

Editor's Drawer.

BITS FROM BURLINGTON.

SOMETIMES an ounce of prevention is worse than a pound of disease. One day last week the children came running in, shrieking that a big hawk was circling over the poultry-yard. Old Farmer Thistlepod dropped his paper, caught his trusty gun from the rack, and charged for the poultry-yard. He ran right over a bee stand just the other side of the cypress bush, and was stung in thirty places before he jumped over the fence of the poultry-yard, alighting upon the old black hen that was brooding thirteen chicks, breaking her neck, and mashing five hapless "weetles"; the gun caught in the fence as he jumped, and went off, killing a young turkey, and filling the Durham heifer in the meadow nearly full of buckshot; while the hawk, alone calm and self-possessed in the midst of the tumult and confusion, sailed gracefully away with the one spring chicken he had all along intended to levy on.

A Massachusetts man has invented a way of making beer from beans. We always feared it might come to this. It won't be very long now before Joseph Cook's Monday lectures will be brought out in opera.

It is now pretty generally understood that the men of Tarshish refrained from throwing Jonah overboard until he persisted in singing "Nancy Lee," of which he knew only the chorus. Even a Tarshish man couldn't be expected to stand everything.

A correspondent complains because we used "scissors" in the singular number, and cites Webster to prove that even one "scissors" is always plural. Aha? Then we suppose a three-tined fork is a triplet, and should always be mentioned as "they"? And a glove is always plural, even for a one-armed man, because it has four fingers? And a hen is always a plural because, like "a" scissors, it has two legs? And a "saw-buck," is that "it" or "them"? And what do you do with a trestle? Go two, go two; get thee to a nunnery.

There is a newspaper in China, the *Imperial Gazette*, that has been running 1500 years. The beauty of a paper like that is that its present editor can not be bored by the toothless old falsifier who has "taken the paper ever since it was established," and drops in two or three times a week to tell you how much better in all respects the paper was when old Kickshaw, the first editor, was alive.

A Dublin policeman is paid a salary of only five dollars a week, and in a few weeks committees will probably be at work in America raising money for his support. It is shocking

indeed that a Dublin policeman should get no more than that. It's not much more than the Board of Education (?) would pay your daughter, citizen of the republic, if she should teach school.

"Antoinette" wants to know why her complexion-improver is called a "powder." Because it goes off so easily, dear.

This year a Harvard graduate said, in his essay, "Journalism is the grave of genius." Some time when the young man has run four miles under the August starlight after a lurid five-hundred-thousand-dollar light in the sky, and has mentally jotted down all his startling alliterative head-lines and attractive sub-heads, and has lost his hat and breath, and worn his office slippers to rags, and has revelled in a sea of perspiration and gloried in a three-column "scoop," to come up to a straw-stack worth about three dollars; or some time when he has unearthed a thrilling scandal and disclosed an awful mystery, listened at key-holes and watched at corners, and has interviewed draymen and servant-girls and stable-boys, and has followed two or three people like a slenth-hound—whatever a slenth-hound is—and has got himself kicked down-stairs and dragged out of dark halls, and has been slapped once or twice in the open street for asking impertinent questions, but has at last seen his pertinacity and shrewdness triumph, and has unearthed a dreadful scandal and disclosed a thrilling mystery, and spent seven long hours writing it up, and has brought it into the office only to have the city editor coldly turn over the files and show him the whole thing written up with glaring headlines six weeks before he came on the paper; or some time when some broad-shouldered politician or Fenian has swept up the office floor with him for some out-spoken article; or some time when he has written a column puff of the circus because the advance agent gave him a cigar and two tickets, and the business manager stops one week's pay on him for the same—then, more than when he uttered those oracular words, will the young man realize their sad, sad truth, and the truth will make him wise.

"Fond of music, Mr. Beflat?"

"I should whistle," replied Mr. Beflat. "I paid \$900 for two notes last week, and the cashier says he has another that will cost me half as much more if the other fellow isn't able to take it up."

