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TIM PRICE'S RAM.

"Ho, Colonel! Ho, there! Don't git over them bars. Stop thar, or you'll git butted wuss nor a mule kickin'." My buck mut-ton's out!" yelled Tim Price as he came hurriedly out of his cabin with an alarmed look, hatless, shoeless, and followed by his dog Spider and a crowd of youngsters.

Tim never was seriously earnest in his life, and the truth seldom escaped from him; but to give color to his caution a fine ram stood some distance off with his head toward me, and as I had never heard a decision rendered on that famous subject so long agitating Georgia debating schools, "What am de but end ob a ram?" I concluded to remain in doubt myself about it and stay on the right side of the fence until Tim came.

"I'm powerful glad I seed you comin'." He kep' Seth Jones tread up that bar-post three mortal hours 't'other afternoon, an' him puttin' in a lick once in a bit ter kinder show Seth what he'd git if he'd come down. I kep' the children aback the cabin with me, alookin' through the chinks to see Seth a-shaken' every lick he hit, an' a hollerin' for me, an' swearin'. Thar he sot, perched up on the pint uv the post, unconfortable like as a fish on a gig, squirmin'. After 'bout three hours treelin' an' him gittin' weak, an' the ram knocken' two bar holes inter one, I thought 'twas fun enough; so I lets on to be jist come in from the clearin', an' I says: 'Ho Seth! What's you doin' up thar' any way?' 'an' says he: 'I jist got up fer to look 'round to see if I kin see you. I've been hollerin' fer you. I wish you'd step this way, Tim; I want ter ax you 'bout somethin'."

"Well, git down," I says, 'an' come inter the cabin.' 'I hain't time,' he says. 'Jest come yer, an' he kep' lookin' as if he'd never seed the ram, as innocent like as Spider arter stealin' the old woman's cookens. An' he seed I weren't goin' ter let him down till he owned up. So, says he—letten on to see the buck for the first time—'Why, thar's yer buck mutton, hain't he? Drive him off, Tim, or I'll jump on him.' 'Jump ahead,' I says; 'ef the pesky critter will stan' round butten at bar posts far fun he must expect ter be jumped onter. Jump on him, Seth, dem him.' But Seth, he jist perched higher, fer the ram gin an all-fired lick at the post. He sot his head back two inches that day, an' sprained one of his hoofs toen' far hard licks.

"Byembye Seth says, awful solemn like: 'Tim, I'm powerful feered of hydrophobia, an' people say yer buck mutton's got it. Skeer him off, do.' So I sicked Spider at him, an' Seth he got down, an' yer ought ter see him rannin'. He never sed what he'd come fer.

"I allus lets Spider do the managin' uv him. I can't consushly do nothin' with him. Spider jist backs away from him outer the way uv licks, an' the ram follers. I've knowed him to take him more'n three mile an' a quarter that away, an' then scoot him, leavin' the buck madder'n ever at bein' fooled so.

"While back, them railroad ingeneers was spyen 'long yere, an' every feller in the kentry was 'long ter hev it run jist whar he wanted it, an' ter give 'pinions like. The peoples yerabouts staid high on the fences, 'cause they knowed the meanness of my buck critter; but a feller with a spyen machine gits right inter my medder, an' plump inter the middle of it, an' spreads out a pinted, three-legged consarn he had, with a survey compass outer it, an' goes to winden on her up. I seed the ram a-lookin' at him from a jinin' patch, an' thinks I, thar'll be fun about all them legs in a minute; fer the feller didn't treat me right noway. When I was 'lowin' to him whar the road oughter go.

"He got it sot, an' wound up

an' were a spyen at a feller with a red pole 'way down yonder, an' he took out his wiper an' gave it a shake, an' hollers 'all right.' But it wasn't. The ram he seed it, an' he come as straight as a rock at a barbecue. An' the fellers hollered: 'Look out!' an' the spyen man he looked 'round kinder slow an' cool-like to see what was goin' on an' Lord! he seed it was him.

