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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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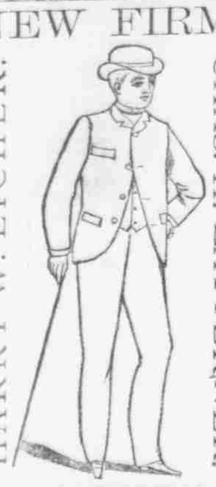

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THE FIRST STEP.

BY M. E. B.

To-night as the tender gloaming
Was sinking in evening's gloom,
And only the glow of the firelight
Brightened the dark'ning room,
I laughed with the gay heart-gladness
That only to mothers is known,
For the beautiful brown-eyed baby
Took his first step alone!

Hurriedly running to meet him
Came trooping the household band,
Joyous, loving and eager
To reach him a helping hand,
To watch him with silent rapture,
To cheer him with happy noise,
My one little fair-faced daughter
And four brown romping boys.

Leaving the sheltering arms
That fain would bid him rest
Close to the love and the longing,
Near to the mother's breast;
Wild with laughter and daring,
Looking askance at me,
He stumbled across through the shadows
To rest at his father's knee.

Baby, my dainty darling,
Stepping so brave and bright
With flutter of lace and ribbon
Out of my arms to-night,
Helped in thy pretty ambition
With tenderness blessed to see,
Sheltered, upheld, and protected,
How will it be, my darling,
With the last sad step of all?

Nay! shall I dare to question,
Knowing that One more fond
Than all our tenderest loving
Will guide the weak feet beyond!
And knowing beside, my dearest,
That whenever the summons, 'twill be
But a stumbling step through the shadows,
Then rest—at the Father's knee!

—*January Wide Awake.*

THE FEMALE PILOT.

An English brig-of-war lay off the southern shore of the Island Firee, which is one of the Inner Hebrides, on the western coast of Scotland. And the brig had just captured a prize. She had been sent up after smugglers, and had taken one of the most notorious of the smuggling crew—a stout, bold, reckless man, named Donald Kenmore. He was commander of a smuggling vessel, and the chief spirit among the contrabandists of that section. When Kenmore knew that his vessel must be taken if she remained above the water, he deliberately knocked a big hole in her bottom and sank her where she lay. His crew were sent off before he did this, and they made their escape. He retained a light skiff, hoping to make his escape also. His daughter was with him, she having refused to leave the vessel before him. They had just entered the skiff, and while they stopped to see the old vessel go down, a boat came from the brig-of-war and cut them off. It was too late to escape, and Kenmore saw that resistance would be useless, so he gave up with as good grace as possible.

Flora Kenmore was eighteen years of age, and possessed all the rugged beauty of her Highland countrymen. Her eye was large and its glance could be as soft as the whisper of love, or as piercing as the glare of an enraged lion. She was not large in frame—far from it—but she was stout and strong, and her very step was the language of pride and self-control. A noble man could have loved her most dearly, but a coward would have trembled before her. She was taken with her father, and carried on board the brig-of-war.

"Ah, Donald Kenmore," uttered the commander of the brig, as the smuggler was led to the quarter-deck, "you and I have met before."

"Ah, Captain Thornhill, we have," returned the smuggler, in a calm, proud tone. "Twice I have captured; but now your turn has come."

"And I think the people will thank me for it," the Englishman said.

"The *people!*" uttered Kenmore indignantly. "Say the people's *rulers!* No, sir! the *people* have been blessed by me too much for that. Go ask the poor man upon whose table I have placed luxuries of life at a cost which they could afford, if they will thank thee for taking their benefactor! No, John Thornhill! They cannot pay what the British lords would force from them to help in sustaining an army of noblemen in luxurious idleness and indolence. Go now, and ask the people, the *producers* of England and Scotland—the *workers*—which has befriended them—Donald Kenmore, or your sharp-nosed cruisers!"

"By me soul, sir smuggler, you are eloquent."

"Because I am honest. But say, Captain Thornhill, what is now to be my fate?"

