SUBSECTION OF STREET STREET, BY GEO. SANDERSON.

os Prin inc—Such as Hand'Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and on the shortest notice.

MY HEART AND I. Enough! we're tired, my heart and I.
We sit beside the hearthstone thus,
And wish that name were carved for us.
The moss reprints more tenderly
The hard types of the mason's knife,
As Heaven's sweet life renews earth's life
With which we're tired, my heart and I.

You see we're tired, my heart and I. $^{\circ}$ We dealt with books, we trusted men, And in our own blood drenched the pen, As if such colors could not fly. We walked too straight for fortune end, We loved too true to keep a friend; At last we're tired, my heart and I. How thred we feel, my heart and I.

We seem of no use in the world;
Our fancies hang gray and uncurled
About men's eyes indifferently;
Our voice which thrilled you so will let
You sleep; our tears are only wet:
What do we here, my heart and I?

Though now none takes me on his arm
To fold me close and kiss me warm,
Till each quick breath end in a sigh
Of happy languor. Now, alone,
We lean upon this graveyard stone,
Uncheered, unkissed, my heart and I.

Tired out we are, my heart and I.
Suppose the world brought diadems
To tempt us, crusted with loose gems
Of powers and pleasures? Let it try.
We scarcely care to look at even
A pretty child, or God's blue heaven,
We feel so tired, my heart and I.

Yet who complains? My heart and I.
In this abundant earth, no doubt,
Is little room for things worn out:
Disdain them, break them, throw them by!
And if before the days grew rough
We once were loved, used—well enough,
I think, we've fared, my heart and I. NEARER TO LIFE'S WINTER.

Nearer to life's winter, wife, We are drawing nearer— Memories of our blessed spring Growing dearer, dearer.

Through the summer heats we've toiled, Through the autumn weather We have almost passed, sweet wife, Hand in hand together. Time was, hearts were, well as feet,

Lighter, I remember; April's locks of gold are turned Silver this November. Flowers are fewer than at first, And the way grows drearer For unto life's winter, wife.

We are drawing nearer Nearer to life's end, sweet wife We are drawing nearer;
The last milestone on the way
To our sight grows clearer.

Some whose hands we held grow faint, And lay down to slumber; Looking backward, we to-day All their graves may number

Heights we sought we've failed to climb, Fruits we've failed to gather; But what matter since we've still Jesus and each other.

LOVE ME AS OF YORE. Oh! take me to your heart again-Oh! take me, I implore! Forget the words that made us part,

And love me as of yore!

Oh! bitter, bitter were the words

That made us part before;

But oh! forget them—oh! forget, And love me as of yore! We meet, but sh! thy look is sold

And cold in every tone;
We meet, but ah! as strangers meet—

WHY WILLY WAS A BACHE-LOR.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

I had no eyes for beauty on the spot .-The fading trees, golden in the autumn sunset, the liquid melody of the flowing river, the songs of thrush and blackbird ringing out in thrilling music on the still air, the perfume of fresh hay from the fatigued and fretful, on the soft sward in | no satisfactory conclusion. a lovely valley studded with ash trees, without the excitement of a single rise or waiter, and began to narrate my adventure, beginning, as I have done in this sketch,

She turned round when within the doora lovely valley studded with ash trees, glowing day, and included the shopman companion. The oracle stopped me at who had sold them to me. I had tried once. worm and grub, and a variety of strange insects captured by the bank of the river. bachelor.' But all was futile-the trout would not take. Those who have vainly angled will Willy Regan's celibacy made me acquaintunderstand and sympathize with my ill ed with the story I here repeat.

temper when I gave up in despair towards Thirty-five years before Willy Regan seven o'clock in the evening. After rest-ing for some moments, and looking sulkily monition chronicled here, he was in his

they chanced to fasten in my line. Don't do that, said a voice near me.

I made no remark. 'Had you any sport?'

'There's plenty of fish in the river for

all that. 'There may be.'

'May be your flies are not good. Let me look at 'em, will you ?' He came to me without waiting for reply, and took the flies in his hand.

There isn't a trout in the river that

' Have you no other flies but these hum-

bugs ?

I gave him the box containing all the flies I had. He sat down near me and been seen for the season, but withal a good or food, froze and starved. So into the 'Eh?' said the pastor, as his familiar toil and drudge like a poor woman with a air of criticism that would have charmed old Izaak Walton.

