POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER.
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—BY—
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POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

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A BRAVE DEED.

I.

Carfit was decidedly the Sharborough; and as that bustling Midland town reputation among its neigh- lovely lasses, the distinc- a great one.

here, the girl was somewhat and slight; but in feature she had almost to perfection, outline and of tint.

had a lofty, well-propor- brow, around which rippled waves of auburn hair.

had eyes of dreamy blue, just sufficiently tinged with carmine to throw into re- the pearly whiteness of her

Worst of it, was, she knew she was beautiful, and the edge spoiled her,

was the only child of a Sharborough manufacturer, ded to her other charms that a very considerable heir-

rally she had of suitors not Ladies Clara Vere de Vere list in much lower circles st of the poet's faculty he- and Ada Carfit had caught e of a proud coquetry. relished her power over sus- e hearts, and did her best to it.

breath of homage was a life led her wooers gently on till s were all around them, and f a sudden, they found an able, impassable barrier and Ada's smiles were for comers.

as an amusement, half the f being, to her; she never an anxious thought on what at mean to her victims.

were strong, and must pro- themselves.

last to enter the charmed had been a youth from the who in appearance and ra was certainly at a disadvan- with those whom he quickly to consider his rivals.

er Herlestone was two-and- ; but his thick-set, burly fig- his abundance of beard, him look years older. was heavy in feature, un- movement, and awkward

the nephew of Mr. Marston, arston & Marsh, cotton-mill , his prospects were very

t the knowledge of this fact now failed to give him the d self-confidence. ger's many blunders made o a large extent the butt of ale acquaintance, and it was bly this that caused Ada Car- t of sheer opposition, to treat with marked favor. ilip Dare, the lawyer, had ed Rogers to the proverbial in a china shop;" and Philip should be made to bite his ith vexation at her deference e despised one.

t once again she was kind to be cruel. cannot tell whether she cares he, or whether she does not," Roger Herlestone to his ger brother, Martin. "Some- s I think one thing, and some- s another. But this I am sure he is all the world to me." hen I'd ask her, old fellow." but—but—she has always so y round her. Ada Carfit is the n of a large circle, and I——" have been the best of sons, the of brothers, and I have no bt, would make the best of bands."

And I," said Roger, resuming ly, and paying no heed to this usiastic praise, "am a rough homely man, who has almost ood a right to dream of becom- Prime Minister as of winning a wife,"

Nonsense Roger! Don't be so ecessarily modest. You are as good as she, and the girl t know it."

Then," and the elder's tone nged suddenly; "I'll put it to the and so I will. If Ada refuses me, will be just another dream dis- ed, and I shall face the worst."

The [illegible] very soon came. The two were thrown much ether at a summer picnic paray, d some malign genius made Ada re than ever gracious.

It seemed to her that she had ceeded in thawing the ice of her mirer's awkwardness, and the died compliments he paid her oke the dream of a sunny, satis- d smile.

She [illegible] suspected the commo- n that [illegible] working beneath the

They wandered out of sight d of the rest, on pretence ing some curiously

[illegible] the air is, under the Ada, stopping at a low rossed the hillside. ment her companion did and she cast a casual rds at his face. da saw there made her ightly shiver.

"Yes," he said, with a hoarse and mighty effort, "this is just the turn of the seasons, and this hush is frequent and very suggestive then. You and I have come to the turning-point, too, Miss Carfit, and I must break the stillness by a very important question. Can you not guess what that is—the story I have to tell, Miss Carfit—Ada?"

"No, no. We had better return, I think. We shall be lost, Mr. Herlestone."

Ada was keeping her composure wonderfully, and she hoped by this coldly spoken hint the confession she feared might be averted.

She did not know the speaker.

"Wait an instant, Ada," Roger cried, abandoning the last shelter of reserve; "I have this to tell, that you are more to me than anyone else in the wide world can ever be. I love you Ada—surely you must have divined it! Can you love me back again, however little? Will you some day be my wife?"

His words were coming swiftly enough now, and his beseeching eyes emphasized their truth.

The man was transformed, and a faint response of admiration was raised in the girl's heart.

But he was—could—no more than others she had rejected.

This triumph she was used to, and gloried in; though usually she had been better on her guard, and had stopped the deluded one before this stage was reached.

