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COURT PROCLAMATION.—

ON Monday, November 8, 1880.

THE SHINGLE.

When the angry passion gathering
In my mother's face I see,
And she leads me to the bed-room,
Gently lays me on her knee,
Then I know that I will catch it,
And say flesh in fancy itches
As I listen to the patter
Of the shingle on my breeches.

Every tinkle of the Shingle
Has an echo and a sting,
And a thousand burning fancies
Into active being spring:
And a thousand bees and hornets
'Neath my coat-tail seem to swarm,
As I listen to the patter
Of the shingle, O, so warm!

In a splutter comes my father,
Whom I supposed had gone,
To survey the situation
And to tell her to lay on—
To see her bending o'er me,
As I listen to the strain
Played by her and by the Shingle
In a wild and weird refrain.

In a sudden intermission,
Which appears my only chance,
I say, "strike gently, mother,
Or you'll split my Sunday pants."
She stops a moment, draws her breath,
The shingle holds aloft.
And says, "I had not thought of that
My son, just take them off."

Holy Moses! and ye angles,
Cast your pitying glances down,
And thou, O family doctor!
Put a good soft poultice on;
And may I with fools and dunces
Everlastingly commingle,
If ever I say another word
While my mother wields the Shingle.

THE HIDDEN WILL.

When they told Ethan Vanwirt that his days were numbered, the first thing he said was:

"Send for Miss Work; I must see Miss Work before I die."

Singular as the demand seemed, no one thought of questioning it. Miss Work was sent for.

Laura turned quite white when the strange imperative summons first came; and then she was told that he who sent it was dying.

"What can he want? Shall you go, Laura? asked Pauline Ruble, who was visiting her.

"Oh yes, yes, poor old man! I am sorry for him. Certainly I will go.

Pauline put her arm around the slight figure, and drew the golden head down on her shoulder.

"Little fool," she thought, as she carressed the fair face with her slim, white hand. "Of course it is something about Lewis Vanwirt."

Aloud she said insinuatingly: "I had better go with you, dear—don't you think so?"

"Oh, if you only will," Laura cried eagerly.

Mrs. Work was quite an invalid, and could not accompany her daughter, so she also, was very glad to have Pauline to go with her.

As the carriage drove off with the two girls, she sank back on her couch with a thoughtful look.

"It must be something about his grandson. I hope Laura won't be silly."

The ladies were shown at once into Mr. Vanwirt's apartment.

"I wish to see you alone, Laura, my child," he said.

"I'll wait for you in the next room, darling." Pauline volunteered promptly and departed.

"Mr. Lewis has come, sir," the servant said, as he was leaving the room, in obedience to an impatient gesture from his master.

"Let him wait," the old man said grimly.

It was an easy thing for Pauline to step out upon the veranda without attracting attention, and pass along to the sick room.

"I want to know what he wants of her," she said to herself, "and Laura is such an obstinate child sometimes, as likely as not she would not tell me."

"I have sent for you. Laura Work," the dying man was saying, to ask you if you loved my grandson."

"My dear," he said, "I am dying or I would not ask you such a question. Lewis is my only son's only child. If I die without a will, the whole Vanwirt property will fall to him as the natural heir; but the boy has taken to bad courses lately, I am afraid. He gambles I have heard. His father did before him. The taste for it is in the Vanwirt blood. It came near being my ruin at his very age. But I promised the woman I married I would never touch a card again, if she would have me, and I never did.

Laura's pale lips opened, but she would not utter a word.

"Little fool!" thought Pauline.

"Listen to me!" old Ethan Vanwirt said, lifting himself upon his elbow in his excitement. "If you love Lewis, promise me before you consent to marry him, you will exact from him the same pledge my wife did from me. He shall be my heir."

Laura burst into tears.

"I do love him!" she stammered. "I will promise anything rather than you'd do such a thing. But—what—if he does not care for me as you think?"

"I will risk that; I know he does. All I ask of you is to promise not to marry him till he has solemnly sworn he will never touch a card again. Give me your hand, child, and say the words over after me.

