ODE TO A BARBER.

Soap me light, barber,
Touch me with care;
Shave my face, barber,
Don't cut my hair.

Keep your mouth shut, barber,
I'll tell you what to do:
Don't talk so much, barber,
Less jaw will do,

I'll do the talking, barber,
You do the work;
Shave me, quick, barber,
Don't shave with a jerk.

No sea foam, barber,
No talk, no palaver—
Just a little squirt
Of Shenandoah water.

Comb my hair, barber,
Keep your mouth shut;
Wipe my face, barber,
Then I will quit.

Brush my hat, barber,
Dust off my clothes;
Good-bye, barber,
And out I goes.

CAPTURING A SMUGGLER.

In the fall of 1864, when the long civil war was rapidly approaching its termination, and the time was not far distant when the country would emerge from the many horrors attending that sanguinary strife, reports concerning the operations of a well organized band of smugglers, who were engaged in conveying provisions and other supplies to the South, found their way to the military and municipal authorities of Baltimore.

This intelligence was accompanied by a minute description of the chief of this smuggling fraternity, and also with the assertion that he was a man of the boldest and most desperate character—a notorious criminal who possessed all the qualifications necessary to fit him to occupy the position of commander in chief of a band engaged in the nefarious pursuit of smuggling. The capture of this desperado, it was thought, would speedily dissolve the band and terminate their fraudulent practice.

Accordingly four of the bravest members of the city police force were selected and given orders direct from headquarters to bring in the man, dead or alive.

One fine morning, with all the necessaries in the way of defensive weapons, these guardians of the municipality set out to perform their difficult task. They also returned—empty handed. They had neither a dead smuggler nor a living one.

They, however, did not relinquish their task with one attempt. Again and again did they start out on their mission, but the smuggler, who had had a life-long experience in the way of crime, easily and successfully eluded them, and they were finally compelled to abandon the pursuit.

The militaty authorities were apprised of this failure on the part of the policemen, and they resolved to make the arrest at all hazards, and thus put an end to the perpetration of this fraud upon the government.

At this time Sergeant F., an intrepid young officer, was stationed at the military headquarters at Baltimore city. His superior officers, knowing of his cool determination and bravery, as had been displayed on numerous occasions, quickly decided, in their consultation, that he was the best one to whom they could intrust the difficult mission. They at once gave him orders to set out immediately, accompanied by as many men as he desired, and not to return without the smuggler chief dead or alive.

It was a bright fall morning when Sergeant F. started out. He was alone, for he had bravely resolved to accomplish the dangerous task unaided. The sky was without a cloud, and the sun sent out his clearest light, which glimmered and sparkled on the calm waters of Chesapeake Bay, brightly illumined the shipping and the wharfs, and shone with a flood of such brilliance over the city that it seemed almost an incongruity that there could be anything in this bright world so dark and secret as smuggling.

The wharf was the Sergeant's objective point, as he rightly surmised that there he was most likely to be successful in his search. Arriving there, he sauntered along as if he were a military officer out on a holiday, and had come to the wharfs for no other purpose than to find something which might probably interest him and help to pass the time.

No one would have supposed from his peaceful appearance, although a sabre hung at his side, that in his pocket he had written orders to capture a desperate smuggler, and with resolute purpose was there to obey them. Notwithstanding this apparent unconcern, he kept a sharp lookout for anyone answering the description which had been given of the desperado.

Passing leisurely along, he had almost arrived at the conclusion that his search would be unsuccessful that day, when, on board a small vessel moored a short distance from him, he saw a large, muscular man, whose appearance at once almost satisfied him that he was the one for whom he was looking.

The Sergeant slowly approached the boat, looked at it casually as an ordinary observer would, carelessly looked at the man, and said cheerfully;

"Good morning, my friend."

"Good day," gruffly responded the occupant of the boat.

"Mighty fine fall day this," said Sergeant F.

"Yes, it is that," said the smuggler, looking at the Sergeant suspiciously from under his dark eyebrows, for a guilty person's distrust is easily aroused.

"Pretty warm, too, isn't it?" said the Sergeant.

The smuggler nodded assent.

"The finest fall weather I think I ever saw."

The smuggler eyed the Sergeant more closely, but made no response.

