

[From the Boston Traveller.]
REVIVING THE SCANDAL.

BY PHILLIPS THOMSON.

"'Tis a terrible scandal," the editor wrote,
The words flowing fast from his pen;
'It has deluged the land with its sickening
filth,
'Wherefore revive it again?
'Why stir up the cesspool of moral decay,
To pollute the whole land with its slime?
Far better to hide it from daylight away,
Nor turn back the record of crime!"

"Halloo, there!" he shouted, "is Wilkins
within?
If so let him haste right away
And interview Tilton—a column at least.
The Mudslinger beat us to-day.

"You, Johnson, will see Mr. Beecher as soon
As he to the city comes back;
Get all that you can—don't let any one know,
Or the others will be on your track

"And, Smith, 'tis your task to see Sherman and
Beach,
Make them talk—well, you know what
to do.

O'Reilly, you take Mrs. Tilton, and each
Write up a good long interview.

"Jim, look over the files and synopsise the
case,
Omitting no spicy detail.
To-morrow we'll give them six columns at
least,
And the paper will sell without fail."

Boston, April 17th.

JOSEPH'S FATHER.

"Joseph. Son."
It was the voice of Squire Bullie, an honored
justice of the peace, an upright citizen, a consistent
church-member, and a gentle village
gentleman.

"Joseph, my son!"
It was a very calm voice, soft and mild, yet
full of determination.

Joseph heard, and, reluctantly releasing the
cat, came with down cast eyes to his ancestor.

For Joseph knew, from the voice of that ancestor,
that something was wrong.

"Sit down, Joseph."
Joseph sat. He also stuck his knuckles into
his mouth.

"Yesterday was Sunday, Joseph."
Joseph did not seem disposed to controvert
it.

"Tell me, Joseph, was not yesterday Sunday?
Yes, sir."

And Joseph seemed very sorry that yesterday
was Sunday.

"And is it wrong to fight chickens on Sunday,
Joseph? . . . Did you hear me, Joseph?
Is it wrong?"

"I reck-reckon so."

"And did you fight chickens yesterday, Joseph?
Remember George Washington, Joseph;
remember George."

But Joseph answered only with a watery
sniff.

"Joseph, did you fight chickens yesterday?"
Joseph gnawed his knuckles voraciously and
slobbered.

"Joseph,"
"That that Crump boy-oy, he come along,
and I was a s-settin' on the fuh-fence, I was
oo-hoo! I was."

"Well, Joseph, proceed; but no crying."
"And he-he had a roo-hooster, he did, and
our old Red was in the yard, and that Crump
boy said, 'Shoo! I wouldn't have that old
rooster, nohow!'"

"Go on, Joseph."
"And I said—said, 'You oughtn't to talk
that a-way—'cause it's Sunday.'"

"That was right, my son. Go on."
"And he said: 'I bet \$50 mine kin whoop
him.' And I said: 'You oughtn't to bet, 'cause
it's Sunday.'"

"Nor on any other day, Joseph."
"Then he said: 'You git owt, now! Yo'
old daddy ain't no hin' but a hard-shell baptsis,
nohow, and he robs po' widders on'n their
milk-cows, too; an' I double-dare yer to open
that 'ere gate an' lem my chicken git that old
feathers an' bones!'"

"Did he say all that; and 'bout the widders,
too?"

"Yes-sir-ee! And my fingers jus' got ter
foolin' roon' the latch, an' fas' thing I know
the gate slipped open, an' that Crump boy
flung his rooster at old Red, an' away they
went at it, ker-flopp!"

"And which got whipped, Jo?"

"Old Red, I tell you! Pa, you jus' oughter
seen old Red spread himself, and I jus' hol-
loed!"

"Old Re—ah! Joseph, Joseph, how often
have I expostulated and taught you the duties
of the holy Sabbath? Boys were different in
my time." And he reached for the switch.

Joseph began to tune up again.

"Go on, sir."

"An' when I hol-holloaed for old Red that
Crump boy lit into me, he did, an' tuck me
side o' de head wid his fis' ye-es he did!"

"Did he? Hit you? Hurt you much? And
—what did you do, Jo?"

"I lit into him, too; and we jus' fit it out
—that's what—"

"Fit, eh? On Sunday? How often have I
—and the Squire gathered Joseph by the
coat, and tightened his grasp on the switch.

"Oc-he lit into me fas', and called me a son
of a mud-turtle—yes he did too-oo!"

"Oh, he did, eh? And you got licked as
usual, I reck'n."

"No-e I didn't! I whooped him!"

"Shuh! That Crum boy? Why he's bigger'n
you, Jo. Did he—did he holla much?" And
the Squire unconsciously loosened his hold on
Jo's coat.

"Well, sir, I reck'n you can go now
and pick up some chips. But look here, young
man, never let me hear of you fighting any
more, or I'll wear you out! Do you hear me?"

"Pa, no, Jo didn't whoop him." It was the
Squire's other boy. "I see it all; and that
Crump boy everlastin'ly went for Jo, I tell
you!"

"J-o-s e-p-h, come back here! Now how was
it, Willy?"

"That Crump boy jus' get Jo down, and got
on top of him, and chugged and chugged him
till Jo hollaed 'owh!' and said he give it up—
and that's jus' how it was, too!"

The old gentleman again gathered Joseph,
and this time the hickory descended hot and
fast.

"Licked! agin huh! Licked agin! And you
a son o' mine! Licked by a Crump! Ain't you
ashamed of yourself? Nex' time you get to
fightin' you hit the fus' lick—d'ye hear me?
and hit it right under the gills—understand,
sir? or plant it in the short ribs, or under the
clim, and never let me hear of you squallin'
'owh!' any more, and disgracein' whoop'd your
daddy that way. Whooped! O you! Whooped
by a Crump! Ugh!"

Ker-whuck! ker-whack! ker—!—!!!—Puck.

THE WRONG WAY.—Few young men respect
girls who are ready to be wooed. Women are
not meant to be wooers. The custom prevalent
among a certain class of young ladies of asking,
directly, or indirectly, the attentions of
young gentlemen is not an admirable custom.
A modest and dignified reserve, which is nei-
ther prudery nor affection, should distinguish
your manner to gentlemen. Too great famili-
arity and too evident pleasure in the society of
young men are errors into which no delicate
and pure-minded girl should fall, if she desire
to retain the respect of the opposite sex.

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sington, St. John, \$500; Mr. A. F. Hunt, Quebec, \$500
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