Laura obeyed him, more calmly than might have been expected under the circumstances.

"God bless you!" he said, as he left her hand go. "You have made my dying moments almost happy."

As Laura quitted the room, sobbing, Pauline, was about to join her, when she heard the sick man mutter: "I am not sure after all, that a will would make everything safer."

Then he ordered the attendant who had just come in to go and bring Mr. Scribe.

"Can he be going to make a will after all?" wondered Pauline. "I'll wait and see."

To her amazement she heard the sick man dictate a will to his lawyer, in which he left everything he possessed to Laura Work, absolutely.

Mr. Scribe ventured to remonstrate, but it was of no use.

"I know what I am about," the imperious old man said, and would hear nothing.

The will duly signed, witnessed and sealed, he told the lawyer where to put it in his desk, which stood within his view.

"Is it safe here?" Mr. Scribe asked, I see no key."

"Who would touch it?" the sick mon asked irratably. "It would benefit no one but Lewis, and the Vanwirts are not thieves, whatever else they may be. Go, now, please and tell some one to send my grandson to me."

Pauline would have liked to stay and witnessed this interview also, but she did not dare. Laura must be wondering greatly now where she was.

She found that Laura had come out of the sick room so agitated, that Mrs. Beckett, the housekeeper, had made her lie down, and was now sitting with her.

Pauline took the housekeeper's place beside her friend, and in a short time Laura fell asleep. As Pauline sat watching the white childish face of the girl she pretended to love, her brain was full of wicked and envious thoughts.

Laura was already rich, she was poor, and yet to her who had already so much the great Vanwirt property had just been given.

She envied her the handsome lover with whom she was herself more than half in love, and whom, hitherto, she had not been without hope of winning away from Laura.

Suddenly, as she sat there, the deep silence was broken by the sound of some commotion in the house—she heard steps and excited voices.

"What can it be," she wondered. "Mr. Vanwirt must be worse."

She sat listening some moments, then rose softly. Laura was still sleeping. Pauline succeeded in opening the door without disturbing her, and stole softly in the hall.

From the landing she could see the servants hurrying about with awe struck looks.

An impulse of ungovernable curiosity seized her. She watched her chance, and gliding down the stairs, slipped through the open door without being seen, and passed swiftly along the veranda, till she came to the window where she had already passed so much time. One glance at the bed told her what had happened. Ethan Vanwirt was dead! A sudden awe and horror seized her. She was about to flee the spot, when her eyes fell upon the desk in which she had seen the will placed. "I wonder if it is there yet," she thought.

"I am sure I can reach it from here. I should know it at a glance," she mused. She put her hand in and raised the lid. There it was.

A wicked thought crossed her.—What if she took it.

At thought she snatched the will and hiding it in the folds of her dress, she hurriedly retraced the steps.

* * * * *

Ethan Vanwirt had been dead about a month. His grandson had entered into possession without any hindrance. There were rumors about a will; but when it could not be found Mr. Scribe concluded that the old man had destroyed it, and refused, when questioned, to tell who was named in it.

Pauline Ruble was still visiting Laura Work, although, truth to tell, her welcome had grown somewhat cold both on Laura's part and Mrs. Work's.

Laura was very unhappy. Lewis Vanwirt scarcely ever spoke to her, except in the most formal manner, though he came to the house as often as formerly. Apparently it was to see Pauline now; and though the gentle girl strove to feel the same towards her false friend, she could not do so.

There was a certain rejected suitor of Laura's named Robert Leister, who about this time took advantage of the situation to renew his devotion to her. Laura had never liked him, and liked him less than ever now.

"I must bring matters to a crisis soon," thought Pauline, one night, as she wreathed her face in smiles and pretended not have seen Mrs. Work's unusual cold manner to her.

Presently, when Lewis Vanwirt called, she was watching him, and drew him at once into the garden. "I want to tell you something," she said, in her soft voice; "and besides Laura and her lover are so happy in there by themselves, it would be a pity to disturb them."

"Has she consented to marry him at last?" he asked bitterly.