"I should suppose you might judge," was Thornhill's reply.

"I may guess, but I suppose you might know."

"Well, sir, I can assure you that you will meet one of the two fates; you will be either transported for life or hung!"

"So I suppose," said the smuggler, without the movement of a muscle.

The commander was now called to attend to making sail, and Donald Kenmore was led away forward and put in chains. Flora requested that she might be allowed to accompany her father, and her request was granted. She was offered a berth in the cabin, but she chose to remain by her father's side.

About an hour after the brig had made sail, the first lieutenant, a stout, coarse fellow, named Wooler, came up to where Flora stood, and placing his hand upon her fair neck, he asked her for a kiss. She started back, and while her eyes flashed fire, she drew a small pistol from her bosom and cocked it.

"Miserable dog," she uttered in a low firm voice, dare to place your foul touch on me again and you shall die!"

"Tut, tut, my pretty bird," cried Wooler, "you wouldn't be so cruel." But his voice trembled, and his frame shook with the mortification he tried to hide.

"I think you will not tempt me, at all events," the maiden replied, with biting irony.

The lieutenant bit his lips, and his fists were clenched; but he had not the daring to go further; so he turned away and walked aft. From that moment the crew looked upon the maiden with admiration. They did not like Wooler.

It was afternoon when the brig squared away, and as the wind was light and baffling she made but little headway. It was past four o'clock when she passed Eraid, and by that time the wind had died almost to a calm, but not a pleasing calm. The heavens had grown dark, the air cold and puffing, and the night seemed coming on with the sun yet up. Captain Thornhill gave orders for taking off the sail, and ere long the brig lay under close-reefed topsails and fore-stay-sail.

At sundown the wind came in from the southward and westward; and by the time night had fairly settled down it blew a gale.

The Captain tried for awhile to keep to the wind under the three sails he had left on, but the wind was too strong. It blew a perfect hurricane and the sea began to rise and break over the deck; and ere long it became evident that one of the topsails must be taken off.

It was a bad place in which to be caught thus. Thornhill knew he must be near the mouth of the Sound of Mull, and if he lay to, the gale would tend to drive him up into it. He was not acquainted with the place, and though he had good charts, yet he did not feel safe.

Higher and higher grew the furious wind, until the very sea seemed dancing over the frail bark. The masts groaned and cracked, the rigging grated and strained, and every crack and seam gaped beneath the fearful strain. The wind howled and roared, and the mad sea surged and boiled, until the whole scene appeared but the result of a furious war of the frantic elements.

At midnight Captain Thornhill began to be frightened. The wind was not only unabated, but the rain had begun to drive down, and the night was as black as one solid mass of ink.

"Wooler," he said, as he drew his oiled jacket up over his face to protect it from the driving rain, "can you not hear the roar of breakers?"

"I have thought I heard them for some time," returned the lieutenant, holding firmly by the life-line to prevent being washed by the breaking sea.

"And yet we cannot do anything," the captain resumed, being obliged to cry out with all his strength to make his voice sound above the roar of the elements. "To veer an atom would be sure destruction. But we cannot live much longer. Every rope and stick are strained now to their utmost. Oh, if we had room to run off before it."

"But we haven't" was the lieutenant's response.

Yet the brig lived through the night, and when morning dawned, the wind seemed to increase rather than diminish. It was near the autumnal equinox, and there was every prospect that the storm would be a long one. The rain still fell in torrents, and the heavens were black and the air dark.—Thornhill had no idea of his whereabouts, or how far the brig had been driven during the night he could not tell; yet he supposed he must be somewhere near the chops of the Sound of the Mull.

It was a few minutes past six when the captain was startled by a loud cry forward and on working his way thither he found that the foremast was sprung just above the pike-rack. He had hardly discovered the danger when another shout from the poop called him aft, and hurrying back again, a sight met his gaze that made his heart leap with horror.

Directly under the lee-quarter, and not over a quarter of a mile distant, was a bold rocky coast, over which the sea was dashing fearfully. And all along to the northward the same horrid scene extended.

