

It was to mark a victim's storm
That o'er the childless head;
To see the once-loved form
Lie cold, and pale, and dead;
To see the life from those dear
The man of sorrows part;
But sudden of all to say a call
To a lonely shore of rain!

We mourn the brave whom battle smote,
Yet soon our grief is o'er;
But who shall wait the shrouded soul,
The crinkled vest deplores?
And the faintest tie, which low and high
To rival but in vain—
Their course is run—all, all undone,
By a villainous shower of rain.

The vanished hope, the blasted name,
May yet return to them;
The dead in deathless scrolls of fame
Arise and live again;
The leech's art may ease the heart,
And cool the fevered brain;
But who shall repair the garments fair
Defiled by a shower of rain?

It's white I speak, upon my cheek
The deadly cold doth lie;
The fierce sore-throat, in vapors dressed,
Swoops from the lowering sky;
Rheumatic stand, a grisly band,
And howl this dire refrain:
"The best thing alive to make us thrive
Is a jolly good shower of rain!"

Ugh! ugh! say that! That cough's harsh note
Doth me to shudder and to shill;
And stunted, thin, and groveling this,
And a swishing doctor's bill.
Ugh! ugh! where! attend me, you
Who would your health restore;
With ancient cure beset, beware
Of a treacherous shower of rain!

—Appointed Journal for August.

PARTING.

O brook, be still! O gentle south,
Thy leaves are among the noisy leaves,
And keep thy burning mouth
To make all your light to pour
On the who love to me so fondly—
(O the who come, to waste no more!)

For now, indeed, I cannot spare
My heart's love, and I am bound to care
For my heart's love, and I am bound to care
For my heart's love, and I am bound to care
For my heart's love, and I am bound to care
For my heart's love, and I am bound to care

O brook, flow on! O amorous south,
Thy leaves are among the noisy leaves—
Thy leaves are among the noisy leaves—
Thy leaves are among the noisy leaves—
Thy leaves are among the noisy leaves—
Thy leaves are among the noisy leaves—

—Appointed Journal for August.

MISS PUTNEY'S RIDE.

BY EDEN E. HICKORY.

Miss Putney knew that Samuel wanted to say something to her that he didn't want any one else to hear. He would look at her with his mouth all puckered up as if the words were just behind those expansive lips of his; then he would look around and catch sight of some one regarding him, and that would wilt him immediately. He made her think of an inflated life-preserver every time he got ready to speak; the knowledge that he was being regarded by other eyes than hers "took the wind out of him," and with a sigh, like the croupe of the imprisoned atmosphere, he would cool lapse.

He watched his chance. She knew when the question was coming by the way he inflated himself and got red in the face. There was no one near, but he gave a wild look to the right and left, and then burst out with such suddenness that it made her think of a life-preserver punctured with a knife:

"Miss Putney! Will you go riding with me to-morrow?"

"I don't know but I will," she answered, as soon as she could speak. The manner in which the invitation was proffered made her laugh in his face in spite of her effort not to. He got redder and redder, but smiled his pleasure at her acceptance, making her think of a last burst of sunshine through a limpid sunset.

"I'm much obliged, I'm sure," he managed to say at last, having great difficulty, apparently, in getting the words safely over some obstruction in his throat. "I'll be round by one or two. Good day, Miss Putney."

Samuel made one of his most elaborate bows, which always seemed to force the greater part of the blood in his system into his head, making his face shine in purple splendor, as he jerked himself into a perpendicular position. Then he made for the door, tripping almost every other step on a chair, or some other piece of furniture, and coming quite near flooring himself, as he reached the door, and turned round to take a "last fond look," by running his toe under the heavy rug. That last look! It sent Miss Putney into convulsions the moment he was out of the door.

He pursed up his lips, turned his pale eyes upon her, and with an expression similar to that of the character in Dickens, who always said "prunes as prism" to get her mouth in line shape, he looked at her for about a minute. It was hard work to keep from giving vent to her emotion until the door had closed behind him. Only a strong woman's will prevented her doing so.

