

somdever, when we got a leetle closther, I discovered that the bushes war beests. They war deer; for I spied a pair o' buck's horns atween me an' the sky. But thar war a somethin' bigger than a deer. It mout be a horse, or it mout be an opelous or ox, but I thort it war a horse. I war right about that, for a horse it war, sure enough, or rhyther I shed say, a mar, an' that mar no other than my ole critter! Arter partin' company, she hed turned with the current; an' us good-luck ud have it, hed swum in bec line for the island, an' thar she stood lookin as sick us if she hed been greased. The log hed by this got nigh enough, as I kalkulated; an', with as little rumpus as possible, I slipped over the cend an' let go my hold o' it. I wan't right spread in the water, afore I heard a plump, an' lookin' round a bit, I seed the painter hed left the log, an' tuk the water tool. At fust, I thort he war arter me; and I drewed my knife with one hand, while I swum with the other. But the painter didn't mean fight that time. He made but poor swimmin' himself, an' appeared glad enough to get upon dry groun' 'thout molesting me; so we swam on side by side, an' not a word passed atween us. I didn't want to make a race o' it; so I let him pass me, rhyther than that he should fall behind, an' get among my legs. Of course, he landed fust; an' I could hear by the stompin' o' hoofs, that his sidentt appearance hed kicked up a jolly stampede among the critters on the island. I could see both deer an' mar dancing a' round the groun', as if Old Nick himself had got over 'em. None o' 'em, horse-somdever, mout o' takin to the water. They hed all hed enough, o' that, I guess. I kep a leetle round, so as not to land near the painter; an' then touchin bottom, I climbed up on the mound. I had hardly drewed my drippin' carcass out o' the water, when I heern a loud squeal, which I knew to be the whiger o' my old mar; and jest at that minnit the critter kin' runnin' up, an' rubbed her nose agin my shoulder. I tuk the halter in my hand, an' sidin' round a leetle, I jumped upon her back, for I still war in fear o' the painter, an' the mar's buck appeared to me the safest place about, an' that wan't very safe I reckon.

I now looked all round to see what new company I hed got into. The day war jest breakin', an' I could distinguish a leetle better every minnit. The top o' the mound which war above water wan't over half an acre in size, an' it war as clur o' timber as any other part o' the parairy, so I could see every inch o' it, an' everythin' on it as big as a tumble-bug. I reckon, stranger, that you'll hardly believe me when I tell you the concatenation o' varmints that war then an' thar caucused together. I could hardly believe my own eyes when I seed sick a gatherin', an' I thort I hed got aboard o' Noah's Ark. Thar war—listen, stranger—fust my ole mar an' mesel, an' I wished both o' us anywhar else, I reckon—then thar war the painter, your old acquaintance—then thar war four deer, a buck an' three does. Then kin a catamount: an' arter him a black bar, a most as big as a buffalo.—Then thar war a 'coon an' 'possum, an' a kuppel o' gray wolves, an' a swamp rabbit, an' daru the thing! a stinkin' skunk. Perhaps the last wan't the maist dangerous varmint on the groun' but it sartintly war the most disagreeable o' the hul lot, for it smelt as nothin', but a cussed polecat can smell.

I've said, stranger, that I war mightly tuk by surprise when I first seed this curious clanjambrey o' critters; but I kin tell you I war still more dumbfounded when I seed thar behavevur to one another, knowin' thar different natures as I did. Thar war the painter lyin' clost up to the deer—its nat'ral prey; an' thar war the wolves too; an' thar war the catamount standin' within three feet o' the 'possum an' the swamp rabbit; an' thar war the bar and the cunnin' old coon; an' thar they all war, no more mindin' one another than if they hed spent all thar days together in the same penn. 'Twar the oddest sight I ever seed; an' it remembered me o' a bit o' Scrip'ter my ole mother hed ofen read from a book called the Bible, or some sich name—about a lion that war so tame he used to squat down beside a lamb, 'thout layin' a claw upon the innocent critter. Wal, stranger, as I'm sayin', the hul party behaved in this very way. They 'll appeared down in the mouth, an' badly skear't

about the water; but for all that, I hed my fears that the painter or the bar—I wan't afeard o' the other—mout git over thar, fright afore the flood fell; an' therefore I kep as quiet as any one o' them during the hul time I war in thar company, an' stayin' all the time clost by the mar. But neyther bar nor painter showed any savage sign the hul o' the next day, nor the night that followed it.

'Stronger it ud tire, you war I to tell you all the movements that tuk place among these critters durin' that long day an' night. Ne'er a one o' 'em laid tooth or claw on the other. I war hungry enough mesel, and ud a liked to have taken a steak from the buttocks o' one o' the deer, but I darn't do it. I war afeard to break the peace, which mout a led to a general shindy. When day broke, next morning, arter I seed that the flood war a-fallin'; and as soon as it war shallow enough I led my mar quietly into the water, and climbin' upon her back, tuk a silent leave o' my companions. The water still tuk my mar up to my flanks, so I knew none o' the varmint could follow 'thout swimmin', an' ne'er a one seemed inclined to try a swim, I struck direct for my neighbor's shanty, which I could see about three miles off, an' in an hour or so, I war at his door. Thar I didn't stay long, but borrowin' an extra gun which he happened to hev, an' takin' him along with his own rifle, I waded my mar back to the island.

