

#### Drove Him Away.

Joshua Peterson, a colored man who, directly after the war, recognized the importance of educating his children, sent his daughter to a refined school where she graduated with distinction. Shortly after she returned home, a smooth-looking barber began to visit her. One day she went out to the field where her father was gathering corn, and calling the old man, said: "Father."

"Yes, chile," stopping with an ear of corn in his hand.

"Has Mr. Sheppard seen you?"

"Doan' know whader he's seed me or not, but I doan' think dat I've seed him."

"Well, father, Mr. Sheppard is my lover, and I didn't know but he had come to ask you for me."

"Dis is news ter me," said the old man, turning the ear of corn around; "what sorter man is he, chile?"

"A nice man, pa."

"An' do he know how ter take kere o' a wife?"

"Oh, yes, pa."

"What ken he do?"

"Oh, he can do anything. He writes such delightful poetry."

"Uh, huh; well, what else ken he do?"

"Why he sings charmingly."

"He do, do he; what else?"

"He is also an excellent scholar. He was educated at a college."

"Dat a fack? Fine man, ain't he?"

"Oh, he's a wonderful man."

"Ise glad o' it."

"And he's so high-toned, too."

"W'y dat fille me lid joy."

"Yes, and he is such an elegant conversationalist," said the delighted girl.

"Ise monstrous proud o' dat fack," replied the old man, throwing the ear of corn on the pile. "Ise allers been afeard dat yer wouldn't marry dat sorter man."

"I am so glad to hear you speak so, father, and I know James will thank you from the bottom of his heart."

"Yes, chile, ya. Whatudder numerations is de young man got?"

"You should say what other accomplishments, father."

"Uh, huh, dat's so. Forgot my goggery dat time."

"Your grammar, you mean, father."

"Yes, chile, my grammar. Man's knowledge o' de polar circles sometimes slips up on him."

"Oh, yonder he is at the house, father. Come, I want you to meet him. I know that you have seen him many a time, but I want you to meet him as my accepted suitor, and to tell him how glad you will be to welcome him to your family."

The old fellow accompanied his daughter to the house. The girl promptly presented her lover.

"Done gederin' yer corn yit?" the old man asked.

"Why, my dear sir, I have no corn to gather."

"Put up yer fatten' hogs yit?"

"I have no fattening hogs," the astonished young man replied.

"Uh, huh. Dun sowed yer wheat, I reckon?"

"My dear sir, I have no wheat to sow."

"Uh, huh. Got through wid yer fall plowin'?"

"Father," said the girl, "he is not a farmer."

"Uh, huh. What does he do?"

"I am a barber, sir."

"Uh, huh. Shaves, I reckon. Wall, I'd like for yer tar shave my mule. He's got suthin' de matter wid his ha'r. Airtier dat come heah, an' I'll gin ye de wust thrashen' yer ever had. I'll larn yer ter write po'try an' sing. Come er singin' roun' heah any mo' an' I'll fling yer ober de fence 'mung de hogs. I un'erstan' yer. Knockin' roun' heah jes' ter git me ter s'port yer. Go on away, de faster de better. Talk ter me 'bout a nigger whut sings an' writes po'try."—Arkansaw Traveler.

#### A Neat Capture.

One of the incidents that were often repeated with a lively jest and caused many an evening laugh to ring among those stubborn hills, even during the darkest, dreariest and hardest days that we passed in trenches during the siege of Vicksburg, ran thus:

One night after Logan's men had worked their approach up to the foot of the rebel works in front of them, they discovered the Co. federates at work inside bringing up bales of cotton to repair the damage our artillery had done to their works. Among the Union soldiers was a Yankee sailor who had been, as he claimed, "all over creation and the rest of the world," and who "could do a little of everything, and a thing or two besides." He suggested the plan, which was quickly endorsed by his merry comrades, of trying to steal the cotton away from the rebels. The suggestion was promptly acted upon.

