, they don't don't they?' replied Mrs. Hayes, with, as the reporter inferred, a sarcastic smile. 'I suppose Mr. Hayes' this loesn't mean anything either, where you come out for a single Presidential term?" I suppose, Mr. Hayes, you didn't mean anyquarter of an hour, staggering under a sack thing when you told Mr. Cromble to try and find a good tenant for the house for eight years from next March? I suppose out that in your pipe and smoke it," he on didn't mean anything when you ran hree times for governor and twice for Con-

his feet and put on his hat. "Wait a minorress 2" But, Libbie, my darling, said Ohio's faorite son, 'you know as well is I do that it

"Arra, be alsy Corny, shure an' the male "Betther an' betther, cried Corny, going into the room which served as dairy; and vithout vonehsaling another word to the asonished Judy, he shouldered the sack and

'Dear, dear; how little women know Completely out of breath, he reached Peer's bathed in perspiration; but on enter ing he unluckily tripped over the door step and fell with the sack full length in the kitchen. The string round the neck of the gave way, and covered with the meal, he ground stammered breathlessly : "Thethere, Pe-pe-ether Linskey! Wh-woile the pra-

Haves remarked: lies was gr-growing, the meal would keep 'Rutherford Birchard Hayes, didn't you say hem alive! W-hat d'ye say, Pe-pether?" "Begorra, Corny, I say what I often said

"What do you mean, Pether?" cried Tom "What I say, Tom; nor a more nor less The childer might die o' the fargutha (a fainting brought on by hunger or over-fatigue without proper sustenance) while the praties was growin' Dermott O'Bryne can best provide my little girl with comforts an' he's

welcome to Kate Linskey."

welcome to her." At that moment a merry laugh caused the three old men to look round, and Corny tried to scramble to his feet. In the doorway stood Katie Linskey, her hands pressed to her sides, and tears of mirth coursing down her pretty face. "I'm sorry for your trouble Corny," she said advancing - "but I could not help laughing, you looked so quare;"

and she burst into a fresh peal. "Be quiet, Katie, an' come here," said Pe nott O'Bryne!"

"You don't mane it, father? said Katy "Shure enough, I do, ma colleen; have ye

knocking the ashes from his pipe. "Musha, not a word at all, father dear nly-only-" "Only what, Katie?" "Only I was married last Tuesday to Jack Hayes." Managan, the painter!" she replied, with a

oud musical laugh, which brought her husand to the door. "What !" shricked Tom Dillon. "What !" echoed Corny.

"Oh, Pether Linskey, Peter Linskey, yer afther humbugging us!" cried Tom, reproach-"Ah, humbugging us!" echoed Corny,

The two ambassadors silently took up their respective sacks and slowly departed, each thinking himself much injured, and in their mutual discomfiture forgetting their ani-

When next Corny went "mated making"

he took care to find out beforehand if the oung woman was "willing:" and as for e "humbugged," as he only wanted to bother his neighbor, Corny O'Byrne (with whom he was ever good friends), and he declared in future his boys might matchmake for themselves. Mr. Hayes Explains his Letter.

AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION AT THE ICAL CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT AND HIS WIFE HEARD BY A REPORTER UNDER

'Ruthy, dear,' said Mrs. Hayes to her husband at breakfast, as she unfolded the Ohio State Journal, which is her favorite newspaper; 'so your letter of acceptance has ome out?" 'Has it, my love?' replied the Governor I understood hat it would hardly be ready

before Tuesday night." Mr., Hayes read in silence for a few mo ments; then, with a wild surprise, as it apseared to our correspondent, who had with rue journalistic instinct concealed himself beneath the breakfast table said:

'Why, Ruthy, what do you mean by saying the resolutions are in accordance with my views? You know as well as I do that when the platform was adopted you told me yourself that the money plank wasn't a match with your interview in the Commer-

'Hush, my love, hush! said the Gover nor with uneasiness; 'Suppose some of the servants should overhear you! What I wrote was, 'Most of the resolutions are inaccor dance with my views,' and I suppose the printer made a mistake.' There was silence, broken only by the

hidden brook, were heard. 'Rutherford, you say; 'If elected, I shall conduct the administration of the governnent upon these principles, and all constitutional powers vested in the executive will be employed to establish this reform.' Can (Signed) you sit on that chair and look me in the face after writing that?" Didn't you prom-

and your nephew Edward and aunt Jerushas stump for Hayes and Wheeler, Colonel three boys, and all the family? What did I Turncote worked for Greely and Brown in hear you tell Mr. Schurz about Madrid? 1872, and until a few days since was an ar-What did Mr. Blaine telegraph you that if dent Democrat and a correspondent to the go and write-

anything.

was fixed a month ago that I was to retire and cast the whole weight of the administration influence for-

