

Deacon Brown.

A DIALECTIC EXCUSE FOR A GOOD MAN.
It's Deacon Brown yer askin' about?
He hain't been round for a year;
They planted him last kabbage time,
Which is he hain't here.
Fur praps you've observed as a gin'ral thing
Fet this tyin' 'round ground
Fur a year or two don't make one feel
Fretty much like slobbin' round.

His kerrieter, eh? What, old Deac. Brown?
Well, I'm rather 'shamed to say
Fet he wasn't much the sort o' saint
Sot up by Harte and Hay.
He never cussed in his nat'l life—
I mention this with conarn—
He didn't know how, though he might a know'd
Ef he'd a cared to larn.

But it makes it rough for the chap that gets
The writin' of his blog
To hev ter confess he's slingin' ink
Over sich a bump on a log.
Who didn't amount to shucks in a row,
Who never was out on a tear,
And for tacklin' a neat little game of "draw,"
Couldn't tell a full from a pair.

Fur the Deac, just war a common cuss
O' the most earnest kind.
Who never looked out o' the window o' sin.
And dursn't raise a blind.
Ye've no idee how parvarse he was,
I've hearn him remark—this limb—
Fet though he war raised, in a Christian land,
One wife war enough for him.

His canal boat on't—'t was years ago—
When drivers both druv and steer'd—
Run agin the bank iest above Penn Yan.
An' some o' the help got skeered.
The pilot sot in the cabin-room,
And felt his nozzle and swore.
But the Deac, spread hiself at the gang-plank
A handin' the ladies ashore.

Praps the Deac, ef he'd hed the rearin' of some,
Would a panned out better that trip:
Sun, considerin' of his broughtens up,
He didn't quite lose his grip.
Unfortunet-like fur the Deac, an' me,
He'd careful raisin' to hum;
An' yer can't 'spect much of a chap, yer know,
Unless he sprots from a slum.

Ef he'd been a high-toned gambolier,
Or the rough of a mining camp,
With a bushel of sin in his kerrieter,
An' a touch of Sairey Gamp,
Or an injineer or an injun thar—
Any kind of a sum-hist'ry 'bout—
Peraps he'd a done some pretty big thing,
Fur me to be splurgin' about.

But he jest plugged on in a no 'count way,
A leadin' a good squar life,
Till the war kem on—then he pulled up stakes,
And said good-bye to his wife.
I've hearn tell a grittier man nor him
In battle never trod,
An' he didn't let down in the face of Death,
Although he believed in a God.

It's queer how he fount at Fredericksburg—
The Deac, jest went in wet;
A prayin' an' a prayin', an' every time
A fetchin' his man, yer bet.
Yet he wasn't sustained by the soothin' thought
When he fell—October 'eventh—
Fet he'd knock'd spots out the commandments,
An' been special rough on the seventh.

Jest over beyond the turnip patch,
Some twenty holes yer can see,
That air filled by chaps who went from here
To fight 'gin General Lee.
They went from here 'bout plantin' time,
They kem back when corn was ripe,
An' we buried 'em by that walnut tree—
All chaps of the Deacon's stripe.

We'll cross over thar to the old man's grave,
And I guess I'll be gettin' then,
Yet pardin, stranger, I allers unroof
At the grave of that sort o' men.
I've been gassin' away promiscuous-like,
But now I make bold ter say,
It don't foller on a man's a sneak
Cause he lives in a decent way.

I know some folks rek'n a contrary wise,
An' sling their ink quite free,
But they hain't got bolt the right end on it,
Accordin' to my idee.
An' that's why I've sort o' been chippin' in,
A pleadin' the Deacon's excuse,
Fur you know we all can't be gamblers and
thieves,
An' all women needn't be loose.

WASHED ASHORE.

"Bayside," as its owner somewhat
ambitiously christened the incongruous
aggregation of discomforts and wooden
balconies at the head of the little cove,
was one of those numberless salt-water
summer refuges with which the shore
of Long Island Sound is studded.

