

When behold ! from a far-distant corner
Quickly echoed a piping so shrill,
The few of us there were so startled
We could only stare and be still,
And imagine, of all living objects,
What this singular mortal could say ;
For we now saw that he was a peddler,
Quite weary from tramping all day.
And I'll tell you his words that surprised us.
He remarked : " You do look rather thin,
But in a good cause you are workin',
A-tryin' to put down a great sin ;
And so often I've seen in my wanderin'
If one truly means to be winner,
That he'd have to persist in his labor,
So continner, my friends, just continner."
Well, " continner " we did, and we prospered,
The watchword he left us we cherish,
Remembering steadfast endurance
Will nevermore vanish or perish ;
And we'd bid one and all now discouraged,
A saint, yes, or even a sinner,
If he means to accomplish an object,
To persevere still, and " continner."

YE BAGGAGE SMASHER.

CANTO PRIMUS

PETE was a Tip Up baggage-man, he ran on Number 4,
Where the tears and groans of traveling folks un-
flinchingly he bore.
He cared not how the women wept, or strong men raved
and tore,
While he mutilated sample cases, desolated Saratogas,
annihilated ordinary luggage, immolated carpet-
bags, exterminated band-boxes, and extinguished
travelers' outfits by the score,