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Original Poetry.

ET AND HET.

Of all the sprites that ever yet,
Across my wildered vision came—
Are two whose suns will never set;
For world-wide is their maiden fame.
You'd give your *ears* to hear the name—
"I'll bet!"

'Tis short and sweet—and yet, and yet—
I know not why—I cannot bear
Upon the tell-tale, gossipping air,
Those precious names afloat to set:
As though my lodgings were to let!—
They're *not*, "you bet!"

The one—a saucy, dancing sprite:
What she don't do 's not worth the doing,
And woe to that ungallant knight,
Who comes near her, and comes not suing.
The other—well! imagine now
A sweet clematis, climbing, blooming—
To have to choose between the two,
Would set the sweetest tempered fuming.
The wind knows not which way to set,
'Twixt Bet and Pet.

One—stately, swan-like—"don't you know?"
Whose bending head the wind caresses.
The other—lifts the "cutest" eyes!—
Brim-full of m'schief, and of guesses.
Who's known them once, can ne'er forget,
The two he's met.

One—tosses locks of cloudy jet—
What she don't know, 's not worth the knowing.
The other—well! there's no one yet,
Who has not seen a lily blooming.
"Great Scot!" two girls were never yet,
One half is sweet, as Et and Het.
There now! I've set their names agoing.
That all the town will smile, "I'll bet."
A rich hued pink, and lily growing:
Remorseless Et—and angel Het!
No "cuter" girls than these, "I'll bet!"
Dear Et—and Het!

And so we leave them—dread enchanters!
Angelic face, and curls of jet.
O pensive nun, and witching siren,
There 're "lots" of victims waiting yet.
Up through time's awful vista looming,
I see them troop—a fore-doomed set:
And on each pale, despairing forehead,
Is clearly written—Et and Het.
Bad Et and Het!

A VICTIM.

—*For the Transcript.*

A BLIGHT IN SUMMER.

I was not the regular doctor—for the practice at Burnley belonged to Fred Garnet, an old hospital friend of mine, who had taken to a simple country practice, while I had been roaming about the world as a surgeon in emigrant ships during the Franco-German war. We had met after seven years, when I wanted a months quiet in the country, and he had asked me to attend to his practice while he came up to town to pass a degree—for he was a hard studying, ambitious fellow.

A man at the door desired me to come over and see his master, who was 'dying of gout.' This was the announcement by the servant. Saving that I had been consulted about a 'terrible wherrtlin' pain' in the back of an old lady of seventy-five, this was my first call.

'There's Miss Kate a-watching for us.'

I could see the flutter of a white dress by the gate as we drove in; but my attention was now too much taken up with the prettiness of the place, and I was gapingidly about thinking nothing of 'Miss Kate' and her cares, when the gig stopped, and I jumped down.

'Here he is, uncle, dear!' she cried tenderly.

'Time he was here!' exclaimed some one, with a savage voice.

After giving various little orders, I placed the tender leg in an easy position, the patient breaking out into furious exclamations the while. Then by some hoops from a small wooden tub I made a little gipsy tent over the limb, so that the coverings did not touched the exquisitely tender skin. At the end of half-an-hour I had the pleasure of hearing a sigh of satisfaction, of seeing a smile steal over the face, which was now smooth and bedewed with a gentle perspiration; and directly after, in a drowsy voice, my patient said:

'Kitty, my darling! he's a trump! Take him into the next room and apologize to him, and tell him I'm not always such a beast.'

He was half asleep already, while—I even at that short hour—had fallen into a dream—a dream of love—I, who had never loved before, nor thought of it but as sickly boy and girl stuff, unworthy of busy men.

I cannot tell you how that day passed, only that Kate Anstey had implored me not to leave her uncle yet; and I—I was her slave, and would have done her bidding even to the death.

He was soon better; but my visits to the farm were more frequent than ever. I went one day as usual; but instead of Kate being at the window and running out to meet me, the old gentleman stood at the door, looking very angry, and he caught hold of my coat and dragged me in then.

