

My Father.

Who hailed me first with rapturous joy, And did not fret and feel annoy...

Who gave that nurse a half a crown, To let him hold me—awkward clown...

Who ne'er to cut my hair did try— Jabbing the scissors in my eye...

Who set me in the barber's chair Instead, and had him cut my hair...

Who, when I had a little fight Because Tom tore my paper kite...

Who, when Tom licked me black and blue Did not turn round and lick me, too...

Who told me pluck and luck must win, And thought me to put up a fin...

Who pennies ne'er refused to plunk, Nor drop them in the mimic 'Bank'...

Who, when I wished to buy a toy, Ne'er thought 'twould give me much more joy...

Who bought me ponies, guns, and such, And gave me leave to fork and pitch...

And who, at last, when all was done, Passed in his checks, and, noble one...

SELECT STORY.

SAM'S LUCK.

OMINO! I exclaimed. Confound it! shouted Sam, ferociously, My luck again!

Sam was angry. He had lost the game, and had to pay for the coffee.

Sam and I were sitting at one of the windows of the cozy little restaurant...

Samuel is general delivery clerk in the post-office of our town.

He is a single gentleman, aged about thirty, as honest and good a soul as ever breathed...

His particular forte in this line is his chronic ill luck, which, by-the-by, I consider wholly imaginary.

Glancing casually out of the window, I beheld our mutual friend, Jack O'Bandel...

Jack entered soon after, demanding his letter, and saying, sarcastically,— Do you require my identification, Mr. Delivery Clerk?

Never mind, I answered coolly; your ugly life insurance mug is sufficiently well known all over town.

O'Bandel opened the letter right before my nose, and, beside the enclosure of the fifty dollars, he received a note from Judge Moonshine...

Sam! I exclaimed, in a tone of mild reproach, methinks I have heard you make that remark before.

Just to think, Sam rambled on, in a savage soliloquy, that the insignificant secretary of an insurance company, with nothing to recommend him but his impudence...

The matter was now apparently ended forever. Still I could not help feeling that, whilst I had strictly fulfilled my duty, I had nevertheless played a rather unenviable 'role'.

You cannot reproach yourself however, said I to Sam, for you merely enforced the law on which you had made out.

Precisely what I said to myself, continued Sam. And, although I feel dissatisfied with this piece of business, yet, in a similar case, I should act again exactly as I did then.

Look here, Sam, you've got the nightmare—you haven't got over the effects of your dinner. Or, if such is not the case, then explain.

My usual luck! groaned Sam. Sam, said I, with awaking ire, I command thee, elucidate! Whence this mystery? Why? Wherefore? which?

Listen, George, said Sam, heaving a deep sigh. 'Tis now but three months since, when O'Bandel and I, after hav-

ing dined and played a game of dominoes at this very table, which I of course lost, strolled over into the post-office...

I stepped around into my office, Jack waiting at the delivery window. I was just on the point of handing him his envelopes...

The little bread-and-butter miss inquired for a registered letter, enclosing fifty dollars, for Miss May Moonshine.

Not so fast, said I, keeping the letter safe beyond her reach. You must first prove identity.

Identity! she repeated, pretending not to understand, and assuming an air of consternation.

Of course! I exclaimed, with the sharp accent of the official on duty. You must prove that you are really the person for whom the letter is intended.

Indeed, sir, I really didn't know that, she protested, in a plaintive tone. I am in the city on a visit, and don't know any one but the McFlimseys...

Can't do it! I said, emphatically, locking the letter up again in its receptacle. It's against the rules, which I must stick to.

Now she began to whimper, but I remained inflexible, for I was convinced that she was a sly little swindler.

Now what do I behold to my horror? O'Bandel is endeavouring to console her, and, while he gives me a venomous look, he hauls out his pocket-book...

Here, my dear young lady, he says, I am happy to be able to offer you succor. Go to your sick father at once. Here is my card, so that you may know my address.

She took cash and card without hesitation, and exclaimed, overjoyed— A thousand thanks, my dear sir! You shall hear from me soon, depend upon it, sir!

