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A DREAM.

'Twas midnight, and the hand of sleep
Had wrapt my soul in slumbers deep,
When on my dreaming fancy fell,
A vision wild, and strange to tell.

I stood, methought, upon the shore,
Where loud the Atlantic's billows roar;
And as I gazed far o'er the sea,
I heard a voice upon the breeze—

A thrilling voice—not soft and low—
'Twas not the wailing voice of woe—
Nor did its deep'ning cadence tell
Of song, or feast, or marriage bell.

I listened, and the thrilling strain
Was heard above the sounding main,
And in its accents wild and grand,
I caught the tone of stern command.

The words were in that ancient tongue
In which the Celtic minstrel sung,
Ere silence dwelt in Tara's Halls,
Or slept the harp on Tara's walls.

And as I wondered what could be
That voice that came across the sea,
I saw, methought, a queenly form,
Arise above the ocean storm.

Her robe it was of emerald green—
A shield she bore of glittering sheen;
And firmly grasped within her hand,
I marked the ancient Celtic brand.

I gazed with wonder and with awe
Upon the queenly form I saw;
And as I stooped her voice to hear,
These burning words fell on my ear;

"Awake! ye children of a land
Long crushed beneath oppression's hand!
And taught how bitter 'tis to feel
How heavy is the tyrant's heel!

"Arouse! and come, from far and near;
Awake! and come with brand and spear;
Ay!—come with manly heart and hand,
And battle for your native land!

"And swear! by her deserted halls,
Her ruined towers and broken walls,
And by the tear the exile weeps,
And by the grave where Emet sleeps!

"Swear by your own dear native land,
Now crushed beneath a tyrant's hand,
Which has for long and bitter years
Been watered by her children's tears.

"Swear! by your country's honored dead;
By all the blood of martyrs shed;
By all that e'er we hope to see,
That Erin shall again be free!

"And let the Saxon bosom feel
The vengeful thrust of Celtic steel!
And then forever rent and broke
Shall be the tyrant's galling yoke.

"Then shall the bright-eyed maiden tell
How her young lover bravely fell;
And how upon the battle-field,
He died upon his glittering shield.

"And as she weeps beside his grave,
O'er which the laurel green shall wave,
She'll dry her tears to think that he
Died for his country's liberty.

"Then let Erin's children, far and near,
Awake, and come with brand and spear,
And let them all, with heart and hand,
Strike bravely for their native land.

She ceased, and with a flashing eye,
She waved her shining brand on high,
And fiercely smote her sounding shield,
And called her sons to freedom's field.

Like the wild notes of Tartar gong,
The clanging sound rose loud and long;
And mountain peak, and hill and plain,
Rolled back the echoing sound again!

Anon I heard the heavy tread
Of armed men, to battle led!
And then I heard the thundering sound
Of war steeds prancing o'er the ground.

A moment more, and loud and clear,
The clash of arms fell on my ear;
Then I beheld a bloody field,
Where Celtic spear met Saxon shield!

And widely o'er the battle storm,
Again I saw that queenly form,
With shining brand and flashing eye,
Shouting—on! on! to victory!

Stern was the strife! The emerald sod
Was red with many a hero's blood,
And Celtic spear and Saxon shield
Lay shivered on the gory field.

The battle ceased, the storm was o'er,
I heard the crash of arms no more,
But far and wide, o'er the plain,
I heard a deep, harmonious strain.

'Twas the Proud Anthem of the Free,
The glorious Hymn of Liberty;
Now that the ghastly fight was done,
And Freedom's battle fought and won!

☞ "How do you like your new minister, Madge?" asked one very stylishly dressed young lady of another, in a High-church car the other day.

"Oh, he is just splendid," she replied with animation. "You ought to see him, Maud. He is so handsome, and he prays beautifully, and sends the hymns in such a lovely way; and besides, Maud, there was a dreadful scandal about him in the place where he preached before he came here."

☞ A retired citizen, from whom a woman was trying to secure a lamp-[illegible] contribution, recently remarked, [illegible] "I'm [illegible] hold'n the [illegible]

A Summer's Pastime.