'[illegible]' I asked, trembling, for I knew what I said—for the room seemed to swim around me. 'Is Kate ill?'

'Yes, I think she is,' he said, gruffly. 'But look here, young man! what does this mean?'

'Mean?' I said. 'Oh! Mr. Brand! if she is ill, let me see her at once.'

'She don't look very bad,' he said, peering through the crack of the door into the parlor, where I could see her white dress; 'but I say, young man! you'd better not come here any more. She's growing dull, and I can't have my darling made a fool of.'

'Made a fool of?' I stammered.

'Yes!' he said gruffly. 'What do you come here for?'

I was silent for a minute, with a wondrous feeling stealing over me, as at last my lips said—I did not prompt them—'I come because I love her with all my heart!'

'And you have told her so?'

'Not a word!' I said slowly. My hand was being crushed as if in a vise the next minute.

'I'm not a gentleman, doctor, but I know one when I meet one. There, you may go and talk to her—if it's as you say; for if it's true, you wouldn't make her unhappy. But, my lad, the man that trifled with that girl's heart would be the greatest scoundrel that ever stepped on God's earth!'

The whole of this part of my life is so dreamy that it is all like some golden vision. But I was at her shair, I know; and that glorious evening I was content to watch the soft, dreamy face beside me, as she sat there, with her hands folded in her lap, watching the sunset.

At last we rose and walked together through the wood to stop at last beneath an overshahowing tree, and there, in low broken words I told her I loved her: and, in sweet, girlish simplicity, she laid her hands upon my shoulders, looked up in my face, and promised to be my little wife.

I went home that night riding in a wonderful 'triumphal chariot, instead of a gig. To my great surprise, on reaching the house there was Fred Garnet.

'Back already?' I stammered.

'Already?' Why, the month's up!' he said, laughing. 'You must have had good sport with your fishing, Master May.'

It came upon me like thunder, this return; and I lay that night happy but miserable—for this meant the end of my visit. And what was to come in the future? I had not thought of that.

I put it off for the time; and, having obtained willing permission from Garnet, I went his round the next morning, and of course found my way to the farm. I fancy the servant looked at me in a rather peculiar, constrained way, as she said that her master had gone to the off-hand farm.

'And Miss Kate.'

'She's down in the wood, sir!' said the girl.

I waited to hear no more, but ran along the garden, leaped the gate, crossed two fields, and went through the wilderness and over the stile into the wood.

'My darling!' I kept repeating as I hurried on, expecting to meet her at every turn: and then I stopped short, with a horrible pang seeming to catch my heart. I was dizzy, faint, raging with anger, and mad in turn; but that all passed off to leave a bitter, crushing sense of misery as I held on by a young sapling and peered at the scene before me. There stood, with her back to me, Kate, false, false Kate—with the arm of a tall, handsome military-looking man, encircling her waist, her head resting upon his shoulder, and even as I gazed he bent his head down and she raised her arms—her face—her lips—to meet his kisses, as he folded her tightly to his breast. I saw no more, but stole blindly away, went to the stable, saddled and bridled the horse in a dreamy fashion, mounted and rode back to Burnley, threw the bridle to the man, walked straight to the station without seeing Fred Garnet, and went off to London.

Six months glided by, and then I was once more called upon to take charge of the practice of one of my friends in the suburbs.

It was one dark night in winter. I was just going to bed, half wishing that I had had a call when the surgery bell rang sharply, and the summons I wished for came. It was a policeman with a handsome cab, and his oilskins shone wet and vividly in the red light over the door.

'Axiden' case, sir!' he said; 'Dr. Barker in the next street's got in, sir, and he wants help.'

I learned from him that a gentleman had been knocked down by the very same cab we were in, and trampled upon by the horse before the wheel went over, and broke his leg.