As the man did not seem disposed to converse about the weather, the Sergeant said:

"This is rather a fine boat."

"Yes, she is," replied the man laconically.

During the conversation the Sergeant minutely examined the smuggler, though not seeming to do so, in order to satisfy himself that he was really the right person. After he had scrutinized him closely, and was perfectly convinced that the man whom he was to arrest was before him, he stepped aboard as if he wished simply to examine the boat. The smuggler made no effort to restrain him, though he watched him warily.

"Is she a fast sailer?" asked the Sergeant as he approached the man.

The smuggler nodded his head affirmatively.

As the criminal had an immense advantage in physical strength, and in a hand to hand encounter would easily have gained the mastery, the Sergeant concluded that he would be compelled to resort to stratagem to secure the man.

While revolving in his mind the best course to adopt, Sergeant F. looked curiously along the wharf, where men, horses, drays and carts all seemed mixed in one bustling, confused mass, as if it were a novel and very interesting sight to him, and, after a few minutes' silence, said:

"Are the wharves as lively to-day as usual?" I have been very little about them in my time."

"Just as usual," answered the man roughly; "they ain't no livelier and they ain't no duller."

The Sergeant had by this time decided on his course, and immediately put it into execution by saying:

"What black vessel is that yonder?"

He pointed to a large black vessel which a panting and puffing tugboat was towing slowly by.

In order to see the vessel indicated, the smuggler was compelled to turn his face from the Sergeant, and had just said: "That there's a coal"—when the Sergeant suddenly sprang toward him, and, leveling a large navy revolver at his head, said firmly:

"You are my prisoner: surrender."

With an exclamation of surprise and anger the smuggler quickly looked around at the Sergeant, and made a motion as if he would draw his revolver.

"Don't you draw, sir," shouted Sergeant F. "I have written orders of the government here to take you dead or alive, and I intend to carry them out to the letter, and you might as well give up."

"What for, asked the criminal"

"Oh! you know well enough; come along."

"Well, growled the man, "I won't be taken alive, I'm determined on that," and he advanced a step toward the Sergeant.

"Stand back. Move one more step and you're a dead man," said Sergeant F. promptly.

"Well, I'll not go," said the smuggler.

"All right, then, I'm prepared to obey orders. You had better go or I'll shoot you by order of the United States government."

The smuggler made no response.

To deliberately take the life of a fellow-creature was a very unpleasant duty, and the Sergeant desired, if possible, to avoid it. The man stood looking dogedly at the ground as if it were a hard matter to decide whether to die or give up; but showed no sign of yielding.

As there was no alternative, Sergeant F. prepared to obey orders by aiming the revolver at a vital part, and was just about to pull the trigger when a large freight wagon drawn by two horses came ratling along the wharf.

The Sergeant looked quickly at the team, and shouted to the burly teamster in charge of it to halt.

The teamster pulled the reins, and the horses came to a stop.

"Back that team up here," shouted the sergeant.

"What for?" yelled the teamster.

"Well, never mind what for, but back it up here and be mighty quick about it too. There's no time to lose."

The man became somewhat angry at this preemptory command and was about to drive off when he noticed the positions of the two men. He became alarmed, dropped the reins, and asked in a loud voice:

"Great guns! you're not going to shoot that there man, are you?"

"Well, that's just exactly what I am going to do if he don't surrender immediately, and I want you to haul his body up to the provost marshal's."

The frightened teamster jumped to the ground, caught the bridle of one of the horses and backed the wagon as close to the boat as he could get it.

"Now, sir, this is your last moment to decide," said the sergeant to the smuggler, holding the revolver steadily, and with a resolute look in his face.

These fearful proceedings were more than the smuggler could endure, desperate as he was, and he quickly signified his intention to surrender.

The sergeant immediately placed handcuffs on the prisoner wrists, and the teamster sprang with alacrity to his seat on the wagon, and a look of great relief was on his face as he drove rapidly away.

Sergeant F. lost no time in starting off with his prisoner. With his hand grasping the hilt of his saber, he occupied the rear, as he was thus able to keep a close watch on the smuggler, and would be ready to act promptly in case of an attempted escape.

They attracted much attention as they proceeded on their way, but the sergeant never allowed his eyes to wander from the stalwart form of the smuggler as he strode before him, turning corners or going straight as the sergeant directed, for he knew his prisoner was alert, and would take advantage of the least possible chance to escape.