"The buck was a-comin' jumpin' an' buttin', fer practice like—as if it were tryin' ter knock a hole in all out-doors. The man jist gathered them five legs—three of the machine's and two of his'n—quicker nor you kin shy a hymn-book at a preacher, an' struck fer the fence. But 'twere too late. The ram was inter him, an' you mought have heered him mixin' his head with them legs fer a mile.

"He smashed some uv them brass tricks out agin that feller as flat as a batter cake—ef he didn't I'll eat the greaser—an' he bent up the spyin' machine so yer couldn't have run a race course or a circus track with it—'twere too crooked fer that.

"The feller hollered, an' every time him git on his hans an' knees the ram was ready agin, an' socked him down, an' kep' a standin' lookin' 'round fer somethin' ter hit, agin the feller come ter time. Soon's I could git my buryn' face on, I takes Spider in ter whar the fass wuz goin' on, an' he coaxed him clar over ter Pinch Holler, that's better nor two miles.

"When I gethered that feller up, he was as nigh onter what you eastern fellers tells 'bout sea pukers, as I reckon I'll ever see, bein' so far from the big water. An' when we stripped him ter docter him up, thar, right on his back, were the print uv the hull derved pints uv the compass—north and south, east and west, and the divisions—just as plain as big daylight—derved if they wasn't—an' I picked the compass needle out uv him, an' hit pintin' to the west, a little nor—'not speakin' uv two screws an' right smart o' glass.—Georgia Letter.

Promoted by Lincoln.

A Sergeant of infantry, whom I shall call Dick Gower, commanded his company in many battles in the west in the early days of the war. His company officers had all been killed, but right loyally did Dick handle his men. His discipline was perfect; his bravery not only made him a hero among his men, but excited the attention of all the officers. At the first lull in the campaign the officers of his regiment, of his brigade and of his division united in recommending him for a lieutenancy in the regular army. The commanding officer joined in the recommendation. Mr. Lincoln ordered the appointment. Forthwith Sergeant Dick was ordered before an examining board in Washington, for the regular army officers were tenacious of what they thought their superiority. Dick presented himself in a soiled and faded Sergeant's uniform, his face and hands bronzed and cracked by the winds and suns of a hot campaign.

The curled darlings of Washington society, the perfumed graduates of West Point, who had never seen a squadron set in the field, conducted the examination to ascertain if Dick was fit to become an officer in the regular army. They asked him questions as to engineering, mathematics, philosophy, and ordinance, of harbor warfare, of field campaigns, and such stuff. Not a single question could Dick answer.

"What is an echelon?" was asked.
"I don't know," answered Dick: "I never saw one."
"What is an abattis?" was the next question.
"You've got me again. We don't have 'em in the west."
"Well, what is a hollow square?" continued his tormentors.
"Don't know," said Dick sorrowfully. "I never heard of one."
"Well," finally said a young

snipe in eye-glasses, "what would you do in command of a company if the cavalry should charge on you?"

They had at last got down to Dick's comprehension, and he answered with a resolute face and flashing eye:

"I'd give 'em —; that's what I'd do, and I'd make a hollow square in every mother's son of them."

A few more technical questions were asked, but Dick was not able to answer them, and the examination closed. The report was sent to the secretary of war who submitted it to Mr. Lincoln, saying that evidently Dick would not do for an officer. Mr. Lincoln went through the report, and found that Dick had not answered a single question, but he came to where Dick said what he would do if attacked by cavalry, and then he did what sensible Abe Lincoln did in all such matters; he threw the report on the table, and made a little memorandum in pencil ordering the secretary of war to appoint Dick Gower to a lieutenant in the regular army. Dick achieved distinction, and was everywhere known in the army as a man without fear, who never made a mistake.



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The grand juries of King and Kitsap counties, W. T., have investigated the loss of the Sound steamers Josephine and Gem and report that the loss of the vessels was the result of carelessness.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.
The countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes of a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an acute semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach; occasional vomiting of bile; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times constive; stools slimy, not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable.
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