BY MARIAN R. VOORHEES.

"Sallie, I am off to-morrow,' said John Cushman looking at his companion, a lovely girl of nineteen, watching the sweet color fade out of her cheek and lip, and the wild look of despair fill the beautiful eyes; and as he did so, his conscience reproached him bitterly, for he knew that not unsought by him had the innocent, pure heart of Sallie Moore been won.

"You will think of me sometimes, dearest, will you not?" and his arm was thrown round the trembling girl, as he drew her closely to him.

"Oh! John, do not leave me! I cannot live without you!" she moaned, as her head sunk on his breast.

John Cushman was not a bad man, only a weak, self indulgent one, given to gratifying any whim that promised pleasure for the time being, without giving a thought to consequences; but now he would have given all he possessed to have undone his last two month's work.

In the beginning of the summer he had come, an invalid, to Farmer Moore's little brown, one-storied house nestling under the oak trees far up among the Catskills; and good Mrs. Moore and pretty Sallie had nursed him faithfully, and the young girl, who had been educated far above her station in life, had read to and chatted with him, and as he grew stronger, had been his daily companion in all his rambles. He had grown very fond of the lovely girl, and had let her see it so plainly that Sallie's innocent heart had gone out to him unresistingly; and during these sweet summer months the young girl had lived in a dream of perfect happiness, not thinking of the future. But the idyl was over; the leaves were beginning to put on their scarlet and brown dresses, and John Cushman knew that he could not linger in that quiet country nook, for before the winter snows should fall he was to be the husband of Mable Vaughan, one of the fairest of New York's belles, and he had at last also awakened to a sense of bitter wrong he had done poor Sallie, in winning the deep love of her pure and trusted heart, when all of his belonged to another.

"Dear Sallie," he said, soothingly, to the weeping girl, "dear little one, I am very sorry to have to go, but, dear, you must have known that I could not stay always; besides—there is another one, Sallie"—and the young man hesitated and his voice faltered, for he knew that what he was going to say would be like a dagger thrust into the gentle heart beating so near his own—"another one, Sallie, who is looking impatiently for me every day now—and—and—who in a few weeks will be—my—my wife, dear—"

A low, despairing cry of agony broke from the white lips of the girl, and disengaging herself from his encircling arm, she turned to leave him; but he caught her hand.

"Dear Sallie, I am very sorry you feel it so much. I—I ought to have told you before, I suppose, but we have been so happy; and then I did not think that you cared so much for me.

I did not really mean to deceive you, Sallie, you will forgive me, will you not dear?" and he tried to draw her towards him again.

"Don't, please, don't she said, faintly, trying to free herself from his clasp; let me go home."

"Say that you forgive me, then, Sallie?" he asked pleadingly; "and give me one farewell kiss?"

A hot flush dyed the young girl's cheek.

"I shall forgive you, John, much sooner than you will forgive yourself; but you must not ask me for kisses now," she answered.

"Sallie, darling Sallie, you will not leave me so? Just one little kiss!" pleaded he, and he clasped her closely in his arms.

"Oh, my love! my love!" moaned the girl, "how can I give you up!"

John made no answer, only held her closer, raining eager kisses on her white lips.

"I must go," she cried wildly, struggling to free herself, "let me go!" And he did so, and Sallie fled away.

"Poor little girl!" mused John. "I am very sorry for her, but I never dreamed she would take a little flirtation so serious. She is a sweet girl, and I am very fond of her, but of course I can do nothing now. I wish to heaven I had never come here. What would Mable say? By jingo! wouldn't she rave! Ah, well! poor Sallie; she is very young yet; she will get over it, and perhaps, in a year's time forget that I ever existed. I ought to hope so, I suppose; but, ah, me!" and the deep sigh with which John Cushman ended his soliloquy was hardly an indication that such a hope was very deeply rooted.

Sallie did not appear at the tea-table; "she was not well," her mother said, and the old lady's face wore an anxious look that went like a knife to John Cushman's heart.

