THE OLD SCHOOL-BOOKS.

On the old school-book, in its dusty nook,
With a tearful eye I gaze;
Come down, old friend, for an hour we'll spend
In talking of by-gone days.
I gaze once more, as in days of yore,
On the task that vexed the brain;
The lesson done, and victory won,
And I feel I'm a child again.

And I seem to stand with the youthful band
In the old house on the green;
I hear the fun ere the school began,
And I join the gleeksome scene.
I take my place, with a sober face,
O'er the well-carved desk I bend,
And hourly pore o'er the antique lore
Of thy wonderful page, old friend.

Then our cares were few, and our friends were true,
And our griefs were rare and light;
The world was naught (as we fondly thought)
But a region of pure delight.
But time has sped, and our path has led
Through the dark and tearful scene;
And passed away are the good and gay,
Like the old house on the green.

But we'll sing no more on the days of yore,
For the tear-drop dims the eye,
Sleep on, old book, in thy dusty nook,
As in years that have glided by.
No guilt we trace in thy honest face;
But a mine of gold within
Enriched the youth, as they sought for truth,
In the old house on the green.

THE STORY OF A TROMBONE.

[From Harper's for July.]

"It is not to be endured," I said to the proprietor of that great, gloomy lodging-house over town. "My rest is disturbed, my waking hours tortured by this rasping blast of a horn!" The blast of this trumpet over my head is worse to me than that of the angel Gabriel to a condemned soul. You may, if you please, charge me for their empty room, but either this man and his wife leave the house or I do."

"Make yourself easy, Mr. Van Tassel," said the proprietor; "they shall leave when their month is up."

I went back to my room, counting the days of the fortnight left them, as the woman in the fairy tale told over the fatal beans.

On looking from my window at the bit of blue sky visible between the high walls of the factory and the tenements close by, I found a swarm of sparrows rapidly descending upon the window-sill above mine, voraciously intent upon a supply of bread-crumbs, dealt out to them by the delicate and shapely hand of a woman. A little boy from the opposite tenement waved his crutch to the birds, and smiled his little, wan, sickly smile. I suppose in the whole of his life-time, which was not more than six seven years I had lived there, he had not, like myself, seen such a sight.

That night the man, contrary to his custom, remained at home, and, despite the closed windows and the high wind outside, there came to me note by note a quaint old hymn of Heber's, and a little French song, of which the chorus, "Jamais, jamais," sung in a clear, sweet, sonorous voice of a woman, seemed freighted with the lost hopes of the wretched creatures within the reach of her melody.

Not until the hour of midnight did the wind cease to bring me the prolonged toot of this monster of brass!

"They enjoy it, then," I said, as I went to bed; "so much the worse for them."

A week after we had one of these sudden changes of weather for which our climate is alike famous and detestable. The sun came out bright and warm, light fleecy clouds floating over a blue sky. The dingy squalor of the city shone miserably in the brilliancy of a summer solstice. My mouldy room became suffocating with fetid vapors, and as I leaned out of the window to breathe the air, a subtile perfume fell upon my nostrils. So faint, so sweet, it seemed almost dead, and, with the only warm heart I had ever known, buried out of sight. Straight down from heaven, whither that pure soul had fled, came the almost forgotten fragrance, and looking up, I was suddenly blinded by a smart shower from a watering-pot held by that same lavish hand, over a box of migonette that rested upon the broken old stones in the window-sill.

I uttered an involuntary exclamation; over popped a braided head.

"Pardon!" said the lips, smiling the free, frank, ardent smile of a woman.

I drew back and held my breath in sudden bewilderment.

For ten long years I had been dead to curiosity or care concerning my fellow-creatures. The world might have been decimated by famine and pestilence, and I would have been as impervious to pity or terror as a fossil embedded in antediluvian strata. But this word and this smile, seeming to come straight from the motive power that fed starving birds and watered fainting flowers, caused me to wonder as to the limit of this perennial fount of generosity at the top of this dingy building in the heart of the selfish city.

"How happy," thought I, "is this wretched enthusiast of a man above! With this woman for his wife and this crooked piece of brass for his foible, he can defy the wrath of the world! It is not necessary," I added, with a twinge of remonstrance for the waning days of their fortnight, "that they should remain here and distract to the verge of insanity one so much more desolate than they." So the days went by. There were but three left, when, as I sat writing at my table one morning, there came a faint rap at the door. I heard again that one word "Pardon," and had suddenly before me the braided hair, the shining eyes, the sweet full lips of that woman from the room above.

The pen dropped from my hand. I got upon my feet.

"I must speak to you," she said, "because the man below tells me it is your complaint that drives us from here. I care not for myself, but for my father, it will break his heart."

"Your father!" I stammered; "why that is different!"