To make the way as short as possible, the sergeant directed the course through a large ward in which an immense amount of lumber was heaped up, leaving narrow aisles or alleys between the different piles.

When they arrived in the center of this yard the smuggler thought that he was in an excellent place to escape, and a desire for liberty grew stronger within his breast at that moment. Just as they reached the end of a narrow pile of boards he darted quickly into a narrow passage.

The movement was very sudden, but not unexpected, for the sergeant was watchful and prepared for such an occurrence. As quick as thought the sabre was drawn from its sheath and held over his head.

The sunlight gleamed brightly for an instant on the highly polished steel, and the broad blade resembled a flash of lightning as it moved downward with great velocity through the air. It fell with crushing force on the smuggler's head, and he sank to the ground cleft through the brain.

Fowls need gravel, oyster shells and some green food. When in confinement these substances should not be overlooked. A head of cabbage or an onion will be highly relished.

How the Girls Trapped Him.

Mr. Johnson. the High School teacher in Brigham, was a first-rate teacher, and, if his obituary had been written, no doubt it would have declared him to be a "kind husband and father." But he was a man of peculiarities for all that, and one was a disapprobation for kid gloves. "Unnecessary extravagance," he called them; "unhealthy, inconvenient, inadmissible."

Now, his twin daughiers, Prue and Patty, being just 15, naturally thought otherwise, kid gloves being to the average young miss what water is to ducks. But all their wishes were of no avail. In winter their delicate hands were "made into paws," as Prue declared, with mittens, while in summer they were allowed nothing daintier than lisle-thread.

One lucky day for them, when things had rolled smoothly at school, when the wind was in the west, the coffee clear, the steak "done to a turn," and all these trifles that make angels, or the reverse, of us were favorably bent, Mr. Johnson announced at dinner that he thought it would be an excellent plan to form a Speech Improvement Society; said society to consist of the family alone; the object in view to be as the name implies, correctness of speech. It was hardly to be supposed that the president of the society could be guilty of a lapsus linguæ, but it may be interesting to know how many mistakes ordinary people are liable to make in one week.

"But, supposing, papa," said daring Prue, "supposing the sky should fall, or that you should be guilty of an inaccuracy, as you say, what then?"

"My daughter," said her father benignly, "in such a case I am safe in promising any reasonable reward you may claim."

"Kid gloves?" ventured Patty.

"I am safe, I think, in saying yes," said her father.

"I choose pearl-colored," cried Prue.

"I will have brown," said Patty.

"And I would like drab," added Mrs. Johnson. This was at noontime.

When Mr. Johnson came home at night he inquired how soon tea would be ready.

"Just as soon as the tea-kettle boils," replied his wife pleasantly.

"Error one!" exclaimed the teacher, with such a crushing sense of superiority that his wife and daughters wondered that they had ever dared to dream of kid gloves.

"It is astonishing," said Mr. Johnson, "how many people will persist in talking of boiled tea-kettles for supper. This is an instance of the many inaccuracies in daily use. I think our improvement society will be a success."

Meek Mrs. Johnson said nothing more during supper.

Right across the street from them lived an elderly widow lady, who was quite alone, and who was the object of many attentions from the neighbors.

That night a snowfall whitened the sidewalks. Mr. Johnson was an active and prudent man. He was up betimes and cleared his own walk, then put his head in at the door long enough to say—"I will come into breakfast as soon as I have shoveled the old lady off."

"When you get her comfortably aboard the shovel," retorted Prue, "you might bring her in to see us, and hand our kid gloves at the same time."

It was a subdued, but very agreeable husband and father that came in to breakfast somewhat late, bringing three nice little bundles, which he laid beside the plates of his wife and daughters. Prue and Patty found their favorite shades in number five French kids, and Mrs. Johnson rejoiced in a whole box of dainty gloves.

"I am of the opinion on the whole," said the teacher, "that criticism within the family circle is undesirable. In fact, I have made up mind to drop the teacher henceforth when I open my door, and you may 'boil the tea-kettle,' my dear, whenever you please."

So that was how the kid gloves were earned.—[Mary Abbott Rand, in Journal of Education.

How a Boarding-House Keeper Attempted to Ruin a Rival.