"Good God!" cried Wooler, at this moment, pointing over the weather bow, "there are more rocks there! See! see! We are surrounded!"

The men were called, but not one of them knew the shores.

"Bring up, Donald Kenmore!" cried Wooler.

"Ha! We will," answered the captain. And the smuggler was sent for.

The old man came on deck—he had been carried below when the storm had reached its fury—but he could not tell where the brig was.

"But," he added, "my child has been pilot in these waters for over four years; and there's not a rock nor a shoal in the Sound o' Mull she don't know.

"Ha, Donald Kenmore, do you speak truly now?"

"Until within a month she has been with her brother, and has almost lived among the rocks and shoals of the Sound."

Flora Kenmore was sent for at once. She came up, and taking her station near the wheel, where she could hold on upon one of the life-lines for support she gazed carefully around. It was truly a terrible scene. On all hands now, save on the weather-quarter alone, the huge breakers were piled up and stretched along. Not a muscle of the maiden quivered, nor did her cheek blanch; but boldly she stood there, and her gaze was calm and assured.

"Lady," spoke the captain, whose frightened look was in strange contrast with the expression that rested upon Flora Kenmore's fair features, "do you know where we are?"

"I do sir—exactly!" was the sure reply.

"Ha! and can the brig be saved?"

"Ay, sir. In less than two hours this brig can be run into a harbor where this storm would be but a summer shower."

"And can you do it?"

"If I try."

"By heavens, then do it! Do it and any sum you shall name shall be yours!"

"Hold," said the noble girl. "I want not your gold: but you have a thing which, if you give it back to me, shall secure your salvation."

"What?"

"*Any father!* Give me my father, and you shall be saved."

"But he is a state's prisoner. I have no right to give him up."

"But you have the power, sir. You took him, and you can give him up."

"But consider, my girl. Your own life is at stake. If we go you must go with us."

"I know it sir, and I am prepared for it. What's my life worth to me if my father must be —— but you may depend on this, I can save you. Give me back my father—swear that we both may go away free and unmolested when your anchors are safely down, and you shall be saved. If you will not do this, then your hours are numbered I know where you are, and without the aid of one who knows these rocks, this vessel cannot ride one hour longer!"

"Give him up!" cried Wooler, whose face was pale as death. "Be sure you won't bend her an atom."

The captain dare hesitate no longer. The rest of the officers seconded Wooler's request, and he gave in.

"Save us," he said, turning to the maiden once more; "save us and your father shall be free."

"Do you swear this?"

"I do—most solemnly; and I call on all present to witness that when this vessel is safe, if your father and yourself go not whither you will, I am a perjured wretch. Now the helm is yours."

On the instant Flora stepped into new life.

"Lay the yards square!" she cried, at the top of her voice. "Ease up the helm. Let two faithful men take the wheel."

These orders were obeyed, and ere long the brig was dashing off before the wind. An opening was seen in the rocky coast ahead.

"That is Lunga on the quarter," the maiden said, and ahead we have a dozen small islands. Here comes the Devil's Rock on the starboard bow, and that on the aft is McDougall's Crown. Port a little! Steady—so!"

The hearts of the men leaped up, and seemed to hang for some moments. But on went the flying vessel—the heavy spray actually dashing over the deck from the towering rocks—now on this hand, now on that—and yet she went safely on. If she had gone through such a dubious channel, then why should she not pass the rest? The men became more easy, even though the horrors were as palpable as ever. The course of the brig lay through a hissing rushing, tumbling surge, with rocks still on every hand. And there stood the fair pilot, her keen eye flashing, her finelp chiseled nostrils dilated, and her noble form drawn proudly up. Her orders were prompt and assured, and confidence was in every look and tone.

At length the vessel entered a narrow strait not over a mile wide, and the course was direct. It was the mainland, Argyle upon tre right, and the island of Seil upon the left. In half an hour more the strait was passed—another group of rocks was cleared—and yet the gallant bark flew safely on over the storm-mad sea.