"Will she not see me once more, just to say 'good-by,'" the young man wondered the next morning, as the time for his departure approached and Sallie still appeared not. At the very last moment she came, and standing by her mother's side in the low door-way, she held out her hand.

"Good-by, Sallie. God bless you!" said John, tightly clasping her cold hand.

"Good-by, Mr. Cushman," she answered, simply, never raising her eyes to his face; and then drew back the little hand, and John sprang into the wagon. Looking back, he caught one last look from the sad, blue eyes of Sallie Moore that haunted him for many years afterwards.

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Grace church is thronged with a gay and fashionable assemblage, gathered to witness the marriage of John Cushman and Mable Vaughan.

A hum of expectation, and then, as the organ joyously peals forth the wedding march, the bridal train sweep up the broad aisle and stand before the altar. A few moments later and the bright December sun throws his golden beams upon the kneeling couple, as the venerable, white-robed bishop solemnly invokes God's blessing upon them as "man and wife."

The same golden beams fell upon another far different scope. Far up among the Catskills, under no fretted roof, and to no sound of pealing organ, but with the w[illegible]s singing a sad requiem through the leafless trees, a little band of mourners, with tears and sobs, bear Sallie Moore to her resting-place under the old oak tree, where, in the long, bright summer days so lately gone, she had spent such happy hours, and there tenderly lay her down, and leave her to a dreamless sleep.

* * * * * * *

"See, Mable, there is the little farm-house where I spent last summer. Would you like to get out and visit it?"

"No, John, I think not; but if you would like to do so, pray do not hesitate."

"And waiting for no further persuasion, John Cushman sprang from the carriage, and promising to be back in a few minutes, hastened over the well-remembered ground.

"I wonder if little Sallie has forgotten me?" he wondered, as he approached the house, which seemed more quiet than he remembered it before. His knock was answered by Mrs. Moore—paler, and with long, deep lines of sorrow on her kindly face.

"Do you remember me?" cried John, taking her thin hand and looking into her eyes.

"Mr. Cushman, you have come to a very changed house," replied she, with quivering lips. 'Poor Sallie!"—and the mother's voice was lost in tears.

John Cushman's heart stood still with a guilty fear.

"Where is she?" he whispered hoarsely.

"THERE!"—and the withered hand pointed to the grove.

With unsteady step he sought the familiar spot, and, under the tree where he had uttered the words that had broken her young heart, John Cushman found, and bedewed with tears of unavailing remorse, the daisy-covered mound under which lay all that was left of the once sweet Sallie Moore and a SUMMER'S PASTIME.

"ON THE EASTERN SHORE."

PENINSULA SKETCHES—TOPOGRAPHY AND THE PEOPLE—CLIMATE, HEALTH, ETC.

Under the above title Lippincott's Magazine for July publishes the first of a series of papers prepared by Rev. Robert Wilson, in which it is proposed to give pen-photographs and statistical information of what is commonly known as "The Peninsula," which includes the Eastern Shore of Maryland, the Eastern Shore of Virginia, and the State of Delaware. This first paper is general in its view of the peninsula's geographical features, its people and its resources, special details to be given in subsequent papers.

The writer says that, geographically considered, Eastern Maryland is a conundrum. Extending southward about 170 miles from the Pennsylvania line and about 66 miles wide at its broadest part, lies the peninsula, in which three States claim territory. Viewed from the western side of the map it presents a most appropriate resemblance to the head of a duck, the neck being somewhat constricted between the mouths of the Susquehanna and Delaware rivers, while the bill seems puddling among the grass-flats and oyster-beds of the lower Chesapeake. Maryland has the throat and brain-pan, leaving to Delaware the back of the head and neck, and to Virginia the bill. There is not a natural boundary or barrier of any kind to separate one portion of the peninsula from another, and herein is the conundrum. Why Marpland should appropriate one-half of the upper portion, then run out, with no other apparent object than to get a sniff of the ocean, and to cut Delaware short off by the feet, and then leave the lower part to Virginia, is a question difficult of solution.

