POETRY.

A DEAD SOLDIER.

He sleeps at last—a hero of his race.
Dead!—and the night lies softly on his face,
While the faint summer stars, like sentinels,
Hover above his lonely resting place.

A soldier, yet less soldier than a man—
Who gave to justice what a soldier can:
The courage of his arm, his patient heart,
And the fire-soul that flamed when wrong began.

Not Cæsar, Alexander, Antonine,
No despot born of the old warrior line,
Napoleons of the sword, whose cruel hands
Caught at the throat of love upon its shrine—

But one who worshipped in the sweeter years
Those rights that men have gained with blood and tears;
Who led his armies like a priest of men,
And fought his battles with annointed spears.

—GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY, in Harper's Magazine for July.

SELECT STORY

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Finimore Cooper.

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS," "THE PATHFINDER," "HOMEWARD BOUND," ETC.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER IX.

"And calling sinful men to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had tolled."—SCOTT'S BURGHER.

While Richard and Monsieur Le Quoi, attended by Benjamin, proceeded to the academy by a foot-path through the snow, the Judge, his daughter, the divine, and the major, took a more circuitous route to the same place by the streets of the village.

The moon had risen, and its orb was shedding a flood of light over the dark outline of pines which crowned the eastern mountain. In many climates the sky would have been thought clear and lucid for a noontide. The stars twinkled in the heavens, like the last glimmerings of distant fire, so much were they obscured by the overwhelming radiance of the atmosphere; the rays from the moon striking upon the smooth, white surfaces of the lake and fields, reflecting upward a light that was brightened by the spotless color of the immense bodies of snow which covered the earth.

The villagers proceeded uniformaly into the building, with a decorum and gravity that nothing could move, on such occasions; but with a haste that was probadly a little heightened by curiosity. Those who came in from the adjacent country spent some little time in placing certain blue and white blankets over their horses before they proceeded to indulge their desire to view the interior of the house. Most of these men Richard approached, and inquired after the health and condition of their families. The readiness with which he mentioned the the names of even the children, showed how very familiarly acquainted he was with their circumstances; and the nature of the answers he received proved that he was a general favorite.

At length one of the pedestrians from the village stopped also, and fixed an earnest gaze at a new brick edifice that was throwing a long shadow across the fields of snow, as it rose, with a beautiful gradation of light and shade, uuder the rays of a full moon.

The pedestrian whom we have already mentioned, as pausing to contemplate this edifice, was no other than the gentleman so frequently named as Mr. or Squire Doolittle. He was of a tall, gaunt formation, with rather sharp features, and a face that expressed formal propriety, mingled with low cunning. Richard approached him, followed by Monsieur Le Quoi and the major-domo.

"Good-evening, squire," said Richard, bobbing his head, but without moving his hands from his pockets.

"Good-evening, squire," echoed Hiram, turning his body, in order to turn his head also.

"A cold night, Mr. Doolittle, a cold night, sir."

"Coolish; a tedious spell on't."

"What, looking at our church, ha! it looks well, by moonlight; how the tin of the cupola glistens! I warrant you the dome of the other St. Paul's never shines so in the smoke of London."

"It is a pretty meeting-house to look on," returned Hiram, "and I believe that Monsieur Ler Quow and Penguilliam will allow it."

"Sairtainlee!" exclaimed the complaisant Frenchman, "it ees ver fine."

"I thought the monshure would say so. The last molasses that we had was excellent good. It isn't likely that you have any more of it on hand?"

"Ah! oui; ees, sair," returned Monsieur Le Quoi, with a slight shrug of his shoulder, and a trifling grimace, "dere is more. I feel ver happi dat you love eet. I hope dat Madame Doleet' is in good 'ealth."

"Why, so as to be stirring," said Hiram. "The squire hasn't finished the plans for the inside of the meeting house yet?"

"No — no — no," returned Richard, speaking quickly, but making a significant pause between each negative—"it requires reflection. There is a great deal of room to fill up, and I am afraid we shall not know how to dispose of it to advantage. There will be a large vacant spot around the pulpit, which I do not mean to place against the wall, like a sentry-box stuck up on the side of a fort."