"Stand by the braces!" cried Flora, now showing a little excitement. "mind your helm! Round in carefully on the larboard braces! Keep the others taut! Helm a-port! easy—easy!"

The brig bowed to the wind most fearfully now that her side was presented to it, and her masts bent like reeds—but she failed not. A high promontory was passed—and in a few moments more the deep labor ceased. The brig righted, the masts grew straight, and the sails had done straing. The water moved only in long swells, and as the men looked ahead through the falling rain, they saw the smooth haven stretching away up into the land—a haven into which the southern storm-demon could not come, and where the weary bark could be at rest. It was a long narrow inlet of Kilmore.

At length the sail was taken off, the anchors dropped, and then the men crowded around their pilot to bless her for the service she had done them. But she asked not their thanks, though she could not refuse their gratitude.

"I have saved my father," she said, and that is all to me. Let us go on shore now."

"But not in this storm," urged the captain.

"Yes," persisted Flora. "We are not at home here, but on shore I shall find a sheltering roof and open arms to receive us."

Captain Thornhill felt too grateful to make any objection, and he had a boat lowered at once.

"God bless you!" as he grasped Flora by the hand; "and when, in time to come, we call each other to mind, I trust you may feel something of the friendliness towards me which I must ever cherish for you." Then he turned to Donald. "And to you, Donald Kenmore, let me say God grant I may never meet you again when the duty of my station could make you my enemy. Farewell!"

And in a few moments the smuggler and his child were on their way to the shore. A sheltering roof soon spread its protection over them, and warm friends welcomed them to the fireside.

Donald Kenmore and John Thornhill never met again, for the old man had money enough, and when his noble daughter shortly after the startling adventure we have recorded, gave her hand and heart to the man who had loved her long and truly, he found a home with them.

BARBERS.

The barber is a man who does not abuse the power he posesses. He has the power to cut a man's head off with mere facility than has any other man on earth, but he seldom improves his opportunity, although occasionally the temptation must be very strong. We had often wondered if barbers were not sometimes possessed with a wild impulse to try if they couldn't whack a man's head off with one whack of the razor—an impulse similar to that which sometimes comes to a man whea he is walking along the edge of a precipice, and that prompts him to throw himself to the bottom. We have no doubt that the shavers have some such thoughts occur to them, especially when they are shaving a man who has an impediment in his credit, and who is liable to "stand them off" for the price of the shave. We know the shavee sometimes thinks of it as a possibility as he lies back in the chair watching the manoeuvers of a fly on the ceiling, and realizes that the barber is trying to whittle a clip off the end of his chin.

The negro barber is not so loquacious as the white barber. When he is scraping around your lip with a razor you have every reason to believe he sharpens lead pencils and cuts strings with, he does not ask you a question that you are afraid to answer fearing you may sacrifice a piece of your lip if you reply, but otherwise he acts very much as the white man does. He subscribes for the *Polise Gazette*, and keeps it on his table for the purpose of tranquilizing the mind and occupying the attention of the customers, who has been informed by the barber that he is "next," when there are ahead of him two men who want to get shaved, and one who is desirous of having his hair cut.—He has dandruff eradicator, a hair invigorator, and a corn softener, put up in bottles by himself, that he is not only willing but anxious to sell. Between his mirrors he hangs up tobacco advertising chromos, and richly colored pictures of females dressed in gauzy and abridged garments. He puts a daub lather in your ear, parts your hair at the wrong side, and pastes it down on your forehead, and usually suspends operations while the soap hardens on your jaw and he discusses some matters of a personal character with a barber who is engaged on a bald headed man at the other end of the establishment.

In private life the colored barber gives tone to the society he moves in. He is looked up to as an authority and as a leader of fashion. He is almost invariably a preacher or a member of a brass band. The ability to shave comes naturally to a negro barber—an instinct inherited; at least we suppose it is so, as no one has ever seen a barber learning the business.—*Texas Siftings.*

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I am an advertiser great!
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The praises of my wares I sound:
Prosperity is my estate.
Then people come,
And people go
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Surging flow—
They buy my goods and come again,
And I'm the happiest of men;
And this the reason I relate—
I am an advertiser great!

