

Epigrams.

A pompous attorney, while trying a cause, Was quizzing a witness and looking for flaws. The witness, who owed him a personal grudge Provoked him until he appealed to the judge "I demand, sir," he cried, with a fiery-red face, "A little attention while trying this case."

"Oh, husband!" said Mrs. Ophelia McMunn, As she gazed at her willful and passionate son "Where that boy got his temper, I never could see; I'm certain he never could take it from me."

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THE STORY OF TWO SINGERS.

An Italian vessel had reached the shores of America. The passengers had landed. The wealthy had been taken to their hotels or their friends' homes in carriages. The poor folk, who still had some certain destination and some one to greet and meet, had been led away under friendly guidance, after many embraces and much gesticulation, or had taken cars and omnibuses for the purpose of reaching their homes and the welcome that awaited them.

She had only a great bag, with a few shabby garments, and these two children, and a pair of earrings, which she might, perhaps, sell for a little bread—in all the world. As she stared out upon the water, which had swept away the body of her dead husband, and which still covered it, she was very miserable.

"If it had been the Lord's will that I also should be buried in the sea," she sobbed. "I and my children." And she bent her head upon her hands; her eyes were blinded with tears; she saw nothing of what was going on just then. "Mother!" cried the eldest child. "Mother, look. The bad boy has carried off our bag."

The poor creature started to her feet. She stared wildly about her. A boy was running away at full speed with the bag of clothes on his back. Uttering a scream, she began to run at full speed. People stared at her, but did not know why she ran, or understand that the interpretation of her cry was "stop thief."

They had their own little ears pierced, but as yet there were only threads in them. Their father had promised that, when he made his fortune, they should have gold earrings like their mother's. But their father was buried in the sea, and their mother was poor. It did not seem likely they should ever have any of those nice things that they had been promised when they came to America.

ward by the crowd; the little one, who had clung to the railings of a restaurant, was left behind. "When the procession and the crowd had passed, she still sat there, weeping bitterly. "What a beautiful child," said many, and one or two spoke to her, but she did not understand, and could not answer them. At last there came along the street an old Italian with an organ on his back, and a monkey perched upon it. He paused in front of the restaurant and held out his hand to the child.

"What has happened to the pretty little girl? Has she lost herself?" he asked; and the child, glad to hear words that she could comprehend, told him her story. The old man listened kindly. "Dry your tears, pretty one," he said. "We will find your mother, and meanwhile, you shall have supper with me and my monkey. See what a fine monkey. He will shake hands with you. Papa, shake hands with the pretty little girl, and bow."

The monkey put out one brown paw and took off his velvet cap by the crown with the other. His pranks amused the child. She trotted along by the side of the organ-grinder, and had macaroni with him in a dismal little room in a terrible tenement house. She had no doubt that he could find her mother for her—her mother and her little sister Francesca; for that age was always hopeful. But the old man who, after the frugal supper, went about to do what he could to find the child's mother, soon learned the truth. He knew Bianca was the child of the poor woman who had been killed; and though he kept the knowledge to himself with a dread of mysterious evil, personal consequences peculiar to foreigners who do not quite understand the laws of the land—and scarcely to be wondered at—he generously resolved to take care of the little girl, to whom he did not tell the truth. Bianca believed that her mother would soon come back, until she forgot her grief; but the old man bought a little bit of black ribbon and suspended it to the solitary earring. "Never part with it," he said. "It is a memento of your mother, pretty one."

He had a little poetry in his breast, as most Italians have, though he was only a poor organ-grinder. Every day when he went out with his monkey and his organ, he took the child with him. She held the plate, into which the patrons of this cheap concert dropped their coin. After awhile, he taught her to sing some little songs. Italian children can always sing; and it was no loss to him to have adopted this little creature, for he never made half as much before. The child brought him luck. One day a musician heard her sing, and offered to teach her to sing better. Her voice was full and rich. She studied carefully. She was beautiful and attractive. As she grew up the old man began to see that he must no longer take her into the street. "Stay at home, pretty one," he said. "Study at the school. A better fate awaits you than to sing before windows and catch pennies in a platter."