"I am sorry, Mr. Herlestone, you have said such things," she replied; 'I thought you were above romance. That is partly why I trusted you. You seemed so—so sensible."

"It must surely be a sign of that to admire and to love."

"Pray don't, Mr. Herlestone. It is all a mistake, I assure you."

"A mistake that you can ever care for me?"

"Yes, certainly."

There was a levity about the assurance that stung the young man well nigh into madness.

He had heard rumors of the girl's heartlessness, and had paid no heed, treating them as idle scandal born of envy.

Now he could believe.

The very reality of his own love revealed the hollowness of this maiden's smiles.

"Is it also an error that encouraged me to think differently?" he asked, "that you accepted my advances?"

"It was your own fault; you did as you pleased. But you are forgetting yourself now, Mr. Herlestone."

"I admit it, and I apologize, Miss Carfit," he replied, bitterly. "It was truly my own fault that I did not understand. I do now. You will let me see you back to the party?"

The return walk was whiled away by a very constrained conversation, and both were glad when it was over.

A strange silence descended upon Ada Carfit for the rest of the afternoon.

Even the mirth of her other courtiers failed to do more than galvanize her into an outward semblance of interest and good-humor.

II.

It was many months later, and the storms of, perhaps, the wildest winter within living memory had descended upon these Northern Midlands:

For day after day, and week after week, there was scarcely a break in the clouds or a pause in the gale.

Wind and rain, wind and rain was the dreary record, until the lakes were swollen, the streams impassable, and miles of low-lying pasture-lands submerged.

Sharborough was not a pleasant place under such circumstances.

Upon the very brightest heavens its huge manufacturing chimneys hung a yellow blot; and now the funeral-like pall of fog and smoke lowered overhead in a perpetual frown.

Ada Carfit grew sick of it, and betook herself on a visit to her uncle at Baysditch, five miles away.

There it rained still, it is true, and seemed likely to rain.

But Baysditch was in the open country, and behind it were the Porley Hills.

The girl was better content, and could grumble there with a sense of less oppression.

Of Roger Herlestone, since her dismissal of him, she had seen very little.

He was grown graver and more reticent, it appeared, than ever.

And he had lately been taken in as a junior partner by Marston & Marsh.

That was all she knew.

But somehow his face frequently haunted her.

He had looked so resolute and manly on those Porley Downs.

She even sighed thinking of it.

Ada's own image, despite his utmost efforts, was equally present with the young manufacturer.

"I think I despise and hate her as much as I once cared for her," he told his brother; "but forget her I can't."

"Fall in love with some one else," was Martin's sage recommendation.

But Roger shook his head.

"Not yet," he said; "I have not sufficient confidence in female goodness since then. That was the greatest evil the girl did me. She destroyed faith at a blow."

"A stormy afternoon, Roger," said his uncle, two days later. "Do you mind driving to North Fulton to see about those missing orders?" It will be best for one of the firm to go, as it is such a delicate question."

"I am perfectly willing, sir. I am not afraid of the weather in the least."

"Better start at once."

"So I will. I shall be back, then, by night-fall."

North Fulton was over the hills, ten miles off.

The young man was quickly under way.

He had to pass through Baysditch, and he was aware of Ada Carfit's presence there,

But it was nothing to him whether she saw him or not.

The state of the roads was a much more serious consideration.

How high the waters were, and still rising.

Many houses in the valley were already isolated, and unless a speedy change took place—of which, alas! there was no symptom—the result must inevitably be a grave disaster.

The wind lulled for an hour or two while Roger transacted his business.

But it arose in redoubled fury as he commenced his return journey.

Darkness added to the difficulty and the danger of the route.

Turning sharply round a corner into Baysditch Valley, Roger was hailed by a terror-stricken voice behind him.

He pulled hastily up.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

Pant, pant, pant! and then a white face with awed, dilated eyes gleamed upon him in the mist.

"Porley Dam be bursted!"

"No!—sure?"

Roger comprehended in an instant what that message meant, and his accents were as hoarse as the stranger's.

"Ay; certain. 'Tis tearing through them-bankment like a cataract. Gettin' bigger every minute, and noane can't stop it."

"Then Baysditch must be flooded?"

"Yes. I be goin to warn 't."

"Jump up here."