There is a shop across the way
Where ne'er is heard a human tread,
Where trade is paralyzed and dead,
With ne'er a customer a day.
The people come,
The people go,
But never there;
They do not know
There's such a shop beneath the skies,
Because he does not advertise;
While I with pleasure contemplate
That I'm an advertiser great.

The secret of my fortune lies
In one small fact, which I may state,
Too many tradesmen learn too late—
If I have goods I advertise.
Then people come,
And people go
In constant streams,
For people know
That he who has good wares to sell
Will surely advertise them well;
And proudly I reiterate,
I am an advertiser great!

—*Denver Tribune.*

THE MAN-EATING TREE.

Many years ago I turned my restless steps toward Central Africa and made the journey from where the Senegal empties itself into the Atlantic to the Nile, skirting the Great Desert, and reaching Nubia on my way to the eastern coast. I had with me three native attendants—two of them brothers, the third, Otona, a young savage from the gaboon uplands, a mere lad in his teens—and one day, leaving my mule with two men, who were pitching my tent for the night, I went on with my gun, the boy accompanying me, toward a fern forest which I saw in the near distance. As I approached it I found that the forest was cut in two by a wide glade, and seeing a small herd of the common antelope, an excellent beast in the pot, browsing their way along the shaded side, I crept after them. Though ignorant of their real danger, the herd was suspicious, and slowly trotting before me enticed me for a mile or more along the verge of the fern growths. Turning a corner I suddenly became aware of a solitary tree growing in the middle of the glade—one tree alone. It struck me at once that I had never seen a tree just like it before; but, being intent on venison for my supper, I looked at it only long enough to satisfy my surprise at seeing a single plant of such rich growth flourishing luxuriantly in a spot where only the harsh fern-canes seemed to thrive. The deer, meanwhile were midway between me and the tree but suddenly, instead of passing it, swerved in their career and swept around it at some yards distance. Was I mad, or did the plant really try to catch the deer? On a sudden I saw, or thought I saw, the tree violently agitated, and while the ferns all around were standing motionless in the dead evening air, its boughs were swayed by some sudden gust toward the herd, and swept in the force of their impulse almost to the ground. I drew my hand across my eyes, closed them for a moment, and looked again. The tree was a motionless as myself!

Toward it, and now close to it, the boy was running in excited pursuit of the fawn. He stretched out his hands to catch it. It bounced from his eager grasp. Again he reached forward, and again it escaped him. There was another rush forward, and the next instant boy and deer were both beneath the tree. And now there was no mistaking what I saw. The tree was convulsed with motion, leaned forward, swept its thick foliaged boughs to the ground, and enveloped from my sight the pursuer and the pursued. I was within a hundred yards, and the cry of Otona from the midst of the tree came to me in all the clearness of its agony. There was then one stifled, strangling scream, and except for the agitation of the leaves where they were closed upon the boy there was not a sign of life.

I called out, "Otona!" No answer came, I tried to call out again, but my utterance was like that of some wild beast smitten at once with sudden terror at its death wound. I stood there changed from all semblance of a human being. Not all the terrors of earth together could have made me take my eye off that awful plant, or my foot off the ground. I must have stood thus for at least half an hour, for the shadows had crept out from the forest half across the glade before the hideous paroxysm of fear left me. My first impulse then was to creep stealthily away, lest the tree should perceive me, but my returning reason bade me approach it. The boy might have fallen into the lair of some beast of prey.

The vegetable first discovered my presence at about fifty yards distance, I then became aware of a stealthy motion among tha thick-lipped leaves, reminding me of some wild beast slowly gathering itself up from long sleep, a vast soll of snakes in restless motion. Have you ever seen bees hanging from a bough—an immense cluster of bodies, bee clinging to bee—and by striking the bough or agitating the air, caused that massed life to begin sulkily to disintegrate, each insect asserting its individual right to move? And do you remember how without one bee leaving the pensile cluster, the whole became gradually instinct with sullen life and horrid with a multitudinous motion? Each separate leaf was agitated and hungry.