It has frequently been proposed to remedy this by consolidating the whole peninsula into a single State, but the people will not hear of it. Nowhere is the feeling of State pride stronger than among the inhabitants of the Eastern Shore, and they look upon the proposition to attach themselves to Delaware much in the same way New Yorkers would regard the idea of becoming Jerseymen. The two Virginia counties are even more widely separated in sentiment from their Maryland neighbors, and the jealousy arising from conflicting oyster interests not infrequently blazes up into actual hostilities.

The quaint, old-time customs and ways of thinking which still cling about the people must be studied now before they give place to the new order of things.—Given the peculiar industrie, which offer to the stranger an attractive field of observation, are undergoing the inevitable change, though these are destining only to be renewed with fresh vigor as the wonderful resources of the country are developed and husbnad by the operation of conservative legislation. The fisheries will soon be restocked, the oyster beds will be made more productive and improved in quality, and the system of fruit farming will be brought into a very remunerative shape.

The notion that the Eastern Shore is an unhealthful place is combatted vigorously. The heretofore malarial features have been almost entirely destroyed by higher tillage and other causes. The climate changes are certainly too frequent and sudden for comfort, but they are confined to narrow limits, and extremes of heat and cold are alike unknown; so that while the slighter forms of catarrh are familiar, the severe pneumonias and continued fevers of the South, as well as the terrible consumption of the North are equally rare. The summer is short and breezy; the west winds, dried and heated by passage over the lands, gather cooling moisture from the Chesapeake before they reach the Eastern Shore, while the easterly gales come freighted with exhilarating vapors from the Atlantic. In winter "open seasons" are the rule rather than the exception.

No epidemics prevail. The inhabitants are robust, and aged persons abound in every community. Possibly the diet of the people has more to do with their health than the climate. To live at all even the poorest must live well, the costliest luxuries of less favored regions being the poor man's daily food. Oysters, terrapin, canvass back and other ducks, musk rats, fish of numerous varieties and choice flavor, numerous kinds of berries, and abundance of fruit, are within the reach of all.

Excepting Caroline and Worcester, every county has more or less of bay shore, and wherever some little creek has cut out a passage to the Chesapeake the tides have washed back into its channel until it has become for miles an arm of the bay rather than a stream flowing into it—thus the country has become a mesh-work of navigable waters, and almost every farm is accessable to craft of some description. With water at every man's door, the people take to it as naturally as ducks, and the wealthier classes send many of their sons to the navy—the poorer to man the innumerable varieties of craft which navigate the Chesapeake and its tributaries, the slow but cheap and easy transportation on which is still an obstacle to the railroads.

The average Eastern Shoreman is thriftly, intelligent and industrious. He sets value upon education, and takes a lively and thoughtful interest in the great outer world. He is apt to grumble about the poor returns of his farming, yet he rarely emigrates—or if he does so, is almost sure to return to his old home.—And no wonder, for the land and water is blest in the rare gifts of nature.

When the Eastern Shore railroads were projected a fatal blunder was committed in the failure to construct a direct line from Elkton to Cristfield, with short branches to the larger towns on either side. Such a main trunk would have developed the resources of the country and paid handsome dividends. But in place of it there is constructed a system of non-paying, short local lines, each one independent of all the others, and all of them serving as feeders to the Delaware road, to the great inconvenience of the whole country. To go by rail from any town to another on the Eastern Shore one must go through Delaware. It is on this account that Philadelphia gets the large trade that naturally belongs to Baltimore.

The masses of the people are farmers, their agricultural peculiarities always having an inevitable dash of salt water. In some sections there is much which suggests the old times of loyalty to the crown. Such names as 'Gray's Inn,' 'Bohemia Manor,' 'Oxford,' 'Cambridge,' 'Castle Haven,' are frequent, though 'Hungry Neck,' 'Tobacco Stick,' 'Potato Neck' and the like occasionally protrude.