"It is rulable to put the deacon's box under the pulpit," said Hiram; and then, as if he had ventured too much, he added, "but there's different fashions in different countries."

"That there is," cried Benjamin; "now, in running down the coast of Spain and Portingall, you may see a nunnery stuck out on every head-land, with more steeples and outriggers, such as dog-vanes and weathercocks, than you'll find aboard of a three-masted schooner. If so be that a well built church is wanting, old England, after all, is the country to go to after your models and fashion pieces. As to Paul's, thof I've never seen it, being that it's a long way up town from Radcliff Highway and the docks, yet everybody knows that it's the grandest place in the world. Now, I've no opinion but this here church over there is as like one end of it as a grampus is to a whale; and that's only a small difference in bulk. Mounsheer Ler Quaw, here, has been in foreign parts; and thof that is not the same as having been at home, yet he must have seen churches in France too, and can form a small idee of what a church should be; now I ask the mounsheer to his face, if it is not a clever little thing, taking it by and large."

"It ees ver apropos of saircumstance," said the Frenchman—"ver judgment—but it is in the catholique country dat dey build de—vat you call—ah a ah-ha—la grande cathedrale—de big church. St. Paul, Londre, is ver fine; ver belle; ver grand—vat you call beeg; but Monsieur Ben, pardonnez-moi, it is no vort so much as Notre-Dame."

"Ha! mounsheer, what is that you say?" cried Benjamin; "St. Paul's church is not worth so much as a damn! Mayhap you may be thinking too that the Royal Billy isn't so good a ship as the Billy de Paris; but she would have licked two of her any day, and in all weathers."

As Benjamin had assumed a very threatening kind of attitude, flourishing an arm with a bunch at the end of it that was half as big as Monsieur Le Quoi's head, Richard thought it time to interpose his authority.

"Hush, Benjamin, hush," he said; "you both misunderstand Monsieur Le Quoi, and forget yourself. But here comes Mr. Grent, and the service will commence. Let us go in."

The Frenchman, who received Benjamin's reply with a well-bred good humor, that would not admit of any feeling but pity for the other's ignorance, bowed in acquiescence, and followed his companion.

Hiram and the major-domo brought up the rear, the latter grumbling as he entered the building:

"If so be that the king of France had so much as a house to live in, that would lay alongside of Paul's one might put up with their jaw. It's more than flesh and blood can bear, to hear a Frenchman run down an English church in this manner. Why, Squire Doolitte, I've been at the whipping of two of them in one day—clean built, snug frigates, with standing royals, and them new-fashioned cannonades on their quarters—such as if they had only Englishmen aboard of them, would have fout the devil."

With this ominous word in his mouth, Benjamin entered the church.

CHAPTER X.

"And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray."—GOLDSMITH.

The two sexes were separated by an area in the centre of the room immediately before the pulpit; and a few benches lined this space, that were occupied by the principal personages of the village and and its vicinity. This distinction was rather a gratuitous concession, made by the poorer and less polished part of the population than a right claimed by the favored few. One bench was occupied by the the party of Judge Temple, including his daughter; and, with the exception of Dr. Todd, no one else appeared willing to incur the imputation of pride, by taking a seat in what was, literally, the high place of the tabernacle.

Richard filled the chair that was placed behind another table, in the capacity of clerk; while Benjamin, after heaping sundry logs on the fire, posted himself nigh by, in reserve for any movement that might require co-operation.

It would greatly exceed our limits to attempt a description of the congregation, for the dresses were as various as the individuals. Some one article, of more than usual finery, and perhaps the relic of other days, was to be seen about most of the females, in connection with the coarse attire of the woods. This wore a faded silk; that had gone through at least three generations, over coarse, woollen black stockings; that a shawl, whose dyes were as numerous as those of the rainbow, over an awkwardly fitting grown of rough brown "woman's wear." In short, each one exhibited some favorite article, and all appeared in their best, both men and women; while the ground-works in dress, in either sex, were the coarse fabrics manufactured within their own dwellings. One man appeared in the dress of a volunteer company of artillery, of which he had been a member in the "down countries," precisely for no other reason than because it was the best suit he had. Several, particularly of the younger men, displayed pantaloons of blue, edged with red cloth down the seams, part of the equipments of the "Templeton Light Infantry," from a little vanity to be seen in "boughten clothes." There was also one man in a "rifle frock," with its fringer and folds of spotless white, striking a chill to the heart with the idea of its coolness, although the thick coat of brown "home-made" that was concealed beneath preserved a proper degree of warmth.