'I don't see three flies here worth putting up—all gimeracks,' said he, after a short examination. 'This hare's ear and kinds of game abounded. His way lay alarmed at the loud and continued knock- 'No; no yellow would kill, maybe, only for this over an eminence, and he paused a while ing at his door. Few words passed, and putting on his spectacles; 'no; nothing silver rolled round the body. This black to look down on the wintry prospect. It back along the bleak wood rattled the gnat is the best of all; but that's spoiled was hard to conceive the dreary, frozen by the red silk there under the wings.— country below him as it used to appear in brought was harnessed. In vain the doc-

If the day was good itself, you wouldn't

CHE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. place on the hill above, and have a glass the bright month of May? The smooth

TERMS.

TERMS.

"Thank you, I'll go with pleasure. I am not in a hurry, as I have nothing to square, (12 lines,) will be inserted three times for one square, (12 lines,) will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insert line. These of greater length in proportion.

"TERMS.

"Thank you, I'll go with pleasure. I am not in a hurry, as I have nothing to spangled sward on which village children ble?"

"No days, and passed yesterday and to-day in days, and passed yesterday and to-day in fishing. I am not a good angler; but ton. Those of greater length in proportion. ful as to-day.'

'I think we'll do better after the sun goes down. Come this way.'

mown meadow, sloping upward from the sad. river to the house. The house was small, He resumed his way, reached the moor, but a picture of neatness and order. Its and the frequent reports of his fowling porch was tastefully embroidered with piece soon resounded through the lifeless roses and woodbine, and the room into air. Game was plentiful, and he did not which he led me was airy and sweetly miss a shot. Yet he felt no exhibaration scented by the perfume of mignionette in his sport, as he was wont to do. Again and wall flowers, floating through an open and again, the sadness induced by that window that looked upon a pretty garden look down on the wintry country, from the to the rear. I was somewhat surprised to | hill, returned and oppressed him. Those meet no hospitable-looking housewife or rambles under the perfumed hawthorn cheerful daughters, as the appearance of trees, now so cold and ghastly, seemed the cottage, as we approached it from the memories of a past that was never to be meadow, led me to expect. There was no equalled by any future. It was in vain he trace of women about the place, save a tried to cheer his mind by the recollection middle-aged servant, who was spinning in that this white pall of snow would surely the kitchen, and who merely rose and pass away; that the hawthorn trees would courtesied when she saw me enter with bud and grow beautiful again; that after her master, and then quietly resumed her dreary winter would come cheery spring-

bread, with a bottle of fine old whisky .- scenes of domestic bliss and quiet con-Then he spread a cloth on the table with tentment. An opposing voice whispered: un air of one accustomed to that act, and solids and fluids with an angler's appetite.

'I'll show you my flies now,' said he, when we had eaten and drank enough. He opened another recess in the wall, and discovered several magnificent fishing not be shaken off, oppressed him through-rods and a variety of furs and feathers out the whole of the leaden day. for tving flies.

These are the things for this season, after sunset,' said he, handing me a tin box containing a number of differently the western mountains. The house of his and I'll warrant that you won't go back to the village with an empty basket.'

We went down the sloping meadow to of fine trout. We then stopped fishing after it. and took our rods to pieces.

baits to suit every hole in the river.' 'I must leave the village to-morrow,' I replied.

stay was limited, adding—
'I am extremely obliged for your hos-

pitality and the excellent evening's sport luckless creature quite dead. you have gained me.'

only amusement I care for.'

Then he turned away from me, going quickly. He stopped after going about a graceful waist. dozen yards, looked around, and said, quite abruptly—
'Good night!'

He then resumed his rapid walk. I looked after him in amazement until he was lost to me in the fast-gathering dark-

newly-mown meadows near, had no charms | there was no trace of any relation what- his own, what could he have to do with | no conversation gave more interest around ature, he regulated the food, he regulated for me. I was tired from a long day's ever in his neat cottage? Why such ex- gloomy forebodings? They reached the the winter fireside than a talk about poor the servants, he regulated me. success. I had not a single trout in my simple question, did he shoot? I tried in basket, and had been whipping the stream a variety of ways to answer to myself from morning till now, when I sat down, these mental queries, but could arrive at Willy, with a laugh.

flies a hundred times in the course of the by saying how I had met my enigmatical

