

All boats has their day on the Mississippi,
 And her day came at last—
 The Movaster was a better boat,
 But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed,
 And so she came tearing along that night—
 The oldest craft on the line;
 With a nigger squat on her safety valve
 And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she cleared the bar,
 And burnt a hole in the night,
 And quick as a flash she turned and made
 For the willer bank on the right,
 There was yelling and cursing, but Jim yelled out,
 Over all the infernal roar,
 "I'll hold her nozzle again the bank
 Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burning boat
 Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
 And they all had trust in his cussedness,
 And know'd he would keep his word,
 And, sure's you're born, they all got off
 Afore the smoke-stack fell—
 And Bludso's ghost went up alone
 In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment
 I'd run my chance with Jim,
 Longside some pious gentleman
 That wouldn't shook hand with him.
 He seen his duty, a dead sure thing—
 And went for it thar and then;
 And Christ ain't agoin' to be too hard
 On a man that died for men!

DESTROYING OLD LETTERS.

BY LYNDON.

THERE comes a time in the life of every man,—I shall not, dare not, say woman also, for are there not lady authors, lecturers and preachers in abundance to speak for the sex?—when he finds himself in possession of a quantity of old letters, considered too good to be burned at the time of their reception and preserved since without being thought much about, which he is compelled to destroy. He is about to be married, perhaps, and he has a faint idea that there are letters among the number that his wife ought not to see; or he is leaving home to fulfil an engagement in a distant city and feels that he may never come back to the old home except on flying visits; or disease has rendered a dangerous surgical operation necessary and he knows that it is pos-