

MAUD MULLER BURLESQUED.

[Cincinnati Commercial.]

Maud Muller worked at raking hay.
And cleared her forty cents a day.

Her clothes were coarse, but her health was fine
And so she worked in the sweet sunshine.

Singing as glad as a bird in May
"Barbary Allen" the livelong day.

She often glanced at the far-off town,
And wondered if eggs were up or down.

And the sweet song died of a strange disease,
Leaving a phantom-taste of cheese,

And an appetite and a nameless ache
For soda water and a ginger cake.

The Judge rode slowly into view—
Stopped his horse in the shade and threw

His fine-cut out, while the blushing Maud
Marvelled much at the kind he "chawed."

"He was dry as a fish," he said with a wink,
"And kind-o'-thought that a good square drink

"Would brace him up." So the cup was filled
With the crystal wine that the old spring spilled;

And she gave it him with a sun-browned hand.
"Thanks," said the Judge, in accents bland;

"A thousands thanks! for a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand"—but there he laughed.

And the sweet girl stood in the sun that day,
And raked the Judge instead of the hay.

FLIRTATION MUSINGS.

A crowded room: enchanting beauty,
In the waltz, glides here and there,
To strains of sweet, delicious music,
Floating softly on the air.

Small hands held in firmer grasp;
Pulses beating; light feet flying;
Melting glances, softly given;
Music swelling, fading, dying.

Thus we dance; and then fair Pussy,
Leaning lightly on my arm,
Says, "Oh, dear! Let us stop dancing,
For—Oh, dear!—it's awful warm!"

Then we leave the dancing throng,
And go out into the night,
To a quiet, shady corner,
Where we are quite hid from sight.

There we sit and talk sweet nonsense,
Till I feel my heart grow bolder;
Then I steal my arm 'round Pussy,
With her brown head on my shoulder.

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Once again we join the dancers,
And I notice smiles and glancing
Given me (but why I know not)
By the revellers near us dancing.

Then fair Pussy, looking upward
To answer something I said,
Takes in at once the situation—
Drops her eyes—her face grows red.

Out into the night once more,
The music's strains still growing louder.
"How horrid!" Pussy says; "just look!
Your shoulder 's white as snow with powder!"

A SETTLER FOR HALIGONIANS.

While Messrs. Freeman and Phillips were engaged in surveying one of our principal streets, a few days since, a Halifax gentleman passing by, stopped and said: "Gentlemen, what are you doing?" "Laying out the street," was the reply. "Ah! that's right. Judging from appearances it is quite dead enough to be laid out." That is a Haligonian's opinion of Liverpool. And now for a Yankee's opinion of Halifax. Cozzens, in his interesting work entitled: "Acadia, or a month with the Blue Noses," writes as follows.—

"The City Hall of Halifax rises proudly from its wharves and shipping in a multitude of mouse-colored wooden houses, until it is crowned by the citadel. As it is a garrison town, as well as a naval station, you meet in the streets red-coats and blue-jackets without number. * * * * *

But oh! what a slow place it is! Even two regiments with medals and decorations could not wake it up. The little old houses seem to look with wondrous apathy as these pass by as though they had given each other a quiet nudge with their quaint old gables, and whispered: Keep still! I wandered up and down those old streets in search of something picturesque, but in vain, there was scarcely any thing remarkable to arrest or interest a stranger. Such, too, might have been the appearance of other places I wot of, if those staunch old loyalists had had their way in the days gone by!"—[Liverpool, N. S. Times.

ROBBING AN ADMIRAL. An Ancient Mariner's Adventure in Wall Street.

Admiral Walker, says the New York World, tells the story of the robbery as follows: He had just received \$1100 that were owing to him, and lost no time in going to deposit the sum, as he did not care to take the money home. Arrived at the Seaman's Savings Bank, on Wall street, he went to a little desk near the receiving cashier's desk, and, taking out his deposit-book, counted out eleven \$100 bills from his pocket-book, laid them in his deposit-book, and was about to turn round and deposit the money when he was tapped on the shoulder and a man, who appeared to be a Hebrew or a Spaniard, pointed to the floor and said, politely, "I think you have drooped something, sir." Admiral Walker, not suspecting a ruse, left his deposit book on the little desk, and bending forward, looked on the floor, and a little distance off saw what appeared to be a greenback. He picked up a piece of worthless paper and turned to laugh at the polite stranger, but he was gone. Admiral Walker's deposit-book still lay on the desk, and it was not until he picked it up that he discovered that the \$1100 was gone.