"Oh, of course; I told you hes would. He is such a very moral young man, and dear Laura, is so very strict in her ideas.

Lewis winked.

"Mr. Vanwirt," Pauline said suddenly; "do you know to whom your father left his money, in that will that has never been found?"

"I do not know."

"I can tell you."

"You?" He started at her.

"It gave everything to Laura Work."

"Impossible! How do you know?"

"Never mind, I do know," Pauline said, lifting her beautiful black eyes to his in the moonlight. "Moreover that will is in existence."

He stared at her harder then before.

"I know where it is."

"You do?"

"Would you like to see it?" slipping her hand into her pocket.

"I certainly should."

"How would you like to see Laura and Robert Leister lording it at the Vanwirt House?"

Lewis ground his teeth with involuntary rage. This decided the false, bold girl beside him.

"Lewis Vanwirt," she said "if that will could be put in your possession to do what you like with it, would you marry a woman who loves you better than Laura Work ever could."

"I would."

Trembling with joy she drew the folded paper, and put it in his hand.

He held it up in the moonlight a moment and then thrusting it inside of his coat, turned suddenly and began to go swiftly toward the house. Pauline could scarcely keep up to him. An awful misgiving seized her.

"What are you going to do?"

"You shall see," he answered sternly, and she read his determination in his eyes.

"What a fool I was!" she muttered, but made one effort more.

"Laura and Lester won't thank you for interrupting them."

No answer as he strode on and entered the drawing room through one of the open French windows. No one else was in the room. He laid the will upon her lap.

"I find," he said hurriedly, and in a shaking voice, "that my grandfather left his money to you. There is the will that has been missing so long. I hope, Laura, that you will be a great deal happier with Mr. Lester than you would have been with me. But he will never love you any better I do."

Laura detests Robert Lester," cried Mrs. Work, taking in the situation at once." She has never cared for any once but you, Lewis Vanwirt and you ought to know it."

"Oh? my darling!" ejaculated Lewis wildly extending his arms, "is it true?"

In another instant Laura was sobbing on his shoulder.

Pauline went quietly to her own room, and spent the night in packing. When, the next morning, she annouced her approaching departure, no one objected.

Love that Glorifies the Humblest man.

There is nothing in the world so sad as human nature, and the tears come into my eyes now as I think of the pitiful story Tom told me as he smoked his after supper pipe last night. The other day, just before I came home, Tom had occasion to go over the lake. On his way back and when the train stopped at the Bay he noticed a man getting into the car in front of him with a baby lying in his arms. The baby seemed young and the man hushed it in his arms with a gentle, rocking motion, bending over now and then to kiss its little white face. After the train got under way the conductor came to Tom and said: "Come with me; I want to show you the saddest, strangest sight you ever saw in all your life," and he led the way into the next car. "Do you see that man over there?" said he, and there sat the man whom Tom had noticed with the babe. His precious little bundle lay quiet on the seat in front of him, and as these other two men watched, he leaned over, looked long and earnestly in the little flower face, and then kissed the frail finger tips he held so gently in his hand. "That baby's dead," said the conductor. "It died this morning at the Bay. He couldn't bear to put it into a coffin, because then it would have to go without him in the baggage car, and so he is just carrying it home to New Orleans in his arms." And the car rattled on—the boy called the stale slices of sponge cake and his cigars through the train—the passengers laughed, and smoked, and fought the mosquitoes—and he, stricken to the heart's core, sat there quiet and unheeding, watching over his dead child, kissing the fingers that would never again softly clasp his, looking down upon the white lids that had closed over the bright eyes as the petals of a sensitive flower close at night time over its delicate heart—and the world was nothing to him.—*Catharine Cole, in New Orleans Times.*

Ventilation.

