

ONLY A TRAMP
From the Portland Telegram.
A crowd had gathered, I picked my way, and asked, what was the matter?
No one answered, so I went on.
I found a dead man, in a letter.
Some seemed to touch the dead,
No word, no word, no word.
"Only a tramp," the neighbors said,
"In the street," I heard one cry.
No one to move him, or shed a tear,
No hand to try and
No one to care how lonely he
The tramp, to his pauper grave.
Not one did I say, ah, yes, I fear,
In some way, who would help,
And he lay there, no one to care,
On the ground, no one to care.
In the street, and the name that was given,
The ground was covered with
Their voices, the canyons of heaven.
Together they wandered, together they lived,
To know if they were together,
Dividing their joy, and sharing their ill,
Friends, in their death, and their rest.

AN ARMY LEADER.
BY HARRY REEVE.
His name was Jacob. It had been his father's before him, and his father's father's. The Storms were a hard-working, money-making race. Jacob Storm, the father of the boy, was an old man, and he couldn't see why anybody should be a money maker, but he was a money maker, and he was a money maker, and he was a money maker. Jacob Storm, the son, was a young man, and he was a money maker, and he was a money maker, and he was a money maker. Jacob Storm, the grandson, was a young man, and he was a money maker, and he was a money maker, and he was a money maker.

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Discoveries Made by Accident.
Valuable discoveries have been made, and valuable inventions suggested, by accidental accidents.
An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make a most durable crucible, one day found that he had actually made porcelain.
The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle-glasses between his thumb and finger, he noticed that the light which shined upon the surface of a neighboring church-spire.

The accident of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremberg glass worker. By accident, a few drops of aqua fortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass corroded and etched, and he found that he had discovered a new method of etching upon glass.

With a Pistol in His Pocket.
If there is one pursuit which above all others is so peaceful in its nature as not to call for the services of armed men, it is the climbing of a tree for the purpose of gathering chestnuts. Hardly any two things can be more thoroughly incompatible than nuts and pistols. The club which is used for the purpose of climbing its character and its aims from the pistol, has a sort of relation to the business of gathering chestnuts. But the club is not used for the purpose of climbing the chestnut tree as by the one who stands on the ground and awaits the fall of the nuts. To bring a club up sometimes has the effect of bringing chestnuts down. More often it brings down the chestnut tree.

With a Pistol in His Pocket.
The octogenarian grandfather, the peaceable clergyman, the elderly politician, the boisterous politician, the young man who has just turned into a young man, the young man who has just turned into a young man, the young man who has just turned into a young man.

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SHORT BITS.
The great American desert—Pie.
Silence is a hard opinion to beat.
A dime novel is of course in-tent-centual.
Forced politeness—Bowing to necessity.
His very easy to re-cover an old man.
Who does a good deed makes heaven his debtor.
A thoroughly good man is invariably a brave one.
Good breeding is a letter of credit for all the world.
No man is envions of what he can equal, or even imitate.
There is arrest for the wicked, as well as rest for the saint.

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