We were there in a few minutes, and I was shown into the back parlor of a comfortably furnished house, where the sufferer had been laid on a mattress. A brief conversation with my colleague ensued, and he told me what he feared and how he was situated—another important call demanding his presence. The result was that I agreed that we would examine the patient, and then I would stay until Dr. Barker's return. A faint groan from the mattress saluted us as we turned to our patient; and as I held the lamp over his face and the light fell on the fair hair and the long, drooping moustache, I nearly dropped it. 'Nemesis!' I thought. 'Mine enemy delivered into my hand! Kate's lover lying bruised and broken—crushed like a reed—at my feet! And now I need not kill him to be revenged for his cruelty to me, but only stand by supine and he will die!'—for a few brief moments told me that I possessed greater knowledge than my colleague, and that, if I withheld mine, nothing which Dr. Barker could do would save the flame even now trembling in the socket of life's lamp.

The scene in the wood flashed before me once again as I stood there—Kate's sweet face unturned, asking for this man's kisses—and all so vivid that my brain reeled and a mist floated before my eyes.

'What do you think, Mr. Lawler?' said a voice at my elbow, and I started back into the present.

'That he'll be past saving in an hour,' I said, quietly.

'I fear so!' said Dr. Barker, shrugging his shoulders.

'Unless—'

Here I unfolded my plans, as I said bitterly to myself: 'And heap coals of fire upon his head. Kate, take your lover—and God forgive you.'

'Excellent!' exclaimed Dr. Barker, who was a frank, gentlemanly fellow, without professional jealousies; and in an hour's time we had done all that was necessary our patient was breathing easily, and Dr. Barker was shaking my hand.

'He's saved, Mr. Lawler. You've saved his life. Now, I'll be off and get back in an hour's time. 'You've given me the greatest lesson in surgery that I ever had in my life.'

And then I was alone, thinking bitterly of what I had done.

'Kate—Kate—darling!'

These words, feebly uttered, brought me to myself, and I was the cold, hard man once more as I rose, and taking the lamp, bent down over my patient, whose eyes were now opened, and he stared at me.

'Where's Kate?' he asked; 'and where—what'— He stopped short.

'Accident? Oh, yes! I remember I was going to catch the night train for Burnley, when that confounded cab'—

'You must not talk,' I said, fighting hard to contain myself. 'You are seriously hurt.'

That last was not professional, but there was a grim pleasure in giving him some pain.

'That's bad, doctor,' he whispered—for I was going down to see my darling, she's very ill.'

'Ill,' I exclaimed, starting.

'Yes,' he said, speaking with pain, and I could not stop him now. 'Consumption, they say; broken hearted, I think. Some scoundrel.—'

I almost dropped the lamp as I caught his hand and gripped it, and said, in a hoarse, choking voice—for I was struggling to see the full light·

'What do you wish me to do?'

'Telegraph at my expense, to my brother-in-law. Take it down or you'll forget: From Cristopher Anstey to John Brand, Greemead, Burnley. Say Kate is not to fidget. You know best'

'Yes—yes,' I stammered, my hands trembling as I took out a pencil and pretended to write. 'Miss Kate, then, then,' I faltered, 'Is—'

'My darling child' sobbed the poor fellow; and she dying.'

He was too weak, too faint to heed me, as with a bitter groan I turned away stunned—mad, almost—at my folly. For I saw it all now—poor, weak pitiful, jealous fool that I was. I had seen the girl that I worshipped, petted and caressed by her own father: and, without seeking or asking an explanation, I had rushed away, leaving her to think me a scoundrel—nay, worse.

When I turned once more to the mattress my patient had fallen asleep, and I stood there thinking. In a few minutes I had made my plans; then, watch in hand, I impatiently waited for Dr. Barker's return.

He was back to his time, and in a few words I had made my arrangements.—'Doctor,' said I, 'you said you were in my debt for this night's work'

'My dear sir, I'll write you a check for twenty guineas with pleasure,' he replied.

'Pay me in this way,' I said, 'see that these patients whose names I have written on this slip of paper are attended to well for the next two days, and tell our friend here that his message has been seen to.

