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THE IRISH BOY'S STORY.

I'LL TELL you, sir, a mighty square story. 'Twas afther nightfall, and we wor sittin' arund the fire, and the pratees was boilin', and the noggins of buttermilk was standin' ready for our suppers, whin a knock kem to the door.

"Whist," says my father; "her's the sogers come upon us now," says he. "Bad luck to them, the villians. I'm afeard they seen a glimmer of the fire thro' the crack in the door," says he.

"No," says my mother, "for I'm afther hanging an ould sack and my new petticoat agin it a while ago."

"'Well, whist, anyhow,' says my father, 'for there's a knock agin;' and we all held our tongues till another thump kem to the door.

"'Och, it's folly to purtind anymore,' says my father; 'they're too cute to be put off that-a-way,' says he. 'Go, Shamus,' says he to me, 'and see who's in it.'

"'Well,' says he, 'light the candle, thin, and see who's in it. But don't open the door for your life, barrin' they break it in,' says he, 'exceptin' to the sojers; and spake them fair, if it's thim.

"So with that, I wint to the door, and there was another knock.

"'Who's there?' says I.

"'It's me,' says he.

"'Who are you?' says I.

"'A friend,' says he.

"'*Baithershin!*' says I; 'who are you at all?'

"'Arrah! don't you know me?' says he.

"'Divil a taste,' says I.

"'Sure, I'm Paddy the piper,' says he.

"'Oh, thunder and turf!' says I; 'is it you, Paddy, that's in it?'

"'Sorra one else,' says he.

"'And what brought you at this hour?' says I.

"'By gar,' says he, 'I didn't like goin' the roun' by the road,' says he, 'and so I kem the short cut, and that's what delayed me,' says he.

* * * * * * * *

"'Faix then,' says I, 'you had better lose no time in hidin' yourself,' says I; 'for troth I tell you, it's a short trial and a long rope the Husshians would be afther givin you—for they've no justice, and less marcy, the villains!'

"'Faith, thin, more's the reason you should let me in, Shamus,' says poor Paddy.

"'It's a folly to talk,' says I; 'I darn't open the door.'

"'Oh, thin, millia murther!' says Paddy, 'what'll become of me at all, at all?' says he.

"'Go off into the shed,' says I, 'behind the house, where the cow is, and there's an illigant lock o' straw, that you may go asleep in,' says I; 'and a fine bed it id be for a lord, let alone a piper.

"Paddy hid himself in the cow-house; and now I must tell you how it was with Paddy. You see, after sleeping for some time, Paddy wakened up, thinkin' it was mornin', but it wasn't mornin' at all, but only the light o' the moon that deceaved him; but, at all events, he wanted to be stirrin' airly, bekase he was goin' off to the town hard by, it bein' fair-day, to pick up a few ha'pence with his pipes—for the divil a betther piper was in all the country round nor Paddy; and even one gave it to Paddy, that he was illigant on the pipes, and played 'Jinny bang'd the Weaver,' beyant tellin', and the 'Hare in the Corn,' that you'd think the very dogs was in it, and the horsemen ridin' like mad.

"Well, as I was sayin' he set off to go to the fair, and he wint meanderin' along through the fields, but he didn't go far, until climbin' up through a hedge, when he was comin' out at t'other side, he kem plump agin somethin' that made the fire flash out iv his eyes. So with that he looked up—and what do you think it was, Lord be merciful unto uz! but a corpse hangin' out of a branch of a three? 'Oh; the top o' the mornin' to you sir,' says Paddy, 'and is that the way with you, my poor fellow? Troth you took a start out o' me,' says poor Paddy; and 'twas thrue for him, for it would make the heart of a stouter man nor Paddy jump to see the like, and to think of a christian crathur bein' hanged up, all as one as a dog.

"Says Paddy, eyein' the corpse, 'By my sowl, thin, but you have a beautiful pair of boots on you,' says he; 'and it's what I'm thinkin' you won' have any great use for thim no more; and sure it's a shame to see the likes o' me,' says he, 'the best piper in the sivin counties, to be trampin' wid a pair of ould brogues not worth three *traneens*, and a corpse with such an illigant pair o' boots, that wants some one to wear thim.' So with that, Paddy laid hold o' him by the boots, and began a pullin' at thim, but they wor mighty stiff, and whether it was by rayson of their bein' so tight, or the branch of the tree a-jiggin' up and down, all as one as a weighdee buckettee, and not lettin' Paddy cotch any right hoult o' thim, he could get no *advantage* o' thim at all; and at last he gev it up, and was goin' away, whin, lookin' behind him agin, the sight of the illegant fine boots was too much for him, and he turned back—out with his knife, and what does he do, but he cuts off the legs av the corpse; 'and,' says he, 'I can take off the boots at my convayniance.' And troth it was, as I said before, a dirty turn.