The influence of the ancient days of an established church may still be distinctly traced in customs that are fast becoming obsolete elsewhere. Easter and Whitsuntide are observed as holiday seasons by those who have long lost sight of the religious significations of those festivals. Twelfth-day cakes are exhibited in the shop windows, and Hollow-e'en parties indulged in; while many who never read a line of Shakspeare or heard of Ash Wednesday believe that the corn crop will certainly fail if they do not eat pancakes on Shrove Tuesday and tansy pudding at Easter.

☞ The thermometer in Atlanta don't fool around and play with the North wind A young man who attended church with his sweetheart on Sunday attempted to sit the sermon out with a paper shirt-bosom, but was not altogether successful It is said that when he came out, waving his rattan, his appearance was such as to give rise to a suspicion that a saleratus bombshell had struck him in his stomach. The girl said she had accepted an invitation to take dinner with a friend.

☞ Very neat and elegant are the paper collars that you can now buy with a picture of George Washington on each corner. Martha is supposed to be on behind sewing on the button.

☞ A young lady, on being asked what business her lover was in, and not liking to say he bottled soda, answered; "He's a practising fascician."

☞ Time to grass—Corn.

FOR COLORED VOTERS.

Rev. Silas Right, of Concord, N. H., wrote to Rev. John W. Dungee, a Leading Colored Clergyman of Richmond, Va., urging him not to vote for Tilden and Hendricks. The letter was of the most bigoted and partizan character—Rev. Mr. Dungee replied in the calm, dignified letter which follows.

RICHMOND, Aug. 21, 1876.

DEAR BROTHER CURTIS:

Yours of July 26th is before me, asking me about rumors which you have heard in regard to my going over to the 'rebels.' First, I would state that I have tried to fulfill my whole duty in my work here, and have not at any time neglected my mission duties. No man is more interested in all that pertains to the best welfare of the colored people and their highest development. So, I have tried to conduct myself and teach my people that it is their Christian duty to make friends with the white people of the South, among whom they live. This can be done without sacrificing any principle of manhood; in fact, the Southern people do not ask the colored people to compromise a single right. But we who live here see the great importance of a full and manly

RECONCILIATION BETWEEN THE TWO RACES.

This can be done by dividing the colored vote between the two parties. As soon as it is thus divided they will cease to be an object of ostracism and a bone of contention. Both parties will then treat them with due respect. Take Virginia, and the white people of this State are as friendly to the colored people as they are anywhere in America; the most friendly feelings exist between the two races. What we, who are interested in the great cause of humanity, are endeavoring to do, is to break down all color lines, and altogether forget slavery, the war and the past, and go on to higher attainments and a broader Christian manhood. I believe the

WHITE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH

are true in the professions they are now making. They do not desire any more slavery; they will stand by all the results of the war; they are in the Union to go out no more forever. They are laboring nobly in our State for public education, without regard to color. I have every right in Richmond that I would have in Boston. They are doing all for the colored people in a benevolent way they can do. You know the late war laid its withering hand upon the South, and there are many poor people, both white and black; notwithstanding, there are many of the white gentlemen who have contributed largely to mission work for our people in Richmond and other places in the South. There are 31,000 colored people in this city who are depending on the whites for the bread they eat. Many poor people of color would starve to death here but for the kindness of the whites in giving them shelter and food. You can have no idea of the true condition of things here. Now, in face of all these facts, I do not think the white people of the South very dangerous rebels. Just a word about some of our troubles. You have heard much talk about

"CARPET-BAGGERS."

You have no idea the amount of trouble these men have given us. Men who were of the worst characters in the North, who were from the lowest haunts of New York and Boston, men who were as bad as crime could make them, who were negro-haters at the North, have come South and taken advantage of the ignorance of the colored people, and have been elevated to places of high trust in the State Governments, for the sole purpose on their part to plunder the public. This same class of men have arrayed the colored people against the whites for political purposes, and, when trouble comes, desert them. All the mobs which we have had in the South have been gotten up by bad men. I know we have some lawless white men here, but the good people of the South must not be blamed for their acts. You have them at the North with you.

