

A Boy's Revenge.

John Ranger walked along on his way home from school one pleasant winter afternoon feeling rather out of sorts. The reason of the uncomfortable feeling in his mind was this: That morning the boys had proposed building a snow fort on the hill near the school-house. For some days the weather had been very "moderate," as people in the country express it, and the snow had become of just the right consistency to roll into balls, and thus facilitate the building of a snow fort in capital style. John had fallen in with the plan very eagerly. He loved sport of that kind as well as any boy in the school. When he played he threw all his energies into the sport, and was consequently a sort of leader in all the amusements incident to school life. And I am glad to say that he studied in very much the same way as he played; he made no half work about it, but got his lessons thoroughly and well. Probably his relish for play gave him a keener appetite for his studies. I have often noticed that those boys who play best, study best. No those boys who play most, however, for some boys think of nothing but play.

As the plan was proposed in the morning that they might have time to build the fort in the hour given them at noon to eat their lunch during the forenoon recess, and devote the entire hour to work on the fort, and complete it, if possible, before the afternoon school hours began, that it might be ready for use next day. Nearly all the large boys had a hard lesson in arithmetic that forenoon. The teacher had told them that three of the hardest problems must be worked out on their slates and brought for inspection at recitation time. If not correctly done, time must be taken from the hour's recitation to study on them. The boys thought of the snow fort to be built, and applied themselves diligently to their lessons. John took his slate and worked away busily. Before recitation came he had completed all difficulties, and had the knotty problems written down for the teacher's inspection.

Recitation came. He took his slate and started for the class which was forming on the floor. He had got nearly to his place when he saw that the examples he had written down so carefully were gone—rubbed out entirely. He stared at the blank slate with a look of complete bewilderment. He had taken unusual pains with them. When he looked last they were certainly there. Now they were gone. But who had rubbed them out? Some one must have done so. He could not remember that any one had been to his seat, and yet some person had found and taken the opportunity to blot the result of his morning's labor.

"I had the example on my slate, sir," he said to the teacher. "They are gone. Some one has rubbed them out."

"Who has rubbed them out?" asked the teacher, in his sharp, stern way. "I don't know, sir," answered John.

"Are you sure you had them worked out correctly?" asked the teacher. "Yes, sir," answered John, flushing up at the doubt implied by the teacher's tone and question.

"Very well, as you are unable to produce them, and can accuse no one of having rubbed them out, you may stay in at noon and work on them."

John was too proud to say a word in protest, unjust as he felt it to be. So he took his seat in silence, resolved to find out, if it were possible, the author of his misfortune, for such he considered it to be, since it obliged him to stay away from the fort-building that was to take place at noon. Stay away he did. It was time for school to begin before the problems were solved and written out. He could not study much when he thought of the sport the boys were having on the hill. He could hear their merry laughter, and imagine how they were enjoying themselves.

He thought, with a bitter feeling in his heart, that, but for some one of them he might have enjoyed the sport too. He walked home from school that night as I have said, feeling very uncomfortable. He had missed a bit of rare sport for one thing; for another, he had found out that some one owed him a grudge; and another thing was—and John felt this most keenly perhaps of the three—that the teacher seemed to think that he had shirked his lesson, and considered his story as an excuse to get rid of a little labor.

The next day, as a small boy was passing his seat, John dropped his pencil. The boy picked it up and handed it to him. As he did so, he whispered, "Joe Evans rubbed out your problems yesterday; I saw him do it."

"Don't tell any one!" John whispered back, and the boy passed on.

A week passed. A dozen times John found opportunities to pay off his score with Joe, but his better nature told him it would be more noble and manly to overlook the matter entirely.

One holiday John obtained permission to go to a pond about a mile from home to skate. When he reached the pond, he saw that Joe Evans was there before him. He sat down on his skates, and commenced to strap on his skates. Just as he was fastening the buckle, he heard a cry, and the sound of cracking ice, and looking up he saw that Joe had broken through a thin spot and was struggling in the water. Quickly as possible he sprang to the rescue, and by means of a long pole, which was lying on the ice near the scene of the accident, he succeeded in getting Joe safely out, though greatly frightened.