"What is different?" she repeated, with a slight stamp of her foot upon the floor. "We have made the room so pretty with new paper, and the red curtains make a pleasant glow. The windows are so secured that the sun comes bravely in upon my box of migronette; it is a marvel to see. Alas, sir, I am at my wits' end. Why is it that people cannot enjoy so sweet a thing as music? We have been driven from one place to another because of our dear trombone."

"Trombone!" I repeated. "Ah, that is different!"

"Different!" she echoed; "and always different! What is it that you mean? My father must practice, or he will not keep up to the leader's exactions. I thought, indeed, that this back chamber, so high and so aloof from the rest of the world, we might call our own. How is it, sir, that you are so cruel because of the different language of my dear trombone?"

"You see it is different——" I began. A heat gradually gathered under my shaggy whiskers and mounted to my forehead. My eyes fell before the full, frank gaze of this young woman. Her summer plant touched my heart.

"Sir," she said, "three times you have said different, and only different. In the name of heaven what does that one word mean?"

"It means," I said, gaining courage to enjoy her presence, "that when I complained of your—your father's instrument, I thought it was a French horn; now I detest a French horn."

"That is wrong, sir."

"Yes, perhaps so; but, you know, some people have strange idiosyncrasies, and mine is a hatred of the French horn. All other music I adore; and as for the trombone, there is nothing in the world so delicious to me. The other night, and all the days that your good father was kind enough to play, I have listened with my soul in my ears; and that sweet refrain of 'robins of Jamais' brings the tears to my eyes."

"Then we need not go?" she said.

"No, no," I said, shuddering at the thought of such a thing. "I will see to it at once, Miss——Miss——"

"Therese; my name is Therese, and my father's name is Rigaud."

Her foot was already upon the threshold.

"Perhaps," I said, with a sort of desperation, "your father would allow me to come to you sometimes and listen to the trombone?"

"Some people like it so much better at a distance," she replied. "I myself think the room is too small."

"That is perhaps because, Miss Therese, you do not love the trombone as I do?"

"No doubt," she said; a little half smile dawned upon her lips, and she fled away through the corridor.

The room suddenly grew cold and chill. She had taken all the warmth and sunshine away with her.

I went immediately down to the proprietor and withdrew my complaint.

"You see," I said, "I thought it was a French horn, and my hatred for that instrument is of so intense a character that I cannot live under the same roof with it. Now a trombone is another thing."

"Is it?" said the proprietor, with his finger upon the page of his account book and his pen dropping with ink. "I can't tell 'em apart; but there's one thing I know when I see it, and that's a handsome face. That wheezy old Frenchman owns a blamed good-looking daughter; she's as proud and touchy as Lucifer, but that don't hurt her any. I like to see a woman's chin well up. Old Parley-vous is as fat as a porpoise, but he's game as a Spanish fighting cock. I like it; it suits my style," and he plunged his knuckles into the ink again.

When I went back to my room it seemed haunted with the ghost of a vanished happiness. I could not write because of the face of Therese upon the paper before me. Her serious but fine features had caught the imprint of a sad, sequestered life. The marble whiteness of her skin, her long eye-lashes blacker than her hair, the curves upon her well cut lips, made her expression one between tenderness and severity.

Fancy me, if you can, in a pea-jacket patched upon the right arm by my own fingers, a pair of high boots capable of carrying me through the mire and ice of the streets, and my rough and shaggy beard and my long yellow hair, like the mane of a sick lion, my sour and cynical face, my thirty-three wasted years—fancy me thus lavish with time and money, for these are synonymous with a copying clerk, in struggling to divine how the hours are spent by a young woman in the room above me.

At length I gained entrance there, and partook of the hospitality offered me by the father of Therese.

No matter how or when it began. I felt as one in a dream the subtle power of a fragrance that exhaled from a flower box in the window. I saw in bewilderment the batter walls covered with a gay paper; the spiders' festoons ruthlessly swept away; a clear, bright sunlight, streaming through windows polished like gems, falling upon the hair of Therese, making the ends of her long black braids take a tawny hue like mine, lighting up the peacocks tails in the chintz-covered furniture, and mingling itself with the red blaze of the fire, but above all, glowing and flattering upon the crooked brass lions of the big trombone, which, belching out note after note upon the palpitating air of the room, made the very walls to tremble, the rats to flee from their old quarters, their hair upon ends, and tails standing straight out with terror as they fled away through the wainscoting. I became in time, on these occasions, part and parcel of the brazen monster. Its hollow tube connected itself with the semi-circular canals of my inner ears, and wave after wave of thundering melody drowned all other senses but that of sound. The beautiful face of Therese swam before my sight; the cheeks of Monsieur Rigaud became like huge balloons; the peacocks' tails seemed to expand upon the backs of the chairs; but streams of blood mounted to my brain; my head dropped upon my hands. "Enough, enough, monsieur!" I cried, my hands trembling, my knees shaking, tears streaming from my burning eyeballs.

He dropped the accursed instrument and held out his hands to me.