The girl was glad to obey. She worked harder than ever to improve. She kept the poor place neat; she cooked her adopted father's meals and made her own cheap garments neatly. Hope rose high within her, but, alas! misfortune was at hand. The old man made very little, now that his young singer was not with him. One day the monkey was killed by a larger one, who threw it from the ropes where the two dangled together—ropes swung from pulleys fastened to the windows of the houses. Poor Papa was thrown to the pavement below, and his neck broken. Bread grew scarce, and the old man, lamed with rheumatism, could scarcely carry his organ about; and, at last, the hope that had inspired both perished in an hour. The kind musician died; the free music lessons were over forever, and they could never pay for instruction.

One day Bianca found her father, as she called him, actually ill, and their humble means of subsistence at an end for the present. "Forever," said Bianca to herself, "if I cannot earn my bread in his age, as he has earned mine in my youth. Surely, even my little knowledge of music is of some avail."

Sitting with her head upon her hands, she remembered the beautiful young prima donna who sang at the opera, and whose voice she had heard through the open window of a certain great hotel. "She is said to be charitable," she said; "at least, she would tell a poor girl if it might be possible for her to earn her living by her voice; where to apply; what to do." And, full of that ardent trust in human nature which is part of youth, she tied on her poor little hat, and made her way through the wretched streets in which she lived to the great thoroughfare in which stood the hotel which was the prima donna's home.

"Can I see signora?" she asked timidly of a servant who answered her timid ring. "Well, it isn't likely, young woman," said the man; "she's just going out to ride. Does she know you?" "No," said the poor girl; "but"—"Oh—begging, or something, I suppose," said the man. "No, you can't."

"Let me be the judge," said a soft voice; and a beautiful lady clad in velvet swept toward her. "What have you to say to me?" she asked, kindly. And Bianca was about to reply when she suddenly caught sight of something pendent from a chain which the lady wore that struck her dumb. It was an earring—a hoop of gold—the mate to that about poor Bianca's neck. She remembered how her mother had given one to each of them to quiet them on that day when she sat desolate upon a foreign shore. Strange fancies filled her mind. Could this be Francesca? If it were, would she not despise the poor organ-grinder's adopted child?—an ignorant girl, so shabby that the servants took her for a beggar.

"Come along with me, my child," said the beautiful young lady. "At least you are of my country. I know it by your accent. We have that tie, Come." She led her to her sumptuous apartment, and closed the door. "Now, let me know what you came for," she said, smiling.

Bianca bent her head, trembling. "I came for something else," she said, but I can only think of one thing now—that hoop upon your chain. What is it? Where did you get it? And you look—oh! you look—you are like"—She faltered and paused. "This bit of gold," said the lady, "is all I have to remind me of my lost mother. I wear it for that. And besides—I have been told that it may be a means of—of— She broke off and covered her face with her hands. "Why did you notice the ring?" she said. "Of whom do I remind you?"

"Of my mother," said Bianca. "My mother, who on the day of our arrival in this country, left me with my sister upon the Battery. She was killed in the street, though I did not know of it for years afterward. An old man—good and kind, but very poor—cared for me. I never saw my sister again. I came to see you, signora, to ask you what one could do with a good voice and love for music, but with little musical education. I heard you were charitable, but—Oh, signora, what does it mean? As we sat on that bench on the Battery, my sister and I, our mother gave us each one of her golden earrings to play with. See! I have mine yet."

She drew it from her bosom. "Your name?" cried the prima donna. "Bianca," said the girl. "I am Francesca!" cried the other. She held out her arms, and the next moment the two girls sobbed upon each other's bosom. Francesca had been adopted by a rich man, who had developed her great talent by all the means in his power. And now she herself was winning fame and fortune. A great joy had come to her in the restoration of her sister, and she took her at once and forever to her heart and home.

And the old Italian, in the comfort of a luxurious home and the society of his adopted daughter, who soon followed in her sister's footsteps, and became a great singer, found himself well repaid for his kindness to the orphan child, and ended his days in peace and happiness.

Why they Explode.

The Scientific American explains the philosophy of kerosene lamp explosions. Read and learn how to avoid danger: All explosions of petroleum lamps are caused by the vapor of gas that collects in the space above the oil. Of course, a full lamp contains no gas, but immediately on lighting the lamp consumption of oil begins, soon leaving a space for gas, which commences to form as the lamp warms up; and after burning a short time sufficient gas will accumulate to form an explosion. The gas in a lamp will explode only when ignited. In this respect it is like gunpowder. Cheap or inferior oil is always the most dangerous. The flame is communicated to the gas in the following manner: The wick tube in the lamp-burners is made larger than the wick which is to pass through it. It would not do to have the wick work tightly in the burner; on the contrary, it is essential that it move up and down with perfect ease. In this way it is unavoidable that space in the tube is left along the side of the wick sufficient for the flame from the burner to pass down into the lamp and explode the gas.