"Oh, Mary! Laura! Come here!" she cried, as she heard some one laughing in the hall. "I'm going out riding with Samuel to-morrow! Only think of it! I thought I should die, watching him! He's been trying to ask me from 1 o'clock this afternoon till now, and it's almost 6. The poor fellow must be pretty nearly exhausted by the long strain of excitement. I believe he's fallen in love with me."

"Of course he has," answered Mrs. Torrey. "He generally falls in love with some one of my lady visitors every summer. If you give him the least encouragement he'll be here half the time."

"Mrs. Samuel Peters! Wouldn't that sound well?" laughed Miss Putney. "I hope he'll propose to-morrow."

"You don't mean you're in earnest about falling out with him?" cried Mrs. Torrey.

"Of course I do," answered Miss Putney. "I wouldn't miss it for anything."

At half-past 1 the next afternoon, Samuel drove up to the gate and tied his horse. It was a weather-beaten-looking animal, with a very sanctimonious expression of countenance, and emphatic ribs, and reminded most people of that peculiar country character, the steady clergyman retired from active duty on account of a trouble in his throat.

"I hope I can manhandle these old hommelts of mine to-day," said Samuel, looking with some disgust at his feet, incased in a pair of shining new shoes. "I wish I do get soiled up with 'em kitchen' under everything, an' 'em o'min' 'so nigh trippin' me up. That left one does pinch awful. Wish, now, I'd wore my 'tother ones, if they ain't so nice."

He came in and sat down to wait for Miss Putney. When he heard her coming he began to inflate. He got pretty well under way by the time she reached the parlor, and was respectfully red in the face.

"Good afternoon," he exploded, rising to make an impressive bow. His foot had slipped under a chair, and as he rose it tumbled over.

"G'd-durn them feet," said Samuel, sotto voce. Then, aloud:

"Miss Putney, air you ready? If you be, we'll be startin'. I s'pect I've got to git back time enuff to do the chores."

Miss Putney signified her readiness, and he led the way to the buggy.

He helped her in, with some difficulty, and succeeded in tipping the seat over in doing it. In climbing into the vehicle to adjust it, he caught his toe on the edge of the box, and fell across the buggy, unable to save himself, as there was nothing to catch hold of.

"Plague take them old feet o' mine," burst out poor Samuel, casting a withering glance on the offending members, as he picked himself up. "They're allers gittin' in the way."

Miss Putney made no reply, because she couldn't.

Samuel arranged the seat, and she sat down. He picked up the reins, and clucked to the old horse:

"Git up, Bill, G'lang!"

But Bill wouldn't budge.

"I guess you've forgotten to untie him," suggested Miss Putney.

"Gosh! that's so!" cried Samuel. In getting out of the buggy, he caught his toe on the box, the same as when he got in, and came near taking a tumble.

When he got in next time he lifted his feet over the box carefully, and with a grave deliberation that was very trying to Miss Putney, who was endeavoring to preserve a dignified and sober appearance.

Old Bill evidently had his own ideas about the gait a respectable horse would naturally adopt under the circumstances. Samuel differed with him, and "laid on the string" with a grand flourish, in consequence of which the animal changed suddenly from an amble into a furious trot, jerking Miss Putney's head almost off her shoulders.

"Who's up, Bill, that's a leetle too fast," said Samuel, saving on the bit.

"Who's up, there; steady!"

Old Bill finally fell into the required trot, and Samuel proceeded to make himself agreeable.

Miss Putney couldn't keep from laughing for two consecutive minutes, and her attendant concluded she was enjoying herself, and was happy.

By-and-by he began to subside into silence, and she noticed that he kept shifting his left foot about as if he didn't know what to do with it.

"By a key! but that air shoe does pinch the all-fired!" finally burst out Samuel. "I'll hev to pull it off. I guess, an' let my foot rest a spell. And pull it off he did.

They drove some four or five miles, and then Samuel turned Bill's head toward home. The animal resented this, for some reason known only to himself, and, after giving a few rods, refused to budge another step.

