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## IRISH SONG.

Oh! the Spring's delight  
Is the cowling bright,  
As she laughs to the warbler's minstrel!  
And a whistling thrush  
On a white May bush.  
And his mate in a nest within it;  
Summer she shows  
Her rose, her rose!  
And oh! all the happy night long  
The nightingale was her!  
And the lark's sweet her  
And the crystal surfer her song.  
Ray Autumn's crown  
Is the barley brown,  
And the yellow trees,  
Are they sigh in the breeze,  
Are the strings of his soul's lute.  
Could Winter's breath  
O'uld as a death,  
If you're someone he's left the earth;  
Let the dew be his springs  
From the flame of his fairy hearth.

## A Close Shave.

"Another step, and you are a dead man."  
"By what authority do you bar my passage?"  
"Authority? Ha, ha! If this ain't enough, holding a revolver in each hand, with a hideous leer in his eye, "I reckon I'll have to explain further. By the authority of the Road Agency of this great overland route."  
It was in this way that Ben Hartford and the pony express served in lieu of locomotives and telegraph lines. When night was right throughout a region extending over a hundred miles, from St. Joseph to Sacramento; when the stage run the gauntlet of road agents and Indians, and bones, many of them human remains, grined up at the traveler unexpectedly as he crossed the plains; when to be "quick on the trigger" was worth more to a man than all the wealth, all the culture, and all the courage in the world.

Dick Hartford looked into the man's face calmly, looked into the muzzles of the pistols, smiled and uttered a single word: "Well?"  
"Don't you aggravate me, or I will fire and serve you right."  
"I never flinched in my life. I won't flinch now. What do you want?"  
"Throw down your revolver. Now turn round, and if you budge a hair's breadth, I'll blow your brain's out."  
Hartford obeyed. He permitted his hands to be tied behind his back. He saw his pockets turned inside out, his money appropriated, his watch pocketed, and only remonstrated when his captor felt for a money-belt. "Don't cut me, there's no belt on me."  
"O! you did feel it then. Thought I had a bank to pry open. Now then march. There's good ground here, and plenty of it. It will do you good to stretch your legs. Keep right on to the camp to the left, and mind you, don't stop. For like as not you'll never get up. There was one fellow stumbled here about six weeks ago, and he never got higher than his knees. I'll show his bones 'erekiv."

Was it a lie, a threat? Hartford cursed himself for refusing to listen to the advice of the conductor of the stage who warned him to beware of the road agents. He had answered that he would take the risk. He desired to see for himself if the stories told of the robberies and murders on the route were true. And he was learning.

"The road was unbroken, but the dust was stifling, and it blew from the horses' feet to the captive. The captive kept his head up and strode on."  
"Rough, isn't it? Now, I suspect you came out to capture some one. Like as not Jim Porter?"  
No response from the captive.

"They do say there is a party looking for you. Porter is anxious to see them. This yer's a god-send. Never thought to meet you this way. Get tired riding, I suppose. Thought you'd lay over, do up a little business, and take next stage. Now, I never knew a man to lay over that didn't rue it. There was a man from Illinois laid over about three months ago. Had some instruction. He was mighty shy, that Illinoisian. I reckon he'd furnish a regiment of vigilantes with cunning. Kind of sauntered out of same town you left an hour ago, but he had some company. He wasn't such a fool as you. And his company went back on him. Shot him through the spine, then tickled his ribs with a knife. He was a powerful, active vigilante, was the company. He was too much for the Illinoisian."  
"Just as you were too much for me."  
"I like your pluck now. You do keep a stiff upper lip. But it'll be all day with you the moment Porter claps eyes on you. He makes short work of spies. I reckon that's your line." The captive did not reply. At that moment his thoughts were on home. A mighty throb rose in his throat—a suffocating throb—wrenched from him by that thought of home. His wife and child, his boy that he would never see again. It was hard. He had played a bold game and he had lost. The vigilantes were in league with the road agents. He had been outwitted. The stage company would be short another man, and the road would be short another man as before. His plans, so carefully concealed in his own breast, were known to the murderous gang. Perhaps in less than an hour he would be dangling at the end of a rope. He half turned as he thought of the end.

