

HOW TO BEHAVE AT FIRES.

BY A QUIET MAN.

The moment you hear an alarm, scream like a pair of panthers. Run any way except the right way—for the farthest way round is the nearest way to the fire. If you happen to run on the top of a wood-pile, so much the better; you can get a good view of the neighborhood. If a light breaks out on your view, "break" for it immediately—but be sure you don't jump into a low window. Keep yelling all the time; and if you can't make night hedges enough, yourself, kick all the dogs you come across, and set them yelling too; 'twill help amazingly. A brace of cats dragged up stairs by the tail would be a "powerful auxiliary." If you attempt this, however, you had better keep an eye down-ward. When you reach the scene of fire, do all you can to convert it into a scene of destruction. Tear down all the fences in the vicinity. If it be a chimney on fire, throw salt down it, or if you can't do that, throw salt on a rat's tail, and make him run up. The effect will be about the same. If both be found impracticable, a few bucket-fuls of water, judiciously applied, will answer almost as well. Perhaps the best plan would be to jerk up the pump handle and pound down the chimney. Don't forget to yell all the while as it will have a prodigious effect in frightening off the fire. You might swear a little too, if you can do scientifically. If you belong to the "Eagle," d—n the "Hope," if to the "Hope," d—n the "Eagle," and if to neither, don't be partial, and d—n both. The louder, the better, of course; and the more ladies present the greater necessity for "doing it brown." Should the roof begin to smoke, get to work in good earnest, and make any man "smoke" that interrupts you. If it is in summer, and there are fruit trees in the lot, cut them down to prevent the fire from roasting the apples. Don't forget to yell! Should the stable be threatened, carry out the cow-chains. Never mind the horse—he will be alive and kicking, and if his legs don't do their duty, let them pay for the roast. Ditto as to hogs—let them save their own bacon or smoke for it. When the roof begins to burn, get a crow bar and pry away the stone step, or if the steps be of wood, procure an axe a chop them up. Next cut away the washboards in the basement story, and if that don't stop the flames, let the chair boards on the first floor share a similar fate. Should the "devouring element" still pursue the "even tenor of its way," you had better ascend to the second story,—pitch out pitchers and tumble out tumblers. Yell all the time!

If you find a baby abed, fling it into the second story window of the house across the way, and let the kitten carefully down in a work basket. Then draw out the bureau drawers and empty their contents out of the back window, telling somebody below to upset the slop barrel and rainwater hogshead at the same time. Of course you will attend to the mirror. The further it can be thrown the more pieces will be made. If anybody objects snash it over his head. Do not, under any circumstances, drop the tongs down from the second story—the fall might break its legs, and render the poor thing a cripple for life; set it astraddle of your shoulders and carry it down carefully. Pile the bed clothes on the floor, and show the spectators that you can "beat the bugs" at knocking a bedstead apart and chopping it up in pieces.

By the time you will have attended to all these things the fire will certainly be arrested, or the building burnt down. In either case your services will be no longer needed, and of course you need no further directions.

A YANKEE SHOEMAKER.

"You hain't no occasion for a Jer nor nothin' I spose," said a jolly son of St. Crispin from the land of wooden nutmegs, as he entered a shoe establishment, with his kit nicely done up in his apron.

"Wonder if I hain't?" was the reply of the boss. "Why I should like a dozen if I could get them, but what kind of a shoe can you make?"

"O, as to the matter o' that," said the snob, "I reckon how I can make a decent sort of a craft."

"Spread your kit then," said the boss; "I'll give you a pair to try, and if the work suits me I can give you a steady seat of work."

Crispin was soon at it, hammering and whistling away as happy as a clam at high water, and the Boss was called away on some other business which detained him two or three hours. Meanwhile the tampering jour had produced a thing which bore some faint resemblance to a shoe, and feeling somewhat ashamed of it hid it in a pile of leather chips that lay on the floor, and proceeded to make another, which he had barely time to finish, when his employer entered and began to examine it.

"Look here, mister," said he, "I guess you needn't make the mate to this; it is the greatest botch that ever was made in my shop, that's a fact."

"Praps you'd like to bet a trifle on that," said the snob.

"Bet," responded the Boss, "why I'll bet a ten dollar bill aginst a hand of tobacco that there never was a shoe made in this shop half so bad as this."

"Done," says Crispin at the same time casting a sly wink at his shopmates, "but stop, let me see if I've got so much of the weed with me. Oh yes, here's a whole hand of Cavendish," and laying it on the cutting board, he ventured to suggest the propriety of having the snet skin laid along side of it, which was no sooner done, than he proceeded to draw from its hiding place, the other shoe.

"Here Boss," said he, "you must decide the bet; say which of the two shoes is the worst."

