

PUGET SOUND HERALD.

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PUGET SOUND HERALD.

CHARLES PROSCH,
Editor and Proprietor.

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PUGET SOUND HERALD

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Ode to Gideon.

BY JOHN G. BAKER.

O Gideon! Gideon! hear the nation's prayers;
O'er the lowly fields where an angel once
To see the way you're managing affairs;
O Gideon, take the hint—and take your leave!

Your friends declare that, ere the war began,
I can't deny, and therefore I admit it!
In private life you were an honored man;
Then why, O Gideon, did you ever quit it?

I don't despise the smallest Christian grace;
I reverence modest merit, I confess;
Long may you live—but in your proper place;
And may your mighty beard be never less!

But if of water you are weakly fond,
Why, Gideon, suffer from the sea's commotion?
Go sail a pleasure-boat upon a pond,
And let old women dare the surgy ocean.

Relive, O Gideon, in an onion farm;
Fly any trade that's innocent and slow;
Do anything—where you can do no harm;
Go anywhere you fancy—only go!

'Tis plain salt water and sea air do not
At all agree with you in your condition;
If you can't do a lawyer, I won't say what—
For God's sake, Gideon, throw up your commission!

The Union.

BY DR. O. W. HOLMES.

Has our love all died? Have its shores grown cold?
Has the curse come at last which the fathers foresaw?
Then share with me, Gideon, the strength of the chain,
That her petulant children would sever in vain.

They may fight till the buzzards are gorged with their spoil,
Till the harvest grows black as it was in the soil,
Till the wife and the children are starved from their bread,
And the shark tracks the pirate, the lord of the waves.

In vain is the strife! When the fury is past,
Their fortunes must flow in one channel at last,
As the torrents that rush from the mountains of snow
Roll mingled in peace through the valleys below.

Our Union is river, lake, ocean and sky;
We break not the social web that cuts the die;
Though drenched with sulphur, though cloven with steel,
The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal.

Rights of Bill.

Bill Bower, by a landsark trapped,
When overcome with grog,
Was forced a lawyer to consent,
To overhaul his log.

The lawyer, wishing Jack to bleed,
Put on a solemn face,
And talked about the "Bill of Rights"
As bearing on the case.

"H-d, alphas!" cried the honest tar,
"Avaunt these words, you scoundrel!"
I care not for the "Bill of Rights,"
But for the rights of Bill."

An anecdote is told in Egypt of an old man who had been impressed in the army from his native village. Mehmet Ali had adopted the custom of shaving the soldiers, and he was told he might go. "Yes," he replied, "go; where shall I go?" "To your village," was the answer. "The boys and girls of my village will hoot at me," he exclaimed. "Give me back my beard, or allow me to remain until it grows."

A recent prayer meeting at Hartford was surprised and a little amused by the following remarks of an honest-hearted brother in regard to the war: "It is all very well, brethren, to hold out hopes and to present the brightest side; but we are getting some bad news as well as some that is good. Here, for instance, I read in the paper to-day that Besurgard, who has always some deep, infernal plot at work, has issued an order—yes, an army order—that every woman and child in Corinth should be evacuated before Saturday night!"

Richard I. having taken Philip, the martial bishop of Beauvais, three him in prison, and the Pope sent to desire his release as a son of the Church. Richard sent the Pope the armor the bishop wore when taken, with these words of Jacob's sons: "This we found; see whether it be the coat of thy son or no."

An anecdote is told of Ali Pasha, the Sultan's Grand Vizier, recently in Paris. A lady to whom he was introduced, at a soiree, hazarded the naive question: "Is the Sultan married?" "A great deal, madam," was the Turk's reply. "Biddy," said a lady, "I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is, this morning. In a few minutes Biddy returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was just seventy-two years seven months and two days old.

Murat one day complaining to Nassouty that the cavalry had not vigorously executed a charge, Nassouty replied: "The horses have no patriotism; the soldiers fight without bread, but the lions insist on oats."

It being proved, at a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really Inch, who pretended it was Linc; "I see," said the judge, "the proverb is verified in this man, who, being allowed an Inch, has taken an L."