'I know it; but didn't you tell me that efore 1880 you'd put up a job on him so hat his name would never go before the convention, and that 89,000 federal office olders were a big thing to buck against?"

about politics?' said the great war congressman; 'but, my dear, Sam Bard should not have not been quite so unanimons in inserting his one term views. I told them beforehand, 'Write what you please and sign my name to it, but don't say anything de-There was silence for some time and Mrs.

last year that this school question was all oppycack and that the general government sefore, that yer a dacent man'an' your boy is ad about as much business to pass an amendment about the school fund as it had to declare that you shouldn't eat beans on Monday. And look at what you say here.' 'Madam,' was the reply of the governor,

n a tone full of surpressed passion, 'you will not understand me. I am just as responsible for that d-d letter (hear Mrs. Hayes put her tiny, snowy, perfectly moulded fingers to her shell-like, pink-tipped ears, ornamented with simple but priceless solitiare diamond earrings) as I am for the ten commandments! I didn't write a line of it ; I haven't seen it yet ; I don't know what Simon Cameron wrote about civil service reform ; and Sam Bard about one term ; and Judge Kelley about a sound currency, and Grant, who hasn't much education, or religion or acquaintance with the constitution or regard for it, about the school question; her, beckoning his daughter to his side. "I or Babcock about the punishment of all was match-making for ye; an' the bargain public officers who betray public trusts; or just before the hour at which the court met, is closed betune an' Corny for you and Der- Morton about a fraternal spirit of harmony. But I want you to understand madam, that, as sure as Nebuchadnezzer ate blue grass, if with a comical glance at Corny and Tom I am pusillanimous I don't want to be told so by you in my own-that is, in the State of Ohio's own house. The Presidential mything to say agin it it?" replied Peter lightning does not often strike a man and it very rarely strikes a man like me. If you

> Mrs Hayes arose to her full queenly neight and replied with a clear, metalic raice, like the tinkling of a bell in frosty

weather: 'And if ever you get into the White House Mr.s Hayes. Can't attack your record? Of course not : barbers signs never cause church scandals or commit murder. Corresponnournfully; and Peter, who was a sty old dents come here in shoals and go away and humorist, put his head against the wall and laughed heartily at their astonishment. write up my back hair and boots. Ruther-ford B. Hayes, if you love me, say so, but ford B. Hayes, if you love me, say so, but don't step on my toe!' The hair of your correspondent rose or

> breakfast table set for two is somewhat circumscribed, and in shifting my position I had inadvertently trodden on the tiny but exquisitely shaped foot of Mrs. Hayes! wheeled round suddenly but noiselessly and horror of horror! barked the shins of Ohio's 'I didn't step near your toes,' he remarked and if I had that's no reason for you kick ing a bloody chasm in my leg."

Mrs Hayes lifted the table cloth, and fel ack in a swoon that added a new charm to ier expressive countenance. The Governor sailed me out by the collar. 'Who are you?' 'A reporter.'

'Did you hear what I said?'

'Every word of it.'

'My dear fellow, said the Governor, shating me by the hand, 'the press is the pal ladium of our liberties, and the Archimedean lever that moves the world. I knew you were there all the time, and Mrs. Hayes and I had all that conversation to fool you. A fraternal spirit of harmony should pervade you and me at the beginning of the secand century of our existence as a nation, hat we may make it permanent as an era of good feeling, and a period of progress, prosperity and happiness. Will you come

believe, was the word he used-but I myself glued fast. I can't take it off if I wanted prefer it in repose.' We then parted. Apprehending that he

liarly when her countenance was lit up by

t wise to mail this letter in advance.

The following correspondence and extrac will explain itself; COLUMBUS, OHIO, July 10 -6:15 P. M. The World, 35 Park Row, New York : like tones, full of melody as the murmur of Later advices render unnecessary the pub lication of a letter about Governor Hayes, which I mailed you this morning. Please

destroy it unread. Ill health also compels in

to resign my position as a correspond 33 collect. Notes of the campaign in to-day's Times. Colonel James J. Turncote will take the

Mrs. Custer's Courage.

Cards in the "rusaness Birectory" column, one cliar per year for each line.

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One Inch, (twelve lines or its equivalent in Nonpo-tell type) one or two Insertions, \$1,30; three inser-tons, \$2,30.