"Then art after my own heart," he said; "thou lovest the music, as I do, to adoration."

"Yes," I faltered, "but I cannot stand too much of it. The ecstacy is too divine; it overpowers me."

Then he fell to talking of Therese, telling me for the hundredth time that his beloved child had promised never to marry; that while he lived she would be happy with him, of course, and at his death he had made arrangements for her entrance into a religious house, there to spend the rest of her days with the good Sisters.

"We have put by the necessary money, Mr. Van Tassel; with it we have nothing to do; it is as if we knew nothing of its existence. I can not tell you what joy it makes me to think of it; it is a weight off my heart."

And placing his pudgy hands upon his breast, he raised his eyes to heaven, while my own heart beat to desperation.

Was, then, this present dull seclusion of her's only to be changed for the gray desolation of a convent?

When I dared cast my eyes upon the drooping form of Therese, it seemed to me that her lips quivered and her long eyelashes shone with tears.

This was the price I paid for breathing the same air with Therese. We seldom spoke to each other, for when even the great head of Monsieur Rigaud nodded in slumber it seemed to her and to me that the shining maw of the monster at the side spread vindictively for every word that might fall from our lips.

One wild March night I had lain awake thinking of these things, wondering if indeed it could be that Monsieur Rigaud could always have his way; that the days should creep into months, and the months into years; that I should live for the torture of the trombone and the simple joy of sleeping under the same roof with Therese; and that at last it should all come to an end, that Therese should go to the good Sisters, and I—? I should go to the devil," I repeated to myself savagely, because the thought pained me so.

It was then I first felt a sense of suffocation, and raising myself in bed, found the room suddenly filling with smoke from the little window that led into the hall.

I sprang to my feet, hurried on my clothes, and rushed to the door to find the hall filled with a dense hot vapor, to hear a peculiar crackling sound, mingled with the rush of hurried feet and stifled voices below.

All at once the house, the street, that quarter of the city, became a pandemonium of noise, of terror, of madness and confusion. Even as I flew to the door of Therese and burst it in with the strength of despair, a terrible tongue of flame shot before my sight through the corridor below. My breath came in stinted stabs, cut as it were with fear for Therese, and the suffocating smoke.

I caught Therese from her little couch in the closet, which I had so often fancied but never seen, and tied her well up in shawls, despite her cries and remonstrances. The poor child's one thought was for her father, who, naked and trembling, paralyzed with terror, stood in the middle of the floor with one hand in the leg of his wide pantaloons, and the other waving widely in the air.

"Mother of God!" cried poor Monsieur Rigaud, "we are lost?"

"My father! save my father!" cried Therese, struggling to reach him.

How could one think, with my soul in as big a blaze of love for her as the one burning in the building below—how could she think I would risk one hair of her beautiful head for the craven body of her father?

I fled with her to the front room, from whence alone we could escape to the street. A ladder was already at the window.

"My father! oh, my father!" still cried the foolish child; and, putting my face close to hers, I said,

"My sweet Therese, I will save him if it costs me my life."

Then the frightened girl put her lips to mine, and clung sobbing there, accepting the sacrifice of my life, and own her own for the poor fat French man in the back chamber.

But a pang rent my heart when I put her into the arms of the man upon the ladder yonder, with the iron cap and the eager eyes.

How should I save Monsieur Rigaud, when the corridor below was like the yawning pit of hell itself, and the immense body of the musician like a mill-stone about my neck?

But life was sweeter to me since I had felt upon my lips the warm rapture of the first kiss of Therese, and I shoved Monsieur Rigaud before me with lusty velocity. We reached the room, the window; the ladder was still there, another iron cap; two more eager eyes.

"Shove him over," cried the brave fireman. I thought we were saved, when suddenly Monsieur Rigaud refused to go without his trombone. His two hundred pounds were immovable. "Throw him out!" cried the man from the ladder.

But I could not murder Monsieur Rigaud. He placed his foot firmly upon the floor. "I will not leave it to perish," he cried; "my dear trombone!"

"To perdition with him and his bone!" shouted the fireman, using even a stronger word. "Leave him to roast, and save yourself."

"Go! go!" I said at last, driven to frenzy, "and I pledge you my honor you shall have your trombone."

He kissed his hands to me, his fat legs already descending the ladder, while I plunged again into into that fiery crater for the demon that shone calm and serene in the midst of the holocaust of death and dismay. "Come, then," I said, catching the monster by the throat, "let us do the best we can." When I got back the ladder was gone! Tongues of fire were bursting from the second story.

"The roof! the roof!" shouted a man through his trumpet.

I scrambled up by teeth and legs and hands, dragging with me my enemy, leaped six feet across a neighboring alley, only to find the tin roof melting beneath me, and all around a sea of flame.