'Sure, sir, that's Willy Regan, the old Further inquiries into the cause

at the river, I began to untie my tackling, twenty-sixth year, and unsurpassed in the vexedly snapping it whenever it chanced to tangle, and breaking the hooks whenever position. Of course, he was in love; as does not always happen, he was luckily so, for he was an accepted suitor of Ellen an agony of horror. I looked up and saw an old man lean- Mangan, the loveliest girl in that side of were pleased and satisfied with it. Happy | fainted. state of things-too rare in the ways of

the world in the matter of matrimony in general. It was winter time. The snow lay upon the fields white and spotless, and upon the highways sodden and stained. There was at the group of servants. a mist over the landscape like a pall, without brilliance, like a dull moon. There motionless against his breast.

was no wind, and sounds from afar were Willy started, ran from the room, and

Willy Regan, the best shot in the parish, was reined up at the doctor's house. took his fowling piece in hand, left his to look down on the wintry prospect. It back along the bleak wood rattled the left out—where?

that cast such sweet perfume on the warm speed, and the cruel whip drew blood from his work, 'what if I have? There's more

of grog with me, and after sunset I'll expanse of deathly white streaked the give you some flies that will kill.'

expanse of deathly white streaked the veins of frozen streams, looking inky black talking together. Let us be cool—one days, and passed yesterday and to-day in with joyous laughter? It was hard to said an old woman. We put her to bed fishing. I am not a good angler; but believe that this death-like landscape was, a while ago, and she opened her eyes for a never before was so miserably unsuccess- so short a time ago, so full of life and bit, and beauty.

These thoughts were in Willy Regan's mind as he paused a few moments on the I accompanied him through a newly eminence referred to, and they made him

time and glowing summer. It was in vain, My companion opened a cupboard in the he said to himself, that Ellen would soon produced some cold meat and be his wife, and mentally he pictured

'The trees may become beautiful again; invited me to be seated. I partook of the the snow may pass away; the spring and summer may return joyous and sunny as and gazed languidly about her. Her glance want us.' ever; but you will never feel the happiof the past again!' A gloomy foreboding of evil, that could

> He turned homewards when the sun was sinking-blood-colored, without any of a summer sunset's glorious beauty-behind

'And now, as the sun is betrothed was not very far out of his way, gone down, let us go back to the river, and naturally enough, he resolved to call there ere he went home. When within about fifty yards of it, a woodcock sprang from a furze-brake near him. He was carthe river, put up the flies, and in the rying his gun under his arm uncocked, so course of an hour and a half I had killed he was not prepared to fire before the bird two dozen, and my companion three dozen, was out of range. He stopped and looked

Willy, Willy, he's landed in the dyke 'If you'd like to go to-morrow,' said he, below the road,' called a man from a height call upon me and I'll go with you. We near him-it was Ellen Mangan's father. will surely kill plenty, as I have flies and 'Go straight on the road, Willy, and you'll put him up.'

Willy creked both barrels of his gun, and walked forward briskly. The moment I then explained the reasons why my he reached the road, the woodcock sprang again. The gun was raised and one barrel discharged instantly, bringing down the days afterwards, and the iron ground was to assist him as he seems willing to believe.

a liking for fishing, and was only glad to owner and the name very dear—Eilen behind the coffin, and stood side by side Fishing is the Mangan. She came out of the house at the moment that Willy fired at the wood
Many people looked reproachfully at Willy

in that his kinsmen were as backward as his neighbors 'why, then,' said he, 'since The moment that willy area at the wood- planty people looked reproductivity at willy neignbors way, then, said he, since You must have excellent shooting cock. Her lover saw her at once, and Regan, and the unreservant or thought- your uncles and cousins so neglect us, do here in the winter. Don't you shoot as turned down the road towards her, forget- less said his motionless face was evidence you get a course good sickles against toting to put down the hammer of the un- of want of feeling or remorse. But that morrow morning, and we will reap the He staggered as if I had struck him, and muttered to himself—

'Oh! I shoot? Oh good God! Oh

'Oh! I shoot? Oh good God! Oh

'Oh! I shoot? Oh good God! Oh to shine. They met, and Willy wound his Their curiosity overcame their terror, and must be gone, indeed; for when a man resinewy left arm around the beautiful girl's they peered over the wall, and saw a man solves to do his work himself, you may de-

> he whispered. down from the height and joined them. 'I am glad you came this way, Willy. Regan.