Elizabeth soon discovered that she divided the attention of the congregation with Mr. Grant. Timidity, therefore, confined her observation of the appearances which we have described to stolen glances; but, as the stamping of feet was now becoming less frequent, and even the coughing, and other little preliminaries of a congregation settling themselves down into reverential attention, were ceasing, she felt emboldened to look around her. Gradually all noises diminished, until the suppressed cough denoted that it was necessary to avoid singularity, and the most profound stillness pervaded the apartment. The snapping of the fires, as they threw a powerful heat into the room, was alone heard, and each face, and every eye were turned on the divine.

At this moment, a heavy stamping of feet was heard in the passage below, as if a new-comer was releasing his limbs from the snow that was necessarily clinging to the legs of a pedestrian. It was succeeded by no audible tread; but directly Mohegan, followed by the Leather-Stocking and the young hunter, made his appearance. Their footsteps would not have been heard, as they trod the apartment in their moccasins, but for the silence which prevailed.

The Indian moved with great gravity across the floor, and, observing a vacant seat next to the Judge, he took it, in a manner that manifested his sense of his own dignity. Here, drawing his blanket closely around him, so as partly to conceal his countenance, he remained, during the service, immovable, but deeply attentive. Natty passed the place that was so freely taken by his red companion, and seated himself on one end of a log that was lying near the fire, where he continued, with his rifle standing between his legs, absorbed in reflections, seemingly of no very pleasing nature. The youth found a seat among the congregation, and another silence prevailed.

Mr. Grant now arose and commenced his service with the sublime declaration of the Hebrew prophet; "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him." The example of Mr. Jones was unnecessary to teach the congregation to rise; the solemnity of the divine effected this as by magic. After a short pause, Mr. Grant proceeded with the solemn and winning exhortation of his service. Nothing was heard but the deep though affectionate, tones of the reader, as he went slowly through this exordium; until, something unfortunately striking the mind of Richard as incomplete, he left his place and walked on tiptoe from the room.

When the clergyman bent his knees in prayer and confession, the congregation so far imitated his example as to resume their seats; whence no succeeding effort of the divine, during the evening, was able to remove them in a body. Some rose at times; but by far the larger part continued unbending; observant, it is true, but it was the kind of observation that regarded the ceremony as a spectacle rather than a worship in which they were to participate. Thus deserted by his clerk, Mr. Grant continued to read; but no response was audible. The short and solemn pause that succeeded each petition was made; still no voice repeated the eloquent languag of the prayer.

The lips of Elizabeth moved, but they moved in vain; and, accustomed as she was to the service of the churches of the metropolis, she was beginning to feel the awkwardness of the circumstance most painfully, when a soft, low female voice repeated after the priest, "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done." Startled at finding one of her own sex in that place who could rise superior to natural timidity, Miss Temple turned her eyes in the direction of the penitent. She observed a young female on her knees, but a short distance from her, with her meek face humbly bent over her book.

The appearance of this stranger, for such she was, entirely, to Elizabeth, was light and fragile. Her dress was light and fragile. Her dress was neat and becoming; and her countenance, though pale and slightly agitated, excited deep interest by its sweet and melancholy expression. A second and third response was made by this juvenile assistant, when the manly sounds of a male voice proceeded from the opposite part of the room. Miss Temple knew the tones of the young hunter instantly, and struggling to overcome her own diffidence, she added her low voice to the number.