It was a quiet sort of place, and the
neighborhood was good; but the most
remarkable feature of Bayside that sum-
mer was the presence of Nellie Martin.
Of course, there were other girls enough,
that came and went; but the steady
possession, week after week, of even
one undeniable beauty, is a windfall for
a small watering-place. Old Bowers
and his managing wife frankly admitted
to each other that they could have af-
forded to board Nellie for nothing.

"But not her mother," added the
good lady; "those tall, thin people are
awful eaters."

"But I rather like the old gentle-
man," responded her spouse. "He's
a good fisherman, and he brings home
his fish; but I don't believe he's rich."

"If they ain't pretty well off," said his
wife, "they've no business to have
spoiled Nellie to that degree."

And beyond all doubt, the willful
beauty had been spoiled "to that de-
gree," so that she frankly accepted all
male attention and devotion as no
more than her due, without the least
apparent idea that it could rightfully
demand repayment in more serious coin
than her own smiling approval.

To do her justice, however, her fault
extended to her dealings with even the
children; and she seemed as happy
among the veriest babies that came to
Bayside as with the most of her grown-
up admirers.

Even when her pale-faced mother
chided Nellie on her behavior, she
could obtain no more than a kiss of
peace, and,

"Nonsense, mamma; I'm sure it
won't hurt either of them."

And Mrs. Martin shook her head lov-
ingly, and held her peace, for when,
among so many young gentlemen as
appeared and disappeared at Bay-
side, a young lady like Nellie could
say "either of them," it was very clear
that there were two in particular.

Both of them knew very well which
two, for Nellie's other worshippers were
undecided whether Jack Loutrel or
Murray Nesbitt were most deserving
their bitterest resentment. One at least
of the more favored or skillful pair was
sure to be in the way of anybody else
who dreamed of aspiring to a *tele-a-tele*
with Nellie Martin's blue eyes and golden
hair.

Fine, presentable fellows were they
both, and old Mr. Martin knew all
about them, and their fathers before
them.

"Either would do," he had said to his
wife more than once.

"Yes; but, husband—"

"Oh, now, Nellie must choose for her-
self; and I ain't at all sure she fancies
either of them."

No more was Nellie; but they both
smiled her in just such a way she liked
to be amused.

Jack and Murray gallantly main-
tained an outward semblance of per-
sonal good-will to each other, through
all the ups and downs of their doubtful
rivalry; but who shall blame Jack if he
experienced a keen sensation of tri-
umph at finding Nellie Martin actually
in his boat, one splendid July morning,
when he felt sure he was bearing her
away from corresponding devices on
land? Alas! for Jack's triumph! If
he could only have known that the feel-
ing uppermost in the heart of his com-
panion was one of merry anticipation of
the disgust of Murray Nesbitt, when he
should drive up to Bayside with his new
turn-out, and find that she and Jack had
"gone to sea."

Nevertheless, for she was fond of boat-
ing, she fully appreciated the skill and
vigor of Jack's rowing, as the gay little
craft darted forward over the glassy wa-
ter. Nellie herself could pull very well,
but Jack Loutrel was an athlete of no
mean order.

"It's a splendid morning for a row,"
she said; "but we must not stay out
too long. The sun will be very hot by-
and-by."

"Not too long, indeed," said Jack;
"but I've a notion there's a storm
brewing."

Perhaps there was; but Jack had
made up his mind that some things
should be attended to that morning,
storm or shine.

"There's that desolate-looking little
island, at the mouth of the cove," said
Nellie. "Did you ever go ashore
there?"

"Island?" replied he. "Yes, deso-
late enough. It's dry now, at low wa-
ter, but the waves go clean over it
when the tides up. Shall we land, and
take possession, and make believe
there's a chance of finding some-
thing?"

"I don't care," said Nellie, and in a
few minutes more they were seated
cozily on the low ledge in the center,
and Jack was silent for a little space, as
he looked dreamily out to sea, with his
great brown eyes.

When he turned them again at Nel-
lie, they had a look in them that almost
frightened her, and she could have
wished herself in the boat again.

