

WHO BORROWED MY UMBRELLA?

ESCAPE OF MRS. WILSON,
From the Comanche Indians.

After remaining three days in the place where I first conceded myself from the Indians, I went to a more about half a mile distant and built a little house of bushes and grass. There I lived nine days. My only food was the huckleberries which grew on the bushes around. I quenched my thirst at a spring near by. My wounds pained me excessively, and I wanted to a more skeleton for want of proper nourishment. It rained upon me seven nights in succession, and my little house was unable to protect me from the cold storms. More than once I spent a sleepless night, perfectly drenched in rain while the wolves, sometimes coming within five steps of me, would make the wood ring with their faithful howlings. They would also follow close behind me when I went to the spring during the day. I expected some time to be devoured by them; but they are great cowards, and I could easily frighten them away.

Miss Phoebe Carey has just published a book of poems, among which is the following parody on Longfellow:

"Told me not in idle rhyme,
 Moraines is an empty dream,
 For the girl is dead that's single,
 And things are not what they seem.
 Married life is real earnest,
 Single blossoms a fib;
 'Tis then, from man, to man return—"

95 A man don't call for brandy now-a-days in these parts. He asks the druggist

WHILE attending to paying taxes, making conveyancing, and any other duties in line of the profession, the lawyer

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