"None of that, unless you want your early pill, in which case I'm bound to accommodate you. Porter didn't say we were to run risks. He does like a friendly chat, and he pumps some people as dry as a limekiln."  
"I'll make you an offer."  
"I'll make you an offer."  
"I'll fight you fair, like a man. The one arm down, give me a pistol, and let us take a shot about you, the first."  
"Sho, now."  
"Or I'll allow you two to one."  
"Yes, I see you can allow almost

anything', but unless you move right on, and keep movin', I'll make short work of ye."  
A coyote rose slowly from a sage brush, looked at them sneakingly over his shoulder, then trotted slowly away. A noisome herd of prey rose slowly from the carcass of a mule, flapped its wings, lazily, sailed slowly through the air, then settled down upon a rib that protruded from the sand. The sun's rays poured down upon the plain until the dust and sand seemed to melt in the fervid heat. And, to crown all, the captive suddenly experienced the agony of excessive thirst.

A faint sound in the distance arrested his attention. Was that not the sound of horses' feet? What if it should prove to be his friends—the Vigilantes? Impossible. His morning stroll was unknown to them. The sound came nearer and nearer to him. Then he observed for the first time a rocky defile further to the left, as through a chasm lay there, or a stream chiseled out its course across the plains. Now there could be no mistaking the sound. The steady trot of horses' feet and the clanking of spurs could be heard. Suddenly half a dozen horsemen swept around a low rock, at sight of whom the captive grunted.

"Here's Captain Jim. Mind your manners now, for he's the perfiest man you ever met."  
The captive shivered. When a boy he was detected in an act that brought upon him the wrath of the teacher of the school in the New England village he would never see more. The eagle eye of the teacher singled him out from a score of mischief-makers, and he shivered as he felt that the punishment awarded incorrigibles was unavailing. But he braced himself, walked out promptly to the middle of the floor the moment his name was called, and to his lasting surprise, was let go with a mild rebuke. In much the same manner Dick Hartford braced himself for the interview with the leader of the most desperate gang of miscreants that ever levied a tax upon the travelers who crossed the plains. This was the man he had dreamed of circumventing. The case was reversed.

The road agents rode forward without order, and surrounded both horseman and captives.  
"What have you got, Barham?"  
"Make your bow. It's captain Jim," said Barham. Then to Captain Jim's query: "That's for you to find out. I obeyed orders."

What a magnificent front the captive presented. His gaze was as clear and steady and level as though he were looking right through Captain Jim, away beyond the ranche, and off to the mountains in the distance.  
"What have you got to say for yourself, anyhow?" Captain Jim's sinister face clouded still more as he met the unwavering gaze of the captive.  
"Nothing," replied the captive, as he walked in front of the leader.

"You are looked up, and the keys lost," said Captain Jim, sneeringly. "I think I know your business. I've a mind to send Ben Hartford your ears. No, I'll send him your heart. This yer's a failure and Ben ought to know it. If you won't talk—"  
"I'll die first!" The words were flung at him so passionately that even Captain Jim was moved to admiration.  
"Die it is then!" exclaimed one of the gang.

"You are seven to one," said Hartford.  
"We are in the majority mostly," said Jim. "But I'll give you a chance. You are plucky. Now, what does a milkop life do for you? Come along with us, share and share alike, and we'll give you excitement, and opportunity to show the stuff you are made of."  
"To make one of a gang of murderers who are afraid to cope man to man," said the captive.

One of the gang at that moment leveled his pistol at Hartford's head. But the leader ordered him to keep his fire until there was need for it. "Let us do this thing in order," said Captain Jim, as the scar on his cheek became livid, then a dull red. "We'll ride down to the place and pull him up like a dog. You got what was on him?" to Barham. Barham nodded. There was not a word said further. The party rode on perhaps twenty minutes, when the defile deepened, narrowed, and the rocks shut over the horsemen's heads. Then at a word from Jim the men dismounted. Advancing to Hartford, he said with a cruel smile:

"Say your prayers, you have got five minutes to live. Mount that stone." There was a ledge above the captive's head, with a jutting point, over which a rope was thrown, and a noise made at the end of it.  
"Will you allow me to speak?"  
"Blow away," answered Captain Jim. "I may as well tell you we know all about you. You've traveled fifteen hundred miles to trap us. You gave yourself away. You expected to master the road, and the biggest booby among us mastered you. Now fire away."  
Well, then, let me predict what your end will be," said the captive. With the nose around his neck, and glowing eyes and fierce faces for his audience, he spoke out clearly, defiantly. "When you've murdered me, you may prepare for the hereafter. There will be no rest for you. A man will come after me who will hunt you down like the cowardly dogs you are. He will never rest until you are driven out of the country, and his reach will sweep to California. Once he marks a man, that man's fate is sealed. He is not my friend. He knows my mission, and, if it fails, he will shoot every man down with his own hand whom he suspects of knowing anything about me, or my death. That's all. I'm ready."  
"What's that?" exclaimed one of the gang listening.