"Well, I guess I am fairly sucked in this time," replied the Boss, pushing the Cavendish and shin-plaster to the rightful owner, and throwing a ninepence to the youngest apprentice. The boy needed no farther instruction as to his duty, but was off in the twinkling of a bed-post, and

soon returned with a quart of black-strap. After all hands had sufficiently regaled themselves, the shrewd Yankee put his sticks together, a bidding the Boss a hearty good bye, started again on tramp, very well satisfied with his forenoon's work.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

It was at one of the watering places near our city that the following occurred.

A very romantic young lady—one of the misses who would rather elope with a distressed coachman than marry as every one else does—a young lady of the novel reading, white muslin, pink ribbon, long ringlets style, condescended one evening to make one of a company that strolled down a very long wharf to witness the arrival of the city boat.

How it happened, no one could tell, but a shriek and a splash in the water were suddenly heard, and Miss Seraphina had as suddenly disappeared. The bustle and confusion were great: several ladies fainted; the young miss' father went crazy without a word of warning, and most of the gentlemen looked and acted as if they were rehearsing the first appearance on the stage of a Lunatic Asylum. Meanwhile, Miss Romance was drowning.

Another splash was heard, and a big Newfoundland dog dived after the future mermaid. A moment more, and he re-appeared towing Miss Seraphina ashore.

She was carried instantly to the hotel. She had, as in duty bound, fainted. The big Newfoundland, shook himself, and coiled himself up in a sunny spot for a regular nap.

Soon the young lady regained her senses. Her father's joy may be imagined. His astonishment might also have been discoverable on his hearing his fair daughter as soon as she could move her tongue, ask for her heroic rescuer—she must see him—she must thank him—she must offer him the hand and heart he had saved from the briny deep.

The poor father, half stupified by the strange proposal, attempted in vain to expostulate with her, or to show her the unseasonableness of her conduct. It was of no use. She adored her rescuer; she knew her heart would break if her father opposed her wishes; she was determined to marry the brave fellow or descend into the tomb like a faded flower.

"Well," said her father, "if it must be so, you shall speak to the hero at once." And opening the door he began whistling and calling "Pompey! You Pompey! Here Pompey!"

Pompey came. Miss Seraphina fainted again. Pompey barked at her as if glad to escape "the hand and heart." Somehow or other the story leaked out. Whether Pompey or the old gentleman told the story could never be known. The effect, however, was tremendous. Pompey was called "Great," ever after, and as for Miss Seraphina—as Jeemes Yellowplush indites it—"phansy her pheelinx"—N. O. Picayune.

A BEAR STORY.

At the first settlement of Vermont, three young men left their homes in Massachusetts, with rifles in hand, and bought each a tract of land side by side in the wilderness. They erected a log hut, and agreed to live together, and work first on one, and then on the other's farm, alternately. After a few month's harmonious action, one of them became dissatisfied, and would no longer work only on his own land. Thus they continued some time without anything to interrupt their course.

One day, the two who were at work together, were surprised at the sad outcries of the one working by himself. They grasped their rifles, and flew to the relief of their comrade; but when they came in sight of him, such a ludicrous scene presented itself to their gaze, that it was sometime before they could restrain from laughing sufficiently to hold their rifles with a steady hand. This man was at work, having placed his rifle against a tree some little distance off, when a large bear came between him and his rifle, and attacked him. Finding there was no time to lose, he sprang for the nearest sapling that the bear could not climb, and was soon up into it; but the sapling was too slender to bear his weight, and it bent over like a bow, which brought him in such a position that he had to hold on both with his feet and hands, and the bent part of his body, which was covered with his buckskin, hung down within reach of the bear, when he stood on his hind legs, and with a stroke of his fore paw set him in a swinging motion. The bear very patiently sat on his haunches till he became more steady, and would then give another blow, and the same result followed: but his claws did not penetrate the buckskin, and the flesh was not torn. After the two had indulged in a hearty laugh, they drew up their rifles, and stretched poor bruin lifeless upon the ground. They united again, and worked together afterward.—Juv. Wesleyan.

An old Dutchman took a job of hauling cotton across the country to a certain river, and one day he stopped the team about noon for the purpose of eating his dinner, and giving refreshment and rest to his horses. Perceiving indications of a spring a little distance from the road, he left his son in charge of the horses and carried his tin pail over to the water. It proved to be a hot spring, and the old Dutchman cried out in terror to his son, with a loud voice: Hanne! trive on! trive on te team, for Got's sake! He'll hish not von mile vrom dish playshe!

An Irish girl dropped into our office yesterday, and asked for the "loan of a directry; she wanted to find out her aunt from ould Ireland out."

"What was her husband's name?" said we.