All this time Benjamin stood thumbing the leaves of a prayer book with great industry; but some unexpected difficulties prevented his finding the place. Before the divine reached the close of the confession, however, Richard reappeared at the door, and, as he moved lightly across the room, he took up the response, in a voice that betrayed no other concern than that of not being heard. In his hand he carried a small open box, with the figures "8 by 10" written in black paint on one of its sides; which, having placed in the pulpit, apparently as a footstool for the divine, he returned to his station in time to say, sonorously, "Amen." The eyes of the congregation, very naturally, were turned to the windows, as Mr. Jones entered with his singular load; and then, as if accustomed to his "general agency," were again bent on the priest, in close and curious attention.

The long experience of Mr. Grant admirably qualified him to perform his present duty. He well understood the character of his listeners, who were mostly a primitive people in their habits; and who, being a good deal addicted to subtilties and nice distinctions in their religious opinions, viewed the introduction of any such temporal assistance as form into their spiritual worship, not only with jealousy, but frequently with disgust.

The most profound attention had been paid to the sermon during the whole of its delivery, although the prayers had not been received with so perfect demonstration of respect. This was by no means an intended slight of that liturgy to which the divine alluded, but was the habit of a people who owed their very existence, as a distinct nation, to the doctrinal character of their ancestors. Sundry looks of private disatisfaction were exchanged between Hiram and one or two of the leading members of the conference, but the feeling went no further at that time; and the congregation, after receiving the blessing of Mr. Grant, dispersed in silence, and with great decorum.

CHAPTER XI.

"Your creeds and dogmas of a learned church
May build a fabric, fair with moral beauty;
But it would seem that the strong hand of God
Can, only, 'rase the devil from the heart,"
—DUO.

While the congregation was separating, Mr. Grant approached the place where Elizabeth and her father were seated, leading the youthful female whom we mentioned in the preceding chapter, and presented her as his daughter. Her reception was as cordial and frank as the manners of the country, and the value of good society, could render it; the two young women feeling, instantly, that they were necessary to the comfort of each other. The Judge, to whom the clergyman's daughter was also a stranger, was pleased to find one who, from habits, sex, and years, could probably contribute largely to the pleasures of his own child, during her first privations, on her removal from the associations of a city to the solitude of Templeton; while Elizabeth, who had been forcibly struck with the sweetness and devotion of the youthful suppliant, removed the slight embarrassment of the timid stranger, by the ease of her own manners. They were at once acquainted; and, during the ten minutes that the "academy" was clearing, engagements were made between the young people, not only for the succeeding day, but they would probably have embraced in their arrangements half of the winter, had not the divine interrupted them, by saying:

"Gently, gently, my dear Miss Temple, or you will make my girl too dissipated, you forget that she is my housekeeper, and that my domestic affairs must remain unattended to, should Louisa accept of half the kind offers you are so good as to make her"

"And why should they not be neglected entirely, sir?" interrupted Elizabeth. "There are but two of you; and certain I am that my father's house will not only contain you both, but will open its doors spontaneously to receive such guests. Society is a good, not to be rejected on account of cold forms, in this wilderness, sir; and I have often heard my father say, that hospitality is not a virtue in a new country, the favor being conferred by the guest."

"The manner in which Judge Temple exercises its rites would confirm this opinion; but we must not trespass too freely. Doubt not that you will see us often, my child particularly, during the frequent visits that I shall be compelled to make to the distant parts of the country. But to obtain an influence with such a people," he continued, glancing his eyes toward the few who were still lingering, curious observers of the interview, "a clergyman must not awaken envy or distrust, by dwelling under so splendid a roof as that of Judge Temple."

"You like the roof, then, Mr. Grant," cried Richard, who had been directing the extinguishment of the fires, and other little necessary duties, and who approached in time to hear the close of the divine's speech—"I am glad to find one man of taste at last. Here's 'duke, now pretends to call it by every abusive name he can invent; but though 'duke is a tolerable judge, he is a very poor carpenter, let me tell him. Well, sir, well, I think we may say, without boasting, that the service was as well performed this evening as you often see; I think, quite as well as I ever knew it to be done in old Trinity—that is if we except the organ. But there is the schoolmaster leads the psalm with a very good air. I used to lead myself, but latterly I have sung nothing but bass. There is a good deal of science to be shown in the base, and it affords a fine opportunity to show off a full, deep voice. Benjamin, too, sings a good bass, though he is often out in the words. Did you ever hear Benjamin sing the 'Bay of Biscay, O?'"