Many things occur to cause the flame to pass down the wick and explode the lamp. 1. A lamp may be standing on the table or mantel, and a slight puff of air from the open window or door may cause an explosion. 2. A lamp may be taken up quickly from a table or mantel and instantly exploded. 3. A lamp is taken into an entry where there is a draught, or out of doors, and an explosion ensues. 4. A lighted lamp is taken up a flight of stairs, or is raised quickly to place it on a mantel, resulting in an explosion. In these instances the mischief is done by the air movement, either by suddenly checking the draught or forcing air down the chimney against the flame. 5. Blowing down the chimney to extinguish the light is a frequent cause of explosion. 6. Lamp explosions have been caused by using a chimney broken off at the top, or one that has a piece broken, whereby the draught is variable and the flame unsteady. 7. Sometimes a thoughtless person puts a small-sized wick in a large burner, thus leaving considerable space along the edges of the wick. 8. An old burner, with its air draughts closed up, which rightfully should be thrown away, is sometimes continued in use, and the final result is an explosion.

How to Utilize Old Fruit Cans.

Perhaps one of the most appropriate uses of an old fruit can that can be devised is to make it contribute to the growth of new fruit to fill new cans. This is done in the following manner: The can is pierced with one or more pin holes, and then sunk in the earth near the roots of the strawberry or tomato or other plants. The pin holes are to be of such size that when the can is filled with water the fluid can only escape into the ground very slowly. Thus a quart can, properly arranged, will extend its irrigation to the plant for a period of several days; the can is then refilled. Practical trials of this method of irrigation leave no doubt of its success. Plants thus watered flourish and yield the most bounteous returns throughout the longest drouths. In all warm localities, where water is scarce, the planting of old fruit cans, as here indicated, will be found profitable as a regular gardening operation.—Scientific American.

A Locomotive in a Quicksand.

The Leavenworth (Kan.) Times says: Mention was made in the Times during the summer of a singular accident which occurred on the Kansas Pacific road at the bridge crossing Kiowa creek, forty-two miles east of Leavenworth, in which an engine attached to a freight train went through the bridge into the bed of the creek, instantly disappearing in the quicksand and baffling all attempts to recover it. For the past six months the search for the missing locomotive has been kept up, resulting in about two or three days ago, when it was found buried forty feet deep in the quicksand. The sand had been removed for a great number of yards around the scene of the disappearance of the engine, a hydraulic ram being used, the locomotive being found at last after a search of six months. The instance is one of the most remarkable on record.

Scott's Poetry in Western Prose.

The train had withdrawn from the castle, but Marmion lingered behind to bid adieu to Douglas. "Though something might be explained," he said, "of old respect to a gentleman sent hither by your king's behest, while in Tantallon's towers I stayed, part me in friendship and noble ear, receive my hand." But Douglas was out of sorts, and taking another reef in the band of his nether, said: "My dear sir, my manors, halls, towers, and o'ers and so forth, are open at my sovereign's will to whoever he desires to send hither, no matter how unworthy such a one may be to stand in the presence of the gentleman who now has the floor," and he looked Marmion straight in the eye.

"My castles are my king's alone," he continued, "from cupola to the basement kitchen, but the hand of Douglas is his own and never shall in friendship clasp the hand of such as Marmion carries so jauntily in the breast of his entway." So saying he thrust his hands in his pantaloons pockets and turned on his heel.

Marmion was the maddest man in town. His swarthy cheek burned until it was red as a lobster and shook his very frame for ire. "And this to me!" he yelled; "an 'twere not for thy gray hairs such hand as Marmion had not spared to cleave the Douglas head as if struck by lightning, and I'm not so sure but I'll do it anyhow! And I tell thee haughty peer, he who does England's message bring, although the meekest politician in the country, may well, proud Angus, be thy mate! And furthermore, my gentle gazelle, even in thy pitch of pride, here in thy hold, thy vassals and lickspittles near—take your hand out of your hip pocket or I'll smash you—I tell thee thou art defied! And if thou saidst I am not peer to any lord in Scotland, Lowland or Highland, rich or poor, Lord Angus, you're a liar!" and he shook his fist under the Douglas nose.