"See here!" exclaimed an excited individual, striding up to a group of three or four men, with his fists clinched—"see here! you men are talking about me, and it's all an infernal

lie." And the astonished citizens, who had really and only been talking about getting up a donation picnic for the pastor, didn't know what to make of the man, his wild suspicions, and premature denial, until they learned that he was their member of Congress, who had just returned home, after voting for the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill. R. J. B.

CANDOR.

OCTOBER—A WOOD.

"I know what you're going to say," she said, And she stood up, looking uncommonly tall:
"You are going to speak of the hectic fall,
And say you're sorry the summer's dead,
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And can I imagine what made it so.
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said:
"You are going to ask if I forget
That day in June when the woods were wet,
And you carried me"—here she drooped her head—
"Over the creek; you are going to say,
Do I remember that horrid day.
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said:
"You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run to rhyme,
And"—her clear glance fell, and her cheek grew red—
"And have I noticed your tone was queer.
Why, *everybody* has seen it here!
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said:
"You're going to say you've been much annoyed;
And I'm short of tact—you will say, 'devoid'—
And I'm clumsy and awkward; and call me Ted;
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb;
And you'll have me, anyway, just as I am.
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Ye-es," she said.

H. C. B.

REVISED ANECDOTES.

UPON the evening preceding the battle upon the Plains of Abraham, in which he was fated to fall victorious, General Wolfe was noticed to be unusually pensive. As the boat on which he had embarked with his staff proceeded slowly up stream, one of the General's aides repeated in a low voice Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-Yard." The General listened in silence to the recitation, and when it was concluded, rousing himself as if by an effort from his reverie, said, in a voice full of melancholy, "Gentlemen, I would rather take Quebec than be the man that wrote that poem!"

When the Danish ascendancy in England seemed well-nigh assured, and the fortunes of Alfred the Great were at their lowest point, the unhappy monarch took refuge in the hut of a neat-herd, whose wife had prepared a batch of cakes for the evening meal. Not recognizing her royal visitor, but being aware that he came from the English camp, the good woman entered into conversation with him, explaining how she had always told them so, and it would never have happened if they had taken her advice. So immersed did she become in the

cares of state that she was about to let the cakes burn, but the King, perceiving this, fetched her a sound box of the ear, with the remark, "Old woman, just you attend to those cakes, and leave me to run this kingdom." Her husband and the neighbors, entering at this moment, were so moved at the spectacle that, seizing such arms as they could find, they gathered about the King, and followed him to and all round the field, where luckily his swiftness of foot enabled him to elude their pursuit.

The Caliph of Bagdad, having been cured of a dangerous illness by the subtle skill of his physician, and being apprehensive that the man of science might practice against his life, gave orders for the doctor's decapitation.

The physician having obtained a farewell audience of the Caliph, presented him with a handsome book, and desired that after his death the Caliph would cause his head to be placed in a basin filled with a certain powder, and then turn over the pages of the volume, when he would receive a communication of the highest importance.

The Caliph lost no time in arranging for the experiment, but upon opening the book found that the leaves stuck together. Moistening his finger, the Caliph proceeded to separate the pages—a work of no little difficulty—but to his surprise he found one after another to be blank.

When he had reached the last pages the decapitated head was seen to contract one eyelid, and in a hollow voice it spoke as follows:

"Commander of the Faithful, each of the leaves was poisoned with a deadly poison, which you have introduced into your system. This'll teach you not to wet your forefinger the next time you have to turn over the pages of a valuable book!"

King Canute, being desirous of teaching his flattering and insincere courtiers a lesson, caused his throne to be set up on the sea-shore as the tide was coming in, and summoning them to his presence, where he stood surrounded by all the great dignitaries of the kingdom, including the royal headsman, asked them if they believed the sea would recognize his authority.

"Believe it?" cried Earl Ealfryd. "There can be no doubt of it. Your Majesty has but to command, and he will be obeyed." And the obsequious courtiers joined in a chorus of "So say we all of us!"

"Very good!" said the King; "now do you, each in your turn, take your stand on the steps of yonder throne, and bid the sea retire."

His behest was obeyed, and courtier after courtier essayed the performance, and was fain to retire baffled, amid the jeering laughter of the populace.