Some grappling hooks with long rope attached were procured. Placing the rope in the hands of his comrades so that they would be ready to give a sudden pull at the right time, the sailor-boy soldier gave the grappling hooks the proper swing, and cast them over the walls of the rebel fort. As the hooks struck inside he cried to the boys who had hold of the rope to "pull like h—l!" which of course they did with lively zeal. The first pull showed that the merry experiment had succeeded, a result they had hardly expected. The hook had evidently actually caught a firm hold of a bale of cotton. The wild cry that arose from the bewildered and astonished rebels, and the tenacity with which they hung to the end of the line, showed that they were not well pleased to see their cotton climb over into the Union lines in that manner. Those nearest at hand had caught hold and were doing their best, but a band of terror-stricken rebels made but poor show when pulling on a rope against twenty wild, enthusiastic Yankee boys. With a cry of triumph the Union soldiers brought the rope, grappling hooks, cotton and all over the walls of the rebel fort and down into the Union trench. Their surprise was now unbounded, to find that instead of a bale of cotton, as they supposed, they had actually caught and brought over a rebel Lieutenant. The grappling hooks had firmly caught in his clothing, and he was obliged to come over. He was

hurt considerably, but with good and proper care at the hands of his captors soon recovered, but insists that he cannot understand how he happens to be on our side of the line. This incident is insisted upon so strongly that we are almost compelled to believe that in the main it is true. There is only one matter of doubt:

It is well known that Logan's soldiers are not only famous fighters but also capital story-tellers. It would be hard to find boys that do more fighting and have more fun than they.—*From "Army Life," by A. O. Marshall.*

#### Vanished Landmarks.

A rather subdued stranger entered an Austin restaurant, and, taking a seat near the door, was soon confronted by a waiter, to whom he communicated his order. The meal was soon before him, smoking hot, and, as the waiter was about to withdraw, the stranger said: "Er—see here; there are no flies in this coffee."

"Fly! O, no, sir," replied the man with a Masonic apron, and a napkin over his shoulder.

"I had expected to meet them here—in fact, I had half-way promised to—why, Heavens! I fail to recognize my old barleysoup friend, the cockroach!"

"There are no cockroaches in this house, sir," said the waiter, sternly.

"And so the roach, too, has deserted us. Well, well. Say, where's the limp, wet napkin, with prune sauce on one side, and sweet oil on the other?"

"Our napkins are all fresh and newly laundered."

"Strange, 'tis passing strange. Where's the variegated tablecloth that looked like a Dolly Varden dress pattern done up in coffee dregs and molasses?"

"Our table spreads are clean every day, sir."

"Well, well." Suddenly the man commenced spearing around in the butter dish with his fork. "I don't find it," he murmured, sadly.

"Don't find what?" snapped the waiter.

"Has she gone?"

"Has who gone?"

"The bright-eyed divinity who used to conceal samples of her arburn ringlets every morning under the butter lump. She knew I always looked forward with pleasure to those little me-mements."

"Our butter has no hair."

"I see," sighed the man. "Bald as a door knob. Hasn't there been some kind of a change in the management of this place?"

"Yes. It's a fact."

"All of the dear, old, familiar landmarks seem to have disappeared. Is this a messengerie?"

"No, that's a biscuit."

"Sure enough—

"Ah, distinctly I remember—it was only last December—That I coolly, calmly fondled such a biscuit 'o'er, and 'o'er; I broke the cover off it, and I may be called false prophet."

If a clock and a silver mouse did not roll out upon the floor."

We have previously stated that the subdued stranger was seated near the door, and it was a good thing for him that he was. The waiter made one wild break, but the subdued anticipator of a hearty meal fled.—*Texas Siftings.*

#### A Reliable Carrier.

A business man near the foot of Woodward avenue had three or four important letters to mail one day, and as an acquaintance was going up Griswold street he asked him to drop them into the Postoffice.

The mission was cheerfully accepted, and yesterday the acquaintance happened in at the office again for the first time since that date.

"Say, Ben," began the dealer, "do you ever forget anything?"

"Never!" was the prompt reply.

"Do you remember the letters I gave you to mail one day last month?"

"Perfectly."

"And you mailed them?"

"I did."

"Please feel in your left-hand coat-tail pocket and see if they are not there."

"I'll feel, but I remember posting those letters as plainly as I remember them."

He felt something and began to haul up, and out came four letters, crumpled and soiled and worn.

"I thought so."

"Well, by gosh!"

"And the money I gave you to buy stamps!"

"Bless me—bless me—did I ever! Say, I had that coat on that day to go to a funeral, and I'll be hanged if I didn't forget to go to that, too!"—*Deseret Free Press.*

#### A Wife's Admiration.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, before he became the Duke of Wellington, married a charming Irish lady, Catherine Pakenham. They had been long attached to each other, and the marriage took place just after he had returned from his brilliant career in India. During his absence of eleven years she never once wrote to him, yet her affection was constant.