And Roger drove as if for his own life, instead of other people's.

The alarm soon spread, and a scene of terror and confusion ensued which might have appalled the strongest. Water was swiftly rising in the single village street, and the mutter of the onsweeping torrent grew louder every minute. Homeless, and sadly deficient in both food and clothing, dozens of families fled to the hillsides while there was yet time.

Where was Ada Carfit lodging? Milton Villa, old Luke Carfit's home, was some distance beyond the clustering village-roofs, and Roger experienced some delay in reaching it. The inmates, only three in number, besides the two maid-servants, were but just alarmed, and their retreat was cut off before ever Roger was aware of it. Ada was as pale as death, but strangely calm and self-possessed. Roger remembered afterwards how, at least once in that hour of awful peril, her eyes were fixed on his as if they would read his very soul. But it was a time for action and not sentiment.

From the edge of the lawn—now the bed of a roaring stream—the ground trended gently away to the uplands, and there the only hope lay. It was more than probable that the house would give way under the avalanche of water which had still to descend. "Porley Dam" was the current designation of the reservoir that supplied all Sharborough.

Roger Herlestone swam across with his horse and turned the animal loose. Then, estimating as best he could the distance and his own powers, he returned and briefly explained his plan. There was no boat within reach. Each member of the household must trust to him; and he would return for each. It was proposed that Ada should go first; but she refused, and time was too precious to be spent in haggling. Mrs. Carfit and her husband and the maids were all saved thus; and, nearly exhausted, Roger went back for the obstinate girl who still lingered.

"Whether I die or live, this shall be my revenge," he muttered to himself.

Ada was in his arms now, and the cross-current running heavily against him. It was a desperate struggle, and growing every instant more dangerous by reason of uprooted trees and other wreckage, that came swiftly down the valley.

Would he succeed? How the spectators held their breath and trembled! At last, with a faint "Hurrah!" he made terra firma with his burden. But then he fainted, and for the first time the rescued household observed that he was wounded. A tree-trunk had struck him, and inflicted a ghastly wound on the head. But for the present all they could do was to grieve, and tend him as he lay. They were outcasts, like dozens of others.

That flood will be long remembered, and not least by Roger Herlestone and the girl he saved.

Brain fever supervened, and Roger was ill for many weeks. Ada Carfit was his chief nurse, and her character seemed entirely changed, so humble and assiduous was she.

There came a day when, with a new light in his eye, Roger looked up and whispered:

"Ada!"

She averted her face. But he had caught the vision of a tear—one of thankfullness and joy. He took her unresisting hand.

"I have a confession to make," he whispered. "It was in sheer revenge I saved you. Can you forgive me, Ada? And after all—care—a little?"

"Forgive! And I—let me tell, too," she cried, brokenly, "I loved you, though I didn't know it, when you asked me first, Roger."

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN JOURNALISM—A CONTRAST.

Englishmen are proud of their newspapers, and Americans are proud of theirs. Each have a right to be, for the journals of both countries, as mind-feeders and as news-vendors, more than keep pace with the times. The world now-a-days moves rapidly and the newspaper strides forward with the progress of events. In the present century it has undergone many revolutions. Take the little stunted sheet with its formal phraseology of fifty years ago and compare it with the mammoth eight, twelve, and sixteen-page affairs of to-day. And it is not only in its appearance that the newspaper has so vastly changed, but in everything; in its contents most of all, and in a miraculous manner in its get up, in its printing, in its machinery, and in its workers. Talk of busy bees; why, the modern newspaper man is the busiest bee of them all. He has his nose into everything, and if it is not all honey that he serves up, it is at least something of practical use. The news he gathers, it is true, is not always savory, but it serves a purpose. It has been urged against American newspapers that they are too personal, too frivolous and too trifling. In like manner it is urged against English newspapers that they are too heavy. There are grains of truth in each assertion. Your American newspaper will occasionally take up a great deal of space with subjects unworthy of it, and an English journal will cover up its facts in a multitude of words. But to the ordinary mind the American has infinitely the best of it. Its facts are usually clearly stated and well brought out—brought out in such a manner that the active and energetic business man has not to waste a whole day in getting at them. With a quick eye and keen perception he can devour them in half an hour after breakfast. Take an English newspaper, and its most important items, except those that come in with a rush at the last minute, are enrolled in a two column epistle, in which padding and the views of the writer play an unduly prominent part. Even take the editorials of the leading papers of the two countries, and it will be found that while the brilliant essayist of England covers three-quarters of a column of close print in discursive writing before coming to his subject, the newspaper man of the United States deals solely with the facts that prompt the article, and says what he has to say briefly and to the point.

