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Three Stories of Private Allen. One of the aspirants for his place in case it should be vacant a brilliant fellow named Riley, met him on the streets of Tulepe with: 'Look here, Allen, are you going to run again or not? I took your card to mean that I said, and I thought I would be a candidate if you were really out, but I keep hearing that you're going back after all. I'd like to know about it, because if you're going back I'll keep out of it.' 'What now, Riley?' 'Well, Allen, I'll tell you, I've got a word of that card. It was all true then, but since I've gotten down here I find myself sort of in the hands of my friends. And I tell you, Riley, there's nothing more dangerous in politics than a man in the hands of his friends.' 'Allen had no special reputation as a wit or orator when he first ran for Congress, and so he had a time getting the nomination. He stumbled in the district with his competitor, a Gen. Tucker, who opened the campaign with a rhetorical rhapsody in which he alluded to his war services, and particularly described a battle in which he had commanded the Confederate side, beginning: 'Fellow citizen, I slept one night in a tent on the mountain side awaiting the battle on the morrow.' 'When he had finished Allen got up and said: 'Friends and fellow citizens, it's all true what Gen. Tucker told you about his sleeping in his tent that night before the battle. I know all about it, for I was guarding that tent all night long in the cold, with me on picket. And now I just want to say to all of you who were Generals in the war and slept at night in your guarded tents like Gen. Tucker, you vote for him. But all you fellows that guard the General's tent is the man that I don't like me, you vote for Private Allen.' It is needless to say that Private Allen was triumphantly elected, and was Private Allen ever after. Like most humorists, Allen had a good deal almost to sadness in repose. Coming up on the train the other day two strangers scraped up an acquaintance with him. After observing him with interest for some time, Allen, noticing their scrutiny, preserved a wooden expression all the while until they had gotten him well into conversation, when suddenly he smiled. 'Here's your dollar,' he handed to the other, 'and here is the aliver certificate: you've won. He smiled.' Then they all smiled. Philadelphia Record.

Abuse of the Eyes. Like every other function of the human frame, that of sight may be abused and neglected to such an extent as to deprive the possessor of much of the comfort and assistance which he should naturally derive from so useful an organ. Times Had Changed. At Sumner S. C. there was a large crowd of colored people at the depot as the train pulled in. An old-headed Uncle Jerry had his head out of the coach seat apart for colored passengers, and a man on the platform cried out: 'What's that?' 'Hello, Misser Stivers, is dat yo?' 'The old man looked straight at him, but made no response. 'Hello, Misser Stivers!' No response. 'See, Misser Stivers, has yo' losted yo' hearing?' persisted the man, as he drew nearer. 'Boy, was yo' talkin' to me?' sternly demanded the old man. 'Seein' 'What's the matter?' 'Boy, was yo' want anything of me?' 'Why, how yo' talk! Reckon yo' has got the hoodoo.' 'Does yo' evidently reckon yo' know me?' 'Of co'se I knows yo'. Yo' is old man Stivers.' 'When did yo' know me?' 'When I fall fall. I did work wid yo' for three months.' 'An' when yo' done worked me what was I doin'?' 'Drivin' them newwels for Kurnel Johnson.' 'Excess, sah. But I want yo' to understand dat dere is a heap of difference atwixt drivin' dem newwels fur Kurnel Johnson an' ridin' on the kivered kyars along wid white folks. I might a-knowed yo' last fall, sah, but if yo' now desial to permit an' erlogated conversashun wid me yo' mus' git some 'sponsible gem' to introduce yo.' -N. Y. Sun.