He promised eagerly, and the next minute I was in the street, running to the nearest cab-stand. I was just in time to catch the early morning train, and half mad, half joyous; I sat impatiently there till the train dropped me at Burnley, where the fly slowly jolted me over to the Four-Mile Farm.

It was a bright, clear morning, and the sun glanced from the river upon the trees; but I could think of only one thing as I kept urging the driver on, and he must have thought me mad as I leaped out and rushed into the well known parlor.

'Kate!' I cried, as half blind, I ran toward a pale face lying back in an easy-chair by the fire.

'You scoundrel!' was roared at the same moment, and the sturdy farmer had me pinned by the throat.

'Yes, all that,' I said; only hear me.'

His hands dropped as Kate uttered a low cry and fainted.

'Quick!' I said; 'water and some brandy.'

With a low growl of rage my old patient for gout obeyed me, and in a very few minutes I had her head raised on my arm.

'Have you come to say good-bye?' she said feebly; and there was such a look of reproach in that poor, wan face, that I only answered in a whisper:

'No! no!—to ask you to give and bless me with your love—to ask you to forgive me for my cruel weakness—for I must have been mad.'

A deep groan made me turn my head to see that the farmer's head was down upon his arms, and his bread shoulders were heaving.

'I thought you would never come again,' said Kate, feebly; 'but I didn't give up hope. And now I shall get well soon.'

A MAN WHO NEVER TOLD A LIE.

Oil City Derrick.

Yesterday afternoon an old oil man, with crude petroleum dripping from his clothes and legs enclosed in high boots, entered the Derrick office and said:

'Want an item?'

'I've got the dumbdest item you ever heard tell on. I struck an ile well on my lease Monday, and she flowed a stream of oil one hundred feet high, straight up for half an hour. Then she kinder died down one of my drillers was standing over the hole, when she suddenly spurted up again and blast my eyes if it didn't take that driller right up with it. The stream was a powerful one, you see, an' he went up a hundred feet. You've seen those little balls as dance about on top of those little spurting fountains such as they have in the cities?'

'Yes.'

'Well, that's the way this 'ere thing acted, and there's that air driller right up on top of that hundred fut column of crude ile, and he's dancing about like chaff in a fanning mill. What do you think of that un.'

'How long has he been up there?'

'About four days and four nights.'

'He must be very hungry by this time. Dosen't he come down to get something to eat?'

'Why, we 'uns just put a plate of hash in the stream of ile, and it takes it up to him, you see. And it's mighty handy as he finds his victuals already greased, and he dosen't need any butter.'

'But he must have frozen to death by this time.'

'Why, man, we've sent him up on this same stream, bed and bedding, a small stove and wood, and we'er going to build him a small house, and then he can live there as comfortable as a prince.'

His face was as innocent of deceit as a piece of tanned leather, and when he asked to have his name put down as a dead-head subscriber for information he had given, we didn't have the heart to hurt his feeling by refusing.

WHAT AILED HIM.

A dry-goods clerk called round to see his girl, the other evening. She observed that he appeared very restless, and as he had been paying her pretty sharp attention, she sniffed a proposal. She determined to assist the young man.

'George, dear,' she said, in a sweet voice, 'what's the matter with you this evening?'

'There ain't nothing the matter,' remarked George, twisting uneasily in his chair.

'I think there is.' she said with great interest.

'Oh, no there ain't,' returned George; 'what makes you think so?'

'You appear so restless,' she explained; 'you act as if there was something on your mind.'

'It ain't on my mind,' observed George; 'it's——' and then he suddenly caught himself and stopped.

'What is it—where is it, dear?' entreated the young Miss; 'won't you tell your darling?'

'It's on my back,' blurted George, with an effort.

'On your back?' repeated the young Miss, in astonishment.

'Yes,' said George, desperately; 'it's a porous plaster, and it itches so I can't keep still.'

The young lady fainted.

TWO.