Again, there is a great contrast between the workmen on the journals of this country and of the old. It is contended that our journalists are mere itemizers. It is possible that the English, with their Manhattans, their Russells, their Salas, their Forbeses, their Gays, and their other lights of the corresponding corps, are more brilliant word-spinners than the average correspondent or reporter in this country, but they are no better informed, and certainly do not give that detailed information, which the reader of the daily newspaper after all wants, that the American fiend gives. Itemizers are, in fact, the real journalists. They make the newspaper just what it should be—a diary, or, in other words, a journal of every day events.

An exchange wants to know "What young men are coming to?" Coming to see our girls of course.—Saturday Night.

Do you subscribe to all the articles of the Athanasian creed?" was asked an old women. "No, I don't; I can't afford it. There's a collection next week for the Convention fund, and I can't do any more," was her reply.

HOME SECRETS.

Possibly in the whole range of human characters there is none more despicable than that of one who acts as a spy or meddler in family matters. There is certainly none who exerts a more deadly influence on the peace and happiness of home. Young couples above all will find the acquaintance of such a person almost fatal, and the sooner the connection between them and such officious outsiders is severed the better. No matter how perfect and angelic lovers may appear to each other, it will be found out after marriage that they have their differences of opinions and tastes, and they would hardly be human if they did not discover some slight causes of provocation with each other. Such things are as different from what we call strife or quarreling as a summer breeze is from a cyclone, but let one of these officious people who delight in prying into family matters know of them, and the breeze may possibly become a cyclone before it ends. The only safe rule is for married folks to keep their secrets to themselves. There is a circle within every household into which no outsider should ever enter. It is the shrine, the holy of holies, made sacred by the great love a man and wife bear each other, and there they should agree to bear with each other's failings—to remonstrate or to complain, to forgive and make up. No school-girl friend of the wife's, no college chum of the husband's—let them be ever so dear—should be admitted into that inner court where the married couple should stand alone. How many have learned by experience what a bitter thing it is to have a third person in possession of a secret they would give their lives, almost, to get back. When a cloud seemed to rest for a moment over the sunshine of their married life, when their hearts were grieved and their tempers ruffled, they were foolish enough to confide their troubles to some caller, or some officious friend always on hand to receive such confidences. And then, when the cloud passed and the sunshine came back, and the momentary bitterness was forgotten in the sweetness of making up, oh, what a torture it was to know that a stranger knew all! If all young married couples only knew the worth of their discretion! They needed no third person in their love-making, and if, after marriage, they find out, as most assuredly they will, that being human they cannot be faultless, let them beware of taking any third person to settle their differences. Let them continue to be after marriage what they were before, all the world to each other, and if in plucking the roses of married life a thorn would occasionally—if a hasty word provoke an angry retort, if some thoughtless act be construed into unkindness—let the pain be ever so sharp, it will cease very soon. True-love is a plant of strong growth; it will stand any amount of passing storms and still thrive in all its beauty and vigor. But it is extremely sensitive, and shrinks from common touch, and if it is exposed to the rude gaze and rough handling of passers by it will not be long-lived. If married people would keep this treasure to the end of life, let them settle their own differences and make up with a kiss as they did in their courtship days, and let the outside world be none the wiser.

THE HUMBLE READER.

When Bertali, the caricaturist, whose death was recently announced, was engaged in the work of illustrating Balzac's novels, he once upon a time came upon a difficult and involved passage, so abstruse that he took it to the author, with the humble remark: "I don't exactly catch the sense of this." "Let's see it," said the novelist. "Oh, there's no meaning to it at all; that's why I put it in." "Why you put it in?" "Exactly. You see for the average reader all this is clear—seems easy; and if from time to time I didn't give him a complicated and empty sentence, he would think that he knew as much as I did. Consequently, every now and then I tip him something heart-breaking; and he puzzles over it, and re-reads it, and takes his head between his hands and glares at it; and then when he can make neither head nor tail of it, he is perfectly happy, and says: 'Great man, that Balzac; he knows more than I do!'"