"He's the durnedest old critter I ever see!" declared Samuel, as he laid on the whip, right and left, over the stubborn horse. "He'll balk when he takes it into his comarried old head, an' sometimes he won't go, seems if, till ye jest nigh about kill him, an' sometimes not then. Git up, Bill, or I'll skin ye, I s'ann! Git up, Bill, G'lang!"

Bill didn't "git up" nor "g'lang."

"Mebbe he'll start in bys-by, of his own accord," said Samuel. "Lickin' don't seem to do no good."

Accordingly he laid down his whip and waited for Bill to proceed whomever he felt like doing so. Every little while he would "shook" at him, and request him to "g'lang," but the animal was there, and nothing could persuade him to be anywhere else.

"Shouldn't wonder of we had to foot it home," said Samuel. "Durn ye, Bill, ye old brute, git up!" This with an impressive flourish of his whip, as if he hoped to strain terror to the heart of the beast itself. But Bill wasn't to be terrified by anything of that kind.

The sun got lower, and they sat there and waited for the "moving of the waters."

The ludicrousness of the situation kept Miss Putney in the best of humor. At any rate, she laughed two-thirds of the time, and Samuel argued that she wouldn't laugh if she didn't feel well.

All at once old Bill started. Away he went with a wild dash that jerked Miss Putney's hat off before she could grab it. Samuel saved on the bit and yelled, "Who's up, Bill, durn ye; who's up, I say!" with an energy that was pleasant to hear, but Bill wouldn't listen to reason.

On he went, over stones and bad places, at a furious gallop. The wagon threatened to upset. Samuel's shoe jumped out, and was seen no more that night. Past houses, and barns, and haystacks they sped, in a modern sort of a John Gilpin ride, Samuel expostulating with Bill all the while, but to no account.

All at once the terrible old horse stopped. Miss Putney had never thought anything under such lively motion could stop as suddenly and completely as he did. She hardly realized it until she "brought up" with a mighty bounce in the bottom of the buggy, and saw Samuel hanging over the dashboard, in a general state of limppness.

"Rather sudden, seems if!" said he, as soon as he could catch his breath. "We'll hev to walk now. He never'll go another step with the buggy hitched to him. It's allus this way. We've learnt him."

He dismounted and helped her out. "Durned unlucky 'bout my shoe!" remarked Samuel. "I'll bet a cent I'll never see it ag'in. Cost twenty shillin's, too."

He unhitched Bill, and that old veteran stepped off as demurely as if such ideas as balking and running away had never dawned upon him.

Miss Putney couldn't help laughing at their appearance. Samuel went ahead driving Bill, picturesque arrayed in one shoe. She followed, bareheaded. She didn't wonder Mrs. Torrey and the rest of the family were somewhat astonished when they came up.

"If it hadn't been for old Bill—durn his piker—we'd a had a purty fair time," said Samuel, at the gate. "Good evenin', Miss Putney."

"Oh, I never had so good a time in all my life before," answered she. "Good evening, Samuel," and then he went on with Bill, and she sat down on the spot and laughed till she cried.

—SINCE, Wis.

THE LION AND THE ZEBRA.

An Adventure in Africa.

Returning rather late one dark night to our encampment, I was suddenly startled by sounds of the most painful description, not unlike the stifled groanings of a person who is on the point of drowning. It at once struck me that the lions had surrounded some unfortunate native whilst lying in ambush near the water for wild animals that came there to drink. Whilst listening in anxious suspense to the wallings in question—which gradually became more and more faint—there reached me from another quarter a confused sound of human voices and hurried footsteps. This only tended to confirm my first impression, but from the impenetrable darkness I could not ascertain anything with certainty. Being unable, however, to endure the suspense any longer, and regardless of the danger to which I exposed myself, I caught up my twining-pole, which happened to be loaded with ball, and set out in the direction whence the wailing—now fast dying away—proceeded.

I had not gone very far, however, before I fell in with a number of the natives, who were hastening in the same direction as myself.