"Well, sir, tuck'd the legs undher his arm, and at that minit the moon peeped out from behind a cloud. 'Oh! is it there you are?' says he to the moon, for he was an impident chap; and thin, seein' that he made a mistake, and that the moonlight deceaved him, and that it wasn't the airly dawn, as he conceaved, and bein' frikened for fear himself might be cotched and trated like the poor corpse he was afther maltreating if *he* was found walking the counthry at that time, by gar! he turned about and walked back agin to the cow-house, and, hidin' the corpse's legs in the strhaw, Paddy wint to sleep agin. But what do you think? the divil a long Paddy was there antil the sojers kem in airnest, and, by the powers, they carried off Paddy; and faith it was only sarvin' him right for what he done to the poor corpse

"Well, whin the mornin' kem, my father says to me, 'Go Shamus,' says he, 'to the shed, and bid poor Paddy come in, and take share o' the pratees; for I go bail he's ready for his breakfast by this, anyhow."

"Well, out I wint to the cow-house, and called out 'Paddy!' And, afther callin three or four times, and gettin' no answer, I wint in and called agin, and divil an answer I got still. 'Bloodan-agers!' says I, 'Paddy, where are you at all, at all?' And so, castin' my eyes about the shed, I seen two feet sticking out from undher the hape o' sthraw. 'Musha! thin,' says I, 'bad luck to you Paddy, but you'r fond of a warm corner; and maybe you haven't made yourself as snug as a flay in a blanket! But I'll disturb your dhrames, I'm thinkin', says I, and with that I laid hould of his heels (as I thought,) and, givin' a great pull to waken him, as I intended, away I wint, head over heels, and my brains was a'most knocked out agin the wall.

"Well, when I recovered myself, there I was, on the broad of my back, and two things stickin out of my hands, like a pair of Hosshian's horse-pistils; and I thought the sight'd lave my eyes whin I seen they wor two mortal legs. My jew'l, I threw thim down like a hot pratee, and, jumpin' up, I roared out millia murther. 'Oh you murtherin villain,' says I, shaking my fist at the cow. 'Oh, you unnath'ral baste,' says I; 'you've ate poor Paddy, you thievin' cannibal; you're worse than a nayger,' says I. 'And bad luck to you, how dainty you are, that nothin'd serve you for you'r supper but the best piper in Ireland!'

"With that, I ran out, for troth I didn't like to be near her; and, goin' into the house, I told them all about it.

"'Arrah! be aisy,' says my father.

"'Bad luck to the lie I tell you,' says I.

"'Is it ate Paddy?' says they.

"'Divil a doubt of it,' says I.

"'Are you sure, Shamus?' says my mother.

"'I wish I was as sure of a new pair of brogues,' says I. 'Bad luck to the bit she has left iv him but his two legs.'

"'And do you tell me she ate the pipes too?' says my father.

"'By gor, I b'lieve so,' says I.

"'Oh, the divil fly away wid her,' says he; 'what a cruel taste she has for music!'

"'Arrah!' says my mother, 'don't be cursing the cow that gives milk to the childer.'

"'Yis, I will,' says my father, 'why shouldn't I curse sitch an unnath'ral baste?'

"'You oughtn't to curse any that's livin' undher your roof,' says my mother.

"'By my sowl, thin,' says my father, 'she shan't be undher my roof any more; for I'll send her to the fair this minit,' says he, 'and sell her for whatever she'll bring. Go aff,' says he, 'Shamus, the minit you've ate your breakfast, and dhrive her to the fair.'

"'Troth, I don't like to dhrive her,' says I.

"'Arrah! don't be makin' a gommagh of yourself,' says he.

"'Faith, I don't,' say I.

"'Well, like or not like,' says he, 'you must dhrive her.'

"Well, away we wint along the road, and mighty throng'd it wuz wid the boys and the girls, and, in short, all sorts, rich and poor, high and low, crowdin' to the fair.