A gentleman, while attending church one evening, found that his feet were icy cold, so that he had to raise them off the floor. Calling the attention of the sexton to the fact, the latter said, with some preplexity. "Yes we have a good many complaints of cold feet from others; but I don't understand the reason why we can't keep the church warm—we surely have fires enough." So saying, he pointed to a register in the aisle behind the gentleman, in the adjoining pew, Looking around, the latter could see that there was a hot fire in the furnace beneath, and yet no heat came up. When a handkerchief was laid over the register, it scarcely stirred. The visitor asked the sexton. "Have you any meas of ventilation?" "No, sir. "Are there no windows open?" None whatever." "How, then, can you expect the air to come in here if it can't get out somewhere?" There was no response—the man was nonplused, "Did you ever try to blow into a bottle?" continued the inquirer. "No sir," Do you think, if you did, that you could force out any more air from a bottle by blowing than was in it before? He couldn't say. Never had thought of it. "Well," continued the gentleman, "you would soon find, if you tried, that it was impossible, and neither can you force air into this church through a register if you don't open a window or some other orifice "But, the sexton demurred, "opening a window would let in the cold air, wouldn't it?" You just try it," was the response, "Raise some of the windows on the leeward side of the church, and see what will happen." It was done, and instantly the handkerchief lying on the register rose half-way to the ceiling with the force of the ascending current. The sexton stood and stared in astonishment.

Fight With Cowboys.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 28.—A party of five cowboys, who were noisily parading the streets of Tombstone, and threatening to exterminate any officers who should interfere with them, were arrested by Sheriff Ford, and while struggling with one of the gang called Curley, the Sheriff was shot in the groin inflicting a probably fatal wound. The prisoners were hurried to Tucson to prevent being lynched.

Judge Black is winnoff a party as well as a country since the bottom fell out on Tuesday last.

How about 329?

A Romantic Situation.

Miss Angeline Apem went rusticating last summer with her ma. They found board at a pleasant country homestead, where there was already quite a party. Miss Apem desired to make herself generally agreeable and decided to cultivate the acquaintance of the grandmother of the household on the very first evening after her arrival.

Accordingly, after tea, when the boarders had assembled on the porch to enjoy a cool breeze, Miss Apem opened on the grandmother who was busy with her knitting.

"This is a very romantic situation," said the young lady addressing the venerable dame.

The latter looked at her inquiringly.

"This is a very romantic situation," repeated the young lady in her sweetest tones.

The old lady said: "I am a little hard of hearing, please speak louder."

"This is a very romantic situation," repeated Miss Apem in a higher key, coloring slightly and looking a little embarrassed when she saw that she was attracting the attention of the assembly.

The old lady looked thoroughly puzzled and said: "A little louder, miss."

The young lady reddened visibly. Three gentlemen were looking at her with a quizical expression and four ladies were taking in the situation with a relish.

Miss Apem gathered herself for the final struggle, and concentrating all her power of speech she shouted, "This is a very romantic situation."

Three elderly gentlemen jumped so suddenly as to throw their eyeglasses from their noses. A croquet party came running around the house to see what was the matter. The house dog thought an army of tramps had invaded the premises and ran toward the gate barking savagely. The man of the house thought the fish peddler had arrived on his weekly visit, and yelled: "Four pounds of white fish, three of trout and five of bull-heads."

A man from town, who was passing in a buggy, thinking some one had asked him about the news of the city, replied, "Nothing new."

Miss Apem's situation by this time was anything but romantic She was blushing like a red rose, and the perspiration had started from her forehead so as to take the crinkle and frizz all out of her hair. Her pleasant smile had given away to a look of pained expectation. She watched the old lady nervously. Did she hear this time? Would she answer? Must Miss Apem again yell at her? These were the questions that chased each other through her throbbing brain. It was a critical moment. It seemed ages to Miss Apem. All the acts of her life came crowding up before her. She was about to speak, Miss Apem listens.

"Wall, I don't know about its being very rheumatic around here. I have lived here nigh onto seventy year, an' never had a tech of pain of any kind except once when the brindle heifer kicked me in the shin when I was milkin' on her. I tied her tail around her hind leg to keep her from whiskin' it into my face. She got mad because she couldn't whisk her tail and up and kicked like all creation. I rubbed arkiny on the shin and I was all right in a day or two. But Jim Shaw, who lives over on the cross road, he has complained of rheumatism a good many year off and on. It catches him in his back and knee 'ints and makes 'em stiff sometimes. Do you ever have the rheumatiz?"