Nell has a nice dinner just ready.' Going along the road to the village inn at which I was lodging, I could think of nothing but my strange companion. Was he a little insane? What was the reason he little heart he so well knew was all not without a saddened satisfaction. And traordinary conduct on my asking the threshold, and the welcome odor of savory Ellen, whom they buried long ago—how

Ellen also laughed, and disengaging the

slipped on a frost-covered stone without, been open and fiery; and, from being the Ellen screamed and fell.

ran to her and raised her in his arms. with his years, until the mention of a gun willy stood silent and motionless, with was sufficient to recall all the first agony of the less of Ellen, and place wildly before the short where of the less of Ellen, and place wildly before the short where of the less of Ellen, and place wildly before the short where the short will be short with the short will be the gun had fallen from his hand after going off. She gave a low sigh of pain tragic death. she murmured-

'Willy, Willy!'

striking his clenched hand against his ble, these proposals were frequent and made her anxiety the scape-goat. I for-'Ride to town for the doctor, one of However, it became pretty clear to these to her, I addressed myself to sleep.

though the sun shone; but it was cool and senseless girl—her lovely head leaning live the life of an old bachelor.

It was as dreary a winter day as had erable cabins, whose inmates, without fire tablets.

"Twasn't you that tied them that way, was it?"

The summer weather. Those ghastly, frost tor implored his young companion to spare the commandments out."

The summer weather in the blue; you have left tor implored his young companion to spare the commandments out."

Well, what if I have? said old Obstithe day was good uself, you wouldn't that cast such sweet periume on the warm speed, and the cruel whip drew blood from his work, what it linave: There's more and hot. Twill be first rate after singet. If you're not in a hurry, some up to my along the same road, shiny and pleasant in

'Easy now, easy now, said the doctor, in contrast-was it the smooth, daisy-be- at a time, one at a time. Is she sensi-

' No, sir; not now-she was a while ago,

'Now show me the room. Let no one ome with me but Willy Regan.' Willy and the doctor followed the old outside the coverlet, still supported in her father's arms, her head resting on his breast. She was insensible.

The doctor opened the bosom of her dress, gently washed away the clotted plood, and examined the wound. 'Well, doctor ?' whispered Willy.

she spoke? Did she speak at all since it happened?

Yes; once before Willy went for you then she fainted. She opened her eyes again since we brought her up here, and called out 'Willy, Willy!' twice, very low in voice-since that she did not stir. Will she die, doctor ?' said Mr. Mangan, in a soft, plaintive voice, terrible in its unnatural freedom from excitement. 'I fear there's little hope; but I'll do

what I can.' She lay in a state of stupor all night and the next day. The watchers never left her

after a while fell on Willy, and her face lit up with an expression of joy. She spoke in a barely audible voice. These disconnected words were all that could be understood—

'Willy-meant-to do-it-oh! no-no -no ! Ferceiving that she was not understood,

she, with an effort of evident pain, said clearly, and even loudly-'Come to me, Willy.

He came and took her hand. Fierce self-reproach had, as it were, scorched his eyes and left him no tears. Dark lines of agony were visible on his face. He pressed her hand silently to his heart. 'You could not help it, Willy,' she said,

slowly and distinctly, each word evidently causing pain ; ' you could not help it, dear. Good-bye.' She raised herself quickly, and drew her

arms around his neck and kissed him.-Then she sank back, murmuring-' Pray for me, pray for me!' And so she died.

The white-plumed hearse bore her across the snowy road to the church yard a few stretched on his face in the frost-whitened | pend upon it, it will be done. 'How is my dearest Elly this evening ?' grass of the newly-made grave. They called to him, and then he started up and They waited until Mr. Mangan came walked away. But by the bright moonlight they recognized grief-stricken Willy

They then walked down the road to the affliction, in the course of years claimed world, as the late Wm. Shakespeare has it, good she was, how gentle and how beau- existence, he had me up on an average six

hers. And time, too, softened the passionate, At supper, I resolved to consult the hand which Willy was pressing to her side, waiter, and began to narrate my adventure, entered the house breast. But he was, from the day of the burial, a changed man. He became very way, still laughing merrily, when Willy gentle and reserved-he had heretofore and the loaded barrel of his gun went off. keenest sportsman and best shot in the I feel a draft of air; I wish you would country, became morbidly nervous about get up and see if the window is not open With a wild cry of terror, Mr. Mangan firearms—an eccentricity which increased a ran to her and raised her in his arms. with his years, until the mention of a gun

