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DAISY AND I.

On a daisy lay down
In her little nightgown,
And kissed me again and again,
On her forehead and cheek,
On lips that would speak,
But found themselves shut to their gain.

Then foolish, absurd,
To utter a word,
I ask her the question so old,
The wife and that lover,
A puzzled response
Shone in her gray eyes—
"Why, that's why I kissed you," she said.

HARVEST VERSE.

From the broad fields their golden harvest shorn,
And sunny uplands of their beauty left;
Through the still sunlight of the autumn morn,
And hazy with their glittering jewels left,
By the brown river, through the leafy lane,
Now comes the throng of harvest men and women,
The stalwart cooper bears his brightened scythe,
Or tracks the rafter the great machine back and,
And bonnie lass and lad, and sunburnt and lily,
Now comes the throng of harvest men and women,
Wake to the meadow hued with harvest strains,
Clustering and laughing round the load and wain.

Yet ere the mighty reaper takes it all,
"Fling out the good seed,
One ear is full, though hundreds round it fall;
Eternity will be a midwife upland good,
The smallest treasure won from loaded wain.

TAKING IT COOLLY.

Scams of many instances of extraordinary coolness in the midst of danger and otherwise that have been recorded are here offered to our readers, together with some amusing incidents and doings. When gallant Ponsby lay grievously wounded on the field of Waterloo he forgot his own desperate plight while watching an encounter between a couple of French lancers and one of his own men, cut off from the rest of the army. The Frenchmen came down on Murphy, he using his sword as if it were a shuttle-lag, knocked their lances alternately again and again. Then suddenly setting spurs to his horse, he galloped off at full speed, his eager foes following in vain, but not quite neck and neck. Wheeling round at exactly the right moment the Irishman, rushing at the foremost fellow, parried his lance and struck him down. The second, passing on to avenge his comrade, was struck through diagonally by Murphy's sword, falling to the earth with a shriek or groan, while the victor, scarcely glancing at the handiwork, trotted off whistling "The Gridder."

Ponsby's brave cavalryman knew how to take things coolly, and according to Col. B. P. A. the special virtue of the British man-of-war, who having the utmost reliance in himself and his commanders, is neither excited or readily alarmed. In support of his assertion the colonel relates how two tars, strolling up the hill Kisha Park, where Lord Clyde's army was stationed, toward the residence at Lucknow, directed their steps by the picket of horse and foot. A twenty-four pound shot struck the rear of the party. "I'm blessed, Bill," said one of the tars, "if this here cannon is properly boyed!" and on the happy-go-lucky pair went toward the residence, as calmly as if they had been on Portsmouth, an immense quantity of shot, a very young private of the old One Hundred and Second was on sentry, when an eight-inch shell, fired from a gun a hundred yards off, burst close to him, minding a deal of noise and throwing up an immense quantity of earth. Colonel Anderson rushed to the spot, and the youthful soldier was standing quietly at his post close to where the shell had just exploded. Being asked what had happened, he replied, unconcernedly, "If it was a shell, it bursted a sir."

Towards the close of the fight at Inkermann, Lord Raglan, returning from taking leave of General Strangways, met a sergeant carrying water for the wounded. The sergeant drew himself up to salute, when a round shot came bounding over the wall, and knocked his forage cap out of his hand. The man picked it up, dusted it, placed it carefully on his head and made the salute, not a muscle of his countenance moving the while. "A neat thing, that, my man," said Lord Raglan. "Yes, my lord," returned the sergeant with another salute, but a miss is as good as a mile! The commander was probably not surprised by such an exhibition of sang froid, being himself good that way. He was badly hurt at Waterloo, and was in the hospital, "I was not conscious of the presence of Lord Fitzroy Somerset until I heard him call out in his ordinary voice. 'Hallo! Don't carry that ordnance away until I have removed my ring! Neither wound nor removal of my ring!'"