By the time the old lady had finished Miss Apem had fainted dead away, and had to be carried to her room. The shock to her nervous system was too great. The old lady looked somewhat surprised, but retained her presence of mind, and shouted to the persons assisting Miss Apem:

"If she has got the rheumatiz bad, come and get my bottle of arkiny."

Crows Behaving Like Hawks.

In this part of the country heretofore the crow has been associated with corn fields and not with chickens, but the report now comes from Flushing, L. I., that crows have developed bold and rapacious qualities and make repeated onslaughts on the henyards of that neighborhood. This is a thing never before heard of in Flushing, and it has caused much consternation among the housewives whose chickens have been taken.

Mrs. Flannagan early in the season had 350 chickens; now she has but 250. Although she does not think that all of the missing 100 were carried away by the crows, yet she has repeatedly seen crows take the chickens, and thinks that many of them were lost in that way. The crows, she says, use much strategy in their movements. At times two will visit the yard together, one mounting guard while the other reconnoitres. If any enemy appears, the guard gives warning by a wild screech. Some of the crows are remarkably bold. They will perch on a fence close to the house, nodding their heads in the most unconcerned manner. Scarecrows are of no avail. Nothing less than the throwing of some missle gaffiest to drive them away.

One woman thought it so novel a sight to see a crow pick up a chicken that instead of frightening him away she allowed him to make off with his prize. The birds are most numerous in the morning and evening. One man made an attempt to get rid of them by stationing himself in the yard with a gun. As a scarecrow he was a success, but as to killing any of the birds he could accomplish nothing.

During this season more crows have been seen on Long Island than for many years. The new characteristic which some of them seem to have developed might be explained by the fact that they find it difficult to obtain the usual supply of corn on account of their own increase and the severe ravages of the army worm during the summer. They are thus compelled to have recourse to the small fowl.

The Strange Story of a Sea Captain.

Captain John Niven, of Thorntown, Indiana, is a grandson of Sir Hugh Niven, of England, but his older brother got the patrimony, and John defiantly shipped before the mast. After many years he rose to be master of his vessel, the Ramsey, and the famous missionary, Adoniram Judson, went to India with him. Under his ministrations Niven was converted and baptized in Rangoon, Hindoostan. Soon afterward the ship was struck by lightning and destroyed. Niven made his escape to England, where in 1846 he was intrusted with the ship Earl of Eglanton, built on the earl's estate, and sent by him on her first voyage to the United States. He was beset by a terrific storm off Nantucket island, and after beating about all day and night in a dense fog, went ashore at Tom Never's Head.

Two boats containing four persons each were lowered. The captain ordered that they be not launched until they saw how had the breakers were, but they disobeyed him, and six of the eight men were lost. The Islanders had now arrived. The breakers drowned their voices, but they chalked on the tailboard of a cart, "Stay aboard," and then "Fling off an oar." The captain followed directions; the oar, with a line tied to it, was cast off and caught by a fish trail; and by that means, a cable was rigged from the mast head to the rocks, with a horse's hames on it, in which the men slid safely ashore. Captain Niven was the last man to leave the wreck, when the hames broke and he was flung into the sea. The islanders at once formed a line by holding hands and sprang into the breakers after him, thus bringing him to land. When he heard that six men were drowned he was temporarily deranged and jumped again into the boiling waters. Again they rescued him and put him in custody. He was badly bruised and was a long time recovering. The ship was a total loss. He returned to Great Britain, where his friends again fitted him out and started him on a whaling voyage to the Pacific. There again his vessel went to pieces in a simoon and he returned, disconsolate, to Nantucket. His seafaring reputation was badly damaged. Indeed, it is probable that the red letter of "bad luck" was set opposite his name in the records of the commercial marine of England, and that he could not have obtained another ship. At any rate he resolved to face the sea no more, but so get as far from it as possible in some quiet town in the middle of the continent. So he started west on foot, with two dollars in his pocket. Walking the tow-path of the Erie canal, a boatman hailed him pleasantly with "Hellow! you are too good looking a man to be walking the tow path. Jump aboard!" The captain jumped aboard and made himself so useful in splicing ropes and putting things in shape that he was gladly carried to Buffalo. There he got a job to rig a sloop for the lake, and received for it enough to take him to Cleveland. There he shoveled sand on the new railroad at one dollar a day, was promoted to the charge of a gang at $1.25 a day, was advanced in the winter to be school master, and became a farmer by slow degrees, and is now president of the Fest National bank in Thorntown, Ind. He has a handsome home, known as "Chrome Hill;" but he occasionally visits Nantucket, and lives over again his perils and escapes.