while lying against her father's breast, and As he grew old, this eccentricity was all that showed that he still had the memory tion.' of his first and only love green in his My love, my dearest love! Oh! good heart. He mingled as before in meetings again. Just as I was dropping to sleep of business, and even sometimes of pleasure, and in the natural desire of rest from The terrified servants crowded around work in recreation, he became a passion-think to buy that aroma to-day for the ing on a short ash stick, quietly observing the country. They were to be married in confusedly. Mr. Mangan drew her softly ate lover of the angle. He always turned baby? the spring-time following the winter with into the cheerful parlor, where the light indifferently, if not with disgust, from the Don't destroy your tackling in that which this sketch has to do. The friends of the candles discovered the bosom of proposals of marriage made by those who injustice to believe that I could overlook a way; only have patience, and you'll soon of all the parties interested in the alliance her dress saturated with blood. She had take upon themselves the office of match- matter so essential to the comfort of that makers for the parish. And as his farm Oh ? my good God!' murmured Willy, was a good one, and his position respectaoften troublesome.

you,' said Mr. Mangan, looking up fiercely | self-elected supporters of Hymen, after repeated failures, what was Willy Regan's me, 'you must not snore so-you will He was kneeling, still supporting the determination, and they now allow him to wake the baby.'

Some years ago an old sign painter, heard with startling distinctness through was in the stable saddling a horse in a who was very cross, very gruff, and a little get up and hand me that warm gruel from would look at 'em, even if the day was the death-like stillness. Birds were silent, moment. The next moment he was galdeaf, was engaged to paint the Ten Com- the nurse lamp for baby !—the dear child! and the leafless branches of the trees and loping madly through the yard to the road mandments on some tablets in a church if it wasn't for its mother I don't know There were some crumbs of consolation bushes drooped sadly. The brooks and that led to the adjoining town. Fastalong not five miles from Buffalo. He worked what he would do. How can you sleep so, in this, as blame, to some extent, was this rivers struggled feebly through the broken the road, over frost-encrusted stones and two days at it, and at the end of the second Mr. Blifkins ? ice. Peasants, with their hair white from hardened snowheaps, fast past stark trees day the pastor of the church came to see the freezing atmosphere, paused often in and dismal ice-prisoned brooks, fast by how the work progressed. The old man was because I am tired.' their work to stamp their chilled feet on cottages whose lights glimmered cheerfully stood by, smoking a short pipe, as the on the cold, black night, and fast by mis- reverend gentleman ran his eyes over the of being tired, said my wife; 'I don't

day for duck and woodcock shooting; and town and through it, till the gasping horse eye detected something wrong in the baby.' wording of the precepts; 'why, you carewarm cottage, and crossed the fields a skilful one in his profession—hurried out of the commandments entirely out; don't

'No; no such thing,' said the old man, again with the hope of sleeping.

-were they fragrant hawthorn brambles rained upon him to urge on his failing nacy, as he ran his eye complacently over

of in the following fable, rely upon their neighbors and friends to do their work whilst they themselves loaf around the the town,' in the shops of their more induterious neighbors, on the street corners and various other places, discussing the character of this man and that woman, whilst their business at home is suffering for want of attention. Finally, because no one else will do the work for them, servant woman through the little parlor business dwindles away, and customers and up stairs to Ellen's room. Ellen lay seek other places of trade before the owner thinks of saying 'I'll do it myself,' he is without customers, and consequently with-out means to replenish his stock in trade -hopelessly ruined:

'An old lark, who had a nest of young ones in a field of corn, which was almost ripe, was not a little afraid the reapers · Very bad case, I fear. Is it long since | would be set to work before her levely broad were fledged enough to be able to be removed from the place.
One morning, therefore, before she took

her flight to seek for something to feed them with, 'my dear little creatures,' said and do not fail to tell me as soon as I come home.'

Some time after she was gone, in came of the next day when she opened her eyes do as much for them the first time they was a log, and nothing else. You see I

When the old lark came back to her chirp about her; begging her, after what they had heard, to remove them as soon as was a miry place, which it was necessary she could. for me to avoid. I therefore placed the

'Hush,' said she, 'hold your silly tongues, if the farmer depends upon his friends and neighbors, you may take my word for it that this corn will not be reaped to-morrow.' The next morning, therefore she went out again, and left the same order as before.