A young man, on being asked by his sweetheart what photography was, took out his pencil and wrote the following, telling her that was photography: "URABUT, L.N." (you are a beauty, Ellen).

"Do you like codfish balls, Mr. Wiggin?" asked Miss Almira Smeggleton. Mr. Wiggin replied, hesitatingly, "I really don't know, Miss; I never recollect attending one."

We might pardon the ungrateful if they would forget who are their enemies as speedily and as completely as they often forget who were their friends.

The ladies may not go much upon the highways, but they are complained of by their husbands as being very much addicted to buy-ways.

"Captain Silk! What a name for a soldier?" "The finest name in the world for a captain," said a lady, "for silk will never be worsted."

"Call a Man!"

John Jackson was a hard-working man of twenty-three. Being the eldest child and only son, he had always remained at home, assisting his father on the farm. John was much respected by every one in the neighborhood, and many a bright-eyed girl had secretly thought that she would like to be Mrs. Jackson. But John was no "ladies' man." The fact was, he was bashful. He would rather hoe potatoes all day than undergo the ceremony of an introduction to a young lady. Not that John disliked the fair creatures—far from it. We believe that he, in common with all bashful and well-meaning men, entertained the very highest respect and admiration for them. And this no doubt was the principal cause of his bashfulness. He felt that they were superior beings, and that he was unworthy to associate with them upon terms of equality. But we cannot stop to moralize.

Nancy Clark was the daughter of a very respectable farmer, whose land adjoined the Jackson farm. Nancy was a pretty, sunny little witch, and she liked John Jackson. When they were children they attended the same school, and, as he was a few years her senior, he was usually her champion in the childish disputes that arose, and her companion in coming and going. At last John became so much of a young man as to be kept from school, and he had discontinued going for some years past. John discovered, too, that he was growing out of shape. His feet and legs appeared very awkward; he did not know what to do with his hands; his face pained him, and, taking all in all, he was inclined to think he was not more than half put together. As a novelist says, it was a lovely day in August. The sun was clear, serene and beautiful; the trees were loaded with golden fruit, and the birds twittered their songs of love in the branches. Earth—(there, we've said down to earth once more; such lady fancies, they make our head dizzy.) We were prepared to say that "earth yielded a bountiful harvest of grass and clover, and honeysuckles, which the noble yeomanry of Chesterville had garnered within their storehouses," but, upon second thought, have concluded to word it thus: "The farmers of Chesterville had done harvesting."

John Jackson's sister had a quilting that afternoon. His father had gone to "Kith's Mills" to see to some wheat going, and left him to repair some tools, to be ready on the morrow to commence mowing the meadow grass. Suddenly it occurred to John that if he remained about the house that afternoon, he would be called in at times and required to do the honors of the table. To avoid this, he quietly shouldered his scythe and stole away to the meadow, half a mile distant, fully resolved that he would not leave there until it was so dark that he could not see to mow, so as to avoid the girls.

The meadow was surrounded on all sides by a thick forest, which effectually shut out what little breeze there might chance to be stirring. The sun poured down its rays as though the light meadow was the focus-point where the heat was concentrated. John moved and sweat, and sweat and moved, until he was obliged to sit down in a cool spot. Then it occurred to John that, if he took off his pants, he might be much more comfortable. There could be no impropriety in it, for he was entirely concealed from observation, and there was not the slightest reason to suppose that he could be seen by any person.

John stripped off, and with no cover save his linen—commonly called a shirt—he resumed his work. He was just congratulating himself upon the good time he had made from meeting the girls, when he chanced to disturb a huge black snake, a genuine twister, with a white ring around its neck.

John was no coward, but he was mortally afraid of a snake. "Self-preservation" was the first "passage" that flashed across his mind, and "legs take care of the body" was the next. Dropping his scythe and spinning around like a top, he was ready to strike a two-fifty gait, when, at that moment, the snake was near enough to look him in the face. John's shirt just above the hem. With a tremendous spring, he started off with the speed of a locomotive. His first jump took the snake clear from the ground, and as he stole a hasty glance over his shoulder, he was horrified to see the reptile securely fastened to the extremity of his garment, while the rapidity with which he rushed forward kept the serpent extended at an angle of 90 degrees from his body.