In the Tyrol.

Among the villages, Ragatz occupies the place of honor, as it deserves. Its parks, drives, promanades, baths and above all, its splendid mountain surroundings, make it withal one of the most delightful places in Switzerland. Fifty thousand strangers, it is said, come here every year, and not one of the number who appreciates the loveliness and grandeur of nature goes away unrewarded. The beauty of the Rhine is sometimes said to begin at Bonn and end at Bingen, but that is a mistake. Its beauty ends only where the infant fountains of its mighty torrent gush from the glaciers far up in the Alps. The Upper Rhine differs from the Lower, and rivals it, too, in picturesque attractions. Nothing could be more charming than the view from any window down the valley as I write these lines. The evening sun is just sliding behind the mountain tops, diffusing the crystalline heavens with tender light, and shooting aslant valleys of golden splendor against grim old bastions of rock, seamed and grizzled by the storms of ten thousand years. The quiet valley lies wrapt in slumberous smiles beneath the caressing beams, while on either hand the ranks of enviring mountains stretch in far undulating vistas that transport the eye and heart with them up and away as if to a purer and happier world. In the extreme distance four neighboring peaks of almost even height close the valley, and received the first passionate, fiery kisses of the departing sun. So ethereal and serene is the sky above them that one instinctively imagines bright spirits to be hovering there—spirits which are too pure and gentle for this unquiet and unsatisfying sphere of action, and which beckon us with glancing wings to come and enjoy with them a more guileless and delightful existence.

Death-Bed Marriage.

CANTON, October 27.—A sad scene took place here Monday night, when Miss Ada Tonner and Mr. George Reynolds were united in marriage at the side of the bed on which the bride lay dying. The marriage was set for Christmas, but Miss Tonner is dying with consumption of the bowels. Mr. Reynolds is a banker, of Leadville, Colorado. Both parties are members of our best families. But a few intimate friends witnessed the affecting ceremony. The unfortunate bride is alive to-night, but is not expected to live until morning.

Wanted to Engage Boarding for 20 Years.

Yesterday afternoon, shortly after the arrival of a train, a man entered a hotel in this city and asked the clerk, who stood busying himself with a patent blotter, the terms upon which he could engage board.

"Owing to the location of your room, sir. Big demand for our rooms. Feed well."

"I don't care so much about the eatin' part," replied the man. "I'm forty odd years old, and have been eatin' all my life. It's gettin' to be an old thing to me. Well, say, give me a respectable room—how much'll you charge?"

"Just yourself, sir?"

"Well, in a manner."

"Twenty-five dollars a month, in case you are alone."

"You see, it's this way; my wife will be with me, but as times are pretty tight, I concluded to arrange it so that I'll take breakfast, my wife will take dinner, and we'll throw up—wet or dry—for the supper. By that means we can both get board for one price. I reckon I'm a little the best manager you ever seen."

Fifty dollars for the two."

"I don't understand that sort 'rithmetic. Both together we'd only eat the meals allowed for one person. It don't hurt a bed any more for two people to sleep in it than one. I've got a bed out in the country that was presented to my wife when we got married, and I'll be dinged if it ain't just about as good as new. It's one of those old-fashioned beds, with high, yaller posts with knobs on the tops as big as your pumpkins. I'll furnish the room with this bed and one chair. My wife can sit on the floor. I have lived in the country all my life, and having made a little money last year I concluded to come to town and splurge a little. That's a woman down in the country that has all the time been bucken' again my wife, and to get away with her we have concluded to board at a hotel."