"Oh, John!" cried Joe shivering with terror and cold, "if you hadn't have helped me out, I should have drowned."

"I guess you would," answered John, quietly.

"And I served you in the way I did!" cried Joe; "I rubbed out your problems the day we built the fort!"

"I know it," answered John; "I

found it out the next day." "And you never told of it?" Joe felt very insignificant in comparison with John Ranger. This was a new way of revenge. "Don't say anything more about it," said John, "but hurry home and get some dry clothes on." John was satisfied with his revenge. It was a great deal better than paying back in the same kind of coin.

A Muscular Young Man.

Let me mention a rather funny incident which occurred some time since. In the first place you must know that all the young Harpers are athletes. Muscularity, by the way, seems to come to them as a legitimate inheritance. The story is told that on one occasion, many, many years ago, as stories say, when the lands in the composing room at a very critical moment proposed to knock off work, one of the firm, Fletcher's son, I think, stationed himself at the door below to renounce and persuade them back to duty. The first that came down was the foreman.

"Will you not go back to work?" asked Mr. Harper, mildly. "See you d—d first, and then I went, was the gruff response.

"Kerplung!" The foreman was thrown; and the publisher stood calmly awaiting another issue. Another brief but spirited dialogue occurred with the next comer, and so the thing went on until four had found their knock-off terminate in a knock down. The rest went satisfiedly back to their work, and Mr. Harper pulling off his coat, went up stairs and officiated as foreman.

How true that story may be I do not know, but it passes current among printers. As for the following one, I stand ready to vouch:

Fletcher Harper is a practical gymnast, the most muscular of all the boys, and one of the best amateur sparsers in the city. One day he went into a restaurant in the neighborhood of Franklin Square to lunch. While paying his check at the counter, a man, either intentionally or innocently, but presumably the former—jostled off his hat.

Fletcher turned round, picked it up, and looked inquiringly at the offender, a light looking man the latter, but with a suggestive witness about his make up. The look of inquiry was returned by a stolid stare, that which nothing could be more provoking.

"You knocked off my hat, sir," said Fletcher at last, by way of explanation.

"Well, what if I did?" returned the fellow.

"A gentleman apologizes if he does such a thing accidentally," said Fletcher.

"And if a gentleman doesn't apologize, what do you do about it?" was the cool return.

"Just step around with me out of the way of the crowd (a crowd had begun to collect) and I'll show you, I don't want a bar room fight."

"No, if you want anything out of me just here," and the fellow evidently in his element, planted his feet, and began to put himself together.

"Come away," whispered one of Fletcher's friends, "a row here won't do," and despite his remonstrances, he was pulled and dragged away.

"Do you know who that is?" asked a bystander who followed the party out. "No."

"Well, that's Barney Aaron, the champion of light weights."

"To this day, Fletcher asserts a regret that he didn't punch Barney's head for him, but I'm of the opinion that the thing turned out best for all parties as it was. Fletcher might have got the worst of it in the end at the hands of the professional pugilist, but Barney certainly wouldn't have had it all his own way in the beginning, and I have noticed that a great deal can be done by a judicious bystander, who understands the noble Parthian art of entreaching himself behind a counter and firing junk bottles with diabolical precision."

Pasteboard Piety.

Do you not recollect the scene in Don Quixote in which the immortal knight put upon himself a helmet made of pasteboard? That helmet being smitten and pierced by a sword, he sewed it up again, and would not part with it, but in his insanity wore it, and felt that he had an all-sufficient helmet on his head. Are there not many Don Quixotes among men, who put on armor that looks very well till some sword is thrust into it, but which then is found to be like the pasteboard helmet that went to pieces the moment it was touched? If we are to have a piety that shall sustain us in the flood and in the fire; if we are to have a faith that shall be an all-sufficient armor by day and by night, the year around, and from year to year, we must have one that is made up of something better than mere pasteboard instruction or a paper belief.—Plymouth Pulpit.

