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sixty years and better. Come on, you fellers! Hurrah, boys!" Seizing a blanket, he rushed once more in the front door. He was so wet from the bursting hose that we knew he couldn't burn, so we waited unmoved. However, the question of his return was becoming acute, when he came out with a great whoop, carrying something in the blanket. "There you are, you fellers!" he cried. "Some things can be done as well as some other things, as I heard Sam Patch say more'n once. Got a fine case of Jedge's champagne from the dining room. Consider the stuff a sin and a 'bumination, but it'll tickle the Jedge. Look a' that!" He threw off the blanket and displayed a half dozen round bottles of patent liquid fire extinguisher in a wire rack. Then he went right on making a nuisance of himself.—*Lippincott's*.



SIGNS OF RAIN.

THE hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds are black, the grass is low.

The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep,
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For, see! a rainbow spans the sky,
The walls are damp, the ditches smell;
Closed the pink-eyed pimpernel,
Hark, how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's nerves are on the rack,
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry;
The distant hills are seeming nigh,
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine.
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings:
The cricket, too, how sharp, he sings!
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws,
'Twill surely rain. I see with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off tomorrow.