The owner of the field came soon after, to wait for those he had sent for; but the sun grew hot, and not a single man came to help him. Why, then, said he to his son, 'I'll tell you what my boy, those friends of ours forgot us; you must therefore, run to your uncles and cousins, and tell them that I shall expect to see them to-morrow early, to help us to reap. Well, this also the young ones told their

mother, as soon as she came home, and in a sad fright they were. 'Never mind it, children,' said the old one, 'for if that be all, you may take my word for it that his brethren and kinsmen will not be forward dug up, and they buried her. The grief But mark,' said she, ' what you hear the Another besides the owner heard the of her father and betrothed was silent, and next time, and let me know without fail.

The old lark went abroad the next day

Mr. Blifkin's First Baby.

BY B. P. SHILLABER. The first baby was a great institution. Time, the soother of every human ill and As soon as he came into this 'breathing

> For the first six months of that precious times a night.

> 'Mr. Blif kins,' says my wife, 'bring Of course the lamp was brought, and of course the baby lay sucking his fist, like a little white bear as he was.
> 'Mr. Blifkins,' says my wife, 'I think

little, because baby might get sick.

strange that you have no more considera-I arranged the light and went to bed

'Mr. Blifkins,' said my wife' did you

inestimable child?' She apologized very handsomely, but

gave her, and without saying a word more 'Mr. Blifkins,' said my wife, shaking

'Just so-just so,' said I, half asleep, thinking I was Solon Shingle. 'I suspect, my dear,' said I, 'that it

was reined up at the doctor's house. wording of the precepts; 'why, you care- I tried to soothe her by telling her sne less old person, you have left a part of one had no patience at all, and got up for the posset. Having aided in answering to the baby's requirements, I stepped into bed

O, it's very well for you men to talk

'Mr. Blifkins,' said she, in a louder icft out—where?

'Why, there,' persisted the pastor;

look of them in the Bible; you have left great apparent anguish, 'how can a man, great apparent apparent anguish, 'how can a man, great apparent apparent apparent apparent apparent apparent ap who has arrived at the honor of a live baby of his own, sleep, when he don't know that the poor creature will live till

morning? I remained silent, and, after a while, deeming that Mrs. Blifkins had gone to sleep, I stretched my limbs for repose .--

How long I slept, I don't know, but I was WHITE MEN MUST RULE AMERICA How many persons, like the one spoken awakened by a furious jab in the forehead from some sharp instrument, I started up and Mrs. Blifkins was sitting up in bed adjusting some portion of the baby's dress. She had, in a state of semi-somnolence, mistaken my head for the pillow, which she customarily used for a nocturnal pincushion. I protested against such treatment in somewhat round terms-pointing to several perforations in my forehead. She told me I should willingly bear such ills for the seke of the baby. I insisted upon it that I didn't think my duty as a parent to the immortal, required the surrender of my forehead as a pin-cushion.

This was one of the many nights passed in this way. The truth is, that baby was what every man's first baby is—an auto-orat—absolute and unlimited. Such was the story of Blif kins as he related it to us the other day. It is a little exaggerated picture of almost every man's experience. Boston Evening Ga-

A SNAKE STORY .- During the Florida she, ' be sure, that in my absence you take war, said the speaker, I was in the Amerthe strictest notice of every word you hear, | ican Army. One day 1 shouldered my gun and went in search of game. In passing through a swamp I saw something a

few feet ahead of me, lying upon the the owner of the field, and his son. 'Well ground, which had every appearance of a George, said he, this corn, I think, is log, it being some forty feet in length, ripe enough to be cut down, so, to-mor- and about a foot in diameter. So positive row morning, go as soon as you can see, was I that I saw nothing but a log that I edside.

It was about six o'clock in the evening and desire our friends and neighbors to come and help us, and tell them we will have swore before a court of justice that it never heard of snakes growing to such huge dimensions, and the fact is I never nest, the young ones began to nestle and should have believed it if I had. Well, between me and the log, as I took it to be,

> butt of my gun on the ground before me, and springing upon it, lit right on top of -What do you suprose? A bos constrictor, said one.

What then? Just what I supposed it was-a log, said the wag.

An officer who was inspecting his company one morning, spied a private whose shirt was sadly begrimmed. 'Patrick O'Flynn!' called out the cap-

'Here, your honor,' promptly respon-ded the man, with his hand to his cap. ' How long do you wear a shirt ?' thun dered the officer. 'Jist 28 inches, yer honor,' was the re-

ioinder.

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