POWER OF THE PRESS.—I love to hear the rumbling of the steam power press, better than the rattle and roar of artillery. It is silently attacking and vanquishing the Malakoffs of vice, Redans of evil; and its parallels and approaches cannot be resisted. I like the click of type in the composing stick better than the click of the musket in the hands of the soldier. It bears a leaden messenger of deadlier power, of sublimer force, and of a surer aim, which will hit its mark, though it is a thousand years!—Chapin.

"Why doesn't your father take a newspaper?" asked a man of a little boy whom he found pilfering one from his door step. "Cause he'd rather send me to take it," was the reply.

A Ladder with Twenty-four Rounds.

A Scottish duke, walking in his garden one day, saw a latin copy of a great work on mathematics, and thinking it had been brought from his library, called some one to carry it back.

"It belongs to me, sir," said the gardener's son, stepping up. "Yours?" cried the duke. "Do you understand Geometry and Latin?"

"I know a little of them," said the lad, modestly.

The duke, having a taste for the science, began to talk to the young student, and was astonished at the clearness and intelligence of his answers.

"But how came you to know so much?" asked the duke.

"One of the servants taught me to read," answered the lad. "One does not need to know anything more than the twenty-four letters in order to learn everything else one wishes."

But the nobleman wanted to know more about it.

"After I learned to read," said the boy, "the masons came to work on our house." I noticed the architect used a rule and compasses, and made a great many calculations.

"What is the meaning and use of that?" I asked, and they told me of a science called arithmetic. I bought an arithmetic, and studied it through. They then told me there was another science called geometry. I bought the books, and learned geometry. Then I found there were better books about these two sciences in latin. I bought a dictionary and learned latin. It seems to me we may learn everything when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet.—Young Reaper.

The Cadi's Decision.

A poor Turkish slater, of Constantinople, being at work on the roof of a house, lost his footing and fell into the narrow street upon a man who chanced to be passing at the time. The pedestrian was killed by the concussion, while the slater escaped without material injury.

A son of the deceased caused the slater to be arrested and taken before the Cadi, where he made the most grave charge, and claimed ample redress.

The Cadi listened attentively, and in the end asked the slater what he had to say in his defense.

"Dispenser of justice," answered the accused, in a humble voice, "it is even as this man says, but God forbid that there should be evil in my heart. I am a poor man, and know not how I can make amends."

The son of the man who had been killed thereupon demanded that condign punishment should be inflicted upon the accused.

The Cadi meditated a few moments, and finally said:

"It shall be so."

Then to the slater he continued:

"Thou shalt stand in the street where the father of this man stood when thou didst fall upon him."

And to the accused he added:

"And thou shalt, if it so please thee, go upon the roof and fall upon the culprit, even as he did fall upon thy father. Allah is great."

Precept vs. Practice.

The Rev. Dr. Channing had a brother, a physician, and at one time they both lived in Boston. A countryman in search of the divine knocked at the doctor's door. The following dialogue ensued:

"Does Dr. Channing live here?" "Yes sir."

"Can I see him?" "I am he."

"Who? You?" "Yes, sir."

"You must have altered considerably since I heard you preach."

"Certainly. You are the Doctor Channing that preaches, ain't you?"

"Oh, I see you are mistaken now. It is my brother who preaches. I am the Doctor who practices."

A woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business, by wearing a cheerful countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow.

New To-Day.

Notice.

OREGON & CALIFORNIA RAILROAD COMPANY, Land Department, Portland Oregon, April 3, 1872.—Notice is hereby given, that a vigorous prosecution will be instituted against any and every person who trespasses upon any Railroad Land, by cutting and removing timber therefrom before the same is BOUGHT OF THE COMPANY AND PAID FOR. All vacant Land in odd numbered sections, whether surveyed or unsurveyed, within a distance of thirty miles from the line of the road, belongs to the Company. L. R. MOORES, Land Agent.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Attention. ALL PERSONS KNOWING themselves indebted to the undersigned are requested to call and make payment without delay. MRS. BRIDGEMAN'S Albany, March 8, 1874

NEW TO-DAY.

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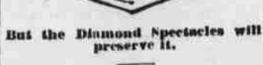
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Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1862, by J. E. Spencer & Co., in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York. 50-3

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