"If there's any law in the land," said a small, red-haired, very much excited individual to the captain on duty at the police station yesterday, "I'd like to have it."

"There's any quantity of law," answered the captain.

"That isn't what I came here to know," said the red-haired individual, casting a savage glance at the officer in charge, and becoming more excited. "I want to know if there is any law in this land to protect a citizen, and if there is, I'm going to have it, do you understand me?" and to emphasize his remark, he struck the desk a forcible blow with his fist.

"Now, here, my friend," said the captain, calmly, "there's no need for all this demonstration and excitement. I guess we can get along quietly. What's the trouble?"

"That's so. I ought not to get excited; but if you were in my place I think you'd get excited, too. But to come to the trouble."

"Yes, come down to the trouble," suggested the captain.

"I keep a boarding house down the street," continued the man in a modified tone, "and I'm annoyed by a man who has recently opened a place in opposition to mine and he's doing everything he can think of to take away my boarders. I could stand almost everything he did until this morning. Just as the boarders were sitting down to breakfast, and were contemplating the dishes of fine sausages and smoking hot mince pies, a couple of boys, one with a harp and the other with a fiddle, stopped in front of my door and commenced to play that old favorite air called "The Lauterbach Waltz."

"Nothing wrong about that," said the captain.

"No," resumed the man; "'taint that I'm excited about, but it's a song they sang after they played a little while. It was like this," and he gave the following vocalization to the air of the waltz:

Where, Oh, where is that little dog Spot?
Where, Oh, where can he be—
With his ears cropped long and his tail cropped short?
They've taken him far from me.

They put him away in a closet to pine,
And left him alone there to die.
They cut him up into sausage meat fine,
And made him up into mince pie.

"Now, sir," said he after he had concluded, "you may imagine that this didn't produce a very agreeable effect upon the boarders, for they all got up from the fact and left."

"True," said the captain, "such words would be apt to produce bad effect upon boarders who were gazing on sausage and smoking hot mince pies."

"These boys were sent to my door by my rival, and I want to know what law there is to punish that man."

"I do not know," said the captain, "but I will refer you to the prosecuting attorney, and he may give you a warrant for the arrest of your rival for disturbing the peace or disturbing the stomachs of your boarders."

With this the red-haired man left the office, declaring that if there is any law in the land he will have it."

Fine Raiment for Clerks.

It is proposed to establish a philanthropic society with the object of extending the philosophy of clothes to a point far beyond the speculations of the learned author of "Sartor Resartus." The late Thomas Carlyle, it will be remembered, contented himself with philosophizing on the worldly advantagas which spring from the habitual use of costly and fashionable garments, but the projected society intends to go further and place these benefits within the reach of the humble and the deserving poore We gather that the society, having observed with regret how large a number of struggling and needy male persons there are who find the purchase of fine clothes, even though a little bit worn out, a heavy tax on their limited incomes, have determined, through the aid of their association, to supply them with the left-off wrappages of the upper circles "at almost nominal prices." Arguing that the aforesaid needy individuals "probably would not stoop to receive charity," the society will proceed as follows: Having invited the "richer classes" to contribute their "little-worn clothing, which would otherwise go to waste or be less worthily disposed of," the society—to be called the "Sale and Distribution of Clothing Association"—will sell it at cheap rates to the "clerky class and others." As all goods are to be obtained for nothing, the proceeds of the sale thereof must necessarily be all profit, so that there is no fear of the society falling into difficulties—as philahthropic corporations sometimes do—and being obliged to make a public appeal for funds wherewith to pay its outstanding debts. It is pointed out that gentlemen with fashionable suits wishing to share their wardrobes with those who have only unfashionable and threadbare garments, or no clothes at all, might offer their proteges a greater choice than is possible in the case of a mere private sartorial collection. Armed with a donor's or subscriber's order, the "clerky class and others" would be able "to purchase the clothing they require at the Society's stores."

This is no imaginary scheme, the result of Gilbertian humor, but a genuine project vouchsafed for by one bearing a well-known name, and assumed in all seriousness to be based on common sense combined with philanthrophy. Certainly we wish the "Sale and Distribution of Clothing Association" the success which it deserves.—[London Telegraph.

"Sit Down, Robert!"

