

**How Maud Kept the Bridge.**

You've heard of great Horatious  
That warrior stern and bold,  
Who stood and bravely kept the bridge  
"In the brave days of old."

But of a modern Amazon  
A trim Whitechapel belle,  
Known by the boys as Maud Steadman,  
A story I will tell.

She mounted sentry on the bridge  
With fire in her eye,  
And asked a dole to pay as toll  
From all who passed her by.

If any proved recalcitrant  
She'd double up her fists  
And flourish dangerously near  
Her long and shapely wrists.

So to capitulate they found  
The safest, easiest task,  
And give her a few pennies  
Wherewith to get a flask.

To cool the burning fever  
Of rampant appetite,  
For which she braved the rigors  
Of that dark and wintry night.

And back unto Coon Villa  
She sped upon her way  
With lots of cents and "siller,"  
Her whiskey bill to pay.

And with the doughty barbers  
She drank the long night through—  
Exhibiting a courage  
Known only to a few.

**Our Soldier Boys, Good Bye.**

BY THE EDITOR.

With quivering lip and panting breath  
And low and muffled drum,  
We see from out the Barrack gate,  
The long procession come ;  
With faltering step and downcast head,  
While tears bedim each eye,  
We gather at the train to bid  
Our soldier boys good bye.

They've been with us for many a year ;  
They've shared our grief and joy,  
And nearly every maiden has  
A bonny soldier boy ;  
What wonder then the maidens sob,  
And ring their hands and cry  
While gathering at the train to bid  
Their soldier boys good bye.

What matter if their colonel is  
A 'ristocratic prig,  
And the commanding officers  
May feel so very big,  
They're not a fraction influenced  
By rank and station high,  
So, gather at the the train to bid  
Your soldier boys good bye.

The lanes, the track, the groves and streets,  
The road down to the mill,  
Will be exchanged for North-West Arm  
And lofty Citadel Hill ;  
And Albermarle will ring with song  
And jest and glass go 'round  
And many a festive maiden fair  
Upon their knees be found.

But who can chide, or blame them for  
The exercise of love ?  
That very fact does to the world  
Their virile manhood prove.  
While red blood runs in youthful veins  
And lightnings flash each eye  
We gather at the train to bid  
Our soldier boys good bye.

But a few months shall roll, and then  
They'll be with us once more,  
And wander, with their girls again,  
By meadow, brook and shore.  
And all our sighs and tears and woes,  
Our yearning, grief and pain  
Will be relieved when'er we greet  
Our soldier boys again.

**SOCIAL CHAT.**

**In The Arena.**

Our veteran blacksmith, Chas. Scully, influenced doubtless by the great interest now taken in the "manly art" as evidenced in the recent prize fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons has thrown open his spacious parlors, in the upper flight of his building, to the embryo pugilists of this city, where weekly bouts are held, between such champions as Bunker Jones, Sam Jones, Howe and Tibbitts; which are largely attended and evoke great enthusiasm. No fee is asked, but a silver collection is taken up to defray running expenses and purchase gloves and other needed articles in the outfit of a pugilist. We should not be surprised, considering the great interest which is being manifested in the ring, in this city, to hear that our city should be selected next year as the site of the next worlds championship contest. Our facilities are quite as good as Carson, and we don't think that the Government, which is badly in need of money, would refuse to pass the needed legislation. The following is from a correspondent signed "Visitor."

The greatest sparring match of the season took place at this famous resort on Friday evening of last week, between R. Thoburn, champion of "The Bowery," and H. Kitchin the champion of Fifth Avenue.

Round 1. Both men stepped into the ring smiling, accompanied by their seconds and Billy Keefe, who acted as referee.

Time being called each man came up with blood in his eye, sparring for an opening; Robert slightly winded. Ham overreaches, which Robert gets away from by lying down, but quickly rose again to his feet and landed a double uppercut in the wind. Ham ducked and got in a sledge-hammer blow on Thoburn's lip. Time being called, Bob limped to his corner.

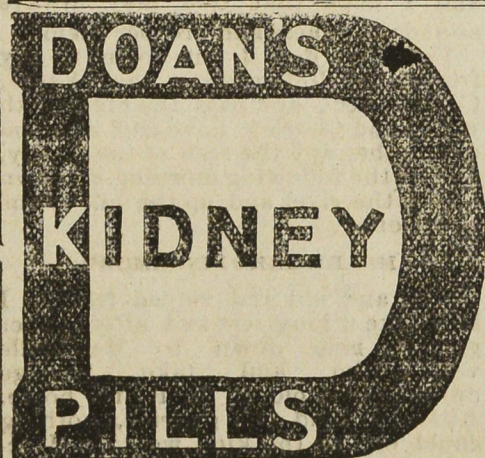
ROUND 2ND AND WIND-UP—Both came up groggy, Kitchin dancing around the ring and Thoburn watching him as a cat watching a mouse. Both men meet, and the fight begins; uppercuts, side-steps cross-counters, lantern swinging and ducking, right and left hooks; until finally both laid down and gasped for breath. Time being called both men remained lying in the ring. It was declared a draw and both men express an eager desire to meet each other. at some future time, in the fistic arena.

**A Great chance.**

We would call particular attention to the farm advertised for sale in our columns by Michael Shannan. It is a good chance and a rare bargain for anyone wanting a farm near the city.

**Duty and Affection.**

If a certain policeman would spend a little more time in pacing his beat than in beating around the vicinity of Hedley Staples' shop, he would be working more in the interests of the city; but it seems that he prefers to arrest the attention of a certain young lady as a much more pleasant task than that of arresting offenders against the law.



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