My road, for the most part, lay through a dense tamarisk coppice, and it was surprising to me how I ever managed to thread the labyrinth. The hope of saving human life, however, enabled me to overcome all obstacles. I might have been three or four minutes in the brake, when, on coming to a small opening, I suddenly encountered, and all but stumbled over, a large black mass lying at my feet; whilst, close to my ear, I heard the twang of a bow-string and the whizzing of an arrow. At the same moment, and within a very few paces of where I stood, I was startled by the terrific roar of a lion, which seemed to shake the ground beneath me. This was immediately followed by a savage and exulting cry of triumph from a number of the natives.

Having recovered from my surprise, I found that the dark object that had nearly upset me was one of the natives stooping over a dead zebra, which the lion had just killed, and then learned, for the first time, to my great astonishment as well as relief, that the wallings which had caused me so much uneasiness, and which I imagined were those of a dying man, proceeded from this poor animal.

The design of the natives, who from the first, I take it, well knew what they were about, was simply to possess themselves of the zebra, in which they had fully succeeded. Whilst some busied themselves in lighting a fire, the rest joined in a sort of war-dance around the carcass, accompanied by the most wild and fantastic gestures, totally disregarding the proximity of the lion, which had only retreated a few paces. As the fire began to blaze, indeed, we could distinctly see him pacing to and fro among the bushes on the edge of the river's bank.

He, moreover, forcibly reminded us of his presence by lacerating a small dog belonging to one of the party, which had incautiously approached him too closely. By a slight touch of his murderous paw he ripped up its body from head to foot; but notwithstanding its entreaties dragged on the ground, the poor creature managed to crawl to our fire, where it breathed its last in the course of a few seconds. It was a most touching sight to see the faithful animal wagging its tail in recognition of its master, who was trying to replace the intestines and to stop the flow of blood.

The savage features of the natives, which received an unnaturally wild character as the glare of the half-blazing fire fell upon them; the dying dog, with his wild master stooping despondingly over him; the mutilated carcass of the zebra, and the presence of the lion within a few paces of us, presented one of the most striking scenes it was ever my fortune to witness.

Expecting every moment that the lion would make a dash at us, I stood prepared to receive him. More than once, indeed, I leveled my gun at him, and was on the point of pulling the trigger; but, being now sufficiently acquainted with the character of the animal to know that, if I did not shoot him on the spot, the attempt would probably prove the death signal to one or other of us, I refrained from firing.

Contrary to my expectations, however, he allowed us to cut up and carry away the entire pelt without molesting us in any way. During the process, the natives occasionally hurled huge burning brands at the beast, but these instead of driving him to a distance had only the effect of making him more savage.

Similar attempts to deprive a lion of his prey are of frequent occurrence in the interior of Africa. Indeed, it is no unusual thing to find a number of natives crouching near such pools of water as are frequented by antelopes, other wild animals, and their constant attendant, the lion, subsiding altogether in this way, or on occasions when the lion has not had time to devour before the return of day, when it is his habit to retire to his lair.

But it is not always that the attempt to deprive the lion of his prey succeeds as well as in the instance just mentioned. Generally speaking, indeed, if he be famishing with hunger, he turns upon his assailants, and many a man has thus lost his life. One often meets with individuals either mutilated, or bearing dreadful scars, the result of wounds received in such encounters.

THE FEMALE WITNESS.

(From the New York Sun.)

John Sherman was almost hopelessly damaged when he appeared to testify in his own behalf as to the guarantee which he had given to Weber and Anderson on the 20th of November, 1870. Before the investigation was ordered, he repeatedly and to different responsible persons authorized an emphatic and unqualified denial of ever having written any such letter, and denounced any letter of that purport, bearing his name, as an absolute forgery. When confronted with a copy of the letter, and dreading the production of the original or of a *fac simile*, he hesitated, dared not deny, and admitted there were parts of the letter he would have written.

The trial of the country was that he was an unswerving witness against himself, and that he had written the letter. Not content with that exposure, he and his counsel, in their desperate dilemma, have again invited the same crushing judgment. They have produced a female witness, who claims to be a Republican politician, accustomed to all the corrupt practices known in Louisiana. Sharp, unscrupulous, and audacious, this woman is Agnes D. Jenks, wife of Thomas H. Jenks. Both she and her husband were the intimate friends of James B. Anderson, until their prejudices were conquered and they were converted into his enemies and friends of John Sherman.