THIS WILD AND FRUITLESS CONTEST

has been going on for years, and who are the sufferers? The colored men, being the weaker party, always lose ground, and must at last go to the wall if the fight is kept up. I know you in New Hampshire may not see this matter as I do, but I tell you that the negro of the South must go under if the policy of the last few years is to be continued. Now, if the Home Missions Board discharges me for these sentiments I regret it, but cannot yield my honest convictions. I am sorry I cannot make them see the rightfulness of my position. You ask me what the persons who have contributed from time to time for my support would think. To this I would say, if they understood my true position, they would, I think, make those contributions more readily than ever. The negro is now passing through the most critical period of his history, and his destiny for good or evil will be settled by his action. If he arrays himself against the white people, he must, sooner or later, be ground to powder. There is

NO NATURAL ANTAGONISM BETWEEN THE TWO RACES

in the South; the whites and blacks were born and brought up together, and must live and die together. The late trouble at Hamburg, South Carolina, and other troubles we have had in the South since the war have not been the result of any ill feeling on the part of our home people, but are the result of the action of bad men who have come South and kept up from year to year the most bitter political contest, and have used every effort to keep the white and colored people from making friends. One of their principal means is the wholesale use of bad whiskey—also appealing to the very worst passions of the ignorant. No stone is left unturned on their part to exasperate and excite the feelings of our poor people, which might at any time be kindled into a flame which might result in bloodshed.

I ONLY WONDER WE HAVE NOT HAD TEN RIOTS

where we have one. Now, I say that every good man in the South, white and black, ought to join hands and rid our fair section from this terrible state of things. I hope you will not misunderstand me; these charges are not against the good people of the North. We will give the most hearty welcome to any good men of the North who may come among us for good purposes. I think that if you were to live here a few years, you would take the same stand I have. We have some men from the North who are highly respected, but all of these take the same stand, and are not the men objected to. The colored men, if they are to be citizens of this country, must differ just as white men do on all great questions of the day, such as finance, tariff, taxation, and questions of law, trade, etc., etc. Until we arrive at this point we will be mere machines, and not men in the true sense of the term. In conclusion, I would call your attention to the report of the Hon. B. B. Douglas of Virginia, on

THE FREEDMAN'S BANK FRAUD,

and the speech or Hon. W. S. Stinger of Pennsylvania, on the same subject. I would also call your attention to the large amount of money stolen from the widows and orphans of the colored soldiers and sailors. The District Ring, and many other things might be mentioned, but time and space will not allow it. The colored voter of the South, as ruled by the Radicals, has no liberty in the use of his ballot; which liberty we claim and must have, or continue slaves. We should be taught independence and self-reliance. Please answer me a few questions.

WHO SHOULD BE THE BEST JUDGE

of the true condition of the Southern people, I, who was born and brought up in the South, as I have been, and served 27 years of my life a slave (when a boy I played with white boys, and know there is no natural bad feeling between the two races), or yourself? What can you in New Hampshire or Maine know of our condition down here? When you call our people "rebels" you do them a great wrong. I believe the people of the South are as loyal to the Union as those of the North.

I ASK YOU AS A CHRISTIAN,

do you think it right to be constantly abusing the Southern people? They have come back to the Union and fully accepted all of the amendments to the Constitution, with all the results of the war. The only reason why they have made such an effort to get hold of their own State Governments is to protect themselves from the wicked plunderings and robbery of carpet-baggers; and every good man, white and black, ought to join hands to emancipate our section from this fearful state of things. Remember, that our homes in the South are as dear to us as yours in New Hampshire. Now

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR STATE TO BE INFESTED

with a gang of these political thieves, from another far country, plundering the public treasury and leaving a tax on the people too heavy for them to bear, exciting riots and causing bloodshed? I ask you, would you help them to continue the work of destruction against your own people? I tell you this is our condition, and the colored people are the main agency by which they are enabled to do their work; and in my judgment, nothing but a division of the colored vote can bring peace and prosperity, which we so much need; and I feel that no pulpit work or mission effort will enable me to do as much for my race as this work. I have