Two little girls are better than one,
Two little boys can double the fun,
Two little birds can build a fine nest,
Two little arms can love mother best,
Two little ponies must go to a span,
Two little pockets has my little man,
Two little eyes to open and close,
Two little ears and one little nose,
Two little elbows, dimpled and sweet,
Two little shoes on two little feet,
Two little lips and one little chin,
Two little cheeks with a rose set in,
Two little shoulders, chubby and strong,
Two little legs running all day long,
Two little prayers does my darling say,
Twice does he kneel by my side each day,
Two little folded hands, soft and brown,
Two little eyelids cast meekly down,
And two little angels guard him in bed,
One at the foot and one at the head.

Yet another warning. Joseph Bates, of Vermont, falls dead while carrying in an armful of wood. Show this paragraph to your wife. Nay, cut it out and pin it to the wood-shed door.

"NOW I LAY ME."

Many precious memories not associated with childhood are clustered around the child's evening prayer,

"Now I lay me down to sleep," &c.

It was said of John Quincy Adams, late in his life, that he never went to bed without repeating this simple prayer, taught him by his mother. Many an aged saint, forgetting all intervening years, has fallen asleep in death, repeating the same memorial of childhood. The following little poems, the authorship of which we do not know, have been published before, but we repeat them, as they will be new to many and interesting to all:

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay"—"repeat it, darling,"—
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger tips.

"Down to sleep"—"to sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head bent low;
"I pray the Lord," I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the sound came faintly,
Fainter still—"my soul to keep;"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

FALLING ASLEEP.

Golden head so lowly bending,
Little feet so white and bare,
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened,
Lisping out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
'Tis to God that she is praying,
Praying Him her soul to keep.

Half asleep, and murmuring faintly,
"If I should die before I wake"—
Tiny fingers clasped so saintly—
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Oh, the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
Of the soul who wrote that prayer!
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to heaven, record it there.

If, of all that has been written,
I could choose what might be mine,
It should be that child's petition,
Rising to the throne divine.

MARY'S LAMB.

"Mary had a Little Lamb" is the true account of an incident that happened 61 years ago, not 50 miles from the Cradle of Liberty. And "Mary," a delightful old lady of three score and ten, still lives and cherishes the memory of the event. The writer, on a recent visit, craved from her own lips the true story of the affair, and will reproduce it as nearly as possible.

"It was when I was nine years old," she said, "and lived on the farm, I used to go out to the barn every morning with father to see the cows and sheep. They all knew me, and the cows, old Broad and Short horn, and Brindle, would low a good morning when I came to their stables. One cold day we found that during the night twin lambs had been born. You know that sheep will often disown one of the twins, and this morning one poor little lamb was pushed out of the pen into the yard. It was almost starved, and almost frozen; and father told me I might have it if I could make it live. So I took it into the house, wrapped it in a blanket, and fed it on peppermint and milk all day. When night came I could not bear to leave it for fear it would die, so mother made me up a little bed on the settee, and I nursed the poor little thing all night, feeding it with a spoon, and by morning it could stand. After this we brought it up by hand until it grew to love me very much, and would stay with me wherever I went unless it was tied. I used, before going to school in the morning, to see that the lamb was all right, and securely fastened for the day.

"Well, one morning when my brother Nat and I were all ready, the lamb could not be found; supposing that it had gone out to pasture with the cows, we started on. I used to be a great singer, and the lamb would follow the sound of my voice. This morning, after we had gone some distance, I began to sing, and the lamb, hearing me, followed on, and overtook us before we got to the school house. As it happened we were early, so I went in very quietly, took the lamb into my seat where it went to sleep, and I covered it up with my shawl. When the teacher came, and the rest of the scholars, they did not notice anything amiss, and all was quiet until my spelling class was called. I had hardly taken my place, before the pattering of little feet was heard coming down the aisle, and the lamb stood beside me ready for its word. Of course the children all laughed, and the teacher laughed too, and the poor creature had to be turned out of doors. But it kept coming back, and at last had to be tied in the woodshed till night.