When Lady Wellesley was presented to Queen Charlotte, her Majesty said, "I am happy to see at my court so bright an example of constancy. But did you never write one letter to Sir Arthur during his long absence?"

"No, never, your Majesty."

"And did you never think of him?"

"Yes, your Majesty, very often."

She was proud of her husband's reputation, but prouder of the fact that he merited it. Just before her death, she was visited by friends who found her lying on a sofa in a room filled with the magnificent presents of cities, kingdoms and sovereigns. When the visitors gazed upon them with admiration, the Duchess exclaimed, with a weak voice:

"All tribute to merit! There's the value! All pure, no corruption suspected even! That could not be said of the Duke of Marlborough!"—*Youth's Companion.*

POVERTY is uncomfortable, but nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself.

#### Frugal Dinners.

There was a great duchess who said to a neighbor, "When there's only my lord and I, we have always a dish of roast." The story is well known of George IV, sending away a splendid dinner and dining off beans and bacon. The Duke of Wellington could dine very heartily on a mutton chop, and, in fact, did not appreciate anything beyond it. There is a great nobleman who is careful to have a magnificent dinner every day, but he frequently dines off an apple, and, from his theory of health, wishes his own family to partake as slightly as possible of the good things outspread on the bounteous board.

I was talking one day with a worthy Carthusian monk who dined habitually on an apple and biscuit. He explained to me that what people called hunger about 7 o'clock was only a little acidity left by the noonday meal.

Many experienced staggers, who study dietetic science, out of a big menu pick up a very little dinner, and complain, in fact, that they make a very poor dinner, because there are only a few perfectly natural items. Of course a man ought to know how both to abound and to be in want; but I confess to a British prejudice in favor of heartily enjoying a good dinner.—*London Society.*

**The Doctor's Indorsement.**  
Dr. W. D. Wright, Cincinnati, O., sends the subjoined professional indorsement: I have prescribed Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs in a great number of cases, and always with success. One case in particular was given up by several physicians who had been called in for consultation with myself. The patient had all the symptoms of confirmed consumption—cold night sweats, hectic fever, harassing cough, etc. He commenced immediately to get better, and was soon restored to his normal health. I found Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs the most valuable expectorant for breaking up distressing coughs and colds.

**Indorsed by the Clergy.**  
We take pleasure in recommending Dr. Warner's White Wine of Tar Syrup to any public speaker that may be troubled with throat or lung disease.

Rev. M. L. Booher, pastor Presbyterian church, Reading, Mich. Rev. J. T. Iddings, Albion, Mich. Rev. V. L. Lockwood, Ann Arbor, Mich.

**"Put up" at the Gault House.**

The best place to stay at the lowest price and first-class accommodations at the Gault House is \$2 and \$2.50 per day at the Gault House, Clinton and Madison streets. This far-famed hotel is located in the center of the city, only one block from the Union Depot. Elevator; all appointments first-class.

H. W. Hoyt, Proprietor.

**Carbo-lines.**

The winter blast is stern and cold. Yet summer has its harvest gold; And the baldest head that ever was seen Can be covered well with Carbo-lines.

**Cured Clergymen.**

Rev. L. S. Caultain, of Circleville, Ohio, says: Dr. Warner's White Wine of Tar Syrup has done more to assuage pain, relieve suffering, and save the lives of men and beasts than all other liniments put together. Why? Because the Mustang penetrates through skin and flesh to the very bone, driving out all pain and soreness and morbid secretions, and restores the afflicted part to sound and supple health.

#### For Two Generations

The good and staunch old stand-by, MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, has done more to assuage pain, relieve suffering, and save the lives of men and beasts than all other liniments put together. Why?

Because the Mustang penetrates through skin and flesh to the very bone, driving out all pain and soreness and morbid secretions, and restores the afflicted part to sound and supple health.

#### ALLEN'S Lung Balsam!

A GOOD FAMILY REMEDY!  
—THAT WILL CURE—  
COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP,

CONSUMPTION.

Dr. Wm. Wright, of Cincinnati, was thought to be in the last stages of consumption, but was restored to health by his friend to try Allen's Lung Balsam after the doctor had given up as hopeless. The doctor said: "I have no hope for him." Allen's Lung Balsam cured him.

Wm. C. Dugger, Merchant, Zanesville, Ohio, writes us that he wants to know if Allen's Lung Balsam can be had in Cincinnati. Allen's Lung Balsam is a well-known remedy.

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