

For his straight flush to the nine spot seemed to make
my chances slim.

To the Buckingham went Bunzie, just to take a single
ball;

I was more in need of three balls, though my drinking
powers are small.

Yes, I've seen my moral nature and I've raised it, too, of
late,

Since I waltzed along the downward path, that fall of '88,
And those dancing days are over, and all poker games I
flee,

Since Bunzie and my wealth together polked away from
me.—*Columbia Spectator*.

THE DEVIL.

MEN don't believe in a Devil now, as their fathers
used to do;

They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let His
Majesty through.

There isn't a print of his cloven foot or a fiery dart from
his bow

To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has
voted so.

But who is it mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart
and brain,

And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred
thousand slain?

Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery
breath of Hell,

If the Devil isn't and never was? Won't somebody rise
and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint and digs the pits
for his feet?

Who sows the tares in the field of time wherever God
sows the wheat?

The Devil is voted not to be, and, of course, the thing
is true;

But who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone
should do?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting
row

To be heard at home, in church and state, to the earth's
remotest bound,

If the Devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be
found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make
their bow and show

How the frauds and the crimes of a single day spring up?
We want to know.

The Devil was fairly voted out and, of course, the Devil's
gone;

But simple people would like to know who carries his
business on?

—Hough.

ON A RAFT.

(Continued from page 74.)

IN the midst of the turmoil a huge Government dredge
was calmly anchored, bidding defiance to waves and
current to dislodge her. We wondered first how on earth
human design could keep her in position, and secondly
how on earth we were going to avoid a collision, for she
lay directly in our path. A shout from the pilot, "En
arrière"—an answering pull at the unwieldy oars that
were worked beautifully in unison by the crew—and we
shot by her so close that one could have touched her sides
with a boat-hook. We were soon at the foot of the
chute, and turned to see how the other drams were far-
ing. One by one they hove in sight and came majesti-
cally down, sweeping past the dredge with a disdainful
sort of air, and, after the tug like an old chicken had
gathered us all under her wing, we made fast the tow
rope and were taken to a sheltered little cove by the
name of Douglas' Bay, where the rest of the Sabbath was
to be spent. The men, like good Christians, object to
working on the seventh day, and the owners, whether
they like it or not, have to yield to this praiseworthy
principle. Douglas' Bay did not impress us very violently
with its scenery, and, when we heard that we were to
remain *in statu quo* for the next twelve hours, we felt
exquisitely glum. However, we unloosed our bloodhound
and went on shore to stretch our legs. From the top of
a hill, about a couple of miles from the raft, there was a
magnificent view to be had of the surrounding country.
Between two woody islets far off to the right we could
catch a glimpse of the famous "Long Sault" rapids.
These rapids are nine miles long, that is, the steamboat
channel. Near Dickinson's Landing the river divides
into two separate arms, called respectively the "North
Sault" and the "South Sault." The first of these is a
very formidable rapid, and has seldom been attempted in
safety. A raft could never live in its embrace, and
powerful steamers would suffer considerably from the
mountainous waves and treacherous whirlpools. One of
the most marvellous escapes on record, in connection
with the rapids, was told us by one of the pilots. A
woodscow that had been tied up to a wharf just above
the Fork, broke loose from her moorings and, before
rescue could arrive, was seen to enter the channel at the
North Sault. There was no one on board but an old
woman, and she, poor thing, was known to be down in
the cabin, probably unaware of her fearful danger.
Crowds of people assembled on the banks and breath-
lessly watched the mad career of the ill-fated scow.
Wave after wave broke over her and smashed in the bul-
warks, yet after each blow she was seen to struggle on.
Sometimes she would wholly disappear from view, only
to re-appear, shaking herself like a Newfoundland dog.
What she encountered may be gathered from the fact
that some of the waves reached to the cross-trees on her
mast. During the whole of this terrible trip the old
woman never once appeared. Finally, to the amazement