"'God save you,' says one to me.

"'God save you, kindly,' says I.

"'That's a fine beast you're dhrivin,' says he.

"'Troth she is,' says I, though God knows it wint agin my heart to say a good word for the likes of her. I dhriv her into the thick av the fair, whin, all of a suddint, as I kem to the door av a tint, up sthruck the pipes to the tune av 'Tattherin' Jack Walsh,' and, my jew'l, in a minit the cow cock'd her ears, and was makin' a dart at the tint.

"'Oh, murther!' says I, to the boys standin' by: 'hould her, hould her—she ate one piper already, the vagabone, and bad luck to her, she wants another now.'

"'Is it a cow for to eat a piper?' says one o' thim.

"'Divil a word o' lie in it, for I seen its corpse, myself, and nothin' left but the two legs,' says I, 'and it's a folly to be strivin' to hide it, for I see she'll never lave it off—as poor Paddy Grogan knows to his cost, Lord be merciful to him.'

"'Who's that takin' my name in vain?' says a voice in the crowd; and with that, shovin' the throng a one side, who the divil should I see but Paddy Grogan, to all appearance.

"'Oh, hould him, too,' says I; keep him aff me, for its not himself at all, but his ghost,' says I; for he was kilt last night, to my certain knowledge, every inch of him all to his legs.'

"Well, sir, with that, Paddy — for it was Paddy himself as it kem out afther —fell a laughin' so that you'd think his sides 'ud split. And whin he kem to himself, he up and tould uz how it was, as I tould you already. And of 'course the poor slandered cow was dhruv home again, and many a quiet day she had wid uz after that; and whin she died, my father had sich a regard for the poor thing that he had her skinned, and an illigant pair of breeches made out iv her hide, and its in the family to this day. And isn't it mighty remarkable, what I'm goin' to tell you now—but it's as thrue as I'm here—that, from that out, any one that has thim breeches an' the minit a pair o' pipes strikes up, they can't rest, but goes jiggin' and jiggin in their sate, and never stops as long as the pipes is playin'—and there is the very breeches that's an me now, and a fine pair they are this minit."

A Novel Capture.

JOE PARSONS was a Baltimore boy and a little rough, but withal a good-hearted fellow and a brave soldier. He got badly wounded at Antietam, and thus laconically described the occurrence and what followed to some people who visited the hospital:

"What is your name?"

"Joe Parsons."

"What is the matter?"

"Blind as a bat; both eyes shot out."

"At what battle?"

"Antietam."

"How did it happen?"

"I was hit and knocked down and had to lie all night on the battle-field. The fight was renewed next day and I was under fire. I could stand the pain, but could not see. I wanted to see or get out of the fire. I waited and listened and presently heard a man groan near me.

"'Hello!' says I.

"'Hello yourself,' says he.

"'Who be you?' said I.

"'Who be you?' says he.

"'A Yankee,' says I.

"'Well, I'm a Reb,' says he.

"'What's the matter?' says I.

"'My leg's smashed,' says he.

"'Can you walk?' says I

"'No,' says he.

"'Can you see?' says I.

"'Yes,' says he.

"'Well,' says I, 'you're a rebel, but I'll do you a little favor.'

"'What's that?' says he.

"'My eyes are shot out,' says I, 'and if you'll show me the way I'll carry you out,' says I.

"'All right!' says he.

"'Crawl over here,' says I, and he did.

"'Now, old Butternut,' says I, 'get on my back,' and he did.

"'Go ahead,' says he.

"'Pint the way,' says I, 'for I can't see a blessed thing.'

"'Straight ahead,' says he.

"The balls were a flyin' all around, and I trotted off and was soon out of range.

"'Bully for you,' says he, 'but you've shook my leg almost off.'

"'Take a drink,' says he, holding up his canteen, and I took a nip.

"'Now let us go on again,' says he, 'kind o' slowly,' and I took him up, and he did the navigation and I did the walkin'. After I had carried him nearly a mile, and was almost dead, he said; 'Here we are; let me down. Just then a voice said: 'Hello, Billy, where did you get that Yank?'

"'Where are we?' says I.

"'In the rebel camp, of course,' says he; 'and d—n my buttons if that rebel hadn't ridden me a mile straight into the rebel camp. Next day McClellan's army advanced and took us both in, and then we shook hands and made it up; but it was a mean trick of him, don't you think so?"—*Phil'a. Press.*

An Innocent Old Man Abroad.