John's quandary. If he stopped, the snake would cut about his body, and squeeze him to death; if he continued the race, he must fall from sheer exhaustion. On he flew, scarce daring to think how this dreadful race was to end. Instinctively he had taken the direction of home; a feeling of security came over him. Suddenly flashed across his mind the true state of affairs; his latter gone—the quilting, and forgot the girls—forgot everything but the snake.

On, they flew! John forgot the quilting—forgot the girls—forgot everything but the snake. His active exercise (he paid particular attention to his running), together with the excessive heat, had brought on the nosebleed, and as he ran, ears erect, and head thrown back, his chin, throat and shirt-bosom were stained with the flowing stream.

His first shriek had started the quilting, and forth they rushed, wondering if some Indian was at prowling about. By this time, John was within a few rods of the barn, still running at the top of his speed, his head turned so that he might keep one eye on the snake and with the other observe what course he must take. The friendly barn now concealed him from the sight of the girls.

He knew the girls were in the yard, having caught a glimpse of them as they rushed from the house. A few more bounds and he would be in their midst. For a moment modesty overcame fear, and he halted. The snake, evidently pleased with his rapid transportation, manifested his gratitude by again attempting to enfold the legs of our hero within his embrace.

With an explosive "ouch!" and urged forward by "circumstances over which he had no control," poor John bounded on. The next moment he was in full view of the girls, and as he turned the corner of the barn the snake came round with a whizz, somewhat after the fashion of a coach whip.

Having reached the barnyard, to his dismay, he found the bars up. But time was too precious to be wasted in letting down bars. Gathering all his strength, he bounded into the air, snake ditto; and as he alighted on the other side, his snakeship's tail cracked across the top per bar, snapping like an India cracker.

Again John set forward, now utterly regardless of the girls, for the extra tickle from the snake's tail, as he leaped the bars, banished all his bashfulness and modesty; and again he had the pleasure of finding the snake as a straight line, drawing steadily at the hem of his solitary garment.

The house now became the centre of attraction, and around it revolved with the speed of thought. Four times in each revolution, as he turned the corner, his snakeship came around with a whizz which was quite refreshing.

While describing the third circle, as he came near the group of wonder-struck girls, without removing his gaze from the snake, he managed to cry out—
"Call a man!"
The next moment he had whisked out of sight, and as quick as thought reappeared at the other end of the house—
"Call a man!"
"Call a man!"

Way he whirled again, turning the corner so rapidly that the girls were sounded half-way between a low whistle and the repeated pronunciation of double-o.

Before either of the girls had stirred from their tracks, he had performed another revolution—
"Call a man!"
"Call a man!"
Away he flew once more, but his strength was rapidly failing. Nancy Clark was the first to recover her presence of mind, and seizing a hoop-pole, she took her station near the corner of the house, and as John reappeared, brought it down upon the snake with a force that broke his back and his hold upon John's nether garment at the same time.

John rushed into the house and to his room, and at tea time appeared in his best Sunday suit, but little the worse for the race, and to all appearances entirely cured of his bashfulness. That night he walked home with Nancy Clark. The next New Year they were married; and now, whenever John feels inclined to laugh at his wife's hoops, or any other peculiarity, she has only to say, "Call a man," and he instantly sobered down.

Doesticks on Babies and Grandmothers.

Paradise was, doubtless, a very good sort of place in its way; but then it wasn't complete, for there wasn't any baby in it; so Mr. Adam and his "lady," as Jenkins would say, procured some of the best of the kind. Why? Cain was the first of baby's produce at Five Points—a regular Mulberry-street—a Cow-Boy brat, a Hooker, a Dead Rabbit, and a Plug Muser, all in one. A sweet specimen, truly. However, it didn't make much difference what kind of a baby he was; for any baby that ever was born, not an idiot, would have climbed over the walls in the first six months, to see what the outside was like. A jolly little six-year-old would have had in Paradise; but he had tied the snakes in hard knots round the necks of the giraffes, made the lions live on hickory nuts and marbles, and fastened tin kettles to the tails of all the tigers.

