Dim grew the rocky trail and rough,
Still they thundered along the pass,
Like storm-wind blowing the summer
　　　　grass.

Forty minutes—the bridge in sight,
Spanning the gorge with a web of light !
Rails agleam in the slanting sun,
Rods and cables like silver spun.

Out of the saddle sprang Reckless Dan,
Just where the network of steel began.
Not a moment he paused to think,
But ventured out from the dizzy brink,
Step by step, on the narrow ties,
Scanning the river with eager eyes.
Suddenly, stooping, with trembling haste
He fastened the lariat round his waist,
Tied it fast to an iron beam,
And swung out over the rushing stream.
Up the river had flashed in sight
A bit of flotsam all gleaming white !
Ere it should pass there was life and hope—
Down he slipt on his swaying rope.

Saved !—but they drew them up half-dead,
　　Man and child, from the whirlpool's
　　　　grasp,
Close to Dan's bosom the golden head,
　　Strained in his tight convulsive clasp.
Saved ! and the cañon rang again
With the joyful shout of the rough-garbed
　　men.

"Hooray !" they cried "for Reckless Dan !
His heart's big enough for any man !"
Aye, big enough and warm enough,
Like many another in the rough.
God sets a child in the midst and—lo !
Man's inhumanity melts like snow !

WHERE THE GRASSHOPPER BECAME A BURDEN.

ADVENTURES IN BRAZIL.....DETROIT FREE PRESS.

"Speaking of grasshoppers,', said the man
with the yaller whiskers, "but were any of
you gentlemen ever in Brazil ?

"We know nothing of grasshoppers in this
country. In Brazil, when you speak of
grasshoppers, women will shudder and men
turn pale. I was never in Brazil myself, but
I had a brother who lived there for five years
and who told me about grasshoppers. My
brother was rather vain and conceited, but
he wouldn't lie.

"The first time he was attacked by them
was one morning as he was walking in his
garden. Without the slightest warning three
grasshoppers sprang upon him and knocked
him down, and if his screams had not brought

immediate assistance he would have been
killed on the spot. As it was, he was laid
up for a week.

"After this attack he began to inquire
around and post himself on the habits of the
grasshopper, and when the next adventure
came he was prepared for it. He was riding
along the highway when a fullgrown grass-
hopper sprang upon the horse behind him
and sought to fasten its fangs into his neck.
Before it could do so, however, he drew his
pistol and turned and shot it through the
heart.

"The third time he was attacked he came
within an ace of losing his life. While walk-
ing one day unarmed, a grasshopper sprang
upon him from the limb of a tree. My
brother was knocked down and rolled into a
ditch with three feet of water in it. By a
lucky move he got the insect by the throat
and forced its head under the water and held
it there till life was extinct. It was a close
shave, though. My brother had to be carried
home, and it was several weeks before he
was able to get out of bed. He bore the
scars of that conflict to his grave."

BROKEN STOWAGE.

Reductio Ad Absurdum—Lieutenant Der-
by, who wrote the Squibob Papers, at one
time had his quarters next to General Augur's.
Augur had a number of children, and some-
times they made a good deal of noise. One
night the children were making considerable
noise, when there came a tremendous pound-
ing on the partition, and Derby called out :
"Augur ! Augur ! I wish you'd make those
gimlets of yours keep quiet !"

After the Lecture—S. R. Crockett, the
popular writer, is said to have had this ex-
perience recently, which he relates with keen
appreciation. It was after one of the two or
three public lectures that he ever delivered.
A heavy, solemn-faced Scot came round after
the tragedy, and shook him by the hand in a
melancholy manner.

"I hae a' your buiks," he said ; and after a
pause he added, "up to this."

Mr. Crockett expressed his thanks. The
man was silent awhile, and tried again.

"You dinna do this for a livelieood ?" he
asked, referring to the recent lecture.

"No," replied Mr. Crockett, meekly.

"I was thinking that," said Mr. Crockett's
critic, with still deeper solemnity.