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NO. 2.

Lift Him Up.

Lying so low in the gutter,
Degraded and black with sin,
With garments tattered and filthy;
More shattered and foul within.
His face has grown ugly and brutal,
And lost its each trace divine;
The reign of his passions has made him
Companion alone for the swine.
"He is too far gone," they tell us,
All they who pass him by;
"Impossible now to reach him,"
So he is left to sink and die.
He was once "somebody's darling,"
That man so degraded and vile;
And the heart of one who loved him
Was once made glad by his smile.
Those lips that now breathe but cursing,
A mother's kiss once pressed,
And that hair, once soft and golden,
A sister's hand caressed.
Those eyes, now bleak and soulless,
Once lighted with love's bright glow,
And the fire of the soul within them
Burned with thoughts that angels knew.
Upon their darkened faces,
Lest they should feel all things,
"All," "to him that believes."
Friends of Temperance, this is your mission:
Strong in Love's power to save,
With a sympathy earnest, untiring,
Go, bring him up from the grave!

"WALKING THE PLANK."

The history of the West is one long record of bloody and atrocious deeds. Not the least in the dark and interminable catalogue is the little event we are now about to lay before our kind readers. We heard the story from the lips of one who professed—and we had no reason to doubt his word—to have played a prominent part in the occurrence, and we give it to the reader just as we heard it.

Some years ago, said the narrator, a friend and myself agreed to take a tramp, hunter fashion, through the great wilderness of the Northwest. Having provided ourselves with what things we thought actually necessary, and nothing more, we started upon our perilous journey for that it was perilous we were fully aware, and every reader will admit.

After encountering innumerable hardships and many dangers, we found ourselves in the wildest kind of a region, many miles distant from the haunts of civilization. Already we had passed through enough to have discouraged most of men, but we were young and full of blood, and not easily put out or frightened. This was particularly the case with my companion, whose name was Andy Huff.

Both of us were perfectly healthy, as strong as iron, and considerably experienced in the use of such articles as rifles, pistols and bowie knives. In all these respects we could hold our own with the best; had it been otherwise, we should never have lived to reach the point at which we finally arrived.

Just about dark one evening in the latter part of July, after a hard day's tramp, we halted for the night. A darker, deeper, lonelier solitude than that which surrounded us, it would be hard to imagine. Silently we built a little fire and supper; silently we ate it. Worn out, and for the time being slightly dispirited, we were in no humor for conversation.

For sometime we sat by our campfire without uttering a single word, and almost without moving. I was thinking of home and absent friends, and it was only reasonable to suppose that Huff was similarly occupied.

After the lapse of some time, our fire burnt low, and I arose to replenish it. The bark of a wolf started me, and I involuntarily addressed my companion.

"Huff did not answer me, however, but without noticing the circumstance, I threw a quantity of faggots on the fire, and addressed him.

"Take a few hours' rest, Andy, and I'll keep watch," said I, "and after that you can do the same by me."

"Still I got no answer, and then I began to notice my companion's unusual taciturnity.

"Anything the matter, Andy?" said I, regarding him closely.

"No answer again.

"That's a little strange," I muttered, moving over toward my companion.

Huff was sitting facing the fire, with his head bent upon his knees. I shook him without arousing him. Finally, I raised his head, and at once became conscious that he was soundly, deeply asleep.

Laughing off the fears which had for a few moments oppressed me, I left Huff to enjoy his nap, and settled myself down as comfortably as the circumstances would permit.

I was dreadful drowsy, and despite our perilous situation, despite every effort I made to the contrary, I could not entirely resist the overpowering influence of sleep. Occasionally I started up suddenly, and found that I was being desired. The last time I was aroused, I was awake by the bark of a wolf. Jumping to my feet, I beheld the fierce animal not a dozen paces distant, his ravenous eyes glaring upon me from the darkness. Seizing up a brand, I lunged at it at the rapidest of paces, with all my strength. It struck him full in the face, and with a terrible howl he darted off into the forest. Huff did not awake, did not even stir, so sound was his repose.