"I believe he gave us part of it this evening," said Marmaduke, laughing. "There was, now and then, a fearful quaver in his voice, and it seems that Mr. Penguillian is like most others who do one thing particularly well; he knows nothing else. He has, certainly, a wonderful partiality to one tune, and he has a prodigious self-confidence in that one, for he delivers himself like a northwester sweeping across the lake. But come, gentlemen, our way is clear, and the sleigh waits. Good-evening, Mr. Grant. Good-night, young lady—remember you dine beneath the Corinthian roof, to-morrow, with Elizabeth."

The parties separated, Richard holding a close dissertation with Mr. Le Quoi, as they descended the stairs, on the subject of psalmody, which he closed by a violent eulogium on the air of the "Bay of Biscay, O," as particularly connected with his friend Benjamin's execution.

TO BE CONTINUED.

QUEER BREED OF HOGS.

The New York Sun has been carrying on a crusade against the various kinds of hogs who make themselves obnoxious in public places. Judging from the following communication from a correspondent which the Sun prints there must be a very remarkable breed of hogs in high toned society thereabouts. The correspondent says:

There is one breed of hogs to which the Sun has not done justice. This particular kind of hog does not consort with the common herd of swine, and he is seen to the best advantage in large, fashionable parties, where he appears in full dress and in all "the glory of a hog of high degree." During the earlier hours of the night his full capacities are not developed and his most powerful instincts are kept in abeyance, but at the supper table the hoggish traits appear in full bloom.

On the instant that the door of the supper room is thrown open, the drove of swallow-tailed hogs may be seen wedged together in a closer row than ever gathered around an ordinary trough in a farmer's yard, each particular hog gathering about himself all the choicest things within his reach, salads, terrapins, birds, crabs, oysters, lobsters, ices, fruits, confectionery—whatever has not been already appropriated by some nimbler hog—all standing firm and immovable and impenetrable as the Chinese wall, while the ladies and gentlemen in the adjacent rooms who are left standing on the outside of the swallow-tailed hog circle, must wait in patience until the animals around the table are thoroughly gorged and ready to retire to the smoking apartment with the extra champagne bottles which they have managed to secure.

By this time the table does not present a very attractive appearance. The dishes which the hogs could not entirely dispose of are left in a demolished and unseemly condition and the decent men and women, into whose society this drove of hogs has intruded, must be content with such fragments as are left them, or wait in patience for a fresh supply. We have often wondered at the long suffering forbearance with which this race of high bred hogs is treated, and it may be that before long it may be thought expedient to resort to the same remedy that is now adopted in our public conveyances, and in self defence the "gilded saloon" may resound to the same unmelodious grunt that has proved to be so effective amid humbler surroundings. The swallow-tailed hog is capable of doing other things that ought to move our indignation. If while he stands glued to the supper table he wishes to dispose of the debris on his plate, he does not hesitate to empty the fragments of salmon, or the carcasses of his birds, or the residum of cream on the carpet, or to wipe his dirty front hoofs on the tablecloth, or to slip as large a quantity of bonbons or other attractive articles into his pockets as he can conveniently manage to carry off, and very careful he is, if nobody is looking, to make a desperate raid on the cigar box of his host.

The performances of the swallow-tailed hog in the dressing room are equally revolting. He will not hesitate to lie down on the beautiful white embroidered counterpane, to wipe the dirt from his shoes with the silver-backed hair brush, to peep into the drawers and closets, if they are unfortunately left unlocked, and in an hour of peculiar weakness he may appropriate to his own use a few little unimportant knick-knacks that happen to be lying around loose.

The capacities of the swallow-tailed hog are not easily exhausted, and if The Sun can do anything to abate this nuisance it will deserve a rich reward.

LIGHT ON LIGHTING.

