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Poetry. THE NOBLE SAVAGE. BY CHARLES KENNEDY. Here's the truth, or very near it. Let the candid freeman hear it.

See the calm, the bright, the blue, As the sun's rays on the sea, As the moon's light on the sea.

Only one thing I would be my own, Myself, my soul, my heart, my brain, My limbs, a little, for they are cramped from long sitting.

As she spoke her eye wandered from the key hole of the dreaded cupboard to that of an adjoining room. In the latter there was a key.

"What absurdity!" said Madame Lucca, with a forced smile. As she spoke her eye wandered from the key hole of the dreaded cupboard to that of an adjoining room.

"Your ladyship did! Oh! but supposing a thief!" "Well, if a thief did know it he might easily make his fortune!" she observed interrupting her companion.

"Nothing easier," replied Madame Lucca. "However, that reminds me—I may as well lock the door leading to the garden. Run into the dining room; you will find the key on the table. Don't be long."

With these words she left the room. No sooner had she done so that the door of the cupboard cautiously opened. A man put his head out and glanced around. Perceiving no one he instantly darted into an adjoining chamber.

"I can't find any—" began Edith, entering the bedchamber. But Madame Lucca, pushing her out one side disappeared. Edith looked after her in some astonishment, and remained as though rooted to the spot till her mistress re-entered with a revolver in her hand.

"The Baron's revolver, thank goodness!" replied Madame Lucca. "Why thank goodness, your ladyship?" inquired the maid.

Madame Lucca pointed to the door. Some one on the other side was turning the handle. Edith burst deadly pale, and dropped the lamp she was carrying.

The rest was inaudible. Edith's screams drowned aught else. Madame Lucca waited until the girl's first shock of breath was exhausted and her second not arrived; she then said, with comic severity, Edith, if you are not quiet, I will begin by shooting you!"

Edith thought, apparently, that her mistress was in earnest, for the poor girl immediately rammed a large portion of the nearest towel in her mouth and restricted herself to swaying to and fro and sobbing violently.

"Stand aside, my friend," said Madame Lucca, "for you are a dead man." A sharp report followed, accompanied by the sound of crashing wood and splintered glass.

"There! that is one barrel out of six. That is merely to show that I am armed. You had better remain quiet." The visitor also was seemingly of the same opinion for he did not renew the attempt.

Into the arid atmosphere of politics and bread-and-butter's omelette comes a bit of romance of melting sweetness. Of such is the story of two lovers and a remorseless father, which, as it has just been told by a Bostonian, must of course be true.

Once I visited a show in Georgia. It was a moral animal show, I heard a fellow shouting. Says he, here's your celebrated tropical American Ant-eater that feeds on ants.

Says I, here's your celebrated tropical American Ant-eater that feeds on ants. Says I, here's your celebrated tropical American Ant-eater that feeds on ants.

A New Dog Story. The Missouri Republican of a recent date says: All read stories of sagacious dogs with interest. Here is a new one, and it has the additional merit of being strictly true.

A certain lawyer in San Francisco has a wife, a nurse girl, a whole house full of small children, and a large Newfoundland dog as a playmate for the little ones.

The lawyer has a near neighbor, whose wife is afflicted with a mild type of insanity. The unfortunate woman was supposed to be perfectly harmless, and her husband kept her with him.

The servant retired, and in a few moments returned with the information that there was noise. The wife was now alarmed in earnest.

The mad woman, hearing the children shrieking in the back part of the house and the barking of the dog in the same direction, left the front door and went around to the rear of the house.

She saw the children's faces huddled together in the window, and made a fresh attack. She broke the window all to pieces, and tried to get in by it, but the opening was a little too high and she had no ladder.

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A BURNED IN THE WAGON. The Atlanta Sun says: At a late hour a few lights ago, quite a bridal party arrived in the city and put up at one of our hotels.

The bride was accompanied by two or three young lady friends, and the groom by two gentlemen. The names were registered in the usual way, but a mistake was made in registering the identity of the bride.

The hours sped on toward dawn, and the bride in her silent chamber waited the appearance of her lord. Yet he came not. Surely, he was not sitting up all this time. The rest of the party had retired, she was certain, since she had heard them in their apartments.

What had become of him? Impatience gradually grew into terror. She rang her bell and the servant knocked at the door.

"Do you know where my husband is?" she inquired. "Ain't he in here, mam?" "No."

"Mabe he stepped out in the city, mam, and will be back directly." "I'm afraid; oh, do inquire at the office and see if there is any intelligence about him."

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There was a sudden stir, and the sound of feet falling on the floor. "Who the devil am I in bed with then?" she heard the man say, as the door swung open and her husband's face peeped out.

"Oh! I'm distracted about you; where have you been?" "I've been here in bed; but don't take me, I thought you were too!" "Oh! James, it wasn't me."

"Who is it, then?" "Why it is Sarah!" "The devil!" "Oh! no, James it was Sarah. Didn't you know it, James?" "Blas't me if I did! I found her asleep, and thinking this was our room, I crept into bed and went to sleep," replied James evidently impressed with the idea that he had a difficult case to argue.

"Why don't you hear herterson?" But just then Sarah woke up, and seeing aman in her room, filled the hall with people. And now the bridegroom found himself in a delicate position. In the hurry of explaining the matter to his wife he had neglected to put on his pants; and now in his eager search for them he was dancing around the room like one possessed, and then imploring Sarah to hush.

"I'm going don't you see?" "But Sarah was seeing too much and she wouldn't hush; and the wife in the hall hemmed in by the eager crowd, had leaned her head against the wall and was enjoying a hearty cry. At last, however, the pants were found and put on, and the husband and wife escaped to their chamber, whilst Miss Sarah doubly locked the door against further intrusion. The next morning explanations were gone into, but there's no denying that both ladies were the least bit incredulous, and it is said that a perceptible coldness had grown up between them, whilst the unintentionally offending bridegroom walks about a good deal, his head down, and evidently indulging in pleasant meditations.

One Smith had failed in business and sold out, and having two or three tough little bills, had given them to a lawyer for collection, Smith went to the office to receive the proceeds. The amount collected was about fifty dollars. "I'm sorry you have been so unfortunate, Smith, for I take great interest in you. I shan't charge you as much as I should if I did not feel so much interest in you."

Here he handed some fifteen dollars and kept the balance. "You see, Smith, I knew you when you were a boy, and I knew your father before you, and I take a great deal of interest in you. Good morning. Come and see me again."

Smith, moving slowly out of the door, and ruefully contemplating the avails, was heard to mutter: "Thank God you did not know my granddather!"

A good story is told of Judge Rice. About the commencement of the war he made a speech in North Alabama in which he said the Southern soldiers could whip the Yankees with pop-guns. Since the war he chanced to make another speech in the same place. A big double jointed fellow was present who heard and remembered the former speech, and being in an amiable frame of mind, concluded to put for Sam. Rolling up his sleeves and getting his fat in the palm of his hand, he propounded the following question: "Sam Rice, didn't you make a speech here in 1861?" "I did," said Sam.