But though the first baby may be considered rather a failure than otherwise, and was probably a severe loss to that branch of industry in its youth, practice and experience have done much to improve the article of baby; so that, now, an infant with all the modern improvements is "indispensable in every well-regulated family." So much so, indeed, that not a few bachelors find themselves unable to do without it; and consequently, surreptitious babies are not unknown in the land. In fact a baby is a thing so useful, so ornamental, and so an get-along-withoutable, that no man who has ever had one would hereafter try to do without it.

Many people adopt babies of other people; I prefer the home-made article. I think it is, all things considered, altogether more satisfactory. Which is the case with Trumps. Trumps is my baby, and I'll match him against all the world for being the most satisfactory and thoroughly enjoyable nuisance ever given in this country. My observations of that diminutive young person are frequent. I rather like him, he is sometimes false to favor the Hon. Member from Babylon with an expression of my sentiments, in an emphatic manner, in which he does not entirely concur.

There are, in fact, several points on which we do not thoroughly agree. On the question of whisker-pulling, for instance; he goes for bring one side of my face at a single grab, while I think that if he would content himself with one or two hairs at a time, they would last the longer. On the subject of treading on my toes, there is no serious difference of opinion; but I do object to dumb-bells and hammers being used to pound my corns with; neither do I fully approve of being made a target for marbles, lumps of coal, paper weights, and an occasional inkstand.

I am fond of bread and milk; but I don't believe I can be satisfactorily fed by having that lactical food poured on the top of my head. I hold the same opinion with regard to molasses, and rice-pudding, and mashed potatoes, and gravy of every description—in all of which, I regret to say, Master Trumps differs from me and acts accordingly. When the top of my head isn't flooded with milk, or deluged with molasses, it is inundated with very soft vine pudding, or surmounted with a little mound of mashed potato, with not infrequently a piece of sausage stuck up in it for a flag staff.

Trumps thinks he can improve the regularity of my features, by poking out my eye with the drum-stick, by flattening my nose with a poker, and knocking out my teeth with a brass-handled mallet; neither do I fully approve of being made a target for marbles, lumps of coal, paper weights, and an occasional inkstand.

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one; and it doesn't seem to fatigue him either, for he'll do it by the hour together, if he thinks it necessary. He's got more yell in him than any other baby I ever saw; however, he'll soon get it all out, at the rate he's going on at the present moment.

The tremendous egotism of a baby is matched nowhere in the whole social animal kingdom. Trumps, for instance, imagines the whole world was made for his especial pleasure. He thinks the sun, moon and stars are simply playthings for him, and that all men, to say nothing of the women, were created just to serve his royal pleasure.

In connection with Babies, Grandmothers are a study. Is Trumps cross, ugly, rampaging and unmanageably obstreperous, his blessed Grandmother has a hundred excuses ready—principally, however, *terta*; is His Majesty mad, and yelling at the top of his by-no-means weak voice; is he lying flat on his back and kicking his impotent heels in the air, and knocking the back of his head on the floor in a very ecstasy of rage, his Grandmother always says: "He's teething, poor dear!" "His stomach aches, little darling!" or "He's in pain some way, and can't tell of it, darling little pet!" Does he get wrathful at Grandmother, and pelt her over the head with a poker, does he, in a fit of baby rage, throw his tea cup at the looking-glass and smash them both; or pitch his playthings into the fire, pull out his own hair till he is bald in spots, or bite somebody's hair till his teeth meet, it's always his Grandmother who just at that time discovers that "the little pet has got another double tooth just coming through, and that's what makes him cross."

According to Grandmothers, all babies are in a state of perpetual stomach-ache; and every child cuts teeth enough in its infancy to grind up into a ton of bone-dust.

But Grandmothers are the first to understand the baby language; who but the grandmother would ever have found out that "littly-bleggie-ogle" means bread and milk? or that when they remark: "Squoo-gle-ogle-ogle-oo-ogle-ogle-gle-gle-gle," they desire immediate and particular attention to their wants, gastronomic or otherwise? But it is to the Grandmothers that babies owe their immunity from many a whipping, which they do their vicious utmost to fully deserve. Trumps, old boy, don't forget!