"Och sure, an' that's what puzzles me," said the girl. "I don't know, an' I've been to the Post Office enquirin' for him, an' all over town, an' the clerk in the Post Office told me to look at the directry."

Strange to say, the name couldn't be found.

A LESSON FOR THE GIRLS.—An intelligent gentleman of fortune, says the Bangor Whig, visited a country village in Maine, not far from Bangor, and was hospitably entertained and lodged by a gentleman having three daughters—two of whom, in rich dresses, entertained the distinguished gentleman in the parlour, while one kept herself in the kitchen, assisting her mother in preparing the food and setting the table for tea, and after supper, in doing the work till it was finally completed, when she also joined her sisters in the parlour for the remainder of the evening. The next morning the same daughter was again early in the kitchen, while the other two were in the parlour. The gentleman, like Franklin, possessed a discriminating mind—was a close observer of the habits of the young ladies—watched an opportunity, and whispered something in the ear of the industrious one, and then left for a time, but re-visited the same family, and in about one year the young lady of the kitchen was conveyed to Boston the wife of the same gentleman visitor, where she now presides at an elegant mansion. The gentleman whose fortune she shares, she won by a judicious deportment, and well directed industry. So much for an industrious young lady.

THE NEWSPAPER.—The definition of this cheapest of all earthly luxuries is thus given by Bulwer the novelist:

"The newspaper is the chronicle of civilization, the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come and drink. It is the newspaper which gives to liberty its practical life, its perpetual vigilance, its unwearying activity. The newspaper is a daily and sleepless watchman, which reports to you every danger which menaces the institutions of our country, and its interests at home and abroad. The newspaper informs legislators of the public opinion, and it informs the people of the acts of legislators—thus keeping up that sympathy and good understanding between the people and legislators which conduces to the maintenance of order. The newspaper is a law book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor."

CHEAP BOARDING.—A thousand and one stories are told of the extreme cheapness of living in the Far West, but as to the way in which it is occasionally done, we were never aware until the matter was explained by the late Dan Marble.

"You keep boarders here, ma'am?" said an individual addressing the landlady of house, upon the door of which he saw "cheap boarding" painted.

"We do," was the response.

"What do you charge a week?"

"For boarding without lodging, do you mean?" inquired the lady.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Fifty cents is our regular price."

"Well," rejoined the inquirer, "that's cheap enough, at any rate. Do you give your boarders much of a variety?"

"Yes, sir, something of a variety. We give them dried apples for breakfast, warm water for dinner, and let them swell for supper."

"HERE'S TILL YE JEMMY"—An Irishman had been sick for a long time, and while in this state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would come to. On one of these occasions, when he had just awakened from his sleep, Patrick asked him—

"An' how'll we know, Jemmy, when you're dead—you'r afther wakin' up every time?"

"Bring me a glass o' grog, and say to me—'Here's till ye, Jemmy,' an' if I don't rise up an' drink, then bury me!"

THE END OF FAME.—A coloured gentleman of such gigantic proportions, that he was commonly called Goliath, died from the effects of too great indulgence in ardent spirits. Upon which, Jona, after the manner of Plutarch, drew the following comparison between him and Goliath of old:—

"Both were great men. Goliath of old might have been tallest, but our modern Goliath was always high enough."

"The one was a gentleman of cholera, the other was a gentleman of color."

"Both were killed by means of slings. Old Goliath by David's sling, young Goliath by a gin sling. The former article was used to throw stones at Goliath, the latter frequently threw Goliath himself on the stones."

THE USEFUL COMETS.—"Cesar," said a negro to a colored friend of his, "which do you tink is de most useful of the comets, de sun or de moon?"

"Well, Clem, I don't tink I should be able to answer dat question, seein' as how I neber had much book larnin'."

"Well, Cesar, I spects de moon orter take de fust rank in dat particklar."

"Why so, nigger?"

"Bekase, de moon shine in de night when we need de light, and de sun shine in de day time when de light am no consequence."

"Well, Clem, you is de most learned darkey I see; I guess you used to sweep out a school house for a libin'."

A peasant went into a large city, and among o her objects that struck his fancy, was arrested by a banking-office, where he saw people go out and in, without getting any goods, apparently, as in other shops. He ventured to enter and ask the teller what was sold there. "Asses' heads," was the sneering answer. "What a business you must have!" said the rustic; "I see you have but one left."

Professional Pomposity is well taken off in the following anecdote, which we found in a late English paper. Shields doctor (looking learned and speaking slow) "Well, manner, which tooth do you want extracte! Is it a molar or an incisor?" Jack (short and sharp) "It is in the upper tier, in the larboard side. Bear a hand, you swab, for it is nipping my jaw like a bloody lobster."