"Now, that day there was a young man in school, John Roulston by name, who was on a visit to one of the boys, and came as a spectator. He was a Boston boy, and son of a riding school master, and in a few days after he gave us the first three verses of the song. How or when it got into print I don't know."

Thus she ran on, telling of the care she bestowed on her little pet until it grew to be a sheep, and she would curl its long wool over a stick; and it bore lambs until there was a flock of five, all her own; and finally how it was killed by an angry cow. Then she brought out a pair of her little girl's stockings knitted of yarn spun from the lamb's wool, the heels of which had been raveled out and given away piecemeal as mementoes.

John Roulston died before entering college. What the world lost in him who wove into verse the immortalized story of Mary and the Lamb, no one may know.

ANNALS OF THE WAR.

STONEWALL JACKSON—THE BARBARA FRITCHIE STORY.

Major H. Kyd Douglas, in Phila. Times.

In face and figure Stonewall Jackson was not striking. Above the average height, with a frame angular, muscular, and fleshless, he was in all his movements, from riding a horse to handling a pen, the most ungraceful man in the army. His expression was thoughtful, and generally clouded with an air of fatigue. His eye was small, blue, and in repose as gentle as a young girl's. With high, broad forehead, small, sharp nose, thin, pallid lips, deep set eyes, and dark, rusty beard, he was not a handsome man. His face in the drawing room or tent, softened by his sweet smile, was as different from itself on the battle field as a little lake in summer noon differs from the same lake when frozen. Walking or riding the General was ungainly; his main object was to go over the ground, without regard to the manner of his going. His favorite horse was as little like Pegassus as he was like Apollo; he rode boldly and well, but certainly not with grace and ease. He was not a man of style. General Lee, on horseback or off, was the handsomest man I ever saw. It was said of Wade Hampton that he looked as knightly when mounted as if he had stepped out from an old canvas, horse and all. Breckenridge was a model of manly beauty, and Joe Johnston looked every inch a soldier. None of these things can be said of Jackson.

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He did not pass the house of Barbara Fritchie; nothing like the fiction of Mr. Whittier ever occurred, and Stonewall Jackson and that historic old lady never saw each other. * * * *

General Jackson's troops and his enemy's believed he never slept; the fact is he slept a great deal. Whenever he had nothing else to do he went to sleep, especially in church. I remember during the invasion of Maryland, on Sunday night he rode three miles in an ambulance to attend church in Frederick, and then fell asleep. As soon as the minister began to preach his head fell upon his breast, and he never awoke until aroused by the organ and choir. He could sleep anywhere and in any position, sitting in his chair, under fire, or on horseback. On a night march toward Richmond after the battles with McClellan, he was riding along with his drowsy staff, nodding and sleeping as he went. We passed by groups of men sitting along the roadside, and engaged in roasting new corn by fires made of fence rails. One group took us for cavalrymen with an inebriated captain, and one of the party, delighted at the sight of a man who had found whiskey enough to be drunk, sprang up from the fire and, brandishing a roasting ear in his hand, leaped down into the road, and seizing the General's horse, cried out, "I say, old fellow, where did you get your liquor?" In an instant, as the General awoke, the fellow saw his mistake, and then bounding from the road he took the fence at a single leap, exclaiming, "Good God, it's old Jack!" and disappeared in the darkness. Yes, Gen. Jackson slept a great deal, but he was never caught napping. * * *