"Up with him!" The rope tightened around Hartford's throat, he felt himself strangling, the color faded out, he was in a void, then, shooting pains pierced his temple, myriad sparks flashed before his eyes, blended into brilliant colors, and still he could hear the voice of Captain Jim. Now it was a stream of words, an exclamation, "The Vigilantes are upon us!" a blaring of sounds, as he swam, or rather floated out upon the great void, and then all was over.

It was true. A cloud of dust rolled up from Overland City, swept down towards the narrow defile from the rear, and sent a shiver of fear through the road agents, who scrambled hastily to their saddles and galloped off in the opposite direction. All but one, Captain Jim, who deliberately approached Hartford as he lay on the ground where he fell when the crowd dropped the rope, and placing a revolver against his temple, pulled the trigger. The pistol snapped fire, and Captain Jim rode off, turning in his saddle and aiming a second time at the apparently lifeless body of the prisoner, shot him in the arm.

But it would have been better for Captain Jim had he never hit the prisoner. For another party, also Vigilantes, armed to the teeth and superbly mounted, encountered the road agents as they emerged from the defile, and although the latter put their steeds to the gallop, urging them on with oaths and spurs, the Vigilantes surrounded them with lightning-like swiftness, and standing up in their saddles opened fire upon the gang, who returned it with a like desperado as they were, either in their saddles or dropping from their horses' necks. Captain Jim proved the most cowardly of the lot. He begged for quarter, but for answer was fiddled with a dozen bullets.

When the fray was over and Dick Hartford sat upright, listening to the account of the fight, and of the severest and sharpest the Vigilantes experienced, he was complimented upon his courage, and, in turn, thanked his rescuers. In reality, he had performed his mission, but not in the manner he had planned. That he did not succeed in carrying out his plans was owing to the merest accident. The Vigilantes had been summoned at his instance, and were in time to save his life. "A close shave," as Brim Martin, the captain, remarked. "However, a miss is as good as a mile."

**Egyptian Civilization.**  
The notion of bigness seems to have held a closer grip over the despotic Egyptian mind than any other psychological specimen with which we are acquainted. It does not need a journey up the Nile to show us their fondness for the immense, half an hour at the British museum is quite sufficient. Now, why did the Egyptians so revel in enormous work of art? This question is usually answered by saying that their absolute rulers loved to show the vastness of their power; and doubtless the answer is very true; as far as it goes, and quite falls in with our theory given above. But it does not happen that despotic monarchs build pyramids or Memnon, and the further question suggests itself—what was the circumstances of Egypt which determined this special and exceptional display of architectural extravagance? As we cast about for an answer, an analogy strikes us. Taking the world as a whole, I think it will be seen that the greatest architectural achievements are to be found in the great plain countries, and that mountain districts are comparatively bare of large edifices. The plain of Lombardy, the plain of Low Countries, the plain of Chartres, the lower Rhine valley, the eastern countries—these are the spots where our great European cathedrals are to be found; and if we pass over to Asia, we shall similarly discover the country for pagodas, mosques, and temples in the broad basins of the Euphrates and the Ganges, the Indus, the Hoang-Ho, and the Yangtze-kiang. No doubt castles and fortresses are to be found everywhere on heights for purposes of defense; but purely ornamental architecture is most flourishing in level expanses of land. Now there is no level expanse of land in the world habitable by man so utterly unbroken and continuous as the valley of the Nile. Herein, doubtless, we have a clue to the special Egyptian love for colossal undertakings of every sort.

**Worth Remembering.**  
It is the penny saved more than the penny earned that enriches; it is the sheet turned when the first threads break, that weaves the longest; it is the damper closed when the cooking is done that stops the dollars dropping in the coal bin; it is the lamp or gas burned low, when not in use, that gives you pin-money for the month; it is the care in making the coffee that makes three spoonfuls go as far as a teaspoon ordinarily; it is the walking one or six blocks, instead of taking a cab or omnibus, that adds strength to your body and money to your purse; it is the careful mending of each week's wash that gives ease to your conscience and length of days to your garments; and last of all, it is the constant care exercised over every part of your household, and constant endeavor to improve and apply your best powers to your work, that alone gives peace and prosperity to the family.