I had, then, to die because of this shining fiend, already warm with the reflection of the heat about us. If to save Therese my life had been given, or even to rescue her father—if my last sigh had been exhaled upon her pure young heart filled with a love born of gratitude, I should have yielded it up without a murmur; but to preserve this cruel piece of mechanism—it was too much!

I ran to the back of the building to escape the lurid light and heat, and saw the foot of an extension full thirty feet below as yet untouched by fire. A thought came to me like a revelation.

"Thou brass monster," I said to the trombone, "for the first time in thy life thou shalt do a generous action."

And as I took it in my strong hands and bent the end so that it formed a curve, I felt just one little pang for the soul of poor Monsieur Rigaud, that must have bent with the brass body so dear to him.

Then I sprang over the yawning chasm, hooking the curved end of my companion to the window-sill below; from thence another storey, and the extension was gained. Soon we reached the back-yard together, the trombone and I, and made our way into the main street, to find our old abode a mass of smoking ruins. The late tenants had taken refuge in the station house near by.

Thither I went, upon my shoulder the bent, bruised creature that had saved my life. As I thought of all—how that I was walking, strong of limb, untouched by fire or fall, to see my beautiful Therese, and the trombone, alas! to reach its master so lifeless and forlorn—my soul was melted within me.

"Trombone," I said, holding it close to my neck with a caressing movement, "I am sorry for thee my poor comrade; but one of us had to go, and then dost not know what it is to love Therese?"

I began then to feel a terror lest Monsieur Rigaud should so mourn the death of his trombone that the project would be hastened for placing Therese with the good Sisters. So, taking it in my arms, I examined it closely, and found no rent in it; its sturdy sides clung firmly together, and there was only one severe curve the more. A faint hope entered my heart as I reached Monsieur Rigaud.

"Do I see thee again?" he cried, stretching out his hands, but not to me—to the trombone upon my shoulder.

He took it in his arms, big tears falling from his eyes upon his bruised and battered side. "Miserable that I am," he cried, "my trombone is wounded, is dead!" And his great head fell upon his breast.

As for me, while I stood there I felt within my hand slip another, warm, throbbing, magnetic with life and love; a faint sob of joy fell upon my ear, but I did not dare look upon Therese, lest my heart being so full, I should fall to weeping over her, like Monsieur Rigaud over his trombone.

"Monsieur Rigaud," I cried, with desperation, "it is only bent not broken. Try it; see if its heart beats yet; perhaps it may still live!"

He looked over at me with a gleam of contempt upon his fat face, begrimed with smoke and tears. The word "imbecile" escaped his lips, and with a mocking movement, in which, nevertheless, I could discern a forlorn hope, he put the tube to his lips.

A prayer ascended from my heart, and from the lovely girl at my side. I prayed to the trombone, Therese to heaven.

"Ah, my brave trombone," I said, "wilt thou be mute now, when a blast from thy lions will give me eternal joy?"

And suddenly the firemen stopped swearing, the women wringing their hands, the children crying; each and every faculty was given over to a solemn and sublime peal that floated out from the mouth of the trombone and sought the hearts of its hearers. It spoke of hope and consolation and, to me, of a joy unspeakable. Despite its battered sides it lived, our dear trombone!

When the last peal had died away, and the firemen again commenced to swear, the women to wring their hands, and the children to cry, Monsieur Rigaud turned to me.

"Thou hast saved the life of my child and that of my dear trombone," he cried, altogether forgetting his own two hundred pounds that I had with such difficulty pushed through the corridor.

And knowing how forgetful he was, and that perhaps to-morrow he would be in a different mood, I said on the instant, bravely:—

"Monsieur Rigaud, I have the honor to ask of you the hand of your daughter, Mademoiselle Therese."

I did well, for he spread out his fat fingers with a gesture of benediction.

"Perhaps it will be best, my children," he said, "to take the money I had reserved for the good Sisters, and build for us a house, with all the doors and windows upon the ground floor. It is not wise to climb so high, when the demon of fire may at any moment be sapping the foundation. Have I reason, do you think, my children?"

"You have, indeed, reason," we replied with enthusiasm. And only this spring the house was built, a little way out of town, where all the birds of heaven can sing and the flowers of the earth may bloom for my sweet Therese.

As for the trombone, Monsieur Rigaud can not be fonder of it than I.

NIGHT ON THE FARM.

Now all clucked home to their feather beds
Are the velvety chicks of the downy heads,
In the old Dutch style with the beds above
All under the wings of hovering love,
With a few chinked in, as stump as wrens,
Around the edge of the ruffed hens!

With nose on the grass the dog keeps guard,
With bag-drawn breaths in the old farm yard
The cattle stand on the scattered straw,
And come the swing of the under jaw.