I watched Trumps to-day for twenty minutes—first he reached the only fall in the door—then he put a large India-rubber ball into the fire—then he pulled down a work-basket, emptied out all the things, unwound the thread, broke the scissors, ate the beeswax, tore the patterns, and carried all the work under the bed—then he devoted himself to the basket; he got into it, tumbled out of it, he turned it upside down and sat on it, he poured a cup full of water into it, he put it on his head, he lay down on his back, he held his head in his hands, he put a show-bowl of burning coals into it, but I'll not call on to interfere, whereupon he got mad, and commenced his old experiment on my nose with the poker. I couldn't calm him—he got madder and madder; and I thought that really he needed a spanking. After some trouble, I got him reversed, and his wardrobe properly disposed, when—his Grandmother came!

She rushed furiously to the rescue, charged on me—captured Trumps and executed immediate and austerly retreat to an adjoining bed-room, turned the key and made some remarks, of which I could only catch: "Cruel shame!—five new double teeth just coming through—poor dear!"

Now, Mr. Damphool, I want your advice—you're a married man, and of course you've got children. I don't know how many; but as you're an enterprising man, I suppose you've got about twenty. Now how do you manage all their grandmothers? and how many teeth do your babies average? I am son-bitch that Trumps has had more than a peck. I'm afraid he hasn't got any brains. I think his brain must be full of teeth. I've shook him but I can't hear them rattle; but I'm perfectly convinced that my baby's head is crammed full of teeth, all double, and all prepared to erupt through at the call of his Grandmother every time I want to tick him. In a word, my baby is made of teeth; I am convinced that his whole essence structure is nothing but teeth. I think that when his mouth is full, they will spring out from his arms and legs, and all along down his back—I know they will, if his Grandmother only says so. Damphool, save me! I don't want to be the wretched father of a thousand-toothed baby; besides, he'd ruin me in brushes and tooth-powder. Damphool, help me! Come, old fellow, be a good fellow and save me from despair.

Yours, willy,
Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

Little Eddie, on his way to school, frequently loitered by a small stream which he was obliged to pass, to witness the gambols of his playmate, while bathing. The water being of sufficient depth in some places. Fearing some accident might befall him, his mother had told him never to venture near, and, in strong terms, never to go into the water. One day, however, being overcome by temptation, and the urgent solicitations of boys older than himself, he entered into the aquatic sports right heartily. While dressing himself, he got his shirt wrong side out. Before retiring to bed, it was customary for the little boy to kneel by his mother's side and say his prayers. She discovered the shirt wrong side out, and took the opportunity to reproach him for disobeying her commands.

"Edmond, how is it the buttons are on the inside of your shirt collar?"
"I don't know; isn't that the right way, mother?"
"No, my son; you have disobeyed me and been swimming!"

He knew his mother had spoken the truth, and with a triumphant look and bold voice he replied: "Mother, I—I—guess I turned it getting over the fence!"

An English physician, traveling through Palestine, was called in to see a corpulent effendi, who was suffering from a slight bilious attack. The M.D. prescribed tartar emetic, and left three doses to be administered every other day. Calling on his return from a journey, about a week afterwards, he was shocked and surprised to hear that his patient was dead and buried.

"Never mind," said the brother, observing the expression in the doctor's face, "you are a great physician, and that was a wonderful medicine. My brother took all three doses at once, and they never ceased operating till he died."

Jacinto says he once courted a Down East girl, and "popped the question" to her. She indignantly plucked her entire mass of lovely clay into his willing arms, and exclaimed: "I want to know what you'll do with it!"

Strange Wagers.

The diligence stopped at the Whitehorse Inn, in the principal street of Fontainbleau. Fatigued and oppressed by the heat on the road, we slowly stretched ourselves, and descended the steps of the vehicle as lazily as possible, stalling at the vacant appearance which sleep, broken by our sudden arrival, had stamped upon the visages of some of our fellow-travelers. The baggage was dismounted and dinner ordered. Some of the country folks were eagerly pressing forward to gaze on the newly-arrived, together with their packages, bird-cages, and children. In the midst of this bustle, a fat, red-faced man, about thirty years of age, an Irish tallow, who had favored us of the whole length of the journey with the history of his good speculations at Fontainbleau, and of his marriage, which he was at the present time, there is, consummate, drew out his watch and exclaimed—

"Already four o'clock!"
"Bet that it is not," said a gentleman in allipera, who was smoking a cigar before the door of the low-roofed apartment.
"This one of Briquet's watches," proudly answered the rubicund-faced gentleman, at this interruption.
"Ten louis that it is not one of Briquet's," replied the smoker.
The other gave him a look of pity, and went into the traveler's room, saying to me:
"Don't dine here!" and, with a touch of the elbow, "we will go to a cafe, where we can dine better."