The Indian prides himself upon taking good or ill in the quietest of ways, and from a tale told in Mr. Marshall's "Canadian Dominion," his civilized half-brother would seem to be equally unemotional. Thanks mainly to a certain Metis or half-breed in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, a Sioux was taken guilty of stealing a horse, and condemned to pay the animal's value by installments at one of the company's forts. On paying the last installment he received his quittance from the man who brought him to justice, and returned to the village. A few months later the Sioux returned, advanced on his noiseless moccasins within a pace of the writing table, and leveled the musket full at the half-breed's head. Just as the trigger was pulled the Metis raised the hand with which he was writing, and lightly touched the muzzle of the gun; the shot passed over his head, but his hair was singed off in

a broad mass. The smoke clearing away, the Indian was amazed to see that his enemy still lived. The other looked him full in the eyes for an instant, and quietly resumed his writing. The Indian quietly departed unperceived, those who would have given chase being stopped by the half-breed, with, "Go back to your dinner and leave the affair to me."

When evening came, a few whites, curious to see how the matter would end, accompanied the Metis to the Sioux encampment. At a certain distance he bade them wait, and advanced alone to the Indian tents. Before one of these sat crouched the baffled savage, singing his own death hymn to the tom-tom. He complained that he must now say good-bye to wife and child, to the sunlight, to his gun and the chase. He told his friends in the spirit-land to expect him that night, when he would bring them all the news of his tribe. He swung his body backward and forward as he sung his strange song, and never once glanced up—not even when his foe spanned him with his foot. He only sprang on and awaited his fate. Then the half-breed bent his head and put down on the crouching Sioux, and turned leisurely away—a cruel revenge that if he had shot him dead.

It is not given to every one to play the philosopher, and accept fortune's buffets and favors with equal placidity. Horatius are scarce. But there are plenty of people capable of behaving like Spartans where the trouble does not touch their individuality. "How can I get out of this?" inquired an Englishman up to his armpits in a Scotch bog, of a passer-by. "I dinna think you can get out of it," was the response of the Highlander as he went on his way.

Mistress of herself was the spouse of the old gentleman who contrived to tumble off the ferryboat into the Mississippi, and was not discouraged to struggle for dear life by his better half shouting: "There, Samuel, didn't I tell you so? Now, then, work your legs, flap your arms, hold your breath and repeat the Lord's Prayer, for it's mighty marvellous, Samuel, whether you land in Vicksburg or not."

There is no cooler man than your simple fellow. While General Thomas was inspecting the fortress at Chattanooga, with General Garfield, they heard some one shout: "Hello, mister! You'll want to speak to your general, mister. Thomas turning found he was the "mister" so politely hailed by an East Tennessee soldier.

"Well, my man," said he, "what do you want with me for a furlough, mister, that's what I want," was the reply. "Why do you want a furlough, my man?" inquired the general. "Wall, I want to go home and see my wife."

"How long since you saw her?" "Ever since I enlisted; nigh on to three months."

"Three months!" exclaimed the commander. "Why, my good fellow, I have not seen my wife for three years!" "The messeeen looked incredulous, and drawled: "Wall, you see, me and my wife ain't that sort!"

The postmaster-general of the United States once received an odd official communication; the Raeborn postmaster, new to his duties, writing to his superior officer: "Seeing by better regulations that I am required to send you a letter of advice, I must plead in excuse that I have been postmaster but a short time; but I will say, if your office pays no better than mine, I advise you not to give it up." To this day the American general has not decided whether his subordinate was an ignoramus or was quietly poking fun at him.

"Pay you? What do you mean?" exclaimed Dodington. "Mean? Why, I intended to borrow a guinea of you. I have only got half; but I'm not in a hurry for 'tother. Name your own time, only pray keep it," saying which he disappeared round the corner.