The cat's eyes shine in the currant bush,
Dew on the grass and stars in the hush,
And over the marsh the lightning-bug
Is winging his lamp to the bull-frog's chug,
And the slender chaps in the greenish tights,
That jingle and trill the sleigh-bell nights,
That shapes with the padded feet proud round,
And the crescent moon has run around,
And the inky beetles blot the night
And have blundered out the candle light!
And over where the pillows lay
Are printed with heads of tumbled hair,
Time walks the house with a clock-tick tread,
Without and within the farm's abed.

OLD SI'S BATTLE WITH HOPPERGRASSES.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

Old Si came rushing into town yesterday morning as fast as his limping gait would allow.

"Hello, Uncle Si, I hasn't seed yer in town sence Chuseday!" said Pete.

"An' yer won't see me hyar agin tell nex' Chuseday, mister, 'cepin' dar's a flood, or a fire ont dar on my place 'twixt dis and den!"

"How cum dat?"

"Kase I'se got two scres ob de liveliest bizness out dar sence de war!"

"Tell me all 'bout it, ole man!"

"Ef yer jess wants ter see sights, nigger, jes cum out dar and see dem grass oppers! Good fathers, dere's millions ob dem! An' yer nebber seed sech forrigin' an' instruchun ob truck in de feelds sence de days when de Linkum army cum 'long hyar!"

"Is dat so?" wondered the interested Pete.

"Yas, sah; dey mus' hab migrated hyar from a p'o neighborhood, too, fur dey's de mos' hungry hoppergrasses dat you cber did see. Dey jess lights down on your place like a nigger onto a watermellon an' de sez 'ting yer knows dere ain't muffin left, dere but a pasal o' stubs and nubbin cobs.'

"Jess listen at dat, will yer!" exclaimed Pete to another gaping darkey.

"Dey come onto my place yistiday mo'nin' jess as I waz gittin de cow up for de milkin'. I was down dere in de rode and I see de revance gyard ob de long leg scamps settin' on de fence inspectin' 'round onto a patch. Den I retinues ober inter de feeld, an' I cut me down a purty stout bresh, an' I lay down my ole straw hat an' lit inter 'em wid de bresh. De fust lick I hit jes dey jess hop up like dey skeered, but bresh de good Marster, dey only jump ober my ole head inter de feeld. Dat made me mad, an' I lit inter 'em stronger dan ever. An' what yer think, nigger? When I turn round to see what dey all gwine, I seed de whole army cummin in troo de fence, climin' up de co'n stalks and chompin' away jess fitten to kill, an' 'fore de angels! dey'd done chawed up dat ole hat ob mine till deer wuzn't nuff ob it ter show what kind ob straw dat it had bin made outen."

"Oom-hooh! ain't dey bad?"

"Dey? Why, I ax anginiard, will ole red-coat girruls at de hed ob de line, an' kernels wid yaller stripes down dey legs, an' captings wid colors all slash'd up an' down de body, an' de good Marster only knows how many ob de privats dere is—dey jess dar by de acre!"

"What yer gwine ter do 'bout it?"

"I'm gwine up here ter git sum Paris greens ter put on dem, and ef dat don't kyore dem ob forrigin, yer needn't speckt me at church Sunday kase dere's heaps o' tings dat a 'ligious nigger kin stand w'd-out backslidin', but dese furrin grass'oppers ain't 'mongst 'em."

A GIRLS' PIC-NIC.

The girls, says the Watertown *Despatch*, got up a hen pic-nic last week and had a glorious time of it altogether. They had lots of tea and sugar and milk (which all got sour), no matches, and plenty of pickles, sponge cake and butter, but no bread. Add to this that each of the girls got her mother to let her bring a roast turkey so as to astonish the rest of the girls and show that she could do things in style, and that they had no knives and forks, and, though lots of plates, no drinking utensils, it is not difficult to see that their commissariat was well organized and a source of such harmony, pleasure and satisfaction to all concerned in preparation. After several life long quarrels and such remarks as "I don't care," "You're just as mean as dirt," "Well, it wasn't my fault, anyway," they made a frugal repast of dismembered sponge cake, and decided to amuse themselves as best they could for the remainder of the day. One girl undertook to fish, and, having put on her gloves, introduced a hook to her worm, but the fierce animal gave a squirm and with a terrific yell she dropped the wild beast right down the back of a friend and young companion dear, who was sitting beneath. The f. and y. c. d. went into active hysterics, and the author of the tragedy impaled her thumb on the fish hook, and fainted at the sight of blood. After this, one of the girls stepped into a swamp about half way up to her ears, and another got a beetle into her ear, and a third unearthed a horrid snake seven inches long, and while a devoted member of the excursion was stooping down to collect a specimen of that rare and beautiful plant, the sorel, Mr. Kehoe's merino ram stole upon her and butted her over a seven railed fence, irretrievably damaging a $7 thing to make her dress puff out behind. Then they went home to find out what was good for sunburns, and pretended that they had had such a glorious time, until they discovered that during their absence four real ducks of fellows from town had visited their houses and found they were not at home. And now it is scarcely safe to say "pic-nic" to one of those girls.