After that I did not feel much inclined to sleep, though nothing more was to be seen or heard. I examined my rifle and pistols, piled more faggots on the fire, and kept on the move, my eyes and ears open for any more nocturnal visitors.

Some time passed quietly, and I began to grow insufferably weary. Every muscle relaxed, and a drowsy torpor gradually stole over me. My eyes closed unconsciously—my knees bent beneath me, and I was about dropping to the ground, when I was suddenly aroused by the sound of a man's voice.

"Hello, fellows, how'd yer do!" were the words which fell upon my ears, and aroused me to consciousness.

I looked around in bewilderment. Our little camping ground was encircled

by a dozen or more brawny, fierce looking desperadoes. It was a complete surprise, and on the spur of the moment I yelled aloud:

"Andy, Andy, wake up!"

"Yes, wake up, Andy!" echoed the outlaws derisively.

Aroused at last, my comrade sprang to his feet, and the next moment was standing by my side.

Instantly a dozen rifles were leveled at us with deadly aim.

"Yer ain't goin' to show fight, are ye?" demanded one of the outlaws, a brutal looking wretch, and the leader of the band.

"That depends on circumstances!" responded Andy, unhesitatingly.

"We're two good men, afraid of neither man or beast—and if your intentions are hostile, as they appear to be, you may take my word for it that we'll give you all the trouble we can."

"You won't now, will yer?" rejoined the desperado, tauntingly.

"Guess yer'll have yer hands full of yer try that sort uv a game."

"Well, what do you want here, anyhow?" I demanded boldly, fully satisfied in my own mind that if we got out of our present scrape we had to fight it out.

"What do we want here?" was the rapid reply. "I guess the forest's as free to us as it is to any one else. Don't kalkulate that you're boss here, stranger, do yer?"

"No," was Andy's quick reply, and he took the words out of my mouth.

"Now for 'tuther one," shouted the leader, after the lapse of a few minutes.

At that instant a loud report of firearms suddenly reverberated far and near, and half of the bandits, at least, fell dead to the earth. The balls whistled around us as thick as hail, but I escaped unhurt. Instantly afterward a party of trappers rushed upon the scene and charged at the outlaws. The fight was short but desperate. In the end not an outlaw of them all remained alive, though they fought like incarnate devils.

In the first moments of the melee I got away out of the reach of harm. Pinned and gagged, I would have been of no use to myself or anybody. After the conflict was over I made my appearance and gave a statement of all that had transpired. From the trappers I learned that the cry of Andy had directed them to the spot; but, poor fellow, they came too late to save him. I thanked God and the mountaineers for my own preservation, and quit the scene with a sense of relief mingled with a feeling of sadness.

Gentlemen, that was about the worst situation I was ever placed in, and may you never have a similar experience.

"'Tother fellow shall see him drop, an' then he follows arter him. Drive him on thar, hollows!"

Every effort was made to move Andy, but the poor fellow continued obstinate. The outlaws picked him with their knives, and beat him with their rifles, but he refused to stir.

"Carry the man!" shouted the leader, loudly.

Despite his struggles, Andy was picked up and carried to the plank. As the outlaws let him down they gave him a violent push which sent him forward to the end of the plank. Andy swayed from side to side, and struggled wildly to regain his balance. He failed, however, and fell over, in his fall desperately clutching the plank. There he held with his finger nails buried in the wood. It was a horrid scene, and my blood runs cold at the bare recollection of it.

"Let him go!" shouted the fiendish leader.

The men who were standing on the other end of the plank jumped off, and plank and Andy whirled down into the seething depths below. Despite the gag in his mouth, the poor fellow uttered a loud and terrifying shriek before he disappeared from sight forever.

The cry rings in my ears now, though years have passed since then. I shall never forget it.

The outlaws sprang to the edge of the cliff, and with a savage exultation watched Andy's fall. He was only one of the types now so common in the cities of a quick mind that shrinks from that which is hard and difficult, cultivating the feeling only, living a dashing, "liberal" life. His permanent occupation at last became that of the master gambler—one who gets money by playing upon the passions of his fellows instead of upon their necessities. He sold lottery tickets. His pleasures were of the sort known as masculine, i. e., alcohol and athletics. He liked horses, yachts, and fighting; he was muscular himself, and in disposition shrewd and cautious—a Cassius, a man to keep "the right side of" more than once when in liquor and quarrelsome he was known to handle his pistol much too freely for the safety of his companions.