'We found the game not exctly as I had left it. The fall o' the flood had given the painter, the cat, an' the wolves courage. The swamp rabbit an' the 'possum war clean gone—all but bits o' thar wool—an' one o' the does war better than half devoured. My neighbor tuk one side, an' I the other, an' ridin' close up, we surrounded the island. I plugged the painter at the fust shot, an' he did the same for the bar. We next laid out the wolves, an' arter that cooney, an' then we took our time about the deer—these last an' the bar bein' the only valye ble things on the island. The skunk we kilt last, as we didn't want the thing to stink us off the place while we war a-shinin' the deer. Arter killin' the skunk, we mounted and left of course load'd with our bar-meat an' venison. I got my rifle arter all. When the flood went down I found it near the middle of the parairy, half buried in the sludge.

'I saw I hed built my shanty in the wrong place, but I soon looked out a better location, an' put up another. I hed all ready in the spring, when I went back to Mississippi, an' brought out Mary and the two young uns.'

Thus ended the squatter's story.

Billy Buffam's Story.

'Well, gentlemen,' said Billy, 'I'll tell you why Major Pete wouldn't fight that ar' doon, so don't say a word until I'm finished. You remember the little 'Lady Jane' what busted last fall?—Well, it was on that steamer's roof where I seed the most charming female that ever lived, except Eve. When I tell you she sailed round like a mad peacock, you can imagine how she made me feel as if a caterpillar was 'er crawlin' up my trowsers leg. And he-makes how I'm a daru handsome feller, I begun to jump and dance around her like a young buffalo.

'Well, arter I detracted her attention, and cut up a good many shmes, I'll be darned if she didn't wink! Yes sree, gentlemen—wink! Wan't that exrcruciatin'? And sich eyes—blue as the sky—and a pretty mouth chock full o' pearls. O, jinnemine! I like to have had an Egyptian fit! However, I didn't; so I begun to edge up nigh to her, to ask where she located.

'When I got pretty cluss, I riz my hat slick as an' Injin, and were jest

goin' to heat, when I'll be god darn'd if I knowed what to say! Then I begun to feel hot, and tremble—the gal seen me, and so I tremblin' too; and between us both a tremblin', the little boat shook like a young hurricane.

'Pretty soon I begun to come to my senses, when I felt dreadful skared, for I didn't know but the dear critter might be somebody's wife; consequently, I thought I'd back out. So I leapt a backin', and a backin'—howin' perlite all the time, you know—until not lookin' behiud, I backed square overboard—true as thunder! Well, gentlemen, mind this is the truth, the water was very uneven—I couldn't stand up!'

'Ha, ha!' laughed Tom Oliphant Esq., as Billy started to leave; 'but you didn't tell me why Major Pete wouldn't fight that ar' doon.'

'O, yes,' sed Bill, 'I forgot all about that. Well, let's see:—I expect the reason was, he were afraid that if he got shot and fell, he might bump his head!'

A MISTR.—Lord Braco, an ancestor of the Earl of Fife, was remarkable for practisin' that celebrated rule "Get all you can, an' keep all you get."—One day walking down the avenue from his house, he saw a farthing lying at his feet, which he took up and carefully cleaned. A beggar, passing at the same time, entreated His Lordship would give him the farthing, saying, it was not worth a nobleman's attention. "I'm a farthing to yourself, pur body," replied His Lordship, and carefully put the coin into his breeches pocket. In addition to being his own furthing fin'er, His Lordship was his own factor and rent-collector. A tenant, who called upon him to pay his rent, happened to be deficient a farthing. This amount could not be excused, and the farmer had to seek the farthing.—When the business was adjusted, the countryman said to His Lordship, "Now, Braco, I would gie ye a shillin' for a sight o' a' the goud an' siller ye hae." "Weel, mon," replied Braco, "it's no cost ye o'ny mar;" and, accordingly, for and in consideration of the aforesaid sum, in hand list well and truly paid, His Lordship exhibited several iron boxes filed with gold and silver coin. "Now," says the farmer, "I'm as rich as yourself, Braco." "Aye, mon?" said His Lordship, "how can that be?" "Because I've seen it—an' you can do no mar."—*Le Follett, Journal du Grand No. de.*

In the course of an engagement a soldier of the enemy took hold of the bridle of the horse on which Louis VI., King of France, was mounted, crying out—"The King is taken?" "No, Sir," replied Louis, lifting up his battle-axe, with which he clave his head in two.—"No, Sir, a King is never taken, not even at chess."