With this, she vanished. Well, I'll be hanged, O'Bandel, if I thought you were such a fool! I said with commiseration...

You are mistaken, Sam, he calmly rejoined. This certainly was a lady.

Bosh! I have such characters to deal with every day of my life. I tell you, Jack, I know 'em. That was somewhat too thin, about the McFlimseys having gone into the country to-day.

Shut up, Sam, and give me my envelopes. All right, here they are! And, as he hurried off, I yelled after him, when the genuine Miss Moonshine comes for her money-letter, I will notify you instantly.

Several days passed, but the genuine Miss Moonshine did not appear, and the registered letter remained in the post-office. My teasing O'Bandel, whenever we met here at dinner, consequently grew rather weak.

On the fifth day, a letter arrived containing fifty dollars, addressed to O'Bandel, and simultaneously the registered letter for Miss Moonshine was recalled.

My usual luck, by Jupiter! Jack entered soon after, demanding his letter, and saying, sarcastically,— Do you require my identification, Mr. Delivery Clerk?

Never mind, I answered coolly; your ugly life insurance mug is sufficiently well known all over town.

O'Bandel opened the letter right before my nose, and, beside the enclosure of the fifty dollars, he received a note from Judge Moonshine, thanking him in the warmest terms for the great service rendered his daughter...

My heart beat violently. I told him that I also had slept but poorly, and had therefore come to him.

To me? he exclaimed, astonished, I am no physician. But for me you be, dear judge, for your daughter's picture drove all sleep from my eye-lids last night.

The murder was out. He did not look unkindly, consequently I gathered boldness, and began to tell him about my antecedents, my present position, prospects, etc., when suddenly he cut me short, saying,—

O bother! I don't speak of that. Old Judge Moonshine has enough for his daughter and his daughter's husband both. You have proven yourself to be a true-hearted man, and that is the chief thing. I shall never stand in the way of my daughter's happiness.

You suit me first rate, and if May will have you, all that I shall then have to say is bless you my children.

I don't remember now where I found Maysie, and how it all happened; but I do know that I escorted a little angel to breakfast that morning, who had promised to be my wife. The wedding takes place two weeks hence, and both of you are invited.

The rude post-office clerk! asked Sam incredulously. No, that judgment has been corrected—the faithful and trustworthy official, whose traditional sternness became the bridge to happiness for your humble servant and his beloved bride.

Sam and I were both at the wedding and no one, except the happy groom, danced oftener with the blooming little bride than did my morose friend of the post office. Sam still grumbles about his luck; but if he couldn't, he wouldn't be happy.

A western paper speaks of a duel between two jackaspered individuals. Husband where shall I get the ticking for our new feather bed? Any place where you can get the tick.

Collections are so slow now that absent minded people find it more than usually difficult to collect their thoughts. Gracious me! exclaimed a lady in a witnessbox, how should I know anything about anything I don't know anything about?

Among all my boys, said an old man, I never had but one boy that took after me, and that was my son, Aaron, he took after me with a club. By a Kansas City editor the fluid that propels the telegraphic dispatches is called electric lightening, to distinguish it from that other sort.

Dr. Barton is the name of the gentleman, who, on being told that Mr. Vowel was dead, quietly replied. Let us be thankful that it is neither U or I.

Colored Citizens of the South don't say School Fly, when an insect troubles them nowadays—Gwoff-undah, is the mysterious word.

A man not accustomed to literary composition or letter writing, having lost a new had at a country meeting addressed the following note to its supposed possessor: Mr. A— presents his compliments to Mr. B—.

I have got a hat whis is not his, if he have got a hat which is not yours, no doubt they are the missing ones.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A western paper speaks of a duel between two jackaspered individuals.

Husband where shall I get the ticking for our new feather bed? Any place where you can get the tick.

Collections are so slow now that absent minded people find it more than usually difficult to collect their thoughts.

Gracious me! exclaimed a lady in a witnessbox, how should I know anything about anything I don't know anything about?

Among all my boys, said an old man, I never had but one boy that took after me, and that was my son, Aaron, he took after me with a club.

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St John's January 3.

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