"What is the matter, Jack?" she
asked, with an attempt at banter. "Are
you—"

"Hush, Nelly; don't laugh at me
just now," interrupted Jack, in a voice
that was deep, even for him; but very
low and sweet; "I've something I want
to say to you."

And so he had, and he said it all be-
fore Nellie could muster courage to stop
him. It was hardly a fair advantage
for Jack to take, away out there on the
half-sunken rock, so far from Bayside,
and a good quarter of a mile from either
shore. Perhaps Nellie herself had some
such idea, or it may be she was startled
and bewildered.

At all events, when her eloquent
companion pleaded for an immediate
answer, she sprang to her feet with a
laugh that expressed a world of willful
meaning.

"Do you mean to mock me, Nellie
Martin? Do you not know—can you
not feel that I am in earnest? It is a
matter of life and death with me! An-
swer me!—oh, Nellie!"

"Mr. Jack Loutrel, will you have the
goodness to pull ashore, or shall I take
the boat, and go alone?"

"I want to be your oarsman for life,
Nellie, but not just now."

Nellie was already standing by the
boat, as it rocked gently at the edge of
the little islet.

"Shall I wait for you?" she said, and
there was a half tremor in her voice.

Jack Loutrel could not have spoken
at that moment to have saved his life,
and he sank back upon his seat, from
which he had partly risen, but with his
back toward the boat. He justly felt
that he had said something which was
worthy of more serious dealing, coming
from a man in earnest.

Perhaps if he had spoken, or had
turned his great brown eyes upon her
for a moment, the result might have
been different; but he sat, without
voice or motion, more like a human
barnacle than anything else.

A moment more Nellie waited. She
would have given something for an an-
swer, for any sign of yielding; but none
came, and her proud will carried her
into the boat, and seated her at the
oars.

She pulled very slowly, and it was
half a mile to the beach in front of the
Bayside Hotel, but a curve in the land
at last hid the rock from her sight,
without her constant gaze discerning
the slightest change of posture in the
figure she had left sitting on the ledge.

It was a tremendous experience for
Nellie, altogether unlike any she had
ever had before; and it may have been
the tumult and excitement of her feel-
ings, even more than carelessness, that
led her to accept so eagerly the offer of
a drive with Murray Nesbitt, which
waited for her acceptance as she step-
ped on shore. Little change was re-
quired in her simple seaside costume,
and in a few minutes she was whirled
away behind the new team.

Meanwhile, Jack Loutrel had re-
mained, in almost sullen fixedness of
musing, for a much longer time than
those who knew him would have
dreamed of, for he had risked much on
one cast, and he had failed to win.

He was not physically uncomfortable,
for the fast-rising clouds had now
eclipsed the summer sun, and with a
good provision of fishing-tackle, per-
haps the rock would not have been so
bad a place.

Not so very bad, with due allowances,
for now the sore-hearted watcher was
suddenly aroused by the splash of little
waves that were breaking at his very
feet, and he felt the fresh wind of the
sea upon his face.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, "the tide
coming in? Of course it is; and what
am I to do, now Nellie has carried off
the boat?"

Black and heavy the clouds were
gathering overhead, and a sort of mist
had settled on the water away to wind-
ward.

"Looks like something rough was
coming. Drown, sure, if I stay here.
This is an awkward piece of business;
but I've swam twice as far as that, and
carried my clothes, too. They got
wretchedly wet, though. Well, here
goes!"

Jack Loutrel was a man of action, and
his outer clothing were quickly enough
rolled into a neat, compact bundle, and
fastened at the back of his neck. Then,
as he stood and watched the swift cur-
rent of the tide sweeping into the cove,
a thought seemed to strike him, and he
suddenly snatched off his tight chip
hat, and sent it spinning out upon the
water.

"It's one of those varnished things,
and I'm sure it'll float. I've got an aw-
ful pull to get ashore, and I'll see
which'll be at Bayside first—I or my
hat!"

If he had any deeper thought he did
not put it into words, but dashed gal-
lantly into the fast roughening water.
And now the wind was beginning to
be something more than a breeze, and
Jack's work was all cut out for him, for
he did not care to be carried too far into
the cove by the tide.