"Fifty dollars a month is our lowest rate."

"How much by the year? I am goin' into this business right."

"Six hundred dollars."

"This is a wholesale business with me. How much for ten years?"

"Six thousand dollars."

"That's getting down to it. How much for twenty years?"

"Twelve thousand dollars.

"All right. Mark me down for a square meal right now and check it off for twenty years."

"See that card?" said the clerk pointing to the hotel maxim of persons without baggage are required to pay in advance.

"Oh, I've got the baggage," and the man lifted up the carpet-bag.

"That won't do."

"Won't take this as security?"

"No; get out of this."

"But I want to board here for twenty years."

"Go on away."

"I'll leave your one-horse hotel, sir; but first let me show you." He lifted up the carpet-bag, opened it, and displayed $50,000 in Government bonds.

"You can stay, sir."

"No; I believe not. It takes too much money to put up in this hotel. Guess I'll go around and put up at a wagon yard."

Ever since the world stands people have lost money by not observing the laws of politeness.

A Wasp in His Slipper.

Says the Dallas (Texas) *Herald*: There are times in the life of the small boy when he feels very sad from the use of a slipper or a switch upon him. If anything happens to the person who has thus afflicted him, his joy is great, as will be seen from the following incident: A gentleman returned home from his daily toil, and had pulled of his boots and was going to put on his slippers, when a howl of intense agony resounded through the hall. The affrighted family rushed to the door, and beheld their papa heaving the shadows with wild gestures and frantic gyrations.

"Take it off!" he shouted, and made a grab at his foot, but missing it, went on with the war-dance.

"Waiter?" he shrieked, and started up stairs, three at a step, and, turning came back at a single stride. "Oh, I'm stabbed!" he cried and sank to the floor and held his right leg higher than his head; then he rose with a bound, and screaming for the bootjack, he held his foot out toward his terrified family.

"Oh, bring me the arnica!" he yelled, and with one desperate groan as deep as a well and as hollow as a drum, sank into a chair and clasped his foot with both hands.

"Look out for the scorpion," he whispered, hoarsly; I "am a dead man."

The small boy was by this time out in the woodshed, toiling in the kindling in an ecstacy of glee, and pausing from time to time to explain to the son of a neighbor, who had dropped in to see if there was any innocent sport going on in which he could share.

"Oh, Bill! Bill!" he said, "you wouldn't believe; sometime to-day, somehow or other, a big blue wasp got into the old man's slipper, and when he came down and put them on—oh, Bill you don't know what fun I had!"

Country banker (to shaky customer)—"Are you aware, Mr. Soolivan, that your account is overdrawn a hundred or so?" Soolivan—"Certainly I am, sir. Don't bother me about such trifles! I don't go howling about the country when you've a hundred or so of mine! Your information is superfluous either way! Good moroing, sir."

Soon after the death of the poet Wordsworth, a man met a farmer of the neighborhood and said to him: "You have had a great loss." "What loss?" "Why you have lost the great poet." "Oh, ay," said the farmer, "he is dead; but I hev no doubt t' wife 'll carry on the business and make it as profitable as iver it was."

The First Kangaroo.

In 1770 Captain Cook visited Botany Bay in the Endeavor, which had been dispatched in 1768 on a scientific mission. In the course of the voyage, and when anchored in Endeavor River, an exploring and foraging party returned to the ship with the news that they had seen a new and curious animal, of a mouse color, and about as large as a greyhound, which moved with surprising dexterity and swiftness. This animal was seen next day, on which occasion also one of the seamen brought the surprising intelligence that he had seen the devil!—this information relating to an animal which he said had horn wings. The animal proved to be minus the horns (which were no doubt its ears), but to possess wings, and appeared in the shape of a large fruit-eating bat. The new animal of the mouse color and of the size of a greyhound was duly seen by Captain Cook himself, who remarked its long tail, and also that it leaped like a hare or deer. On Saturday, July 7, a Mr. Gore shot one of the new animals, which was ascertained to be called a "kangaroo" by the natives, and which was likewise proved to be remarkable good eating at the voyagers' dinner of Sunday, July, 15, 1770. Such was the description given by Captain Cook, of the now well known kangaroo. Antiquarian researches in zoology, however, inform us that De Bruins, a Dutch traveler, saw a kangaroo as early as 1711. This animal was kept domesticated at Batavia, and was named "Filander," and appears to be the species now called Macropus Brunii, after its discoverer.