He was a member of the Presbyterian church, a strictly Christian, liberal gentleman. But he was neither bigot nor pharisee. He held his own devotions in secret. He made no parade of his religion, nor pressed his creed upon any one; he was not Cromwellian in this regard; he believed other paths lead to Heaven just as surely as the one he was traveling. On his staff were the sons of clergymen of the Episcopal, Reformed and Presbyterian churches, and some others who were very much in the dark as to their religious faith. The fact is, this Presbyterian elder, as he is sometimes called, became such by marriage. The first prayers said over him were those of a pious Methodist mother—although it appears in his youth he was not more pious than the average young man. When in Mexico he was nearly persuaded to be a Romanist. He afterwards was a member of the Episcopal church, and finally settled down in the Presbyterian church, to which his wife belonged. When the Louisiana brigade applied for a chaplain, he recommended that a priest be sent them, because a large majority were Roman Catholics. His own devoutness was illustrated by the purity of his life, and his faith and simplicity was well known to his troops. He often attended their services and prayer meetings, night or day, and kneeling in the midst of the same scarred veterans he had led in so many battles, he led them in prayer to the Lord of Hosts. When he was thus engaged in camp all noise was hushed; dropping their cards and all other amusements, old men and young gathered around him, standing and kneeling with uncovered heads in sacred silence. A thousand hands would have been raised to smite the impious wretch who dared to scoff when Stonewall Jackson prayed.

* * * * * * * *

The death of General Jackson was characteristic in its singularity. At night when the battle had ended, just as he had achieved what he believed to be the most successful movement of his career, he, whom the enemy began to believe both invulnerable and invincible, fell at the hands of his own people. It is needless to repeat the painful story of his wounding and death. At first it was not believed his wounds were mortal, and the army thought in the language of General Lee, "Jackson will not—he *cannot* die." But it was written. Pneumonia lent its fearful aid to the enemy, and on Sunday afternoon he closed his eyes and smiled at his own spoken dream—"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." The dream thus spoken is yet unbroken; and his soul went out to heaven, uplifted by the sighs and prayers, rising that hour from altar and cloister all over the South for his recovery.

VARIETIES.

Side saddles are being frowned down by the strong-minded.

The latest feminine collar worn by Baltimore girls, has two points to job the chin.

What kind of a ship has two mates but no captain? Courtship.

The summer is well nigh ended, and the tramp is not yet extinguished.

Why is a dead chicken worth more than a live one? Because it will *lay* wherever you place it.

"What is the interior of Africa principally used for?" ashed a teacher of a pupil. "For purposes of exploration," was the reply.

A man who had a scolding wife being asked what he did for a living, replied that he kept a hot-house.

Charlestown has received a majority of votes in the election for a State capital in West Virginia.

In Russia, when there is to be a concert, the auditors carry their own benches and lights to the hall.

An Iowa pup has swallowed the loaded cylinder of a revolver, and expects to "go off" at most any time. He didn't know it was loaded.

Next to English sparrows, there is no thing that increases faster than potato bugs, unless 'tis the interest on an unpaid note.

If "there is no place like home," why are so many people anxious to get away every summer? Give it up!—*New York Graphic.*

The Seaford (Del.) Citizen has been purchased by Messrs. Williams & Clark, and will shortly appear in a new form.

Ladies at the summer resorts say they have beautiful costumes in their trunks, but do not intend to put them on because the season is so quiet.

Politics are becoming fearfully mixed in Baltimore: the workingmen's movement has knocked the aspirations of some would-be Legislators, as high as a kite.

One of the Baltimore police force, stationed at Wesley Grove Camp for the prevention of disorder, was happily converted during the meeting.

"Faix, there's no gintlemen in this car. Lit me out, kornduether. All the impty seats are full. The nixt time I ride in a car I'll walk, so I will."

In China the dogs are entirely bald. This accounts for the temperate habits of the Celestials. "The hair of the dog" is unknown among them.

"What I object to," said a Texas horse thief, as he was about to be drawn up, "is your hanging me here in the sun when there's plenty of shade close by. However, go ahead."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Even if a boy is always whistling "I want to be angel," it is just as well to keep the preserved pears on the top shelf of the pantry.

A young fellow, who was a bit of Bohemian, fell in love with his laundress, a charming young creature: and in order that he might see her frequently, he contrived to make her call every day to take something to the wash. As chance would have it, the were separated from each other for a time, but by and by they met again.

'Have you been true to me all this time?' inquired the comely young damsel.

'See,' said he, 'I have worn nothing but paper collors since we parted.'

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