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Tran-dent advertisements must be paid for before inserted

shint or Local notices, twenty cents a line,

"It was in 1867, when General Custer occupied the old forts as a means of protection against the raid of hostile Indians who swarmed about that part of the country. As you are doubtless aware, Mrs. Custer invariably accompanied her husband, except when he was in active pursuit of savages. Upon this occasion, she, with a young lady comuly matters of form; they on't mean panion from the east, was stopping at the fort. The General had just been ordered away on an extended tour which would keep him absent for some months. Mrs. Custer's tent was at the summit of that knoll, right n the point formed by the channel. The main camp was further up the stream, around the bend. Well, in the night, after everybody but the guards were sound asleep, and after Custer had left the fort with his command, there came a terrific storm far up the valley. It was not seen at all. But, an hour or two after the rain commenced to fail up above, the creek began to swell and roar in a frightful way, and when the ladies awoke they were entirely cut off by water from the mainland. The main body of officers and men had escaped to a high bluff, To add to the embarrassment of the laules it became as dark as Egypt. They could hear the maddened waters hissing all around them, and right in the midst of their peril they heard cries of distress from the channel of the creek. With a remarkable coolness and bravery, considering the fate which seemed to stare them in the face, they procured a rope and threw it to a man from whom the cries proceeded, and succeeded, afer one or two failures, in drawing him to shore. In being swept around the curve by the force of the current, he had succeeded in grasping a bush which grew near the water's elge, and this alone saved his life. The waters kept rising and getting flercer in their bassage, until they fairly invaded the tent. But just then, at what seemed to be the fatal moment, the torrent reached its height, and shortly afterward began to recede. The water disappeared as fast as it had come, and by daylight the ladies were able to ford the creek to a place of safety. Six poor wretches, companions of the one who was saved by the ladies, were drowned, and their podies never recovered. The cause of the sudden rising of western streams is found in the fact that the channels are too few and

> sheds." You must be assessed before Sep-

> narrow to drain properly the vast water-

tember 7th, or lose your vote. Take off That Hat.

Col. Bangs is very bald, and in order to induce his hair to grow again, he is using a very excellent article called hair vigor upon his scalp. A week or two are he was sumcuit Court, and upon the day of the trial, he remembered that he had not applied the vigor to his head that morning. He had only a few minutes to spare, but he flew up stairs and into the dark closet where he kept his bottle, and, pouring some fluid on a sponge, he rubbed his head energetically. By some mistake the Colonel got hold of the wrong bottle, and the substance with which want to receive company in the White he inundated his scalp was not "vigor," but House you had better be prudent. It will the black varnish with which Mrs. Bangs be because you are the wife of President decorated her shoes. However, Bangs did not perceive his mistake, but darted down stairs, put on his hat, and walked off to the court room. It was a very cold morning, and by the time the Colonel reached his destination the varnish was as stiff as a stone, his hat glued fast to the skin, and his efforts t'll only be because you are the husband of to take it off gave him frightful pain. Just then he heard his name called by the crier. He was wild with apprehension of coming trouble, but he took his seat in the jury box and determined to explain the situation to the court at the earliest possible moment, Presently the clerk screamed: "Hats off in court!" The Colonel grew crimson in the face. "Hats off!" yelled the clerk again; and the Colonel was about to reply, when end in horror. The space under a round

the Judge came in, and, as his eye rested on Bangs, he said : "Persons in the court room must remove their hats." Bangs-May it please your Honor, I kept

Judge-Well, sir, you must take it off now.

Bangs-But I say I kept it on because I

ny hat on because

Judge-We don't want any argument upon the subject, sir. Remove that hat this ioment, sir. Bangs-Judge, if you would only give me chance to -

Judge-This is intolerable! Do you mean

to insult the court, sir? Take off your hat, sir, or I will fine you for contempt. Bangs-Well, it's very hard I can't say a ord by way of ex-Judge (warmly)-This is too much! You ave more audacity than a mule. Mr. Clerk,

Bangs-Judge, this is rough on me. I -

Judge (in a furious rage)-Won't do it

yet. Why, you impudent scoundrel, I've a notion to-Mr. Clerk, fine him \$100 more, and, Mr. Jones, you go and take off that hat by force. Then the tipstaff approached Bangs, and hit the hat with the stick. It didn't move. Then he struck it again and caved in the round and see me at the State House before crown but it remained on Bangs's head. you send off your letter to the World? I shall Then he picked up a volume of "Brown on be disengaged at 5.30. You might like to Evidence," and mashed the crown in flat. add a brief description of Mrs. Hayes You Then Bangs sprang at him, and shaking his have an unsually good chance to take notes fist under the nose of Jones, he shricked now. The Herald man admired her pecu- "You mutton-headed scullion! I've half a

rippling gleams of emotion-a holocaust, I had any sense he could see that the hat is to." Then the Judge removed the fines and excused him, and Bangs went home. He may try to play Jim Blaine on me, I think slept in that hat for a week, and even when

it came off the the top of his head looked as black as if mortification had set in. "Steam is a great thing," remarked a traveler in a railroad car to his vis-a-vis.

une to it." "Monsieure is manage of a company?" "No."

No, I have lost a number of relatives by railroad accident." See that yourself and Democratio neighbor are assessed before the

"So it is," was the reply; "I owe my for-"An enginerr, perhaps,"

7th day of September.