Still, there was nothing so impossible
in the feat, for a man like Jack, but
what, in due time, though pale, and
dripping, and exhausted, he dragged
himself out on dry land. And then he
found it no contemptible job to coax
himself once more inside of his water-
soaked clothing.

Beyond him, at a little distance, rose
the bald, weather-beaten knob that they
called "The View," and which formed
a stock attraction of the Bayside "drive."

The road itself passed near where Jack
had landed, and he waited a moment
in the thick bushes at its edge, for his
ears had caught the sound of coming
wheels, and he hesitated about making
an exhibition of himself. It was a ris-
ing tide he had breasted, but within
his own heart things were at a terrible
low ebb.

Nearer and faster came the rattle of
the wheels, and then they swept past
him at their best gait, the new team of
Murray Nesbitt, and Nellie Martin her-
self was sitting beside the handsome
driver. She seemed to be looking up
at him, too, with more of earnestness
and emotion in her face than Jack
Loutrel had ever seen there. True, it
was but a glimpse he caught as they
flashed past him; but he cared no longer
who might see him in his forlorn pre-
dicament, and sprang over into the
road to make the best of his way to the
hotel.

That had been an eventful morning
for Nellie Martin. It was a long drive
that Murray Nesbitt had planned for
her, and that, too, not without a pur-
pose of his own. The swift motion was
a good thing for Nellie, and aided amaz-
ingly in restoring the tone of her some-
what ruffled spirit; but, for all that, she
was more silent, and in a manner more
subdued than Murray had ever known
her before. How could he have given
up so good and so hopeful an opportu-
nity? At all events, he did not, and
Nellie heard him to the end in such a
half-humble quietude, that Murray's
heart throbbled quick and fast, with a
glow of coming triumph.

They were not driving very fast just
then, but were coming out upon the sea-
ward slope of "The View."

Nellie's face had been half-averted,
and there was a dreamy look in her
eyes that her companion did not see.
Suddenly she exclaimed, with a sort of
half-electric start:

"Where is the rock? Why, it is no-
thing but foam; and how the wind is
blowing!"

Murray Nesbitt looked, with puzzled
amazement, in the direction in which
Nellie pointed.

"Oh, that rock," he said, coolly.
"Why, that's nothing. The water has
been over it this half-hour."

"Home! home! Drive back to the
hotel, instantly!" gasped Nellie. "Oh!
if anything has happened to him! I
left him on the rock without a boat!"

Even Murray's disappointment did
not prevent his obeying so serious an
injunction, and on they sped, past Jack
Loutrel's ambush, little dreaming that
he would come striding on behind them.

It was a short drive, long as it seemed
to Nellie's conscience-stricken haste;
and she ran breathlessly from the car-
riage to the beach.

Careful hands had hauled the boats
up high and dry, for the waves were
chasing one another in a rough and
tumblant that was momentarily becoming
more boisterous.

No one seemed at hand to help, and
Nellie's own fair hands were quickly
tugging vainly at one of the gaily-painted
wherries.

"Wait a moment, miss!" shouted be-
hind her the rough voice of the boat-
keeper. "Why, yer into the water yer-
self. You don't want to row out in all
that sea?"

"Oh! but we must save him! I left
him on the rocks!"

Just then, a long, crested, splashing
wave died away from around her feet,
and left behind it, on the sand, a round,
water-soaked chip hat. Nellie saw it,
and covered her face with her hands,
for now she knew that Jack Loutrel was
not upon the rock.

As for Murray Nesbitt, by this time
he measurably comprehended the situ-
ation, or thought he did, and insisted

in doing his uttermost to get one or
more of the boats into the water, hav-
ing it in mind to row all over the cove
in search of any hope of aiding his un-
fortunate rival; while poor Nellie, after
a few moments, mechanically picked up
the wave-tossed wreck of a hat, and
turned back toward the hotel, without
vouchsafing a word of explanation to
the curious and anxious inquirers, who
were now rapidly hurrying down to the
water-side. So general, in fact, was the
excodus, that when Nellie entered the
veranda, she found it altogether de-
serted.