In the ordinary electric storm a house would usually fare better without the protection of lighting rods, because the electric clouds in their discharge would naturally strike a tree, a high rock or some other elevated object in proximity to the house, and would not be attracted to the house by the iron or copper rod. In other words, if the lighting rod will do what is claimed by the manufacturer, it becomes at once a dangerous fixture, simply because if it does attract the electreity it affords no adequate means of taking care of it, and it would be far better to let the cloud discharge at some other point than the house. rather than to take the risk of its discharge down the conductor, with almost a certainty of its dividing up and entering the house, irrespective of any insulation known to the arts.

Lighting always takes the shortest conductor to the earth, and undoubtedly tall trees in the vicinity of a house are an efficient safeguard. It has been suggested by experts in electricty that a very efficient safeguard would be to run a large iron or copper conductor into a tree, and then with the lighting was attracted to the tree or the conductor, and it divided up in its passage to the earth, no damage would be done to near by buildings.

One thing may be safely said, that if a discharge of lightning from a cloud is pointed directly towards a house, there is no human means of diverting it from its course, or preventing its passage in the direction, which it has taken and all the feather beds and lighting conductors that might be provided would scarcely protect a person who stood in the way of the current. It is a well known fact among observers that the presence of lightning rods upon houses has often failed of providing the expected protection, and there are millions of houses unprotected by lightning rods that have never been struck by lightning.

If one stops to consider the enormous current to be dealt with and the tremendous electro-motive force of such a current it is plain to be seen that no human method can be devised for safely taking such a current out of harm's way; and the man who sits in his house during a thunder storm protected by iron lightning rods the size of his little finger and insulated with pieces of glass, which are no more protection than pieces of tissue paper, has not the safe protection which the lightning rod man promised, and his money were better invested in some other purposes about his buildings.

In the progress of an electric storm there is no special attraction ln an ordinary dwelling house why the discharge should select that medium for reaching the ground. Trees, rocks, moist earth, soil with minerals are equal if not better conductors than ordinary houses and barns. If the electricity in a storm cloud has reached sufficient tension to overcome the resistance offered to its passage to the earth, it will discharge at that point and at that time, and no human effort or contrivance can change its course.

Reader—"Is it true that it takes a genius to live with a genius?" De Ruyter—"I'll ask my wife when I go home."

"The young man feels his oats." "Not oats." "What then?" "Rye."

CRAZED BY THEIR BABY'S DEATH.

A Livingstone, Tex., special to the Philadelphia Times says: A strange and pathetic little procession was to be seen entering this place. It consisted of a mud-splashed buggy, containing a haggard, disheveled man and woman, with a little coffin at their feet, and Constable Smith leading the poor, tired horse, followed by a crowd of grave-faced men. The man and woman were Dr. William Ripperdan and his wife, from Shady Burn, a little place about eighteen miles east of here, and the coffin contained the body of their child. The history of their appearance here is one of the saddest possible. About fifteen months ago this child was born to the couple, who had reached middle age without children, and the babe became the idol of its parents' hearts. It was touching

TO WITNESS THEIR DEVOTION

to the little creature which, they attended constantly, and when, about two weeks ago, death robbed them of it, the warmest sympathy was felt for them throughout the community. Preparations for its burial were made, but on the morning appointed, Dr. Ripperdan and his wife together with the coffin containing the body, were found to have disappeared. Their house was left open and only the doctor's buggy and horse were gone. As they had no relatives to nterfere they were not sought for, and the general supposition was that they had taken the child elsewhere for burial. But news came in a few days that a buggy containing a man and a woman with a coffin was being driven aimlessly about the country. All who met them declared that one or the other of them prayed aloud all the time. Sometimes they were run across seated by a running stream

PARTAKING OF A MEAL

of crackers, potted meat, etc., with the horse cropping grass near by and the casket beside them. When accosted they answered that they feared the body would be taken from them, and that they hoped by prayer to prevail on the Diety to restore it to life, quoting the miracle of the widow's son. They were seen near here the day before yesterday and were taken charge of by Constable Smith and a posse, who brought the buggy and its occupants with their melancholy treasure to town when the remains of the child were buried. The poor father and mother were frantic, raving and praying all through the ceremony. They were given a room at the Mayberry House and locked in. It being hoped that as the baby was really buried they might resign themselves to their loss; but during the night the pair escaped by a window and were found in the cemetery, where they had nearly succeeded in exhuming the coffin. When taken away they became so violent that it was necessary to secure them. They have been adjudged insane and will be sent to the State asylum. The case has excited much sympathy throughout the country, as the doctor has quite a reputation for learning and skill in his profession and his wife being noted for her benevolence and piety.

