

me! I will not go back any more. I have knocked her, and kicked her. Do you suppose I will ever go back again?"

I went to the house with him. I knocked at the door, and the wife opened it. "Is this Mrs. Richardson?"—"Yes, sir."

"Well, that is Mr. Richardson. And Mr. Richardson, this is Mrs. Richardson. Now come into the house."

He went in. The wife sat on one side of the room, and the brute on the other. I waited to see which would speak first, and it was the woman. Before she spoke she sidgited a great deal. She pulled up her apron till she got hold of the hem, and then she pulled it all out again. Then she folded it all up closely and jerked it through her fingers an inch at a time, and then she spread it all down again, and then she looked all around the room, and said, "Well, William!"

And the brute said, "Well, Mary!"

He had a large handkerchief around his neck, and she said, "you had better take the handkerchief off, William; you'll need it when you go out."

He began to fumble about it. The knot was large enough; he could have untied it if he liked, but he said, "Will you untie it, Mary?"

And she worked away at it; but her fingers were clumsy, and she couldn't get it off; their eyes met and their love-light was not all quenched; she turned her arms gently, he fell into them. If you had seen those white arms clasped around his neck, and he sobbing on her breast, and the child looking in wonder first at the one, and then at the other, you would have said, "It is not a brute; it is a man with a great, big, warm heart in his breast."—*Gough.*

NASBY.

MR BASCUM DETAILS SOME OF THE TROUBLES OF A SALOON KEEPER.

Confederit X Roads,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky,) }
Feb. 9, 1884.

Last nite we wuz all sitting comfable in Bacum's. It wuz a delightful evening we wuz a spending. The nite wuz cold and chill, and the wind wuz whislin drearily through the dark, but the cheer:isnis uv the weather outside only made it the better for us. The stove wuz full uv wood and red hot on the top, diffusin heat, wich is life, the hiss uv Issaker Gavitt's tobacker joose ez he spit cheerfully into the hot plates, mingled musikelly with the draft up the chimney, and Bascum, yeeldin to the seductive influences uv comfort that wuz in the place, hed hot water on the stove and Mrs. Bascum mixed with her fair hands the hot punches which ever and anon we ordered.

"Wat a happy life yoors is, Bascum!" sed Kernal M'Pelter.

"Happy!" remarkt Issaker Gavitt, "I shoold say so. Nuthin to do but to sell likker at a profit of 200 per cent., and every customer yoo git ded shoer for life."

"Gentlemen," sed Bascum, onbending, for he wuz drinking hot whisky too, "there is advantages in running a wet groserly but it hes its drorbax. It is troo that there is 200 per cent. profit, or wood be ef you get paid for it. A ingenous yooth comes into my bar, wich hez a small farm, and he gits to takin his sustenance. That wood be all rite for me ef he cood only take his sustenance and take keer of his farm at the same time. But he don't, and whenever the necessity uv taking sustenance begins to be regler, jist when he mite be uv the most yoose to me, I hev notist ther wuz alluz a fallin off in his corn crop. Corn won't grow onless you plant it, hoe and tend it, and a man wich becomes a regler customer uv mine don't plant, hoe and tend to advantage.

"Then, not heving corn to sell, he can't pay for likker, and ez he must hev it he goes on tick, and finally mortgages his place. Troo, I alluz git the place, but it wood do better for me ef he cood keep on working it, spending the proceeds at my bar. There is very few men wich kin do this.

"And then deth is another drorbak to my biznis. Ef a man cood only drink regler and live to be 70 it wood be wuth while. But they don't do it. They are cut off by the crooel hand of deth jist when they git to be yoosful to me. This one goes uv liver disease, tother one uv kidney trubble, rhoomatism sets in and knocks one uv 'em off his pins, softenin' uv the brane kills another—

Joe Bigler, who jist dropped in, doubted the last disease. "No man wich hed a brane to soften wood tetch the stuff," sed he.

"And then," continyood Bascum, "ther is chronic diarrer wich raises the mischief with 'em, and ef one uv 'em gits hurt he never gits over it, and then broncheitis comes in on 'em, and dyspepsy,—wat good is a man for work wich hez dyspepsy?—and th... are so many diseases that hits the man wich takes hizzen reglerly, that they die altogether too early. Them ez holds on can't work after a certain time, and them ez don't hev the constooshin to hold on perish like the lillies uv the valley, jist when they git regler enuff to be profitable.