Was I bewildered by terror? Had my senses abandoned me in my need? I know not—but the tree seemed to me to be alive. Leaning over toward me, it seemed to be pulling up its roots from the softened ground and to be moving toward me. A mountainous monster, with myriad lips mumbling together for my life, was upon me! Like one who desperately defends himself from imminent death, I made an effort for life and fired my gun at the approaching horror. To my dizzied senses the sound seemed far off, but the shock of the recoil partially recalled me to myself, and, starting back, I reloaded. The shot had torn their way into the soft body of the great thing. The trunk, as it received the wound shuddered, and the whole tree was struck with a sudden quiver. A fruit fell down, slipping from the leaves, now rigid with swollen veins, as from cavern foliage. Then I saw a large arm slowly droop, and without a sound it was severed from the juice fattened hole, and sank down softly, noiselessly through the glistening leaves. I fired again, and another vile fragment was powerless—dead. At each dismemberment the terrible vegetable yielded a life. Piecemeal I attached it, killing hers a leaf and there a branch. My fury increased with the slaughter till, when my ammunition was exhausted, the great giant was left a wreck—as if some hurricane had torn through it. On the ground lay heaped together the fragments, struggling, rising and falling, gasping. Over them dropped in dying languor a few stricken boughs, while upright in the midst stood, dripping at every joint, the glistening trunk.

My continued firing brought up one of my men on my mule. He dared not (so he told me) come near me, thinking me mad. I had now drawn my hunting knife, and with this was fighting—with the leaves. Yes, but each leaf was instinct with a horrid life; and more than once I felt my hand entangled for a moment, and seized as if by sharp lips. Ignorant of the presence of my companion, I made a forward rush over the fallen foliage, and with a last paroxysm of frenzy, drove my knife to the handle into the soft bole, and slipping on the fast congealing sap, fell exhausted and unconscious, among the still panting leaves.

My companions carried me back to the camp, and after vainly searching for Otona, awaited my return to consciousness. Two or three hours elapsed before I could speak, and several days before I could approach the terrible thing. My men would not go near it. It was quite dead; for as we came up, a great-billed bird, with gaudy plumage that had been securely feasting on the decayed fruit, flew up from among the wreck. We removed the rotten foliage, and there among the dead leaves, still limp with juices, and piled around the roots, we found the the ghastly relics of many former meals, and—its last nourishment—the corpse of little Otona. To have removed the leaves would have taken too long, so we buried the body as it was, with a hundred vampire leaves still clinging to it.

RULES FOR LOVE-MAKING.

First catch your lover.

Hold him when you have him.

Don't let go of him to catch every new one that comes along.

Try to get pretty well acquainted with him before you take him for life.

Unless you intend to support him, find out whether he earns enough to support you.

Don't make up your mind that he is an angel.

Don't palm yourself off on him as one either.

Don't let him spend his salary on you; that right should be reserved until after marriage.

If you have conscientious scruples against marrying a man with a mother, say so in time, that he may either get rid of her to oblige you, or get rid of you to oblige her.

If you object to secret societies and tobacco, it is better to come out with your objections now than to reserve them for curtain lectures hereafter.

If your adorer happens to fancy a certain shade of hair, don't color or bleach it to oblige him. Remember your hair belongs to you and he doesn't.

Be very sure it is a man you are in love with, and not the clothes he wears. Fortune and fashion are both so fickle, it is foolish to take a stylish suit for better or worse.

If you intend to keep three servants after marriage, settle the matter before hand.—The man who is making love may expect you to do your own washing.

Don't try to hurry up a proposal by carrying on a flirtation with some other fellow. Different men are made of different material, and the one you want might go off in a fit of jealousy and forget to come back.

If you have a love letter to write, don't copy it out of a "Letter Writer." If your young man ever happens to consult the same book, he will know your sentiments are borrowed.