For months past it has been known that the Jenks woman was not only to be silenced, but to become an active partisan of John Sherman. After the failure of Anderson to provide for her husband she visited Washington, last January, on her own account, though at the suggestion of Kellogg, and it is supposed she made terms with the fraudulent Secretary of the Treasury. Now she appears as a witness, swearing that she dictated the Sherman letter in parlor P of the St. Charles Hotel, filled with "visiting statesmen" and other prominent persons, not one of whom can be named; that she had no motive for that act but the honor of the party, and that she delivered this letter with the signature of John Sherman forged to it, to D. A. Weber. This is her story, after more than a week of constant coaching by Sherman's lawyers, with a retentive memory to hold their instructions, and with quick resources of her own for sudden emergencies of swearing.

The man Jenks and the woman Jenks both swore vigorously that, in their correspondence with Anderson and with other persons, they had no knowledge whatever that the Sherman letter was referred to previous to the question of last November. They were told, of course, to fix that date, and as the sequel will show, it convicts them both. It was always some "document" or "other letter," according to the female Jenks. Now for the proof. First of all, it is well to reproduce the letter in question, and to see if the pivot in this controversy.

LITTLE THINGS.

Life and death, prosperity and ruin, hang upon little things. They are like the linch-pin to the wheel, on which depends the safety of the vehicle; they are like the rudder to the vast ship which it guides; like the slender nerves to the bulky muscles.

They make up our lives. The self-experience of every man will prove this to him.

A single word will blast a reputation—a modulation of tone will convey a ruinous insinuation—a passing fancy will determine the occupation of a life.

Every man who has risen to greatness has done so by attention to small things. Large and powerful efforts are often needed, but they are only required occasionally; but the most powerful struggles will fail, if the way to them be not paved by attention to small things; and their efforts will be lost if little things are not made to follow and aid them in their proper order.

This cannot be otherwise, for great things are only a series of little ones, so closely compacted, together that they take the appearance of, and indeed, become a whole, just as the hour is made up of minutes, and the dollars of cents.

You remember Ben Franklin's maxim: "Take care of the cents, and the dollars will take care of themselves."

This may be applied to everything in life—love, fame, matrimony, and all kinds of money.

The hour is a whole, and so is a dollar; but take a minute from the one, or a penny from the other, and for want of its smallest part, the whole ceases to be.

GOOD BOOKS.

See to it that your children read nothing but good books—the works of the best authors. Our minds ought to become clear and strong, enlightened and elevated. There is food that is healthy and nutritious for the mind. But the literary cooks have served the public with so much highly-seasoned food that the tastes of their readers, especially the young, have become vitiated, and they turn with disgust from good, solid, instructive reading, which would improve their mental powers, and make them intellectually strong, and help them to become useful members of society. But they easily devour literary poetry, it highly spiced. They crave sensational reading; romance and fiction; pathetic, comic and tragic. It allowed to have their own way they read the much, and in consequence, their minds become diseased and sickly, while they gain no real knowledge.

has not had time to devour before the return of day, when it is his habit to retire to his lair.

But it is not always that the attempt to deprive the lion of his prey succeeds as well as in the instance just mentioned. Generally speaking, indeed, if he be famishing with hunger, he turns upon his assailants, and many a man has thus lost his life. One often meets with individuals either mutilated, or bearing dreadful scars, the result of wounds received in such encounters.