The Utica Observer puplishes the following:

Elder Traverse, who lately died in Buffalo, and bent and full of years, was once the most noted man in Eastern New York as a camp-meeting leader. He had a powerful voice and was a fluent speaker, and in the prime of life could get away with any man who ever sought to disturb his meetings.

The elder was once holding a camp-meeting at Yonkers, and words reached him that a notorious rough, known as "Chicago Bob," intended to be on hand Sunday for a row. He made no reply and took no precautions, but when Bob appeared on the grounds with a cigar in his mouth and a slung-shot in his sleeve, the elder didn't grow pale worth a cent. Bob had come out there to run things, and he took a forward seat. When the crowd began to sing, he began crowing, and thus created confusion.

"Robert, you had better sit down," observed the elder, as he came forward.

"Chicago Bob sits down for no man!" was the reply.

"Sit down, Robert," continued the elder, as he put his hand on the loafer's arm.

"Here goes to clean out the crowd!" crowed Bob, as he pulled off his coat.

Next instant the elder hit him under the ear, and as he fell over a bench he was followed up and hit again and again, and while in a semi-unconscious state, he was carried off by his friends.

Next day he was the first to come forward for prayers. The elder put his hand on his head and said:

"Robert, are you in earnest?"

"I am."

"Are you really seeking for faith?"

"You bet I am! If faith helps a man to get in his work as quick as you did yesterday, I am bound to have it, if I have to sell my hat!"

He didn't get it very strong, but he did no more crowing while the meeting lasted.

He Will not Die.

"What is that noise we hear, mother?"

"That is a man learning to play the violin, my child."

"Is he sick, mother?"

"No, he is not sick, my child, as you suppose; but every one in the neighborhood is. They all wish he would be sick and die."

"Will he die, mother?"

"No my child, he will not die. He will keep on this way for years, and finally get so he can play second fiddle in a very poor orchestra."

The president of Tufts' college was recently made a happy father, and the following morning at prayer in the chapel he introduced this rather ambiguous sentence: "And we thank Thee, O Lord for the succor Thou hast given us," which caused a general smile to creep over the faces of the class.

Discouragement is of all ages; in youth it is a presentiment; in old age a remembrance.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

At this season of the year it is necessary for housekeepers to thoroughly understand the art of selecting and purchasing all kinds of meats and poultry. Very few housekeepers are familiar with the particular characteristics of the best meats and a few practical hints on the subject cannot but prove of interest. An old Washington street butcher says that beef, mutton veal, pork and poultry vary in excellence with the season; beef and mutton are in the best condition in the winter and early spring; veal is prime in fall, winter and spring, and pork in winter and early spring. All healthy meats have the flesh well grained or marbled, with fine grains of fat running through it and a thick layer of fat next the skin; the kidney fat or suet is hard and abundant; if this suet is scanty, oily and very stringy, it shows that the meat is poor. The kidney suet of good beef is clean, solid and sweet in flavor; its melted fat, called "drippings," contains very little water, and makes an excellent frying fat, the effect of which is slightly laxitive, especially when used in combination with vegetables. Pure lard is white, smooth, and without any perceptible flavor or odor; when poor it has a granular substance, and a soft, watery appearance, while the odor resembles that of hot fat. The purest and healthies of all fats for frying is vegetable oil, usually sold as salid oil.

The best quality of beef is of bright red color, with firm flesh abundantly surrounded and intersected with lines of yellowish white fat; the second quality has less abundant and whiter fat, the color of the flesh is paler and its texture less firm, and the outer skin is rough and yellow. Poor beef is dark red, gristly, tough to the touch and covered with a scant layer of soft, oily fat. Fresh meat of all kinds has a clean appearance and a sweet smell; that which is discolored or has a musty or tainted odor should not be used; no amount of washing will restore its sweetness. In the matter of selecting and purchasing veal too much care and good judgment cannot be displayed.

Good veal is of light, flesh-color, with abundance of hard, white, semi-transparent fat; the flesh of the second quality is red in contrast with the pinkish-white flesh of the prime sort, and the fat is whiter, coarse in grain, and less abundant; the poorest kind has decidedly red flesh, and very little kidney-fat. "Bob-veal," which should never be eaten, has soft, flabby, almost gelatinous flesh of a sticky consistency. Pork should also receive the careful attention of housekeepers, and the following information on the subject should be profited by and studied well.