The Lord's Prayer.

The Lord's Prayer is short, mysterious, and like treasures of the spirit, full of wisdom and latent senses; it is not improper to draw forth these excellences which are intended and signified by every petition, that by so excellent an authority we may know what it is lawful to beg of God.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

A maiden knelt in the twilight hour, and, clasping her hands, fervently breather forth, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed by thy name."

A mother, in deep agony of grief, gazed on her child, sleeping her long, last sleep, a smile wreathing her soft lips, and white hand folded across that still and pulseless heart, and kneeling there, the living beside the dead, she prays: "Thy will be done."

As the early beams of the infant gild the sleeping land, a widow, with her suffering little ones, called by poverty and woe, bows at the Throne of Grace, and fervently prays: "Give us this day our daily bread."

An aged father and his loved and loving boy goes forth from the paternal care to the brave cold frowns of life, kneels beside him on the eve of his departure, and pleads, "Lead him not into temptation, but deliver him from evil, for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever and ever.—Amen."

Barbed Fences.

Six years ago I put up forty rods of barbed wire fence, and each year have added to it, and like it so well that this year I am selling oil (good) and burning up (decayed) both rails and board fence, because I think it better and cheaper to build wire fence than to repair the old, although I am making and selling new wooden rails on the place. As to posts, I find that a few good posts answer, with young trees set in the row, so that when the posts are gone it leaves your fence an ornament instead of an eye-sore. Then it is so cheap. Two wires will turn the worst large stock; Three for calves and sheep, and five for hogs. The railroads use nothing else here; and a man and a boy can put up half a mile in a day, after the posts are set it saves labor. "Travelers" do not steal it for kindling or seat boards, nor travel across your land. And as to its being "barbarous," I have never known an animal really hurt with it and if they are scratched they will never try it again. The only place I have found it would not do was around small lots where numbers of cattle are kept; they will hook each other through it.—*American Agriculturist.*

A Life for a Life.

DENVER, Col., Oct. 26.—A dispatch from Leadville says the body of Michael Hendricks, said to be a nephew of ex-Governor Hendricks, of Indiana, was found murdered three miles from that place. It is supposed he was killed by the two M'Callum brothers, young Hendricks having been implicated in the murder of their brother and acquitted.

Living Witnesses.

The hundreds of strong, hearty, rugged and healthy looking men, women and children, that have been rescued from beds of pain, sickness and well nigh death by Parker's Ginger Tonic, and are the best evidences in the world of its sterling merit and worth. You will find such in almost every community. Read of it in another column.

Private Detective Murdered.

GALVESTON, TEX., October 26.—A special dispatch to *The News* from Fort Worth says a man supposed to be R. P. Bull, private detective and formerly Editor of the *Democratic Press* at Gainesville, Ark., was murdered while asleep. There is no clue to the perpetrators of the horrible crime.

Killed at a Pole Raising.

BEDFORD, PA., Oct. 29.—At a Democratic pole raising at Woodbury, this county, yesterday afternoon, the derrick fell and instantly killed a Mr. Ritter. No further attempt to raise the pole, was made, and the meeting was abandoned.

It was in a Rondout New York, church that a city minister, after the fine singing of anthem, said: "Now that the choir have had their little fun, we will commence the worship of God by singing the nine hundred and eleventh hymn."

Somebody in New Milford has found an umbrella, and announces that the owner can have it by calling, which shows quite conclusively what sort of an umbrella it is.

It is astonishing to see with what wonderful rapidity DAY'S KIDNEY PAD has come into favor.

Comets are wearing as long trains this season as usual.

The fat of the land—Petrolium.