HOW JIM SAVED HIS HAIR.
Jim Wicker was a comical-looking fellow, with a very young face; but, by reason of having no hair, he looked very old from the eyebrows all the way round to the back of the neck. He was very sensitive about this defect, and was somewhat celebrated, from a fight he had with a traveling agriculturist—who, upon being asked by Jim what would cause the hair to grow upon his shining poll, was advised to cover the top of his head with guano, and plant it down in crab grass. But Jim wouldn't quarrel with Capt. Wild, for that gentleman was not only the host of the Fairy Queen, but also had the key to all "the refreshments" in his possession; so, without hesitation, he enlightened his auditory after this fashion:

"You see the hair always did grow rather scarce 'bout my scalp, and I was always rubbing one thing or another to fetch it out, for I was sartin the roots wasn't dead, though that was little to be seen above ground. I'd heard of bear's grease, and bought a gallon in bottles; but I believe it was nothing but hog's lard and mutton tallow; so I thought I'd heard the genuine article, and I got old Dan to go out and kill something for my special benefit. Dan told me it was spring, and that the bear was in bad health, and out of season; but I believed he was trying to quiz me; and I wouldn't take no for an answer. A short hunt forced a critter at bay, and Dan, by a shot in the vitals, saved the varmint; but the bear was in a bad condition, for he looked as seedy as an old Canadian thistle, and he had hardly enough life in him to keep his joints from squeaking; but what he did have I got and used—and, gentlemen," said Jim, looking scornfully around on the company, "in two days 'bout little hair I had commenced falling off, and in a week I was as bald as a gun-barrel. Dan was right. The varmint was shedding himself and had nothing in him but hair-shedding life, and the consequence is, I can't in the dark tell my head from a dried gourd, if I depend on feeling."

THE FEMALE WITNESS.

(From the New York Sun.)

John Sherman was almost hopelessly damaged when he appeared to testify in his own behalf as to the guarantee which he had given to Weber and Anderson on the 20th of November, 1870. Before the investigation was ordered, he repeatedly and to different responsible persons authorized an emphatic and unqualified denial of ever having written any such letter, and denounced any letter of that purport, bearing his name, as an absolute forgery. When confronted with a copy of the letter, and dreading the production of the original or of a *fac simile*, he hesitated, dared not deny, and admitted there were parts of the letter he would have written.

The trial of the country was that he was an unswerving witness against himself, and that he had written the letter. Not content with that exposure, he and his counsel, in their desperate dilemma, have again invited the same crushing judgment. They have produced a female witness, who claims to be a Republican politician, accustomed to all the corrupt practices known in Louisiana. Sharp, unscrupulous, and audacious, this woman is Agnes D. Jenks, wife of Thomas H. Jenks. Both she and her husband were the intimate friends of James B. Anderson, until their prejudices were conquered and they were converted into his enemies and friends of John Sherman.

For months past it has been known that the Jenks woman was not only to be silenced, but to become an active partisan of John Sherman. After the failure of Anderson to provide for her husband she visited Washington, last January, on her own account, though at the suggestion of Kellogg, and it is supposed she made terms with the fraudulent Secretary of the Treasury. Now she appears as a witness, swearing that she dictated the Sherman letter in parlor P of the St. Charles Hotel, filled with "visiting statesmen" and other prominent persons, not one of whom can be named; that she had no motive for that act but the honor of the party, and that she delivered this letter with the signature of John Sherman forged to it, to D. A. Weber. This is her story, after more than a week of constant coaching by Sherman's lawyers, with a retentive memory to hold their instructions, and with quick resources of her own for sudden emergencies of swearing.

The man Jenks and the woman Jenks both swore vigorously that, in their correspondence with Anderson and with other persons, they had no knowledge whatever that the Sherman letter was referred to previous to the question of last November. They were told, of course, to fix that date, and as the sequel will show, it convicts them both. It was always some "document" or "other letter," according to the female Jenks. Now for the proof. First of all, it is well to reproduce the letter in question, and to see if the pivot in this controversy.

LITTLE THINGS.

Life and death, prosperity and ruin, hang upon little things. They are like the linch-pin to the wheel, on which depends the safety of the vehicle; they are like the rudder to the vast ship which it guides; like the slender nerves to the bulky muscles.

They make up our lives. The self-experience of every man will prove this to him.

A single word will blast a reputation—a modulation of tone will convey a ruinous insinuation—a passing fancy will determine the occupation of a life.