The best pork has a fresh Pink color and firm white fat; the second quality has rather hard, red flesh and yellowish fat; the poorest kind has dark coarse-grained meat, soft fat and discolored food, has little dark kernels imbedded in the fat. The flesh of stale pork is moist and clammy, and its smell is unpleasant. All pork should be thoroughly cooked, and never much eaten in summer. It is a palatable and nutritious, but rather indigestible meat. Bacon makes a pleasant relish, and possesses the antiseptic qualities of the salt and smoke employed in curing it. Salt pork, also called pickled pork, is a good adjunct to vegetable food, and is largely used in localities distant from good markets. Just now both bacon and salt pork are high priced, while the fresh meats are somewhat lower than during the summer. Poultry in good condition has a clean, soft skin and plump, fine-grained flesh, well covered with fat. Fowls, especially chickens, are good in all seasons. The body of a chicken is less compact than that of a fowl; the feet and neck are large in proportion to the general size of the bird, and the lower tip of the breast-bone is a soft cartilage, which bends easily under pressure. Young fowls have short, plump bodies, and plenty of fat. Old fowls have long, thin necks and feet and the flesh of the legs and back is purple in color. Turkeys, when good, are plump and clean, with abundance of white or yellowish fat, pliable joints, soft, loose spurs, smooth legs, generally black, and full breast. Hen turkeys are small, plump and fat, but generally inferior in flavor to male birds. Old turkeys have long hairs, and the flesh of the legs and back is of a purplish hue. Hen turkeys are the best for boning, and full grown males for roasting or boiling. About March the flesh of turkeys grows soft, spungy and dry. Turkey poults, marketed in summer and early fall, are tender, but rather tasteless. Young ducks and geese are plump and fat, with light, fresh-colored feet, soft breast-bone, and leg joints tender enough to break when lifted by the feet. The windpipes of young birds will break when pressed between the thumb and fingers. Both ducks and geese are best in winter. Fine wild ducks and geese have full, hard breasts and are heavy for their size.

Famous Bookbinding.

Judging from last week's experience, we should say that the characteristic of the Beckford Library was the richness of its ornamented French bindings. It often happens that tomes are valued for the engravings and illustrations they contain—"Sometimes the pictures for the books atone, the text is saved by beauties not its own." In the record of last week's sales, however, it is evident that the exquisite bindings of certain bioliopegists were more in request than the printed leaves that are covered. Upon many occasions books "splendidly bound by Clovis Eve, with Grolier tooling," brought bidders into the market, Mr. Quaritch to represent London, Mr. Pearson to demonstrate that the United States would take no denial when the mind of their commissioner had once been made up, and Mm. Techener, Thibaudeau and Morgand, as agents for France. We are told by an enthusiast that "the latitude of humanity is broadened" by Grolier ornamentation, watered silk linings, spotless leaves, clear, sharp-cut typography, and by "the charming and seductive manner in which the skill of an expert has arranged the choicest specimens in India proof of the engraver's art." The sales of last Thursday and Friday, were, indeed, apotheoses of the bookbinder's art, and attest what the admirers of bibliopegy have always asserted—that every great binder, like every artist, has his own style and character. In the art of bookbinding and book decoration France has always held the foremost place, and the very names of Derome, Bradel, Midree, Duru, Cape, Loric, Bauzonnet, Clovis Eve, Grolier and Nodier testify to the prowess as "relieurs" of our neighbors across the channel. Of late years England has, to use Americanism, "held up her end of the plank," and asserted equality even with the famous French masters who flourished when the rage for fine buildings had risen to an absure pitch in Europe as the mania for tulips once did in Holland. With what interest, then, will the account of the sale of one book be read in every part of the world. It was catalogued thus: "Henry II, Pageants, of 1840; with the wood cuts by J. Cousin and Primatice, etc., 1558; with other similar Pageants bound in one volume, 4to, vellum; with arms and cipher of Thuanus." For this treasure an exciting battle was fought between the French bidders, Mm. Techener, Morgand and Thibaudeau, which ended in favor of M. Morgand, to whom the hammer fell at £470. For another volume, splendidly bound by Clovis Eve in brown calf, which Grolier's scroll tooling and gaufre edges, Mr. Pearson, the American bidder, took the lead and kept it, outstaying his competitors, of whom Mr. Quaritch was the stoutest, and securing the lot for £250. At no previous sale has such a tribute been offered to the binder's skill, and at any rate the experience of last week is of a nature to confirm even the maddest bibliomaniacs in their adhesion to a pursuit which will never fail to make their lives happy, and to keep the money together when they are no more.—[London Telegraph.