He was a Southerner, a plump, jovial man, with a fund of good nature. They became partners in the lottery business. Time wore on; they made money and married. They worked exceedingly well together; when the shrewdness of the slender, dark-eyed man, and the good nature of the partner, inspiring confidence, succeeded.

After a number of years, however, the serenity of this friendship became disturbed. A separation came. Each thought he could do better alone, and each tried it, thus dividing the calm of business, each trying to bring over to his side as much as possible. After that they began to eye each other askance; love turned to jealousy, and that to hate.

The situation became threatening. After a long life is passed, in which the daily occupation has been that which to the common herd is the amusement, and in which the daily recreation is what the mass is disappointed in, gradually comes undetermined and lost its equilibrium; little by little are developed great passions; instead of principles for guides of action, the soul gets a habit of yielding to the strong feeling that is uppermost; the inner man turns to lava from such a slender, dark-eyed man, and volcano grows up beneath the calm exterior, and only waits a fitting occasion for an eruption. The Long Island farmer-boy of Sober Dutch descent, by the course of life, had reared within himself another man—a savage, an Italian pug, a man who could not be kept in the mask of the man of the world. His hatred and jealousy of his former partner became a mania. No ill-luck or misfortune came that was not attributed to him. His old partner was taking his friends, his business, and his reputation, he thought from sight by him.

The result is briefly told, and is yet vivid on the minds of the inhabitants of this and the adjoining cities. The estranged partners met one winter evening in Liberty street; one was habited to his death, the other was saved for life. A few days ago his trial for murder was brought to a close. The jury was merciful, and he was saved from the gallows, but is destined to spend what should have been the happy years of his life in a convict's cell in Sing Sing.

The moral is plain, and the story offers a warning to all those who seek wealth by other means than the old-fashioned path of industry.

Key Notes.

Often and often we think we have found another key-note when we haven't. Most people are noted in such obscure tones that it don't pay to notice them. A few days ago we let Old Time ring the changes for us, and he'll find 'em all between christening and knell; they are sure to respond sooner or later. As for us, we can't most always tell; but we have one *de facto* case in hand. From our window we can see a man who has heard who has of late succumbed to the power of music, and we have discovered that the sound to which his soul goes out in ecstasy is the steam whistle call to quit work. When that tone steals out upon the quiet air with the dulcet sweetness peculiar to a forty jacksaw power, the poor workman strains up, throws back his shoulders, flaps his ears on the sides of his head like a pair of old rubber overshoes against a door-step, gives a yawn and a howl that shows him pained to his very core by the cheerful sound, and then speedily returns to his work. This is no fiction, and can be witnessed any day by those persons disposed to doubt that every individual man and beast have their special Key-Note.

Scattering.—A noted hunter has a gun that scatters shot badly, so that it is not of much account. A while ago he saw an advertisement in a city paper offering to send information whereby "scattering" of shot could be effectually prevented on receipt of fifty cents. He sent the money, and in due time was informed that to prevent his gun from "scattering" he should put in only one shot.

Two City Lives.

A Tale which has its own Moral and is full of Romantic Interest.

The son of a Long Island farmer grew up in the great City of New York. He had a busy, live intelligence, and he was attracted to the world's arena instinctively. He would not be a farmer; he would be a great man—a man of business. He served as office boy in various localities. He did not stay long in a place; he was smart—too smart.

He was what business men call a fast boy and clerical men a bad boy. His acute intellect, unguided, had turned into dangerous paths, following the lead of emotion and instinct. We live in our cities—steady, strong, independent of hard facts and stern work, and the lighter, superficial current of pleasure, of ideals, of amusement, passion, excitement. It was toward this world that as he grew older he gravitated. He hated discipline and liked freedom. He became a commercial traveler, and then theatrical agent, and then gambler; he tried the manufacture of whisky, kept a faro bank, was treasurer of a circus. He had a loud and terrifying shriek before he disappeared from sight forever.