"John Phoenix," the American humorist, being one night at a theatre, fancied he saw a friend some three seats in front of him. Turning to his next neighbor he said: "Would you be kind enough to touch that gentleman with your stick?" "Certainly," was the reply, and the thing was done; but when the individual thus assaulted turned round, Phoenix saw he was not the man he looked him for, and became at once absorbed in the play, leaving his friend to settle matters with the gentleman in front, which, as he had no excuse handy, was not done without considerable trouble. When the hubbub was over, the victim said: "Didn't you tell me to tap that man with my stick?" "Yes," said Phoenix, with imperturbable gravity, "I wanted to see whether you would tap him or not!"

"Jack Holmes," a man about town, living no one knew how, was once under cross-examination by a certain sergeant-at-law, who knew his man too well. "Now, sir," said the learned gentleman, "tell the jury how you live!" "Well," said Holmes, "a chop or a steak, and on Sunday perhaps a little bit of fish; I'm a very plain-living man."

"You know what I mean sir," thundered the questioner. "What do you do for a living?" "The same as you, sergeant," said the witness, tapping his head suggestively, "and when that fails I do"—going through the pantomime of writing across his hand—"a little bit of stuff—the same as you again."

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Ben Holladay's Nose.

While traveling in a Washington train recently with a number of acquaintances old Ben Holladay became unusually communicative. He climbed the Rocky mountains, waded through the Great Salt Lake, jumped across the Black canyon of the Colorado, danced in the Death valley, cooked grizzlies in the Yellowstone cavers, scudded down the Shoshone falls, and a score of his hearers arose in protest. One of his yarns was both startling and amusing.

"One night," said he, "long before the Pacific railroad was built, I was bouncing over the plains in one of my overland coaches. My wife was with me. She was sick, and lay asleep on the bottom of the stage on a bed of buffalo skins. The night was fearfully dark, and a drizzling rain was falling. Mrs. Holladay and myself were the only passengers. Several stages had been robbed within two months, and the driver was ripping along as though a gang of prairie wolves were after him. Suddenly the horses were thrown upon their haunches and the stage stopped. I was heaved forward, but quickly recovered, and found myself gazing at the muzzle of a double-barreled shotgun.

By the dim light of the stage lamps the barrels looked as big as nail-kegs. "Throw up your hands and don't stir," shouted the owner of a gruff voice. I went my hands, and I began to commingle with myself. I saw that he did not know who I was, and I was afraid that my sick wife might awake and call me by name. My hat was buttoned over my bosom, but hardly big enough to hide a magnificent emerald that cost me over \$8,000 a few weeks before in San Francisco. I hardly breathed through fear that the light might strike the stone and its sparkling brilliancy attract the attention of the robber. I had about \$40,000 in a money-belt close to the skin, and several hundred dollars in my pocket.

"Suddenly my friend shouted, 'Come, show out, d—d quick, or I'll send the devil a sea lunch.' I was so dumbfounded that I passed out the few hundred loose in my pockets, and handed him my gold watch and chain. They were hefty. I think the chain alone would weigh about five pounds, at least."

"There," said I, "there's every cent I've got. Take it and let me go on. My wife is very sick, and I don't know what would happen to her if she knew what was going on."

"Keep your hands up," was the reply, while the robber received the watch and money. Then a search was made for the express company's box, but the double-barreled shotgun did not move. Its muzzles were within a foot of my nose. For my life I did not stir. My coat being the only thing that I had, I held it up until the sensation was intolerable. I could start it no longer.

"Stranger," I cried, "I must scratch my nose. It itches so that I am almost crazy."

"Move your hands," he shouted, "and I'll blow a hole through your head big enough for a jack-rabbit to jump through. I appealed once more. 'Well,' he answered, 'keep your hands still, and I'll scratch it for you. I hate to see a partner suffer.'

"Did he scratch it?" asked one of Ben's interested listeners. "Sure," said Mr. Holladay. "I'm sitting there, and he scratches my nose with the muzzle of the cocked gun," said the ground overlander. "He rubbed the muzzle around my moustache and raked it over the end of my nose until I thanked him and said that it itched no longer."