THE other day the police at the Union Depot noticed a feeble-looking old man wandering in and out to kill time until his train should depart, and as he at times displayed quite a roll of bills he was cautioned to look out for pickpockets and confidence men.

"Wouldn't anybody rob an old man like me, would they?" he innocently asked.

The warning was repeated, but he jogged around as before, and after a time was seen in consultation with two strangers, who walked him around to the wharf. An officer got him away from them and angrily said:

"Didn't I warn you against strangers? Those fellows are after your money!"

"But how can they git it when I have it in my pocket and my hand on it all the time?"

"Well, you look out."

"Yes, I'll look out; but I don't want to be uncivil. When anybody talks to me I like to talk back."

The strangers soon had him on the string again, and in about a quarter of an hour they left him in a hurried manner, and he sauntered into the depot with his wallet in his hand.

"There! You've let 'em beat you!" exclaimed the officer. "How much did you lend them?"

"Wall, they wanted twenty dollars," he slowly replied.

"And you handed it over, of course?"

"I give 'em a fifty-dollar bill and got thirty back."

"Well, you'll never see the bill again."

"I kinder hope not!" he chuckled, as he drew down his eye. "It was a counterfeit which my son found in Troy, and being as I am very old and innocent, and not up to the tricks of the wicked world, I guess I'll get into the cars before somebody robs me of my boots! If any one should come around looking for me please say I'm not at home!"

Uncertainties of Law.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston *Traveler* writes: "A few years since a man was arraigned in our police court for attempting to pick a lady's pocket in a horse-car; he was convicted and sentenced by the judge to four months' imprisonment in the House of Correction, from which sentence he appealed, and the case was carried to the Superior Court. He was again convicted, and, this time, sentenced to the State Prison for four years, instead of four months in the House of Correction.

Another man about the same time was convicted in the Police Court for an assault upon a boy, and sentenced to six months in the House of Correction; he appealed to the Superior Court, and was then convicted of an assault with intent to kill and sentenced to the State Prison for seven years.

In both of the above cases the parties served the full term for which they were sentenced.

Devlin, who was recently executed at Cambridge for the murder of his wife, was offered permission by the government to plead guilty to murder in the second degree, which would have sent him to the State Prison for life. This offer he declined, preferring to take the chances of a trial, in which he was convicted of murder in the first degree, and paid the penalty upon the gallows.

In these cases we find a good illustration of the adage of 'jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire.'

In the case of Buzzell, tried at Cambridge last week for the murder of his illegitimate child, the tables were turned. He was willing, and anxious, to plead guilty to murder in the second degree. This plea the government refused to accept, preferring to try him. The result was his acquittal, and he escapes going to the State Prison for life, a penalty he was willing to compromise on.

The Dollar Mark.

Regarding the $ mark of our money some think that the sign is a sort of monogram of the U. S. The American dollar, say others, is taken from the Spanish dollar, and the sign is to be found, of course, in the associations of the Spanish dollar. On the reverse of the Spanish dollar is a representation of the Pillars of Hercules, and around each pillar is a scroll with the inscription "*Plus Ultra.*" This device in the course of time has degenerated into the sign which stands at present for American as well as Spanish dollars, "$." The scroll around the pillars represents the two serpents sent by Juno to destroy Hercules in his cradle. Still others say: The sign is derived from the Spanish *fuertes*, or hard, and was adopted to distinguish hard dollars from paper ones. The letters f-s were used at first, but as they also stood for francs and florins, the s was curved around the f, and forms the present dollar mark.

Applying For a Pass.

A friend of ours in New York applied at the office of the Pensylvania Railroad Company for a pass over their road between that city and Philadelphia and was handed a card, which read as follows:

In those days there were no passes given.
Search the Scriptures.
Thou shalt *not* pass.—*Numbers* xx, 18.
Suffer not a *man* to pass.—*Judges* iii, 28.
The *wicked* shall no more pass.—*Nahum*, i, 15.
None shall *ever* pass.—*Isaiah*, xxxiv, 10.
This generation shall not pass.—*Mark* xiii, 30.
Though they *roar*, yet shall they not pass.—*Jeremiah*, v, 22.
(He paid his fare and went).—*Jonah*, i, 3.