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The situation became threatening. After a long life is passed, in which the daily occupation has been that which to the common herd is the amusement, and in which the daily recreation is what the mass is disappointed in, gradually comes undetermined and lost its equilibrium; little by little are developed great passions; instead of principles for guides of action, the soul gets a habit of yielding to the strong feeling that is uppermost; the inner man turns to lava from such a slender, dark-eyed man, and volcano grows up beneath the calm exterior, and only waits a fitting occasion for an eruption. The Long Island farmer-boy of Sober Dutch descent, by the course of life, had reared within himself another man—a savage, an Italian pug, a man who could not be kept in the mask of the man of the world. His hatred and jealousy of his former partner became a mania. No ill-luck or misfortune came that was not attributed to him. His old partner was taking his friends, his business, and his reputation, he thought from sight by him.

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Americans have never taken kindly to the antiquated code of honor that prevails in the German universities. The pistol or the fist goes to the mark so much more expeditiously, they are loth to linger over fencing swords and padding. Here is another illustration in a glimpse at student life written to the *Observer* of New York by an American tourist. The University of Bonn counts at present eight hundred and fifty students. It was founded in the year 1818. The fighting and beer-drinking corps are distinguished by their caps, the Prussians, or, in German, *Borussians*, wear white, the Fellers magenta, and some others blue. Mr. L., an American, has been for some time the champion of Heidelberg, which he has forsaken to bring his acquaintances here. Mr. B., also an American, was dismissed for forgetting himself and using his fists, instead of trying and sometimes succeeding in cutting off another man's nose. When they fight their arms are covered with padding, and when a nose is cut off he holds it in his mouth to keep it warm until he can sew it on again. Parsons! Is it not I? I was speaking to a young nobleman of the Prussian corps the other day. He is only twenty, and his father considers it imperative that he should be here for a year and also fight. As he is intended for diplomacy, I could not but think his handsome face might help him in the serious battle of life more than the scars, of which he remarked to me in French, he should be proud. "It is customary," remarked the father, "and makes them brave." "It is a custom more honored in the breach than the observance," I thought; although it undoubtedly requires pluck to stand up and cut away at the face of man, every drop of blood showing conspicuously upon his linen, in which he fights, yet it is questioned whether it would ever produce courage.

It is considered here that a man who belongs to these fighting corps never loses, and that a French riddle, or rather, a proverb, like an old German baron, who told me he was excused on that account, and drank "eau de Toulou."

Speaking of bravery, I dined the other day with a young courtier, not more than twenty-five years of age, who, among his gold medals, had the iron cross, given alone for courage. He was a fine fellow, well-bred and amusing, and kept the whole table in a roar of laughter. Among some other *bon mots* he asked a French riddle, or rather, a riddle in French, as follows: "What is the difference between Napoleon I. and Napoleon III.? Napoleon I. a *cuignole*, and Napoleon III. a *Lygène*. Napoleon I. had genius, Napoleon III. had Engenie."

Playing Poker in Washington.

A well-known Western Railroad man, who is now here living in Washington, and looking at the cards, is said to have raised the largest hands at poker known among gaming capitalists.

"He won fifty thousand dollars from me," said another Western man who told the story to a correspondent, "but I was sick that day and had to let him take it, I can't beat me when I am feeling well."

It is very easy to corrupt public men at the poker table, for a large percentage of them play—nearly as many, I should judge, as in the old days of slavery. Poker has arisen with the Northwest domination, and the ease with which it is learned, the reckless chances it invites, and the rapid popularity it attains in every circle, make it an especial game for large operators who loiter on the threshold of politics.

Make a public man poor and replace the money as a gift or bribe, his win and suppose he has wronged you, and he will try to work off the obligation with a might which he almost imparts righteous. These great, brawny operators know such things, and honor in the chief places is no barrier to their circumventing. The table, the fine and rapid woman, worldly talk with brilliancy in its delusiveness, the confidence that follows the wine cup, and the cool study of a man over five cards when he bets beyond his measure—these are the steps by which hard men capture better ones. Bribery is seldom direct, wounding the feelings or pride of the recipient. It is extended like the love which precedes ruin. It says:

"My friend, I admire you. To see you poor with your talents is a reproach to our country that you illustrate. I never yet met a man I could get so close to. If you ever feel the wolf too close to the door, I hope you will not wrong your friend by silence."