It was now Douglas's turn to get mad, and he improved the excellent opportunity offered. At first he turned white and purple about the gills, and his ears wagged in awful silence. Then he broke forth: "Darest thou to beard a family of royal Bengal tigers in their den, the Douglas in his hall? And hopest thou thence unscathed to go! No; by Saint Patrick of Bothwell, no! Up drawbridge, grooms! What, warder! let the portcullis fall, and be lively about it, while I take it out of the fellow's hide!"

The warder and grooms were on deck in an instant, but a moment was lost in running to the kitchen to get the key of the portcullis from the hired girl. Lord Marmion turned—well was his need—and dashed the howls in his mule, that shot like an arrow through the archway, and kicked the top of the portcullis as it descended behind him. The mule along the drawbridge clattered just as it trembles on the rise. In the words of an unknown poet: "Not swifter does the swallow skim. Along the smooth lake's level brim."

When Lord Marmion reached his band, where he knew he was comparatively safe, he turned around in the saddle and yelled at the top of his voice: "I'll see you later—when I do," and shook his gauntlet at the towers.—Detroit Free Press.

A Winter Evening Game.

The players sit in a row, and the first says: "I am going on a journey to Albany," or any place beginning with an A. The one seated next to her says: "What will you do there?" The verbs and nouns in the answer must begin with the same letter, and so on through the alphabet; the one who asks the question "What will you do there?" continuing the game. But as an example is better than any directions, we will relate to you how a party of children played it: Ellen—I am going on a journey to Albany.

Louisa—What will you do there? Ellen—Ask for apples and apricots. Louisa—(To her next neighbor) I am going to Boston. Frank—What will you do there? Louisa—Buy bonnets and buns. Frank—I am going to college. Susan—What will you do there? Frank—Cut capers. Susan—I am going to Dover. Sarah—What will you do there? Susan—Dress dolls. Sarah—I am going to Erie. Russel—What will you do there? Sarah—Eat eggs. Russel—I am going to Fairhaven. Grace—What will you do there? Russel—Feed fawns with frogs. Grace—I am going to Greenbush. Howard—What will you do there? Grace—Give gold to girls. Howard—I am going to Hanover. Sarah—What will you do there? Howard—Hunt with hounds and horses.

The party goes through the alphabet in the above manner. Whoever cannot answer readily, after due time is allowed, must suffer some penalty.

The Hangmen's Record.

In the United States during the past year ninety-six murderers (all men) were hanged—an increase of thirteen over the record for the previous year. Of this number forty-one were white, fifty-two colored, two Indians and one Chinaman. Five were hanged for outrage, and four for wife murder. There were seven double executions, four triple and two quadruple. Friday retains the reputation as hangman's day, seventy executions having taken place on that day. The largest number in any one month was in March; twenty-five executions having then occurred. Seventy per cent. of the hangings were in the Southern States, and nearly two-thirds of the victims were colored. In Texas there were ten; Louisiana, nine; Alabama, eight; South Carolina, eight; North Carolina, eight; Pennsylvania, six; Missouri, five; Georgia, five; Tennessee, four; Arkansas, four; California, four; New York, three; Kentucky, Virginia, Montana, Delaware, Ohio, Mississippi and Maryland, each two; Massachusetts, Arizona, Florida, New Hampshire, Indiana and Nevada, each one.—New York Herald.

CLAY ON CROWS.

Cassius M. Clay Takes His Voice in Behalf of the Birds—What Keeps From Us the Plagues of Egypt.

Cassius M. Clay writes to the Richmond Register as follows: I was pained to see in your journal lately an account of the slaughtering of the crows, without protest.

Nature seems to have provided for the greatest sum of animal life. First vegetables, then insects, and then higher animals, man standing at the apex. All insectivorous birds are the allies of man; without birds the human race would have a hard struggle for existence, and would perhaps be exterminated. Over all the world the great breeders of famine—the locusts and grasshoppers—are ruinous only where birds cannot exist.

The swarms of locusts, which the Bible tells infested Egypt, exist yet, and will exist until trees shall be planted or sowed to grow in all places where grass grows; then the birds will have come and destroyed the locusts. So the same law prevails in interior Africa and in the United States. All along the Platte river for hundreds of miles, wherever I saw a few trees and shrubs there were hawks hovering over to pounce down upon and destroy the birds. The prairie chickens are destroyed by man, and between those two allies the birds are lost and the locusts spread ruin; every green thing is eaten, and men fly for life to other lands or perish!