When the button comes off the back of a man's shirt his choler begins to rise.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Disenchantment: Dancing man—"Splendid woman!" Cynical friend (dentist)—"Ah! but most of their smiles are mine, y'know."—Punch.

The verdict of the Coroner's Jury at Turnbridge Wells on the death of a child, was. "The child was suffocated, but there is no evidence to show that the suffocation was before or after death."

THE ROAD TO FAME.

Erckmann-Chatrian's first work, which became after awhile immensely popular—"Le Conscrit de 1813"—went off but slowly at first. Chatrian, who has always been the business man of two partners, on presenting himself to the publishers to obtain some information respecting the sale of the volume, was met by the usual despondent sigh and gloomy brow, characteristic of the modern publisher who has been led to risk his money upon the chance of an author's success. To the demand for a small advance on the part of Chatrian, the publisher shook his head, and pointed to the long row of yellow-covered volumes of the "Conscrit," still remaining uncalled-for on his shelves. Overcome by the sad sight, poor Chatrian exclaimed in despair, "I shall not dare return home with the news. Nothing is left for me now but to drown myself." The publisher started, an expression of satisfaction overspread his countenance—his eyes beamed with delight. He caught Chatrian by the arm. "Ah! if you would only do that to-night," he exclaimed. "Why so?" inquired Chatrian, anxiously. "Why, then, the edition would be sure to go off like wildfire to-morrow."

"THANK THE LORD SHE'S LIT."—A passenger over the Richmond, Fredericksberg and Potomac Railroad relates the following: The cars were passing over a trestle, and just in front of me sat an old colored woman who showed great alarm, and, as it afterward turned out, imagined that the whole train of cars were flying through the air. It was not many minutes, however, before the cars passed safely over the trestle, and as soon as they struck terra firma the old woman drew a sigh of relief and exclaimed in a Te Deum tone of voice: "Thank the Lord, she's lit." That reminds us of a very neat pun by a country gentleman on a similar occasion as the above. When the trestle had been crossed some lady remarked: "Well, we've struck terra firma." "Yes, madam," said the old gentleman in his brusque way, "less terror and more firmer." Norfolk Virginian.

The glass-making firm in Pittsburg, Pa., have been manufacturing glass textile fabrics during the past twelve or eighteen months. A rod of glass several feet long and a half an inch in diameter, and heated to the proper degree, is attached at one end to a large, rapidly-revolving wooden drum, and thereby drawn out to a fine thread. This process is repeated till enough glass has been spun, when it is wound on bobbins and woven like cotton, flax or silk. The fabrics thus produced are very beautiful and pliable. The glass they are made of is made very soft by the addition of lead.

Schomburg upon returning to his store, on Galveston avenue, from dinner, found his clerk very much excited. The clerk said that a stranger came in and after asking and paying the price for a cravat, which was one dollar, picked up the entire box, containing a dozen, and went off with them. "Did he pay you de dollar?" asked Mose. "Yes," responded the clerk. "Vell, then, ye makes, anyhow, fifty per cent profits on de investment."—Galveston News.

There is an East Indian lady in Paris who can talk in twelve languages. Fortunately she is not married.

"Blood will tell;" so be careful how you make confidants of your relations.—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

Fannie: You are right. It is better to return a kiss for a blow. And a great deal sweeter.—Christian at Work.

A man who holds his opera glass in both hands, with his elbows sticking out on both sides, is preferable to a lady with a big hat at the theatre. You can kick the man.—Philadelphia News.

A Pennsylvania woman who thought she had used arsenic instead of baking powder in her biscuit solved the question by feeding two tramps. The world is not without sensible women.—Boston Post.

Peasant—"I wish to get a divorce; my wife drinks too much." Priest—"How can you say such a thing, you who are drunk every day?" Peasant—"That's just the reason. Some one in the family has got to be sober."

A Montana woman sued for a divorce because her husband kissed the servant girl. "You want this man punished?" asked the Judge. "I do," she said. "Then," said the Judge, "I shall not divorce you from him."—New Haven Register.