Cattle Thieves.

For courage and skill in looting cattle no race of scoundrels can make a show with the Morris and other dwellers on the frontier of Sindh. The ingenuity of these people is almost uncranny. They have a knowledge of the bovine character well worth scientific attention, and they use it in conjuntion with a study of human frailties which is equally minute. The simplest of their processes is to cut through the stable wall—cattle are always stabled in a country so perilous for them—and lead out the animals. Two or three boys are intrusted with a business of this kind, and they are expected to succeed, though it be needful to make the oxen step over a watcher's body. At one of our posts the commissarait cattle were lodged in a walled inclosure which contained several masses of ruin. Every morning the tale of beasts was short. In vain the distracted go-master applied for more sentries and more frequent rounds. At length by mere accident, the secret of the nightly disappearances came out. Thieves had tunneled under the wall, shielding either exit behind ruins. Such engineering work is familiar to people who conduct water underground from the spring to the place where it is wanted. But to induce half wild cattle to descend a steep incline, pitch dark, hot as a furnace nearly, and that without making a suspicious sound, requires either arts unholy or such influence as one would like to observe in action.—[All the year Round.

Breaking His Heart.

It was a clothing dealer on the Bowery, and as the slab-sided young man opened the door he rubbed his hands over each other and said:

"Come in, my frent. I guest you vhas looking for a overcoat. Try on dis one for $7."

"Thankee, I've got about $80 in my pocket, and I thought—"

"Ah! mine frent, you vhas come to the right blace. How you like a blue suit for $10?"

"I've got about $80 in my pocket and was looking for—"

"Take this gray for $14. You never had such bargain in all of your porn days."

"As I was saying, I've got about $80, and I want to buy a pretty fair one."

"Here ish one all wool for $12; shump right into it."

"A pretty fair one with silver-plated handles."

"I've got 'em. I'm der only dealer in all New York what keep oafergoats mit silver-plated handles."

"I don't mean overcoats."

"No!"

"I mean coffins! Let's see your latest fall styles."

"My frent," whispered the dealer, as he took his arm, "I don't keep goffins. Vhen I realize dat you have $80 in your pocket, und I have no goffins to sell, I dot I might as well gife oop dish mad struggle for riches. Haf some bity on a broken-heartod man und take two bedquilts at three dollars a piece und let dot old goffin go."—[Wall Street News.

Two Rich Men's Signatures.

An undertaking signed by Cyrus W. Field and Jay Gould was filed with the Kings County Clerk yesterday, in connection with an injunction obtained by the New York Elevated Railroad Company, restraining John T. Harrold, J. T. Deyo and Mary C. Barber from collecting, or attempting to collect, the judgment for $30,000 lately obtained.

The clerks in the office have agreed that Mr. Field's signature is arabesque, while Mr. Gould's is early English. In the former the pen is driven northeast, and then brought back in a sweeping curve, which completes the "C." The "yrus" is written in very small letters. The "W" is normal, and is carried over to make a loop which stands for "F," while the field is especially noteworthy.

Gould's signature betrays great rapidity and decision, but it is almost illegible. It was first read "Jersey Lightnin';" then as "Jug Talking;" then as "Jersey Gold." The signature is made without lifting the pen from the paper. The tail on the "y" at the end of the "Jay" is carried to the top of the "G," and the other letters clearly spell "Gold," as only a connecting line stands for the "u." There is a final twist to the end of the signature that seems to be the result of practice and serves as an ear mark to guide cashiers. The line is carried down and then up at an angle that seems to be like a figure "8" added to the "d."—[N. Y. Sun.

Because she was suffering from a cold in the head, and had a "perfectly horrid" red nose, a Philadelphia young lady wanted to postpone her wedding; but the bridegroom-elect objected because he thought by constant practice he could easily make his own nose match in color that of the bride.