Every man who has risen to greatness has done so by attention to small things. Large and powerful efforts are often needed, but they are only required occasionally; but the most powerful struggles will fail, if the way to them be not paved by attention to small things; and their efforts will be lost if little things are not made to follow and aid them in their proper order.

This cannot be otherwise, for great things are only a series of little ones, so closely compacted, together that they take the appearance of, and indeed, become a whole, just as the hour is made up of minutes, and the dollars of cents.

You remember Ben Franklin's maxim: "Take care of the cents, and the dollars will take care of themselves."

This may be applied to everything in life—love, fame, matrimony, and all kinds of money.

The hour is a whole, and so is a dollar; but take a minute from the one, or a penny from the other, and for want of its smallest part, the whole ceases to be.

GOOD BOOKS.

See to it that your children read nothing but good books—the works of the best authors. Our minds ought to become clear and strong, enlightened and elevated. There is food that is healthy and nutritious for the mind. But the literary cooks have served the public with so much highly-seasoned food that the tastes of their readers, especially the young, have become vitiated, and they turn with disgust from good, solid, instructive reading, which would improve their mental powers, and make them intellectually strong, and help them to become useful members of society. But they easily devour literary poetry, it highly spiced. They crave sensational reading; romance and fiction; pathetic, comic and tragic. It allowed to have their own way they read the much, and in consequence, their minds become diseased and sickly, while they gain no real knowledge.

has not had time to devour before the return of day, when it is his habit to retire to his lair.

But it is not always that the attempt to deprive the lion of his prey succeeds as well as in the instance just mentioned. Generally speaking, indeed, if he be famishing with hunger, he turns upon his assailants, and many a man has thus lost his life. One often meets with individuals either mutilated, or bearing dreadful scars, the result of wounds received in such encounters.

HOW JIM SAVED HIS HAIR.
Jim Wicker was a comical-looking fellow, with a very young face; but, by reason of having no hair, he looked very old from the eyebrows all the way round to the back of the neck. He was very sensitive about this defect, and was somewhat celebrated, from a fight he had with a traveling agriculturist—who, upon being asked by Jim what would cause the hair to grow upon his shining poll, was advised to cover the top of his head with guano, and plant it down in crab grass. But Jim wouldn't quarrel with Capt. Wild, for that gentleman was not only the host of the Fairy Queen, but also had the key to all "the refreshments" in his possession; so, without hesitation, he enlightened his auditory after this fashion:

"You see the hair always did grow rather scarce 'bout my scalp, and I was always rubbing one thing or another to fetch it out, for I was sartin the roots wasn't dead, though that was little to be seen above ground. I'd heard of bear's grease, and bought a gallon in bottles; but I believe it was nothing but hog's lard and mutton tallow; so I thought I'd heard the genuine article, and I got old Dan to go out and kill something for my special benefit. Dan told me it was spring, and that the bear was in bad health, and out of season; but I believed he was trying to quiz me; and I wouldn't take no for an answer. A short hunt forced a critter at bay, and Dan, by a shot in the vitals, saved the varmint; but the bear was in a bad condition, for he looked as seedy as an old Canadian thistle, and he had hardly enough life in him to keep his joints from squeaking; but what he did have I got and used—and, gentlemen," said Jim, looking scornfully around on the company, "in two days 'bout little hair I had commenced falling off, and in a week I was as bald as a gun-barrel. Dan was right. The varmint was shedding himself and had nothing in him but hair-shedding life, and the consequence is, I can't in the dark tell my head from a dried gourd, if I depend on feeling."

THE FEMALE WITNESS.

(From the New York Sun.)

John Sherman was almost hopelessly damaged when he appeared to testify in his own behalf as to the guarantee which he had given to Weber and Anderson on the 20th of November, 1870. Before the investigation was ordered, he repeatedly and to different responsible persons authorized an emphatic and unqualified denial of ever having written any such letter, and denounced any letter of that purport, bearing his name, as an absolute forgery. When confronted with a copy of the letter, and dreading the production of the original or of a *fac simile*, he hesitated, dared not deny, and admitted there were parts of the letter he would have written.