On she walked, like one in a dream;
but at the further end, toward the road,
a tall form, clad in garments that clung
forlornly close to their wearer, passed
stiffly by her, as if it had been one who
knew her not.

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed Nellie, and
she grasped him hard by the arm as she
spoke. "Jack Loutrel, is it you? Jack,
here's your hat."

Jack had turned upon her a pale, re-
proachful, almost a stormy face; but
Nellie's blue eyes were streaming with
tears, and her lips, that had been so
willful, were quivering as they never
had before.

"Oh, Jack! if you had not come
ashore, I should have died!"

"Nellie!—Nellie Martin!"

"Yes, Jack; I found it out all at
once, when I saw there was nobody on
the rock. And, then—oh! when I
thought nothing but your hat—Please
forgive me, dear Jack!"

Alas! for Murray Nesbitt! The glory
of his new team had departed, for Jack
Loutrel had got his answer.

Snails.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

The striped snail is one of the slip-
periest jobs that natur ever turned
loose.

They travel on the lower side of them-
selves, and kan slip out ov sight like blow-
ing out a candle. They were made for
some good purpose, but I never have been
informed for what, unless it waz tew hav
their heads smashed.

They are sed tew be innocent, but
they hav got a bad reputashun, and all
the innocence in the world won't kure
a bad reputashun.

They liv in the grass, but seldom git
stept on, bekauze they don't stay long
enuff in the right place.

When I waz a little boy, and wore
naked feet, and waz loafing around
loose for strawberries, I waz often-
times just a going to step on a striped
snail, but it alwus cured me ov straw-
berries.

If a striped snail got into a 10-acre
lot before I did, I alwus considered that
all the strawberries in that lot belonged
tew the snail.

"Fust cum, fust sarve," waz mi
motto.

I am just az afraid of snails now az I
waz 40 years ago, and if I should liv tew
be az old as Nebakednezer waz, and go
to grass az he did, one striped snail
would spile 50 akers ov good pasture for
me.

Wimmin don't luv snails enny
more than I do, and I respekt her for
this.

How on earth Eve waz seduced by a
snail is a fust-class mistery tew me, and
if I hadn't read it in the Bible I would
bet against it.

I believe everything thare is in the
Bible, the things I kant understand I
believe the most.

I wouldn't swop oph the phaith I
hav got for any living man's knowl-
edge.

Snails are ov all sorts, and all sizes,
and the smaller they are the more I am
afraid ov them.

I wouldn't buy a farm at half price
that had a striped snail on it.

Ded snails are a weakness with me;
I alwus respekt them, and whenever I
see a ded one in the road, I don't drop
a tear on him, but I drop another
stone on him, for fear he might alter
his mind and cum tew life agin, for a
snail hates tew die just as much az a
kat daz.

I never could akount for a snail or a
kat hating tew die so bad, unless it waz
bekauze tha waz so poorly prepared for
deth.

Lost Its Terror.

A man who bought a haunted house
in Colosse, N. S., sought an explanation
of the mysterious noises with a ham-
mer. He pulled off a few clapboards,
when an explanation flew out, followed
by several hundred more. About a
bushel of large black bats were discov-
ered cosily making themselves at home
in various crannies in the building, and
making the people decidedly "not at
home" by their clatter and noise at
night. These bats, when discovered,
took all the romance out of that
haunted house and cut a long story
short.

Goldsmith Maid and Lucy.

The Boston Herald says that Gold-
smith Maid made but one break in her
fast heat of 2:16. "Mr. Hickok, the
driver of Lucy, offered to trot his mare
against any horse in the world, to wagon,
for \$5,000 or \$10,000, and his defiance
was announced from the judges' stand."

It seems strange that this offer was not
accepted by Goldsmith Maid, as Lucy
has never beaten her a heat during the
past year, and Lucy has lately been
beaten by Jay Gould, formerly Judge
Bingham, in 2:24, at Philadelphia.—
Turf, Field and Farm.