A CONTINENTAL "DAM."—During the Revolution of 1776 the continental currency became of little value. The currency was counterfeited to such an extent that it became necessary for the Government to take some steps to ascertain which was genuine. To this end they required it should all be brought to the common treasury. Here the spurious were distinguished from the genuine notes, and such counterfeit notes had the word *dem*—an abbreviation of the Latin word *damnatus*, condemned—stamped upon their face. When the very small value of the genuine Continental notes, and the utter worthlessness of those marked *dem*, is considered, it will be easy to assign a source to this phrase. The addition of the letter n to the abbreviation requires no explanation.

FISK, MANSFIELD, BOOTH.—Among some fads recently given to the public concerning Jim Fisk's career as a theatrical manager, it appears that at one time he proposed buying, or capturing otherwise, possession of Booth's Theatre, in New York, with a view of turning Edwin Booth neck and heels out of doors. The origin of this insane desire was eminently characteristic. Fisk attended Booth's one evening with the beautiful Mansfield, gorgeous in diamonds and fine raiment. After one of the acts Fisk left her alone in the box, and she began to attract the attention of the audience. An usher remonstrated. Mansfield abused him loudly and shamefully. Macgonigle, the box office manager, sent her a request to be less demonstrative. She abused Macgonigle, and he ordered her to quit the house or be removed by the police. The irate woman left accordingly, vowing vengeance. The next day Fisk sent a messenger to Edwin Booth, demanding an apology and the discharge of Macgonigle. Booth treated the demand with impertinence, and Fisk declared that when he next entered the theatre it would be as master. He tried to purchase Robertson's shares at first, and subsequently tried to buy the mortgages. At the time of his death he was in negotiation for a controlling interest, and probably had he lived he would have succeeded.

LYNCH LAW IN MISSOURI.—The *Globe Democrat's* Leavenworth special says: Raphael Williams, a colored man, ravished a white woman, named Mrs. Davis, at her own house at Camden Point, Missouri, last Thursday night under peculiarly painful circumstances. He was arrested the next day, lodged in jail at Platte City, and this morning about 1 o'clock about 120 or 150 armed men entered Platte City, placed pickets around the jail to prevent interference by the citizen's, and fifty of the party then went to the jail door, roused the sheriff, whom they seized, obtained the cell keys from the deputy sheriff, unlocked Williams' cell, put a rope around his neck and dragged him out. He was then taken to a tree near the railroad depot and hanged, after which the mob quietly dispersed. When the body was cut down this morning by the coroner, a placard was found pinned to it bearing the statement that owing to Missouri not providing the punishment of such malefactors, the citizens, who number among them some of the ablest and most respected citizens of Platte County, had deemed it advisable to take the law into their own hands and administer the justice in this case so richly deserved. Mrs. Davis was *enciente* at the time of the outrage, and now lies at the point of death.

STORY OF A PLUM PUDDING.—The following story was told of a Yankee Captain and his mate: Whenever a plum pudding was made, by the captain's orders all the plums were put in one end of it, and that end put next the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his end of it. Well, after this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered that he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish and turning it in his hands, as if merely examining the china, he said: "This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool," and put it down again, as though without design, with the plum end next himself. "Is it possible!" said the mate, taking up the dish, "I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling," and as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plum end next to himself. The captain looked at the mate, and the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed, the mate laughed. "I tell you what, young one," said the captain, "you've found me out, so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter."

A VACANT PLACE.—As the *Jay Cooke* was about ready to start for Put-in-Bay yesterday morning a gorgeously-dressed woman came on board with a great rustle of silks and a grand display of flashy jewelry. She said she wanted a state-room, a pitcher of lemonade, and her chair must be placed in the shade where she could peruse a volume of poems. She was "bossing around" like a millionaire's wife, when a woman dressed in calico and making no pretence to style, reached the wharf at a fast walk. Catching sight of the other one on the promenade deck she called out:—

"Sarah! Sarah!"

Sarah peered over the rail and quickly drew back.

"Oh, I know you!" shouted the other going nearer, "and when I tramp all over town to get you another situation as second meal-cook you'll pay me for it! You want to come down here with my lace shawl and bracelets, and Hannah says you want to take her dress off!"

If Sarah wanted to she didn't. She sought her state-room and locked the door.—[Free Press.

A BOSTON BOY ON HERS.—The Boston *Courier* prints the following "boy's composition:" "Hens is curious animals. They don't have no nose, nor no teeth, nor no ears. They swaller their wittles whole and chaw it up in their crops inside of 'em. The outside of hens is generally put inter pillers and made inter feather dusters. The inside of a hen is sometimes filled up with marbles and shirt buttons and sich. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they'll dig up more potato plants than anything that aint a hen. Hens is very useful to lay eggs for plum puddings. Bet yer life I like plum pudding. Skinney Bates eat so much plum pudding once that it set him inter the collery. Hen's has got wings and can fly when they are scart. I cut my uncle William's hen's nock off with a hatchet and it scart her to death. Hens sometimes make very fine Spring chickens."