The phylloxera in France, a small insect, has inflicted by the ruin of the vine, more loss than the German war! In early years our State was full of woodpeckers and kindred birds. They ate some apples and other fruit; our fathers destroyed them. Then our vegetables were fine and perfect; after the birds have been killed we are overrun with insects; perfect fruit and vegetables are now almost unknown.

I believe that the quails or partridges, though graminivorous, also destroy many insects. Whilst all our other birds feed mostly upon insects, every bird has its special habitat. The swallow, several species in Kentucky, feed on the wing; the owls upon the tips of trees and leaves—pinching off insects, often unseen by the natural eye. The wren and sparrow are very active feeders near and upon the ground. When the peas are sown I have observed the sparrows following the lines and picking up the pea bugs as they emerge from the ground. There are many birds which peck the rose bush and grapevines. All the woodpecker and sapsucker tribe eat bugs and not sap.

For many years I have kept a box nailed to a tree near my library window; I feed about a quart of crumbs and hominy a day. Last winter I counted fourteen varieties eating them, among others, the beautiful red-birds, which, though naturally shy, have become almost as tame as the sparrows. I had rather a sportsman would shoot down and carry off a pig than one of these beautiful songsters!

And now with this preface I come to the crows. For long years I have ceased my early war upon the crows. They are eminently insectivorous. The crow, when the weather is very cold, will eat the eyes of weak, prostrate lambs, other birds' eggs and young; take care from the ground when it is soft, half-digested corn from fed cattle in the fields. But for all this they should never be killed. In many lands the buzzard, as a scavenger, is protected by law. The crow is also a most active scavenger, but, as I said, is mostly insectivorous. I dissected young crows in the nest, and never found a seed or grain of corn. I found bugs, beetles and, above all, caterpillars. This morning, all over my bluegrass pasture, the mercury standing at twenty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, and a thin crust of frozen earth and a fine snow existing, there were thousands of crows feeding. They were eating grass and the eggs of grasshoppers.

In France the government pays a price for the gathering of these eggs. Here the crows do the work much more effectively for nothing. I have in my life seen whole meadows stripped of blade and seed by grasshoppers. Who can say that the crows do not keep us from famine! The announcement by your paper of the destruction of the crows struck me with the same sensibility as if one had boasted that he had dried up all the wells and all the springs of the county! Should I arouse the State to pass efficient laws for the protection of crows and other birds, I will have done more for my country than all the politicians and warriors so justly made illustrious.

Dumas as a Duellist.

One night at the theater of San Carlo, Naples, Dumas the elder (the celebrated French novelist), found himself chatting familiarly with a stranger who, when the play was over, said to him patronizingly: "I have greatly enjoyed your conversation, sir, and hope to see more of you. If ever you visit Paris call on me. I am Alexander Dumas."

"The deuce you are! So am I!" replied the novelist, with a roar of laughter.

By the way, Dumas left Naples under peculiar circumstances. One fine morning he printed an article in which he handled the Italian people in a manner more vigorous than courtiers.

At eight o'clock the paper came out; by ten Dumas received thirty challenges; by noon, sixty. At one P. M. he called a meeting of the 120 friends of his challengers, and said unto them: "Gentlemen, I leave Naples to-night, and therefore have not time to fight all your principals singly. Nevertheless I am anxious to give them all the satisfaction that is in my power, so as I have the choice of weapons I propose fighting with pistols; your sixty principals will be collected into a group, and on receiving the word fire a volley at me and I'll blaze away into the crowd."

The proposition was not accepted. A sailor on board a vessel in the harbor of Zante having been struck by lightning, there was found on his breast the number 44, being an exact copy of the same figures on a part of the ship's rigging.

LIFE ON THE RAIL.

Pen Pictures of Travelers. Bob Burdette, the pungent paragrapher of the Burlington Hawkeye, has been traveling a good deal by rail lately, and he supplies his paper with the following amusing pictures of some people he met on the cars:

FINDING A SEAT.