**Manufacture of Hair Cloth.**  
Hair cloth is made from hair of horses' tails, which is brought, some of it from South America, but more from Russia. In the latter country it is collected at the great fairs of Niant, Novgorod and Ibbitt. It is of all shades of color, but for use is dyed black. The poorest quality sells for about 50 cents a pound; the best for \$4, the price rapidly increasing as the length exceeds twenty-four inches. In the fabrication of hair cloth the hair is wet with water, and when well soaked is put in the loom to be woven with a cotton warp. The weaving mechanism is so perfect in its operation that if one of the hairs forming the web is missed, the device acting upon it continues to work until it has grasped it, all the other parts of the machine standing still.

**Singular Wagers.**  
When Mr. Wager matched himself against Hon. Danvers Butler, to walk from Hyde Park Corner to Hammer-smith for a wager of 100 guineas, some-body remarked to the Duchess of Gordon that it was a pity a young fellow like Penn should always be playing some about grand old lady. The old lady retorted, "It's a pity, but why don't you advise him better? Penn seems to be a pen that everybody cuts and nobody mends." What would the free-spoken dame have said to a couple of clergymen running a race on a Sunday for a crown a side? Such a thing has been done. Soon after Swift received his deaconry, he dined one Sunday with Dr. Raynaud, of Troy, whose house was about 300 yards from his church. The bell had nearly done ringing for evening service, when Swift exclaimed, "Raymond, I'll lay you a crown I begin prayers before you."  
"Done!" said the Doctor, and off they ran. Raymond, reached the door first, and entering the church, made for the reading desk, at as quick a walking pace as his sense of propriety permitted. What to him were the invocations of a temper soured by adversity, alas! perhaps by crime, rushed upon my recollection. I loved him almost to madness! Could ought else have prompted this rash, this treacherous flight? Do you ask me why I loved him? For his very savageness to others.

I had ever appeared gentle, playful and timid as a young bird, but the spirit of my Indian race dwelt deep within my bosom, like an unquenchable fire, burning forever amid the bowels of the mighty earth, on whose surface blooms the fragrant flowers and rich, wide-spreading verdure, until the voice of nature, amid the strife and clash of elements, sends it forth to desolate and overwhelm the land. Metacomb was a savage. The origin and glowing image of the Delly was stamped upon his brow. What to him were the invocations of a civilized man? Their luxuries but enervated, and the strong arm of the law executed the revenge which their pale and cowardly souls shrank tremblingly from wreaking. Had not the dominion of our fathers extended from the green isles of Anquetet far into the distant wild, where the foot of man grew weary with wandering? And now Metacomb was a wanderer and a fugitive!

Such were the thoughts that agitated my bosom as I crept with stealthy steps through the quiet and soundless streets.

How solemnly falls the moonlight upon the dark foliage of the forest, like bright shadows of the past, illumining like a momentary lustre long years of misery and despair. Nature and man alike appeared to repose. At this hushed and holy hour the spirit of solitude, with her deep mysteries and early superstitions, roamed unmolested by the contaminating presence of man. A strange feeling of awe for the first time oppressed my spirits. Hark! a rushing of houghs, a light quick step, and Metacomb stood beside me.

At the sound of that loved voice, which thrilled through my frame, I raised my eyes to his and met his kindling gaze of rapture and of love.  
"Speak, my beloved! Nora lives but in the joy of thy glance."  
Slowly and sadly he spoke,—"The eagle flies to the mountain, and the pantier to his lair, but Metacomb hath no refuge from the storm. When I cross the silent water or gaze upon the lightning's flash, in the dark hour when growling wolves are heard, by day, by night, the spirit of my father shouts, 'Metacomb! revenge! revenge!' They have passed like snowflakes upon the mountain when the hot sun glares fiercely on its side. I must perish, Nora; the last chieftain of my race. Listen: ere morn breaks upon your smiling village, wrapped in a cloud of flames, thou shalt behold it crackling and blazing the best farm implements that could be obtained, secured first-class live stock of all kinds, built commodious out buildings as the profits of his farm admitted, set fruit and ornamental trees around his dwelling, made good gravel walks, built fine, substantial fences around his house, kept them well painted, and also his house and out-buildings; and to-day he has one of the most beautiful and productive farms in the State, with some \$10,000 at interest."