FARMERS WORK TOO HARD.—Geo. R. Drew, a Vermont farmer, had the following to say at a farmers' festival: "Farming can be made more pleasant by making a business of it and not attempting to run many other things at the same time. And then by not overworking. I think there has been an improvement in this respect, but there is need of more still. I have said I would not trade the gift of a farm and be obliged to work as I did when a boy. I now see the policy of giving children and young folks a great deal of recreation. I am sure that more work can be done in a long run by working ten hours a day than by being actively engaged for fourteen hours. Also, we should not be too much confined at home; we should go away occasionally, and many times we might gain enough to make up for our lost time."

A PIG IN A PULPIT.—In a Methodist meeting house in this city, on Wednesday evening last, the prayer meeting was broken up by the entrance of a small pig. The sexton tried to eject the pig, but the pig had no thought of abandoning the field, and as the sexton dashed down one aisle, the pig ran up another, occasionally running under the benches and destroying the solemnity of the occasion. Meanwhile the pastor remained his speechless gravity in the pulpit. But when the pig evinced so much audacity as to climb into the pulpit and take up a position beside the pastor, the latter fully realized the extremity to which he was at last reduced, and he and his congregation retired.—*Pittsburg, (Mo.,) Lever.*

A REMARKABLE MARRIAGE.—An extraordinary marriage took place at Jevington, England, the other day, the ceremony being performed by the Very Reverend Archdeacon Philpot, in the presence of a large congregation. The married couple both belong to the parish of Jevington, but the singular part is that the bride has no arms, and the ring had to be placed on the third toe of the left foot. At the conclusion of the marriage ceremony she signed the marriage register, holding the pen with her toes, in a very decent "hand."

— Our readers will thank us for the following sure preventive against hydrophobia in dogs: "Boil three tablespoonsful of salt and an ounce of carbolic powder in a pint of water, squeeze in a lemon, and then let a piece of meat simmer in the mixture to give it attractive taste. Take out the meat and put the liquor in a cool place. Then while the remedy is cooling lead the dog out behind the barn and shoot him between the eyes with a Remington rifle. One pint of the liquor will be found enough for 100 dogs.—*Rome Sentinel.*

—"Where's the bar?" asked a dirty looking stranger of the bell-boy of the hotel the other day. "What kind of a bar?" asked the latter. "Why a saloon bar, of course; what do you suppose I mean?" "Well," drawled the boy, "I didn't know but you might mean a bar of soap."

—A hundred years ago when you called on a girl she kissed you good bye. Now if you suggest anything of the sort her father calls you into the library and asks you what your are worth. Are a nation? And is this progress?—*Norwich Bulletin.*

—"Don't come to see me any more just yet, John; father has been having his boots half soled, with two rows of nails around the toes," wrote a guileless girl to her adorer.

RESIGNATION.

Let nothing make thee sad and fretful,
Or too ungrateful;
Be still—
What God hath ordered must be right;
Then find it in thine own delight,
My will.

Why should'st thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true.
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,
Thy part.

PAUL FLEMING, 1609.

New Advertisements.

WINDOW GLASS.

Just received ex "ALMA," from Antwerp:—

1500 Boxes German Glass.

ALSO IN STOCK:—

Ground, Muslin, Stained and Ribbed Glass,

(all sizes).

GLASS CUT TO ORDER.

GEO. NIXON,

aug12 tf 82 King Street.

LONDON HOUSE,

WHOLESALE.

JULY 25TH, 1876.

Received per R. M. S. Caspian.

New Fancy Dress Goods,

Black Alpacas,
Persian Cords,
Italians,
Winseys,
White Cottons,
Oxford and Harvard Shirtings,
Muslins,
Linings,
Silesias,
Hollands,
Towels,
Corsets,
Braces,
Buttons,
Belts,
Combs,

MARSHALL AND BARBOUR'S LINEN THREAD, ETC.

DANIEL & BOYD.

july29

NEW GUN SHOP and SPORTING DEPOT.

J. ROBERTS,
GUNSMITH,
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KEEPS FOR SALE:
GUNS of all descriptions;
REVOLVERS of all sizes;
SPORTSMEN'S COMPLETE OUTFITS,
GUNS REPAIRED with expedition;
KEYS FITTED,
LOCKS REPAIRED,
HOTEL CHECKS made to order.
J. ROBERTS,
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BUILDING STONE.

Free Stone, for Building and Ornamental Purposes,

WILL this year be delivered in St. John, in cargoes of Sixty Tons and upwards, at

$3.00 TO $7.00 PER TON,

according to quality. For prices delivered at other ports, apply to

T. M. MACKELVIE,
CALEDONIA QUARRY, ROCKLAND, N. B.
june3 dm w tel 6m

TAILORING!