CHIPS AND SHAVINGS.

"Oh, talk is cheap." "Is it? I guess you never paid a lawyer for pleading your case."

"Just look at that horse rear. He stands right up on his hind feet." "Yes, he's probably got a stand-up collar on."

She—"Sir, what do you mean?" The Culprit (smacking his lips and unabashed)—"I mean to do it again if I get the chance."

One lone, unassisted fly in a bed room in the morning will do more towards making a man get up than all the rising bells in the world.

"The Fly-Paper—"Come, rest on this bosom, my own stricken dear." The Fly—"No, thanks. I am not stuck on you and don't want to be.

"You have travelled extensively in Europe, I understand, Mr. Gomuch." "Quite extensively, madam." "Well, do they have good bacon in Paris?" "No; we get that on the Rhine."

Rev. Mr. Grimes (to Judge Tort) "Yes; and when you have a particularly bad boy come before you what is the first question you ask him?" Judge Tort—"I ask him, "Where does your father preach?"

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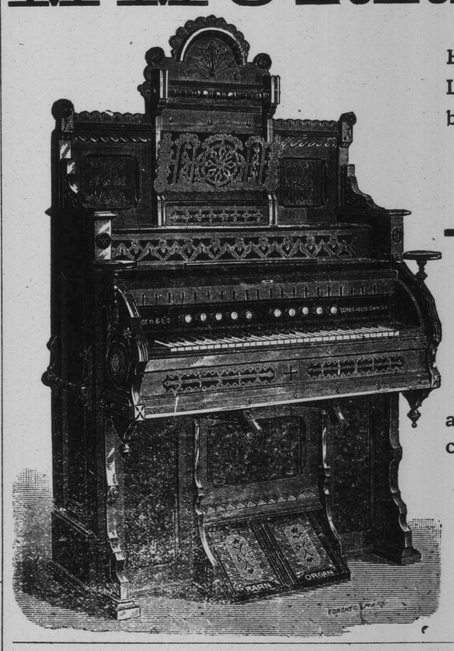

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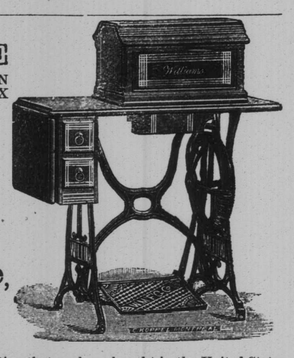

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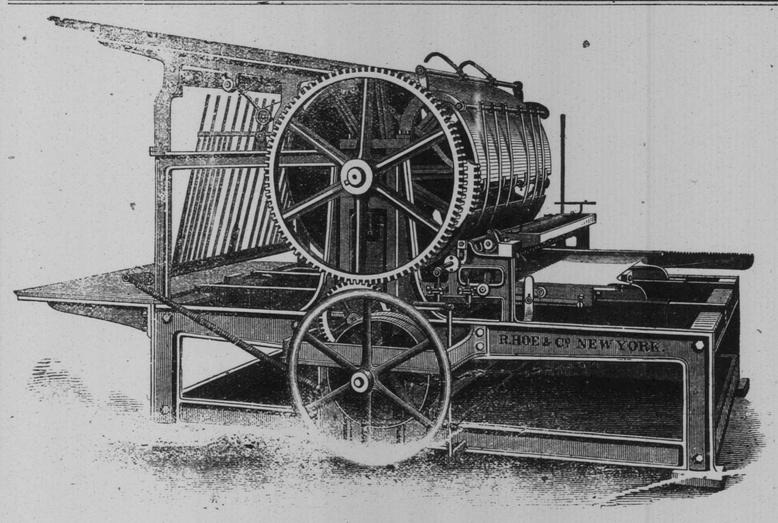

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