

He obtained an agency and travelled, when for a time we lost sight of him, but at length he turned up to solicit our support for a new book to be published, with of course spaces open for advertisements. He was thinner than when we last remembered him, and his eye had lost much of its brightness, but he had not deteriorated morally—he did not drink, and though his coat was shabby, he did not look disreputable, but only unlucky. Have you never met the man reader, and asked yourself how it was that he has proved such a failure while others whom you do not respect half so much have succeeded? This is too difficult a problem for our short sketch, and as we gaze at the unlucky ones, who losing every battle still fight on, we can only humbly recall the words "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

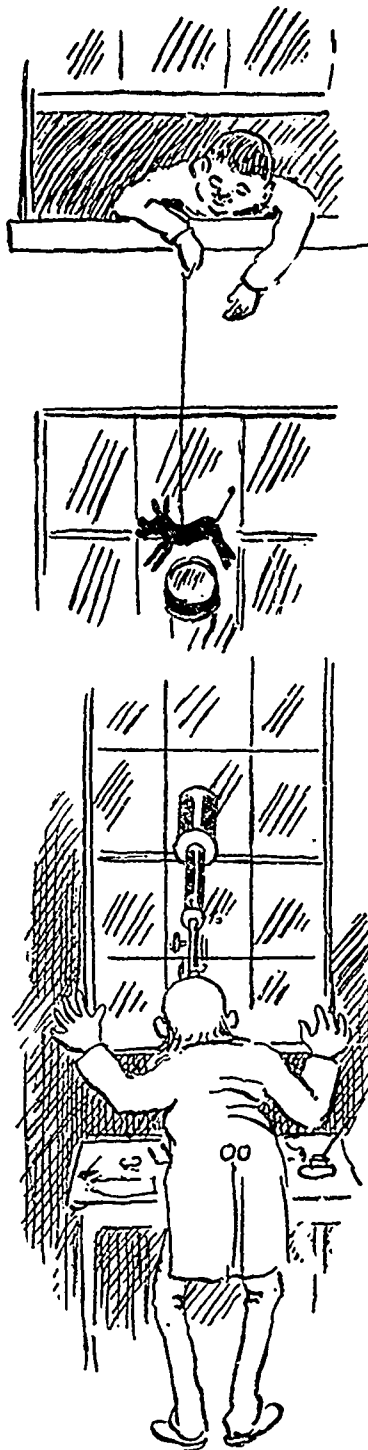


Both Sharpshooters Fell.

"The best rifle shot I ever saw was an East Tennessean who acted as a scout for the Army of the Cumberland," said Major R. B. Baer, "His name was Brownlow, but whether he was a relative of the fighting parson of that name I do not know. Brownlow was a tall lank specimen of humanity and looked like a typical frontiersman. He wore a coonskin cap and carried a rifle a foot longer than himself, with which he could put half an ounce of lead squarely between a man's eyes at a distance of nearly half a mile. He fought for sheer love of it, was always hunting for victims, and used to boast that he averaged a dozen dead Confederates a week. He hung on the enemy's picket lines night and day, and when 'Old Tom,' as he called his lingering eternity of a gun, cracked, there was certain to be a death. One day, during a sharp skirmish, Brownlow ensconced himself in a big cottonwood tree and was dropping Confederates as fast as he could feed bullets to 'Old Tom,' when a Mississippi sharpshooter made a sneak for another tall cottonwood about 600 yards distant. The Tennessean spied him, there were two puffs of smoke from among the green leaves and the two killers came down head first, with their long deer rifles rattling after them."—St. Louis Republican.



On a farm northwest of the city of Beverly, Mass., is found this sign forbidding trespassing:—"Any person ketched on these grounds, or cows or wimin will be habul two fine itself in a skrape."



THE PROFESSOR—"Dear me! What a remarkable phenomena on the moon to-night."

HIS SON (above) "Guess that'll puzzle the old man."

It has come to our ears that some of The Antidotes have gone astray in the delivery, for which we tender our apologies, and if those of our subscribers, who have missed their papers, will kindly notify us of the fact at our office they can obtain the back numbers. We have now made other arrangements for delivery, so as to avoid such mistakes in future.

A Wonderful Escape.

The occupants of the balloon Jupiter, M. M. Georges Besancon, Porlier, and Demeyer, which left Havre a few days ago, and which was subsequently found at Keevil, Devizes, give a remarkable account of their adventures. Their report shows that they experienced an extraordinary run of ill-luck from a meteorological point of view, although they were subsequently rescued in the Channel by the German barque Germania and handed over to the French vessel Reine des Anges, which landed them safely at this port. The aeronauts state that the balloon had no sooner risen than it was driven by a violent wind in the direction of Cape La Heve. It had no guide rope, and its anchor grappings proved powerless against the heavy tide. All the moorings gave way and the balloon rose rapidly, the aeronauts meanwhile sending off a rocket of distress. Although the signal was noticed by several fishing boats it was found impossible to succor the aeronauts owing to a storm. The balloon drifted rapidly downwards until it reached the water, and the car bounded among the crests of the waves, the occupants having the greatest difficulty in righting themselves. Now and again they heard the voices of fishermen who were seeking to rescue them, but, as the sounds gradually died away in the distance, they resolved to face the howling tempest as best they could. After clinging to the ropes with desperate courage, they were picked up at daybreak in an almost lifeless condition by the German vessel, the officers of which showed them every attention.—London Standard.



Pointe Claire Regatta last Saturday was a great success, especially as regards the War Canoe race, which, after a hard struggle, was won very cleverly by the Home crew under the command of Mr. Higginson who was subsequently "bounced" amid much enthusiasm. A hop at the breathouse in the evening was an appropriate termination to a very pleasant day.



A little toady of a Cockney, who wished to impress an American acquaintance, with his own aristocratic appearance, remarked, "Most extraordinary thing you know, but I am always being taken for some lord or other. Only yesterday on Bond street a fellah wushes up to me cwyng out 'Ah, Argyle old man how are you? Very strange is it not?' 'Guess not' replied the American 'I was once walking on Broadway and a man made straight for me shouting 'God Almighty, is that you!'"