A CELESTIAL GYMNAST.

The Fracas of a Mad Chinaman in a Virginia City Mine.

A Chinaman can ride the walking-beam of a steam engine without losing his head or his pig-tail. It was the third night after Christmas, and Engineer Golden of Virginia City, Nev., was on duty in a section of the works underground, where stood a huge pumping engine and a big air compressor. A door at the head of a flight of stone steps had opened several times and let in currents of cold air, which had chilled his marrow, and each time he had gone up stairs and latched the door without discovering the intruder. Once more the door swung open, and he started up the steps with a curse on his lips, when suddenly he saw in front of him the withered face of an aged Chinaman, in whose eyes blazed the fire of opium madness. Engineer Golden returned to the engine room, and retreated around the pumping apparatus. Scarcely had he taken refuge behind that huge piece of machinery when his midnight visitor appeared at the foot of the stairway and glared at him. Then the Chinaman started to climb straight across the engine toward his enemy. The engine was on the down stroke when he set out, and before he could get across, the walking-beam carried him up toward the ceiling. But he was at home on the saddle, and seemed to enjoy the motion. Had he been two feet nearer the bishop-head, he would have been crushed to death at the first stroke of the pump. It chanced, however, that the position he occupied was about the only safe one on the whole length of the beam. As the beam sawed the air he sat composedly astride of it, his long tailswaying in the air like a pendulum. The engineer caught hold of the Chinaman's legs, and attempted to drag him from his perilous position, but the fellow drew a double-edged knife, with a blade twelve inches in length, which he began whirling about his head. Finally the engineer got an iron rod, and with the end of it tickled the Celestial gymnast in the ribs, making it so unpleasant for him that, after hacking the iron for a time with his knife, he got off the beam about as he had mounted.

Scissors were invented several years before literary coincidences.—[St. Louis Journal. And the paste-pot followed as a necessity.

A hen, nosing, or rather, billing around, one morning for something to wet its whistle with, found some wine in a broken bottle and sipped it; and immediately she started off on a waltz crying "Cut-cut-cut-cut, Cut-aw-ba!"—[Cincinnati Saturday Night.

"PENNY DIP" SNUFFINGS.

Texas newspapers allude to Chicago drummers as crosses between clock pedlers and lightning-rod men.

Nothing brightens the life of an editor more than to be given tickets for a free lecture for advertising it.—[Oil City Call.

VICTIM.—"I warn you that I'm president of a bank in Chicago and too important a person to be robbed with impunity."

One of our readers up town is a sort of sub-scriber. He takes the paper when the other man is not around.—[Toronto Saturday Night.

In all but the upper classes of Russia a husband may beat his wife. There is consequently no divorce suits among coal heavers as in this country.

They've just held a convention of undertakers in Orange County. Isn't this convention business being run into the ground. It's tomb much—tomb much.—[Catskill Recorder.

Hairy customer—"Shave me, cut my hair, and make me generally good looking." Barber—"I kin shave you, sar, 'n cut your hair; but God A'mighty couldn't make you good lookin', sar."

"My dear," said a husband in startling tones, after awaking his wife in the night, "I have swallowed a dose of strychnine!" "Well, then, do for goodness sake lie still, or it may come up."

Many clergymen do not yet know where their winter overcoats are to come from, but they feel a sweet and solemn faith that they will get seventeen pairs of slippers each about Christmas time.—[Rome Sentinel.

In one of the towns of northern Worcester, County, Mass., whenever the young fellows wish to take their girls to ride, the mothers of the girls charge ten cents for the privilege, which goes to help to pay the minister's salary.

A prominent Springfield physician was so pleased with a point made by one of the leading preachers in his sermon on Sunday, that he started a round of applause, but the congregation were afraid with horror, and allowed him to go it alone.