GIVEN THIS MATTER ELEVEN YEARS' THOUGHT,

and for years I have taken great pains to inform myself as to the true feeling of the people of the South, and these are my conclusions: First, that the whites desire to live with the colored people in peace and quietness, and are doing all they can to gain that object. They do not want all the colored people to vote the Democratic ticket, but believe it would be best to divide their vote between the two parties. This point would have been gained four years ago but for the terror of the Radical party and its loyal leagues. There has

BEEN NO INTIMIDATION IN THE SOUTH

worse than that practiced by the carpet-bagger party of the South. I do not charge the colored people with this cruelty. They are not to blame; they are only tools in the hands of these bad men. I have known some colored men to be whipped, some turned out of their churches, and all kinds of intolerant abuse have been heaped upon those colored men who dared vote the Democratic ticket. In some parts of the South the life of a colored man (Democrat) is not very safe. I submit these facts to you as the honest convictions of my heart, and must say I cannot accept your advice, because in doing so I would not do justice to myself and my race.

Yours, with great respect,
JOHN W. DUNJEE.

TIT FOR TAT.

Tom Roby was one day riding through the newly-settled town of Carroll, and upon the outskirts he saw a log cabin, with a brick oven built outside, and in the said oven was a fire, the good housewife being evidently on the eve of baking.

Tom was an inveterate joker, and the opportunity was too good to be lost, so he pulled up, and called at the top of his voice:

"Hallo!—Hallo!—House there!"

Out came the farmer and his wife, and four or five children, to see what was wanted.

"My good people," said Tom, seriously, "your oven is on fire."

Around to the end of the cabin flew the frightened family, while Tom rode on, leaving them to discover the pith of the joke.

A few years after, when Tom Roby was following the practice of law, he had occasion to pass again through the town of Carroll.

The place had grown and changed; and the small white cottage, with well-kept garden in front, he did not recognize as occupying the spot where once he had seen only a poor log cabin, with oven outside.

But there were those who could remember if he could not.

He was driving along slowly in the mud—there had been a long storm of rain—when a tow-headed lad of some thirteen summers came rushing out from a shed attached to the cottage, excitedly exclaiming:

"Hallo! Hallo! sir! your wheel is loose!"

Tom pull'd up instanter, and jumped out into the mud, and examined the linch pin of the near wheel.

"It's the other wheel, sir."

Around Tom wallowed to the other side, and made a critical examination there.

"I don't see anything here out of the way, boy," he said.

"Sartin sir, I thought 'twas loose. I saw it turn around."

"You young rascal, how dare you? What do you mean?"

And Tom started for his whip.

"I mean," answered the urchin, placing his thumb to his nose, "that the oven's on fire!"

Tom remembered now very well, and giving the boy a silver coin, he said they'd call it square.

He had muddied his boots dreadfully, but he laughed heartily at the return joke nevertheless.

☞ "Please, sir, have you anything to give a poor unfortunate?" inquired a beggar of a druggist.

"Nothing but some pills," was the surly reply.

"Well then," answered the beggar, "I will take a bread pill about the size of a loaf."

"Get out, you pill-fering loafer!" ejaculated the druggist, as he fired a mortar at the head of the retreating pauper.

☞ A physician was called to attend a seamstress who felt indisposed. He inquired as to her health, and she responded very appropriately;

"Well, let's about *sew, sew*, doctor, but *seams* worse to-day, and I have frequent *stitches* in the side."

The doctor *hemmed*, as he felt her pulse, said she would *mend* soon, and left a prescription.

☞ "Are you young ladies of the present day fit for wives?" asked a Boston lecturer of his audience.

"They are fit for husbands," responded a female voice, "but the trouble is that you men are not fit for wives!"

The applause was great, and so was the discomfiture of the lecturer.

☞ Upon the death of her husband, the lady married his brother, and when a friend saw the portrait of the first husband in the house, he said:

"Is this a member of your family?"

"It is my poor brother-in-law," she replied.

☞ Song-writers have a good deal to say about the "old school-house," but are very careful not to mention the fact that a rabbit track would have pulled them away from the dear old structure a race-horse speed during an [illegible] their attendance.

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