THE Subscriber, thankful for past favors, begs to intimate that he has taken the Shop,

No. 100 Germain Street,

where he intends carrying on the TAILORING BUSINESS, and trusts by strict attention to business and moderate charges, to call and see him.

All orders punctually attended to with promptness and despatch.

JAMES REID,
June 10—6m No. 100 Germain street.

Head-Quarters for Shirts!

TENNANT'S Celebrated 4-FOLD-BOSOM SHIRTS are unequalled for Fit, Wear, Material or Needlework.

The only House in the City or Provinces making an exclusive Specialty of this business.

READY MADE OR SPECIALLY TO ORDER, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00, the very best.

Shirt Patterns Cut for 50c.

All Measures taken for his Centennial Models. A Perfect Fit guaranteed, or no sale.

Gentlemen at a distance, advising by letter, can have the latest novelties in Fancy Shirtings forwarded, with instructions for Self-Measurement.

R. H. R. TENNANT,
June 10 46½ King street, St. John, N. B.

McDONALD & CAMPBELL,

MANUFACTURERS OF

LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN'S

Boots and Shoes,

Berryman's Building,

UNION STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

June30 1y

HARVEY WOOLLEN MILLS DEPOT,

Union Street, Carleton,

ST. JOHN, N. B.,

GEO. LISTER & CO.,

PROPRIETORS AND

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And all kinds of READY-MADE CLOTHING.

Also,—FASHIONABLE TAILORING done to order on the premises. TERMS CASH. June24 3m

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

PLEASE call early to secure bargains, must dispose of the balance of our stock of Carriages to make room for other Goods.

C. E. BURNHAM & CO.,
34 Germain street, St. John,
Near Trinity Church.
july22

CUMBERLAND MINES COALS.

The above Coals are guaranteed by the Company to be equal to Sydney, for Household Purposes.

FOR SALE FROM THEIR WAREHOUSE,

MAIN STREET, LOWER COVE,

AND FROM VESSELS LANDING,

AT LOW RATES.

JAMES G. JORDAN,
aug5 6m SEC'Y AND TREAS.

JUST RECEIVED

Per Railroad, from Montreal, and now open for inspection:—

478 Yards

Choice Canadian Tweeds

AND COATINGS.

These Goods have been laid in at prices suitable to the time, enabling us to offer great inducements to intending purchasers.

A. & T. GILMOUR,
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New Advertisements.

Overwhelming Testimony

TO THE VALUE OF

SPENCER'S

Vesuvian Liniment.

No Men of Straw are permitted to testify.

John McGillivray, of Bailey's Brook, Antigonish Co., N. S., informs me under date of March 22, 1876, that a valuable horse belonging to him has been cured of Spavin by the use of one bottle of VESUVIAN LINIMENT. D. D. MACDONALD, Esq., of the same place, says Mr. McGillivray's statement can be verified, and that, personally, he can testify to its great value as a family medicine.

James McLeod, Hampstead, Q. C., writes June 10, 1876: "The high reputation of SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT induced me to purchase a bottle a few weeks since, the use of which completely cured a long standing rheumatic affection in one of my knees. With the utmost confidence I recommend this liniment to the use of the general public."

James Salmon, Esq., of Newcastle, Grand Lake, writes, May 3rd, 1876: "I have been terribly afflicted with Rheumatism, and after expending over $200 with the doctors and for patent medicines without avail, have found a cure in SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT. Accept the thanks of a poor but grateful man for your great discovery."

T. Lunrigan, Brussels street, certifies to the cure of a Bunion that had troubled him for many years, by a few applications of SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT. Also that it is an excellent remedy for Rheumatic pains in the limbs, &c., &c. It is worth its weight in gold. No family should be without it.

David Chalmers, of Kouchibouguac, testifies that he has found SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT invaluable for cracked and chapped hands. Fishermen, and others who are much exposed to the weather, cannot do without it.

W. D. B. Cain, Sussex, N. B., writes, Jan 25, 1876:—"Great relief has been derived from your VESUVIAN LINIMENT, by those in this neighborhood who have used it for Rheumatism, etc. We keep a supply on hand, and find it a useful medical friend."

Charles McMann, Esq., of Little River, Q. C., writes, May 2nd, 1876: "I have been completely cured of Rheumatism, by the use of SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT, and recommend it to all the afflicted, as a sure, safe and speedy remedy."

J. McKay, Esq., proprietor of the Temperance Hotel, Annapolis, N. S., states that by the use of one bottle of VESUVIAN LINIMENT, he "put new legs" under a favorite horse that was disappearing in the knee. A couple expended on delivery would not cover the benefit derived. Mr. McKay finds the VESUVIAN LINIMENT as necessary as oats in his stables, it being a certain and speedy cure for sprains, cuts