One of our citizens says there is nothing really astonishing about the case of the Rhode Island man who is alive with two bullets in his head, for he has a daughter whose head is full of balls and parties all the time.—[Montague Lumberman.

The Norristown Herald man remarks that the French invention to illuminate the numbers on a street door at night will prove of immense benefit to those who are obliged to sit on the doorstep until daylight, just because the keyhole is lost.

"This little affair places him high upon the roll as a most unmitigated, external, internal and infernal 'cuss,'" said Deacon Brower, in a church meeting in Trigg county, Kentucky. The allusion was to the pastor, who had turned his wife out of doors.

Tom Thumb never used to hang up his stocking on Christmas Eve. He would tie a string round the bottom of each pantaloons leg and hang them up; and then he would growl next morning because his little brother's stocking held the most.—[Norristown Herald.

At ZE GRAVE.—"Ah, Monsieur de G—," said a gentlemen to a French friend the other day, "Sorry to hear you've lost your wife."

"Oui, Sare," replied the Frenchman; "Ah, ze misfortune horreeble; my poor wife."

"I attended the funeral at the church," continued the gentlemen; you seemed to be taking on terribly about it, I noticed."

"Ze church," exclaimed the Frenchman, excitedly. "Ze church?" Ah, my friend, zat was nossing. You should have see me at ze grave. Zere, I raise h—l."

ADA'S FORTUNE.

A Story of English Life.

On the evening of the third of March, at nine o'clock, it was raining cats and dogs on Barnes' common. A gentleman who had been taking tea in a small villa of the neighborhood, had his umbrella blown inside out as he emerged into the road on his way home. The voice of a sympathizing maid servant called at him from the door-way, suggesting that she should run and fetch a cab; but he considerably answered that if a cab were procurable he could find it for himself—which was said, however, in a tone implying that a cab on Barnes' common at such an hour and on such a night was a thing the stranger did not expect to meet. He was, therefore as much surprised as delighted, when, before stepping into the twelfth puddle, he descried an undoubted growler jogging along, with horse and driver both in a state of saturation. A score of yards separated him from this cheering sight; he hallooed, ran forward, and had just ordered the man to drive to St. James street, when a buxom lady of fifty and a young one, apparently her daughter, who were both struggling with their umbrellas as he had just been doing, arrived panting on the scene, and exclaimed in dismay at finding this solitary cab already engaged. As though the disappointment were too much for the elder lady's fortitude, she lowered her umbrella and allowed the rain to shower as it listed on her dejected face and the two sausage curls that flanked it.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said she, wretchedly.

The stranger was not of an age to hear any lady sigh "Oh, dear, dear!" unmoved. He was young and well dressed. You could tell by his manner that his anxiety to escape a soaking was prompted by a sense of the physical discomfort of rain rather than by any parsimonious regard for his coat and boots. Lifting his hat, he at once imparted comfort to the mourners, and stamped himself as a person of polite breeding.

"Pray take the cab," he said. "I will only beg your leave to sit on the box until we come across a bridge."

He was not allowed to ride on the box, however. The elderly lady naturally insisted on his getting in with them. They were going to Fulham, said she, which was not far. If he would deposit them at their door, he could pursue the rest of the way alone, and like a person who is not particular in money matters, she added that she would pay her share of the fare. By this time, the cab having started, the riot of its springs rendered speech inaudible, but the matron, desirous of proving her gratitude, screamed that she was much obliged for what the stranger had done, for she would have caught her death of cold in that wetting. He bawled back that he was most happy, and so forth.

"Our name is Twilles," proceeded the old lady, yelling, "and I hope you'll come in for a moment to take a glass of sherry or a cup of tea to warm you up."

"Every day this entire winter," he shouted in answer, thinking she had spoken of the long continued rains.

"And a cigar with it, if you like, for Mr. Twilles is a great smoker," retorted the old lady, still deeply intent upon hospitality, till her daughter—whom the occasional flashes of the roadside gas lamp showed to be a pretty girl of eighteen or so—nudged her mother with a smile, and whispered that she and the gentleman were playing at cross purposes. The invitation, then renewed with louder vociferation, was declined on the ground of a late appointment, and soon afterwards the cab stopped at a pretty detached house, with a garden in front. The old lady honestly remitted to her unknown