A boy came from school very much excited and told his father that he believed all human beings were descended from apes, which made the old man so mad that he replied angrily: "That may be the case with you, but it ain't with me; I can tell you that now."

EXPERT CRITICISM.

"Good day, gentleman."

A very nice-looking young man stood in the door-way of the editorial room and gazed in a benign way at the occupants of the apartment.

"Would it be possible for me to sell the Tribune a story?" he exclaimed.

"What kind of a story have you ground out?" asked the horse reporter.

"The story," said the visitor, "is one in which the triumph of love is depicted, and—"

"It isn't one of those 'and as Ethel stood there in the soft moonlight, her little figure sharply outlined against the western sky, there was a crash in the Coastcliff Castle, and the girl knew that her mother had dropped the doughnut jar' kind of stories, is it—because they won't do," said the horse reporter.

"There is nothing at all about doughnuts in this story," replied the visitor, rather haughtily, "but if you like I can read a portion of it."

"All right."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Anywhere," replied the horse reporter. "Suppose you give us the last sentence of it."

"I should hardly think—"

"Oh, never mind about that. We do all the thinking for young authors that come up here."

The visitor seated himself, and read as follows:

"'For answer Glady's beautiful eyes dropped, but she gave him both her hands, and there under the heavy fruited trees, the golden bees flying all about them, and the air filled with their dreamy monotone, he drew her upon his breast, and raising her long ringlets to his lips, he kissed them reverently.'"

"That's the last sentence, is it?" asked the horse reporter.

"Yes, sir."

"I should hope it was. It makes me tired to read about ducks.

"Why, I don't see—," began the author.

"Of course you don't. Probably you were the hero of the novel. Did you ever hear of Thompson's colt?"

The visitor admitted his ignorance concerning that historical animal.

Well, Thompson's colt was such an eternal idiot that he swam across the river to get a drink. Now, that fellow in your story is a dead match for him."

"I don't understand—"

"Probably not. It is not to be expected of literary people. But I will tell you; this young fellow in your story is out under an apple-tree holding a girl's hands, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"And, according to the story, he 'raised her long ringlets to his lips, and kissed them reverently.' That's right?"

"Certainly."

"Now, what do you think of a young man that would go nibbling around a girl's back hair when she had her face with her? Such stories do not possess the fidelity to nature that should ever characterize the work of genius. No, my genial imbecile; you cannot get the weight of this powerful journal on the side of any such young man as your story depicts. We were once young and up to the apple-tree racket ourselves."

"Good-day," said the author, starting for the door.

"So long," was the response. "Make George act like a white man in your story, and come around again."—Chicago Tribune.

The following anecdote of the dramatic wit and author, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, while a member of Parliament, is worth repeating, if old:

Very shortly after entering the House, Sheridan joined the ranks of the opposition to the administration of Lord North, and his keen wit and ready repartee gave him great influence. Among the ardent supporters of the ministry was a member named Gowan—a noisy, troublesome fellow, who, for want of brain for argument, would endeavor to interrupt and disconcert the opposition by loud and frequent cries of "hear! hear!" One day Sheridan took occasion to allude to a well known political trickster of the time, who really wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to play the fool.

"Where," he exclaimed, in continuation, and with sharp emphasis,—"where shall we find a more foolish knave, or a more knavish fool, than this?"

"He-e-ar!—He-e-ar!" was instantly bellowed from the occustomed bench.

With a smile and a bow Sheridan turned to Gowan, and having thanked him for his ready and frank response, resumed his seat amid the uproarious laughter of the whole house.

It may be needless to add that the noisy member was very careful after that how he interrupted Brinsley Sheridan.

At a recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences in New York, a paper entitled the "Mean Annual Rainfall," by Professor Elias Loomis, was read. Why the Professor should have applied such an uncomplimentary term to the "wet spell," is not explained; but if he had invitations to a dozen picnics last summer, and it rained on each occasion, it is a wonder he didn't employ a more emphatic term to express his opinion of the rainfall.—Norristown Herald.

Twenty years ago Jay Gould was working as a line man in the service of surveyors at ten dollars a month. His income now is about $250,000 a month.

A RACKING SOW.