"I'll wager anything you choose that the watch is worth nothing," persisted the one in allipera, following after.
"I did not address my conversation to you, sir."
"Bet that you did," retorted the other.
My fellow-traveler, confounded at this proposition, raised his hand, pointing to his forehead, signifying that the intruder was deranged.
"I defy you to prove it," continued his persecutor; and with this petty and thrust the two regarded each other with the most smiling looks it is possible to conceive, just like two dogs about to be let loose at one another.
"Upon my word," said the traveler to me, "I know nothing of the fellow, but I have a great inclination to make him march off."

"As to that, I wager you do not," answered the obstinate intruder. "Moreover, I will bet that I make you take the route back again to Paris, and that, too, without much delay."
"That will be no easy matter for you, as I came here to get married."
"One hundred louis that you do not!"
"Sir, you are an impudent scoundrel, and I will box your ears."
"I bet 'tis a lie."

Upon this the ruddy-faced gentleman stamped with rage, and passed before the fellow, making a sign for him to follow.
"Go on my love," said the other, talking with him a box containing a brace of pistols.
A friend interposed between them to stop the joke, but it was no longer a jesting matter, and representations were useless. They reached a solitary spot in the park, where the cigar hero was saluted by an officer of the garrison, who was willing to become his accomplice. A five-franc piece was thrown into the air as a signal, the report of a pistol followed, and the piece of money fell, indented.
"Bet," said the never-ceasing and unmovable marksman, "that I pierce that leaf trembling at the extremity of the branch, and it is pierced."
"Wager that I kill you," added he, coolly regarding the astonished traveler.

"It is probable," replied the other, changing from the ruby to the ghastly hue; "and since it is probably, it is useless." Consequently I take again the road back to Paris, and have the infinite honor to be your very humble servant."
In fact, he deposited himself upon the imperials of the diligence. It turned out that this was a rival to whom the fair lady had given a description of her intended, and by this means he won the lady in question. After the honeymoon, the dead shot encountered the crest-fallen sultan in Paris, and said to him:
"I wager that you return to Fontainbleau."

Curiosities.

The following comprises the cabinet of curiosities of an exchange:
We have an exhibition of the identical axe, once the property of the woodman who "spared that tree."
We have in our office a splinter from the Board of Education, and a spoon full of the thread of life.
We have just shaken hands with the blacksmith that "riveted the public gaze."

Our Johnny rushed into the house, recently, all out of breath, having been frightened at the bark of a tree.
A friend of ours has a painful affection of the eyes, caused by trying to read by "the light of other days."
A young of our acquaintance, who was "transported with bliss," has just returned.

The individual who "stole a march" has returned it to the owner.
The gentleman who bought a horse "warranted to stand without lying" desires to sell him, as he has discovered that "he will not move without whipping."
The man who "run up a column of figures" tumbled down stairs was badly hurt.
A friend of ours, who "was lost in slumber," has been found.

A seafaring acquaintance, who has "plowed the sea" and "planted his foot on his native soil," is endeavoring to harvest his crops.
The man that was "best on matrimony" straightened up afterwards.
The man whose lips pressed a lady's "snowy brow" did not catch cold.

We have in our cabinet of curiosities the skeleton key with which to open death's door.
A friend of ours started out for a walk in the field of speculation, and lost his way. His family are curious.
A gatherer of statistics says that of 150 pretty women whom he met in Philadelphia, 104 were sucking their parents' hands.

We have recently made the acquaintance of the barber who dressed "the head of a barrel."
A late advertisement reads as follows: "Wanted, an able-bodied man as a washerwoman."
A man not long since attempted to "look into the future," and had the floor stumped in his shoes.

We were recently visited by an Irish painter to inspect a portrait of death, which he had painted, and which he informed us was so large