Now, B was a different man. He had no energy of character, took things easy, subscribed for no agricultural papers, was opposed to "book farmers," said to his help, "go boys, I'll be along by-and-by," was constantly on the watch for somebody to talk to, while his work was delayed, never had any work ready for rainy weather, considered the "new-fangled" farm implements a luxury, was opposed to "blooded stock," thought of no trees around his dwelling, considered the old out-buildings and fences "good enough," didn't think that paint was of any benefit on anything. B spent a good share of his time in the village talking politics; and now his farm is worn out, the fences are out of repair, his house is so leaky that it is dangerous to live in it, his barn and shed are tumbling down, and the saddest of all is, the sheriff has advertised the place for sale. Farmers, it pays well to attend to your business energetically and thoroughly.

**The Two Farms.**  
Twenty years ago two young farmers bought one hundred acre farms adjoining, that were alike as regards soil and improvement, or nearly so. Both were paid for, and each farmer had about the same cash capital. These men were named A and B; and I will now show how they conducted their business, and the condition of the two farms in 1877. A was energetic, took several agricultural papers, worked early and late, always said "come boys" to his hired help, he taking the lead, spent no time in needless talking while at work, provided in advance work for rainy days, thought the best farm implements that could be obtained, secured first-class live stock of all kinds, built commodious out buildings as the profits of his farm admitted, set fruit and ornamental trees around his dwelling, made good gravel walks, built fine, substantial fences around his house, kept them well painted, and also his house and out-buildings; and to-day he has one of the most beautiful and productive farms in the State, with some \$10,000 at interest.

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"No, Metacomb, I think not."  
"It's well. The western tribes have leagued together. Like the rest of us, they are in their strength we will rush upon the pale-face race."  
Slightly and swiftly the chief departed. I returned to that dwelling which was soon to be wrapped in desolation and despair. At the fifth hour I had vowed to fire the roof, which was to be the signal for the work of murder. Heavily crept the time. I nerved myself for the task. Snatching a brand from the hearth, I threw it upon the bed, and watched, with a savage satisfaction, the progress

of the flames. Another moment, and the yell of myriads burst upon my ear. Opening the window, I sprang out and fled to the shelter of the forest. Could I remain in safety, and he, the idol of my existence, perishing his life amid the fiery elements? I ran back to the village. Oh heavens! what a sight met my agonized gaze! Mother and child crushed and bleeding! The foster brother of mine infancy, the playmate of my childhood, the kind, the gentle boy turned his gaze upon me. I fled along, seeking him for whose love I had perished soul and body. I found him. Great Heaven! have mercy on me! My blood runs thick, and my brain is whirl now. Must I never forget his frank look, his demoniac gesture, his body drenched in blood, and that fair young child clinging for mercy! He raised his arm—the murderous axe gleamed in the flames—uttered false words—I essayed to speak—the words were choking in my throat. I shouted "Metacomb!" It was too late! The heavy weapon cleaved that innocent brow, blinding my maddened gaze with the blood of the young martyr; I would have fled, but Metacomb, detaining me by his grasp, exultingly cried:

"Shades of my father, well art thou avenged!"  
At that moment of triumph and exultation a ball from an unerring rifle pierced his heart. Bounding from the earth, he fell without a moan. What became of me I know not. Years passed on, unheeded and unknown, and I awoke to reason and misery within a lone and gloomy cell. They told me I had been mad. I cared not for the evil spirit had departed, and I could now offer at the shrine of heaven a penitent and contrite heart.

**The Son of a King.**  
Prince Lucien Charles Francois Napoleon, second son of Joachim Murat, King of Naples (1808), by Caroline, third sister of Napoleon I, died recently in London. He was born at Milan, May 16, 1802, and on the overthrow of the Empire and the execution of his father, in 1815, was obliged to take refuge under a foreign flag. For some years he resided at Trieste, subsequently at Venice, and in 1824 took ship for America to join his uncle, the ex-King Jerome, and his brother Achille. The vessel on which he sailed was wrecked on the Spanish coast, and he was taken by the hospitable Spaniards and incarcerated in prison. Eventually he regained his liberty and carried out his projected journey to the United States. Here he married a Miss Caroline Georgiana Fraser, an English lady, and after an unsuccessful attempt to maintain himself by entering into commercial affairs he was forced to depend for subsistence upon "le produit d'une école de jeunes filles tenue par da femme." Twice he endeavored to return to France—in 1839 and 1844—but each time was refused permission by the existing Government to enter the country. In 1847 the death of his uncle made him heir to the pretensions of the Murat family, and the proclamation of the Republic of '48 enabled him to return to France. This change in his affairs put an end to the school for little girls kept by Madame and to his very unroyal revenue derived from that establishment. He was elected to the Assembly by the Department of Lot, vigorously supported the policy of the Prince-President and was returned at the next election from the Department of the Seine. In October, 1849, he was nominated Plenipotentiary at the Court of Turin; was made Senator January 25, 1852; and was allowed to bear the title of Prince by a decree issued in the following year. His name was freely used in connection with the succession to the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and after the expulsion of the Bourbons he made a formal claim upon the crown, a claim that was not admitted. His latest appearance in public was as a companion of Bazaine at the surrender of Metz.