A woman with three bird cages and a little girl, has just got on the train. She arranges the three bird cages on a seat, and then she and the little girl stand up in the aisle and she glares around upon the ungallant men who remain glued to their seats and look dreamily out of the window. I bend my face down to the tablet and write furiously, for I feel her eyes fastened upon me. Somehow or other, I am always the victim in cases of this delicate nature. Just as I expected. She speaks, fastening her commanding gaze upon me. "Sir, would it be asking too much if I begged you to let myself and my little girl have that seat? A gentleman can always find a seat so much more easily than a lady."

And she smiled. Not the charmingest kind of a smile. It was too triumphant to be very pleasing. Of course I surrendered. I said: "Oh, certainly. I could find another seat without any trouble."

She thanked me, and I crawled out of my comfortable seat, and gathered up my overcoat, manuscript, my shawl strap package, my valise, my overshoes, and she and the little girl went into the vacant premises as soon as the writ of ejectment had been served, and they looked happy and comfortable. Then I stepped across the aisle; I took up those bird cages and set them along on top of the coal box, and wet down in the seat thus vacated. I apologetically remarked to the woman, who was gazing at me with an expression that boded trouble, that "it was much warmer for the canaries by the stove." She didn't say anything, but she gave me a look that made it much warmer for me, for about five minutes, than the stove can make it for the canaries. I don't believe she likes me, and I am uncomfortably confident that she disapproves of my conduct.

ETHICS OF CONVERSATION.

A friendly passenger wants to talk. I am not feeling particularly sociable this morning, and consequently I do not propose to talk to anybody. He asks how I like this kind of weather, and I say, "splendidly." He laughs feebly, but encouragingly, and says there has been a little too much snow. I say, "Not for health, it was just what we needed." He asks if I heard of the accident on the Central railroad, and I say, "Yes." Then he asks me how it was, and I tell him, "I don't know; didn't read it."

He wants to know what I think of Hayes, and I say, "I think he made a very good confab." "Constable," he says, "I mean President Hayes."

I say I thought he meant Dennis Hayes, of Peoria. Then he asks if I "am going far?" I say, "No."

"How far?" he asks. "Fourteen hundred miles," I say, unblushingly.

He thinks that is what he would call "far," and I make no response. Two babies in the car are rehearsing a little and in rather faulty time, but with fine expression. And the man, with one or two "dashes," asks if it doesn't bother me to write with a lot of "brats squalling around."

I looked up at him very severely, for it always makes me mad to hear a man call a baby a "brat," and I say to him, in a slow, impressive manner, that "I would rather listen to a baby cry than hear a man swear."

This eminently proper and highly-moral rebuke has its effect. The man forsakes me, and he is now wreaking a cheap miserable revenge on the smiling passengers by whistling "My Grandfather's Clock," accompanying himself by drumming on the window with his fingers.

JUVENILE INGRATITUDE.

A woman gets on the train and says a very warm-hearted good-bye to a great cub of a sixteen-year-old boy, who sets down her bundles and turns to leave the car with a gruff grunt that may mean good-bye or anything else. There is a little quiver on her lip as she calls after him: "Be a good boy; write to me often, and do as I tell you." He never looks around as he leaves the car. He looks just like the kind of a boy who will do just as she tells him, but she must be careful to tell him to do just as he wants to. I have one bright spark of consolation as the train moves on and I see that boy performing a clumsy satire on a clog dance on the platform. Some of these days he will treat some man as gruffly and rudely as he treats his mother. Then the man will climb on to him and lick him—pound the very saddest out of him. Then the world will feel better and happier for the licking he gets. It may be long deferred, but it will come at last. I almost wish I had pounded him myself, while he is young and I felt able to do it. He may grow up into a very discouragingly rugged man, extremely difficult to lick, and the world may have to wait a very long time for this act of justice. It frequently happens that these bad boys grow up into distressingly bad men.

Poetry and Politics.

Poetry and politics have not much affinity for each other. There is very little poetry about politics, and vice versa. But when the muse does condescend to enter the political arena it makes a big strike. What could be more suggestive than the following lines from the Maysville (Ky.) Bulletin? Where be your sweet singers now? Listen: If you aim at Chester's good, Be sure and vote for J. J. Wood. If you'd enjoy fruits rich and rare, Don't forget the present mayor. These opposed to strife and greed, Will find the remedy in J. F. Lee. Then comes Dietrich in the van; You couldn't find a better man. But that your joy there be no lack in, Remember the famous George McCracken. Prove allegiance without a scratch, Take "G. N. H." and you have the batch.