And then other trubbles interferes with me. When a noo man gits too full he quarrels and comes to an end from injoodishusnis. I hev bin in this room 25 years, and I hev seen mor'n a dozen uv my best customers,

some uv 'em with two dollars a day to me, stretched out on the floor with bullet holes or knife wounds into 'em. It wuz a hard blow when Bill Rutledge wuz killed rite where deekin is sittin. He spent on an average uv \$4 a day with me, and he wuz snuffed out in a minit. And then they hung Sam Kitridge, wat shot him, and ther wuz another uv about the same. Both on 'em, hed they lived, wood hev bin my meat for years, for they wuz both strong men and cood hev endoorded a pile uv it.

"Ther are other trubbles. It is not pleasant to hev men inflamed with likker beatin each other over ther heds with bottles and tumblers, for it des troys glassware, and funtoor is apt to be broken. I hev often wished I hed a kind uv whisky which didn't make maniacs uv them wich drink it, but I never saw any of that kind. I hev often seen a dozen rollin on the floor twunst, and when they come to drawin pistols and shootin permiskus, it ain't pleasant nor profitable. I hev had pisto! balls, after going thro' a man, smash bottles in the bar, and how are you goin to sell whose pistol did the damage.

"Besides these drorbax, comes sich ez yoo. What yoose are you to me? It's 'Bascum, a little old rye strate,' and after my good likker is gone, comes the everlastin remark, 'Jist put it down.' That's the disgusting part uv it. Ef yoo cood work, and ern suthin, and pay cash ther woud be suthin in the bizness, but yoo don't.

"To make the s'loon biznis wat it ought to be I want a noo race uv men. I want a set uv costumers with glass lined stumicks backt up with fire brick. I want a lot uv men with heds so constructed that they kin go to bed drunk and wake up in the morning and go about their work. I want a set uv costumers with stumicks and heds so constructed that likker won't kill 'em jist ez soon ez it becums a necessity to 'em. However, I manage to git on. Ther ain't no rose without a thorn!"

This wuz the longest speech I ever knowd Bascum to make. What he sed is troo. I hev eggspierenced it in my own pusson. I never kin go to work after a moist nite. However it hezn't made much difference in my case. I never wood work anyhow, drunk or sober, and ez I hev to lay in bed till noon after a damp nite it is reely a savin to me. I git up after a moist nite jist in time for dinner, savin my breckfast wich is economy. I git along better that way. I hev to pay for my breckfasts and ez I don't pay nothing for my likker, all I save in breckfasts is economy.

I shel keep on I spose forever, but despite wat Bascum sez ez to the drorbax I shoold like to be in his place. Beside wat I got off uv my customers, I coodgit my own supplies at holesale, and that woud be suthin. I shoold not eggspierience a pang when I laid down a down a ten cent piese, and wonder where the next wood come from.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(With a consoomin appetite.)

A NOVEL CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

The father of the late Earl of Pembroke had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion, which, as well as his conduct, was often very singular. His lordship thought of an ingenious expedient to prevent the remonstrances and expostulations of those about him, and this was to feign himself deaf, and thus, under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answers not by what was said to him, but by what he desired to have said. Among other servants was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with great fidelity in several capacities, till at length he became coachman. This man by degrees got a habit of drinking, for which the lady often desired he might be dismissed. My lord always answered, "Yes, indeed, John is an excellent servant." "I say," replied the lady, "that he is continually drunk, and therefore I desire he may be turned off." "Aye," said his lordship, "he has lived with me from a child, and, as you say, a trifle of wages should not part us." John, however, one evening, as he was driving from Kensington, overturned her ladyship in Hyde Park. Though not much hurt, yet when she came home she began bitterly to complain to the Earl, "Here," said she, "is that worthless coachman so intoxicated he can scarcely stand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not discharged he will one day kill some of us." "Aye," says my lord, "is poor John sick? Alas! I am sorry for him." "I am complaining," says my lady, "that he is not sober and has overturned me." "Aye," replied my lord, "to be sure he has behaved very well and shall have proper advice." My lady finding it useless to remonstrate, went away in displeasure; and the Earl, having ordered John in his presence, addressed him very coolly in these terms: "John, you know that I have a regard for you and as long as you behave well you shall always be taken care of in my family. Her ladyship tells me that you are taken ill; and indeed, I see, that you can hardly stand. Go to bed, and I will take care that you have proper advice." John, being thus dismissed, was carried to bed, when by his lordship's orders, a large blister was put upon his head, another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood taken from his arm. John found himself next morning in a woeful condition, and was soon acquainted with the whole process, and the reasons on which it was made. He had no remedy but to submit, for he would rather have endured ten blisters than lose his place. His lordship sent very formally twice a day to know how he did, and frequently congratulated her ladyship upon John's recovery, whom