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**A Painter Fled at Large.**  
I met him in the cars on my way from Albany. He was a pleasant-looking old man, and his better-half sat beside him. The car was as full as an election-day politician, and I was compelled to take a seat immediately in front of the happy couple. There was something about him, however, that made me feel sorry right away. He had more talk in him than a school boy's head has of something else, and I hadn't fairly settled before he began to unload some of it:  
"Nice day!"  
"Beautiful!"  
"Fearful road!"  
Here was a small opening for him, and he got the wedge in. Oh! if I'd only made believe I was deaf and dumb, I've traveled all over this country, and I never saw a worse road in all my life. Why, the road over the Rocky Mountains ain't half so rough."  
"Summit better," I responded.  
He looked at his companion, whom he called Minnie, winked, and said:  
"Funny man! Wonder who 'tis. Looks like Mark Twain!"  
Then he paused, and just as I was bracing up and endeavoring to put on a Twainish look, he continued by saying:  
"Around the feet."  
This made me mad.  
"You've been all over the United States, have you? Then of course you know New York. How is he getting along?"  
"Oh, he Kentucky way as much while by as ever."  
"Much Florida, in consequence, I suppose," I suggested.  
"Uah thought so if you'd seen him when I did—"

Here the passengers began to look worried, and one of them asked the conductor how far it was to the next station. Another ventured that maybe we weren't going far.  
"Yes," continued the old party, "I tried to make love to Minnie when I saw him last night. Tennessee-ary."  
"Arizona foolin'," blushingly remarked the old woman.  
"Minnesota liked it, didn't she?" I asked, and gave him a look that intimated that I guessed that would settle it.  
"You mustn't call her Minnie. It makes her mad. She'd have Georgia if she'd heard you. She Kansas back when she wants to."  
"If it Illinois her, of course I'll refrain," I answered.  
Here one of the passengers was carried out to the rear platform, and nine-tenths of the others were tearing the lining out of their coats for wadding to put in their ears.

"Perhaps Iowa an apology," I continued.  
"No, I guess not," he said, without moving an eyelash. "It Texas English people to understand folks. It don't a Montana thing. Tennessee-ary."  
I felt for my pistol. At this moment the cars stopped at a station, and most of the passengers got out and waited for the next train. The majority had their heads tied up. I was determined to fight it out to the bitter end, if it took every State in the Union. As the train moved out of the station the conductor came up and asked me to keep still, for God's sake. He said the wheels were getting wack, and the coal had refused to burn. The passengers had all departed to the other cars, with the exception of six. I here looked determined. They were not even pale. I was satisfied to give up if he was. Just as I had made up my mind that the whole thing was settled—  
"Ohio!" yawned the fiend. "I'm getting tired of this journey."  
"I think it has been very pleasant. Wouldn't Michigan for \$100. Jersey?"  
Without noticing the last query, he said: "Hope we'll meet again. I Nevada pleasanter time. Hope I Maine never have a worse."  
At his polite notice of the passengers. Before his eyes, he died in a few minutes. Before the conductor could get to the water tank another one breathed his last. Two of the remaining ones were staring at each other, and it was found that they had both gone crazy. The remaining two were deaf and dumb. I grasped my valise as the train reached Jersey City, and started for the boat. As I was passing out of the door the fiend yelled after me:  
"Yes, I New York and New Jersey and New Hampshire, I've Rhode Island Connecticut. Idaho-loe lot of land in Colorado. I Mississ... The doctor says I shall be better in a week or so."

**A Broken-Nosed Boy.**  
Things are upset. The breakfast was very late. There was last night or early this morning an unwonted stir or bustle in that house—a hurrying to and fro, a tramping of feet, a slamming of doors, a gleaming of lights from room to room, the sound of strange voices and a noise of carriage wheels. I am aroused by all this confusion, and then told to "lie still and go to sleep." I wonder what they think a child is made of. Under circumstances utterly impossible for a grown person to be quiet and composed, I am always told to "lie down and go to sleep."  
If the house is