"Since pa quit drinking," said the boy to the grocery man, "he is a little nervous, and the doctor said he ought to go out some where and get business off his mind, and hunt ducks and row a boat, and get strength, and pa said shooting ducks was just in his hand, and for me to go and borrow a gun, and I could go and carry game. So I got a gun at the gun store, and some cartridges and we went away out west on the cars, more than fifty miles, and starved two days. You ought to seen pa. He was just like a boy that was sick and couldn't go to school. When we got by the lake he jumped up and cracked his heels together and yelled. I thought he was crazy, but he was only crowing. Well, after shooting twenty or thirty times at ducks without killing one, I heard some wild geese squawking, and then pa heard them and then he was excited. He said you lay down behind the muskrat house and I will get a goose. I told him he couldn't kill a goose with fine shot, and I gave him a big cartridge the gun store man loaded for me, with a handful of powder in, and I told pa it was a goose cartridge, and pa put it in the gun. The geese came along about a mile high, squawking, and pa aimed at a dark cloud and fired. Well, I was offal scared. I thought I had killed him. The gun just reached up and came down on his jaw, and on his shoulder, and everywhere, and he went over a log and struck on his shoulder, and the gun flew out of his hands, and pa laid there on his neck with his feet over the log, and that was the first time he didn't scold me since he got relidgin. I felt offal sorry, and got some dirty water in my hat and poured it down his neck, and laid him out, and pretty soon he opened his eyes and asked if any of the passengers got ashore alive. Then his eyes swelled out so it looked like a blue door knob, and pa felt of his jaw, and asked if the engineer and fireman jumped off, or if they went down with the engine. He seemed dazed, and then he saw the gun, and he said, "Take the—— thing away, it's going to kick me again." Then he got his senses, and wanted to know if he killed a goose, and I told him no, but he nearly broke one's jaw, and then he said the gun kicked him when it went off, and kept kicking him more than twenty times, when he was trying to sleep. We went back to the tavern where we were stopping. We told the tavern-keeper that he fell over a wire fence; but I think he began to suspect [illegible] spit the [illegible] teeth out, that the gun was loaded for a bear."

"Has your pa talked much about it since you got back?" asked the grocery man.

"Not much. He can't talk much without breaking his jaw. But he was able to throw a chair at me. You see I thought I would like to joke him a little, 'cause when anybody feels bad a joke kind of livens 'em up, so we were talking about pa's liver, and ma said he seemed to be better since his liver had become more active, and I said: 'Pa when you was a rolling over with the gun chasing you and kicking you every round, your liver, was active enough, 'cause it was on top half the time.' Then pa throwed the chair at me. He says he believes I knew that cartridge was loaded. But you ought to seen the fun when an old she deacon of pa's church called to collect some money to send the heathens. Ma wasn't in so pa went to the parlor to stand her off, and when she saw that pa's face was tied up, and his eye was black, and his jaw cracked, she held up her hands and said: 'Oh, my dear brother, you have been drunk again. You will have to go back and commence your probation all over again.' And pa said 'Damfido,' and the old she deacon screamed and went off without getting enough money to buy a deck of round cornered cards for the heathens."

There was a hand painted sign in front of an uptown grocery in Chicago, with orignally read, in dark, rheumatic letters: "Calt for Sail."

A very nervous and sensitive man living around the corner noticed at once that it was wrongly spelled, and spoke to the proprietor about it.

"Hasn't that sign been changed yet, Bill?" he inquired of his confidential clerk.

"No; I gdess not."

"Well, hang it all! I told the boy to fix it last night; gimme that marking pot," and rushing out of the store the board soon bore the cabalistic words: "Sault for Cale."

"And you say that you are innocent of the charge of stealing a rooster from Mr. Jones?" asked an Arkansas judge of a meek looking prisoner. "Yes, sir; I am innocent; as innocent as a child." "You are confident that you did not steal the rooster from Mr. Jones?" "Yes, sir, and I can prove it." "How can you prove it?" "I can prove that I didn't steal Mr. Jones' rooster, Judge, because I stole two hens from Mr. Gaston the same night, and Jones lives five miles from Gaston's." "The proof is conclusive," said the judge. "Discharge the prisoner."—Arkansas Traveler.

"Why, Mr. Ingersoll! ain't you ashamed to be seen coming out of a saloon?" "Great heavens, ladies! you wouldn't have a man stay in there all day, would you?" was the pagan's crushing reply.