The London Dust-Man.

There he goes! A dusky gloom hangs over the roofs of great London city, a similar gloom fills my room and seems to have touched all the furniture with ashy age, and I look down from the window into the gloomy street, I see him coming along slowly, and crying in a voice like a plea for help in affliction: "Dust-oh!—dust-oh!—dust-oh!"

When the London fog is gray we cannot see him very far off, for he, too, is gray from head to foot with ash-dust, and as he approaches us he comes out of the mist like a phantom, though in reality he is a substantial, square-built, deep-chested fellow, shod with enormous Bulcher shoes (the soles of which are bright with nails), and clad in a loose blouse and trousers that are tied up about the knees. The blouse is open at the chest, and is lifted to the waist by his big, brown hands, which are tucked into his trouser pockets, and his head is covered by the kind of hat that sailors call a sou'wester. His only ornament is a pair of ear-rings; and with his head thrown back he saunters along the street by the side of his cart, repeating in measured tones his cry, "Dust-oh!—dust-oh!"

Now and then he stops at a house, and his mate—he has a mate who is as much like him as pea is like pea—descends into the cellar, bringing forth the cat, and pleading the cat, but the king insisted. While puss was coming brim attacked the store of a swarm of bees and was stung to death. "You have done as I was sure you would, my dear cat," said the king, and he would listen to no explanations. The cat received the order of the royal shoe-string.

Next an elephant came and ravaged the crops. The king sent the cat to attack him. "Alas! I can only do what I am able," again pleaded the cat, but the king was coming brim attacked the store of a swarm of bees and was stung to death. "You have done as I was sure you would, my dear cat," said the king, and he would listen to no explanations. The cat received the order of the royal shoe-string.

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The Wise Cat.

A certain cat went out to seek his fortune, and traveled through the whole world. At last he came to a country where a cat had never been seen before. The inhabitants were of that frightened by the strange monster, but, having observed puss killing the mice with which the country was overrun, they plucked up courage, and, approaching him, requested that he should follow them before the king. Puss complied willingly enough, and the end of the matter was that he was installed rat-catcher to the king, and a large salary bestowed upon him. The faithfulness with which puss discharged his duties raised him high in the royal regard, and a circumstance soon occurred which advanced him still further. The king took his naps by an open window, and had a plate of cherries beside him that he might eat them when he awoke. A crow from the neighboring forest constantly stole the fruit, nor had all the efforts of the king's servants succeeded in destroying the bird. The cat, however, concealed himself in the window-bagging, and pounced upon the unfortunate marauder and broke his neck. The king was full of gratitude, and ordered that puss' salary be increased. Soon after a bear came and ravaged the king's locks. His majesty commanded puss to kill him. "I can only do what I am able," pleaded the cat, but the king insisted. While puss was coming brim attacked the store of a swarm of bees and was stung to death. "You have done as I was sure you would, my dear cat," said the king, and he would listen to no explanations. The cat received the order of the royal shoe-string.

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The Usual Way.

"So you love me, do you?" inquired a sweet girl of the youth who had been talking to her. "That's bad. What have I done to deserve it? Have I not always treated you well?" "You have, you have, was the earnest response. "But why is it bad, oh, pride of my heart?" "I trust," she went on, "that you must not select the usual way. If I must die, I want to go off in some unusual—not in the stereotyped, the common and vulgar way. Oh, promise me that you will not disappoint me in this! It is of the greatest importance." "Why, what do you mean?" inquired the youth staring at her. "I mean that I am obliged to refuse you. I am engaged to Mr. Smith. You will kill me, of course. It is right that you should die. It is the usual way. But pray, pray! do it with a dagger. Do not use the vulgar revolver. Let there be something nice and original in this tragedy. As I said before it is my last request. 'It shall be as you say,' he replied in a husky voice; and, in proof of his honorable intentions, he fired his revolver in the air and rushed to the nearest hardware store.—Kansas City Times.

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