And it says:

Look Not on the Nose.

There are some men who don't know any more about the action of the nose on the human frame than to believe that a person's nose looks fiery red when frozen. A resident of Detroit when entertained this opinion until Saturday. He was walking along Michigan avenue, when he saw the red nose of another very worthy citizen, who loves the rich and generous winner of all countries, and the Second street man kindly said:

"Beg pardon, sir, but your nose is freezing." The man addressed whipped off his overcoat in about a second, spat on his hands, and said he could lick any wooden-headed son of a cumber in Detroit who dared to insult him, and there would have been a fight but for some pedestrians holding the arms and legs of the red-nosed man, while the Second street man got round the corner.

A man who don't know anything will tell it the first time he gets a chance.

German University Life.

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"He won fifty thousand dollars from me," said another Western man who told the story to a correspondent, "but I was sick that day and had to let him take it, I can't beat me when I am feeling well."

It is very easy to corrupt public men at the poker table, for a large percentage of them play—nearly as many, I should judge, as in the old days of slavery. Poker has arisen with the Northwest domination, and the ease with which it is learned, the reckless chances it invites, and the rapid popularity it attains in every circle, make it an especial game for large operators who loiter on the threshold of politics.

Make a public man poor and replace the money as a gift or bribe, his win and suppose he has wronged you, and he will try to work off the obligation with a might which he almost imparts righteous. These great, brawny operators know such things, and honor in the chief places is no barrier to their circumventing. The table, the fine and rapid woman, worldly talk with brilliancy in its delusiveness, the confidence that follows the wine cup, and the cool study of a man over five cards when he bets beyond his measure—these are the steps by which hard men capture better ones. Bribery is seldom direct, wounding the feelings or pride of the recipient. It is extended like the love which precedes ruin. It says:

"My friend, I admire you. To see you poor with your talents is a reproach to our country that you illustrate. I never yet met a man I could get so close to. If you ever feel the wolf too close to the door, I hope you will not wrong your friend by silence."

And it says:

Look Not on the Nose.

There are some men who don't know any more about the action of the nose on the human frame than to believe that a person's nose looks fiery red when frozen. A resident of Detroit when entertained this opinion until Saturday. He was walking along Michigan avenue, when he saw the red nose of another very worthy citizen, who loves the rich and generous winner of all countries, and the Second street man kindly said:

"Beg pardon, sir, but your nose is freezing." The man addressed whipped off his overcoat in about a second, spat on his hands, and said he could lick any wooden-headed son of a cumber in Detroit who dared to insult him, and there would have been a fight but for some pedestrians holding the arms and legs of the red-nosed man, while the Second street man got round the corner.

A man who don't know anything will tell it the first time he gets a chance.

Lobsters.

Their Habits, Food and Growth.

A letter from S. M. Johnson, of Scituate harbor, gives the following interesting information about the habits of the lobster: The time when they draw into shore for a better supply of food varies very much in different localities. We find them coming in as early as March or April in some places, while in others they do not make their appearance until May or June. Nor is their time of going or coming the same from year to year. Indeed they seem to be somewhat erratic in their habits, and on that account comparatively little is known about them; and any observation made this year, however carefully, might the next lead to quite different conclusions. We mention this merely to show that in seeking for information we should not take the evidence of any one person as conclusive, though it might be perfectly correct so far as his observation went in that particular locality. They seem to move quite rapidly in their migrations, staying in one place only a long time, and then some what food presents itself. They move in solid column, the larger and stronger always in advance, while the rear or last end of the school presents a sorry appearance, composed as it is of the small, weak, ill-conditioned. They move on in this order until they find themselves on the shaler grounds, where the great variety and abundance of food seems to satisfy them; the food consists of muscles, cl