The income tax was introduced in
England as a temporary measure, by
Sir Robert Peel, about thirty years ago.
He estimated that, at the rate of a
penny to the pound sterling, it would
yield \$3,500,000. Last year a penny in
the pound yielded \$7,800,000, showing
that the wealth of the country must
have more than doubled since the tax
was first introduced.

Curious and Scientific.

According to Prof. Young, the density
of the sun is about one-quarter that of
the earth, so the solar gravity is twenty-
eight times greater than terrestrial
gravity.

100,000 men were employed for
twenty years in building the great pyra-
mid at Ghizah, and ten years had been
previously spent in quarrying the stones
and transporting them to the place.

A new community has been estab-
lished in Georgia under the title of the
"Elijahites," whose destructive social
principle is that their chief officer shall
hold one-fifth of their real property in
fee, and have control of all their cur-
rent funds.

In the examination of the bones col-
lected in the cave at Carlisle, Penn.,
Prof. Baird found that all the species
represented have degenerated in size,
and this modern degeneracy ranges
from ten to twenty-five per cent.

Amongst the novelties in agricultural
machinery is a locust or grasshopper
catcher, which, by means of an apron
extended in front, catches the creatures,
and, passing them through rollers, re-
duces them to a paste, which is dried,
broken up, and used for poultry and
hog feed.

A New York chemist, by a peculiar
process, now produces mu'k from blood,
which cannot be distinguished from the
genuine article except by the absence
of the hairs generally found in the pro-
duct of the musk-deer. By adding
these, the microscope even fails to de-
tect any difference.

Prof. Coze thinks that the splintering
of bullets when suddenly arrested by a
hard substance, such as a bone or a
piece of money, may be due to the heat
developed by the sudden impact, and
not necessarily to the use of explosive
bullets.

Dr. A. Hewson, surgeon to the Penn-
sylvania Hospital, recommends the
dried flowers of the May-weed, or wild
camomile, to be scattered about a
room to rid it of flies. The same end
may be gained by throwing black pep-
per on a hot shovel and carrying it
about the room.

Pure water will absorb many unpleas-
ant odors. A pan full of clean fresh
water from a well or spring, placed in a
room which has been newly painted,
will absorb during the night so much of
the smell of the paint as to be totally
unfit to drink. A bowl of water re-
maining in a close sleeping room will
always imbibe a very unpleasant flavor.

In 1596 the Dutch explorers in Nova
Zembla built a wooden hut. A fishing
expedition has recently discovered this
building, and in it one hundred and
fifty objects of interest, among other
things books which, after nearly three
hundred years, are in a good state of
preservation. The collection is to be
placed in the Museum of Amsterdam.

Three Austrians have patented a
process for conveying away, under
water, the smoke of river and ocean
steamboats. It is said to be a complete
success. The invention will greatly in-
crease the efficacy of submarine vessels,
while it will enable all ships of war to
do away with their most vulnerable
point—the funnel. Moreover, the
great danger of fire, arising from the
passage of smoke-pipes through the
decks of steamers, will be entirely re-
moved.

The first scientific society was founded
by Baptista Porta in 1560. It was called
the "Academy of the Secrets of Nature."
The privacy of the meetings,
and the general belief that its members
employed the black art, led almost at
once to its dissolution by order of the
Pope.

If there is anything in nature that
possesses a positive character it is light.
Yet the physicist may so reflect the
light from a given source as to cause it
to destroy itself and produce darkness.
In like manner two sounds may be
made to interfere with each other and
either produce silence or increased in-
tensity of sound, at the will of the op-
erator.

One of the most marked of organic
differences between the sexes is that of
muscular action. No one who carefully
watches the muscular acts of women
will fail to perceive a tendency to do
them with a sort of rush, with a super-
abundance and sudden exertion of
force, rather than by the gradual appli-
cation of the precise amount by which
the end in view can be secured.

An electric probe for the discovery of
foreign bodies in wounds was exhibited
by M. Trouve, at the last General As-
sembly of the Scientific Association of
France. The probe is hollow, and when
brought in contact with the foreign
substance the indicating