Don't marry a man to oblige any third person in existence. It is your right to suit yourself in the matter. But, remember at the same time that love is blind, and a little friendly advice is worth having, and may ensure you a lifetime of happiness or prevent one of misery.

In love affairs always keep your eyes wide open, so that, when the right man comes along you may see him.

When you do see him you will recognize him and the recognition will be mutual.

If you have no fault to find with him personally, financially, conscientiously, socially, morally, politically, religiously, or any way, he is probably perfect enough to suit you, and you can afford to—

Believe in him;
Hope in him;
Love him;
Marry him.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.—Among the Chicago commercial travelers who visit Chillicothe are two gentlemen, now good friends, whose first meeting was under circumstances just the reverse of friendship Mr. P—— is a Virginian and Mr. B——is a New Yorker by birth, and both were soldiers during the civil war—the former a captain in the famous confederate troopers commanded by the celebrated Gen. John S. Mosby, and the latter a private in a New York regiment. In one of the many skirmishes in the vicinity of Warrentown, Va., Capt P—— was captured by B——'s regiment, the commander of which, in pursuance of a previous order from his superiors, to "shoot Mosby's men whenever caught," ordered the immediate execution of the unfortunate captive. He was led out a short distance from the command, and a detail of seven men, of whom B—— was one, was ordered to execute the drumhead sentence. At the word "Fire" the squad discharged their weapons straight at the victim, and poor B—— fell riddled with six minnie balls. He was left for dead as food for vultures, and his executioners mounted their horses and followed their regiment in pursuit of Mosby's. The victim was unconscious for twenty-four hours, and when he awoke and feebly called for help there was no response. With six ghastly wounds in his chest and covered with blood, he dragged himself a mile to a negro cabin, where he was kindly received and nursed for a week until Mosby's forces had rallied and driven the federals from the vicinity. Then for the first time his wounds were dressed by a surgeon, and in about six months he rejoined his command and fought to the final surrender at Appomatox. His health has ever since been delicate, but he is energetic and pushing, and is a very popular and successful salesman, and has no warmer personal friend than B——, who was one of his executioners, or thought he was.—*Chillicothe (Mo.) Constitution.*

"BE candid, doctor," said the patient when found with a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. "You know it is a good medicine," and the M. D. left in disgust.

DEAD BEATS.

LAUGHABLE JOKES, AND ONE STORY THAT IS POSITIVELY GHASTLY.

A case now comes to mind, however, that illustrates the artist in his business to perfection. He was a well-dressed man, and when he entered the office the clerk scrutinized him and concluded that it would be a matter of difficulty to discriminate between him and a millionaire. He registered his name in a Sir-Joseph-Porter-K.-C.-B. style that commanded respect. When he entered the dining-room the waiters bowed obsequiously. He sat down and occupied a full hour discussing every article the bill of fare promised. He had reached th limit in the shape of a pudding. Suddenly a horrified exclamation burst from his lips. The waiters gathered anxiously around.

"Is this what you give your guests to eat?" he shouted, excitedly.

"Sh! don't speak so loud," said the head waiter, soothingly.

"Yes, but I will speak loud," and if you are in the habit of cooking co—" But the hand of the head waiter stifled the remainder of the word.

"Sh! don't say anything about it, and your meal sha'n't cost you a cent."

"Well, that's all right," said the swell, with a brightening countenance, and he left the room.

In the bottom of the dessert-dish was an enormous cockroach. The guest when he reached the pavement, threw a wink over his shoulder, and, putting his hand in his vest-pocket, removed therefrom and deposited in the gutter a half dozen or more of the insects. It afterward transpired that he had not a cent of money, and after he had eaten his fill placed the cockroach in the dish and made a holy kick on the strength of it to elude the demand he knew would be made for a cash settlement.

The manner in which another of the profession succeeded in beating a place of public entertainment was so ludicrous that we repeat it, although, fearful that to many it may be a "chestnut," as the boys say. A man entered the Grand Pacific one