

THE TERRE HAUTE WEEKLY GAZETTE.

THE DYING TRAMP.

By MR. SMITH.

of the day was being shut beneath western lid
a guest arrived at a cottage door in a path of ivy hid;
and was stretched to welcome him, no one was raised to greet

either of the tireless host that live up the street.

any a man of his turn of mind had in that way before,
so little woman had often vowed she

would heed them more.

met against the arbor, heaved a sub-
sanean sigh,

sked, with the air of a broken man,

he might lie down and die

that rustling ivy, mid the sun's de-
caying rays,

lose his eyes in a spot so like the home

his early days.

on a distant river's bank, my mother's

home and mine,

village whose name you may have

—'Old Bingen on the Rhine.'

my mother married a nobleman, and I

was set adrift

in my bread by the sweat of my brow

any a grievous shift;

when I arrived at man's estate I turned

the golden West,

the star of Hope seemed beckoning

across the Ocean's crest.

truggled mid encouragements, I've

struggled with despair,

the only hour I spent in peace was the

I spent in prayer.

papered and I've failed in turn, with

time's deckle breath,

w in seeking the land of my birth I

I've found my death.

you reader, gentle friend, that house

the stout trees,

the Universal parson lives, they

me poisoned cheese,

so it's a part of their creed to think

it's better for all concerned

me a book, to the only bourn whence

amp has never returned.

my life work's ended; there's a rat-
ing in my throat,

my vital fluids though I'd swallowed

animat d goat.

my sister—she's stopped the man,

soothed him as he lay,

and gat the doctor, just a half a mile

away."

sofer rolled his bloodshot eye—

were more than he could ask;"

the gratitude of that hollow voice would

be a vinegar cask.

her feet were tired, she hastened on,

her strength was from above,

abo of pity is nearly or quite as light

a labor of love.

missionary man began to frown at the

mention of the case,

king her in, they started off at a more

in professional pace.

all too true, his spirit had fled, but

carcass had done the same,

the missing silver testified he had won

little game;

it wasn't all, on the kitchen door

found an inscription in chalk,

showed that the vag bon knew how

write as well as he knew how to talk.

the true life work's ended, out death

the decline;

so easy to kill a man from 'Bingen

the Rhine.'

verage Bingen soldier, with a half-inch

in his breast,

of a dirge of fourteen rhymes with-

one taking a rest.

how could you think that a seasoned

amp, who can live for a week on grass,

yield to a sponful of arsenic or an

ace of pounded glass?

not that sort, I'll go to now, my

ons against your stamps,

and ruin a wholesale druggist to poison

ozen tramps?"

ending "blacked the eye" of day and

ring out her silvery lamp,

the Ma in the Moon with a kindly lee-

ked down on a prostrate tramp

slitter neck by an old stone wall,

the snakes and the wild flowers

grew.

his mouth open and eyes well shut, he

healed in the evening dew,

the spoons were his pillow, the

his couch and his garments covered

with dust,

as sleep, if not sweater, was certainly

per than most of the "sleep of the

just."

U HICKMAN AND CANADA BILL.

Canada Bill one time was passing

ugh Washington on his way to New

after a successful gambling trip on

steamboats of the western and south-

ers. The thought struck him

he would stop and see Beau Hick-

the great wag, then world-famous

clever trickster. The two sports

on the steps of the huge capitol

man had been pointed out to Can-

bill by a bootblack.

"your name Hickman, pard?" in-

Bill, extending his hand.

the same, sir. Whose hand might

the honor of pressing?" returned

man, thinking that his new ac-

endance was a newly arrived western

per of congress.

he hand you grasp?" responded Bill,

he generally known as being more

deceitful cleverly than fairly, I, like

self, am one of society's razor straps."

Canada Bill, by gum!"

make the number two-times—for I'm

to meet you, Hickman."

ow long are you going to stop in

"opped off expressly to make your

intance?"

you known in this city?"

then I'll turn you to good account.

much money have you to venture

ure thing?"

\$6,000,"

with you?"

ight here," and Canada Bill pulled

two huge rolls of bills.

ow would you like to turn that into

within the next three days?"

ame the job, and I'm your man."

! We'll take a drink;" and Hick-

the monte-tossed into the card-

of a fashionable sample-room.

the next day a gentle, solemn-look-

entered the gentleman's parlors

which were filled

senators, congressmen and office-

ers and holders of all grades. He

had a small note book in his hand,

as he approached each group he

bowed and say:

Francis Murphy may be a good man,

but the sooner he gets through mixing

up the name of the Heavenly Father with

his own signature, the better it will be

for you truly, Francis Murphy. [De-

troit Free Press.]

Fashion is full of caprice. All at once

there is a general desire for a certain

thing, and nothing else is seen. The

next day people tire of it, and it vanishes

as suddenly as it came.

Paris apothecaries print on their labels

the nearest doctor's address.

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