In this manner the time was fully occupied until the hour of flood had passed and the tide was upon the ebb, when the King ascended

the throne, and bidding the waves retire, was soon left triumphantly upon dry ground, amid the plaudits of his loyal subjects.

"You see, gentlemen," he said, turning to the crest-fallen courtiers, "there is all the difference in the world between a regular three-ply all-wool King like myself and a lot of insignificant nincompoops like you. Let this experience teach you humility!" G. T. L.

TO MISS M. E. A. FERGUSON.

BETWEEN the window and the fire
I sit and work the evening through,
That is, I work until I tire,
And then lean back and think of you.
Through the red curtains on my right
Faint little shuddering draughts come in;
Upon my left the fire burns bright:
Over your white-kid-glove-like skin
Fain would I see those shadows run,
Maud Ethel Alice Ferguson.

Why, even now I thought I saw
The fire-light tangled in your hair;
I turned with rapture touched with awe,
And felt a chill—you were not there!
Ah, how those sputtering candle flames
Would leap and dance if you were near!
And I—I'd call you ALL your names:
"T'would be just like a harem, dear—
A harem all rolled up in one—
Maud Ethel Alice Ferguson.

Ah, there, where you will never be,
I'll set an empty chair, and dream
I'm working and you're watching me—
How weirdly jolly it would seem!
My verse might have a clearer ring,
Perchance a deeper note as well
(Such luck do fireside fairies bring);
But you're *not* here, and who can tell?
Good-night—it strikes a lonely One—
Maud Ethel Alice Ferguson.

H. C. B.

SOME years ago an engineer, now prominent in the official management of one of our great railroads, was superintending the construction of a new road in Pennsylvania. After supper one evening he strolled into the "settin'-room" of the country tavern, where some twenty men were seated around the stove, smoking and chatting. A regular down-East Yankee was expounding the remarkable strength of the arch, its use and application in mechanics, and illustrating his remarks by pawing a half-bushel measure.

"You ain't no idee," said he, "how strong the arch is if ye set it right—if ye know how. Now there's the egg—nothin's got a prettier arch than the egg, and if you set it right it's mighty strong. Why, I kin set an egg on this floor in sich shape that ye can't break it with this half-bushel measure."

A general murmur of sneering disbelief ran around the room; but the Yankee was game.

"I said I kin, and I kin, and I'll bet the drinks for the crowd on it."

Our engineer hated a Yankee, and though a

reserved man, he could not permit a Yankee to bluff a whole party with such an arrogant and preposterous statement, so he quietly said,

"I will take that bet."

An egg was brought in from the kitchen and handed to the Yankee. He took it and stood it upon the floor in the *corner of the room*.

Our engineer did not even attempt to fill a square corner with a round measure, but paid for the drinks and retired, sadder and wiser.

THERE is a persistent and pathetic wail over lost pig in the following "colored" letter that can not but awaken the reader's sympathy.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 9.

Mr. John Tompson please send me my pigs and what is before of them. please send me word what is before of them this is the fourth letter I have written I have not got answer. please send me word, or send them home to me. I have been distress about them pigs tell me what has been become of them one thing or another I am afraid something has happen to your little boy the reason you have neglect from sending them. you will give me a spell of sickness night after night and day after day waiting for those pigs. Send me them pigs dead or live give my love to your wife and family, when I receive them pigs I will wright you a letter.

from Mary Brown
direct to Washington, D. C.

I want nothing but the pigs. next time I am going to wright to the church.

At the opening of a recent term of court in — County, Maine, a young clergyman was called upon to act as chaplain, who concluded his prayer with this supplication: "And finally may we all be gathered in that happy land where there are no courts, no lawyers, and no judges."

TRUE HONORS.

A BARD lived, once upon a time,
Of good and honest name,
Who frequently dropped into rhyme,
Without a thought of fame,

Until one day an agent trim
Appeared before this singer,
And asked if he might name for him
His patent new clothes-wringer.

And then he heard that far out West
A nursery man of means
Had called for him his very best
Superior kind of beans.

Fast flocked these honors at his feet,
Faster by far than dollars;
And when for him was named a sweet
New thing in paper collars,

He asked, confused by all those brands,
"What is there in a name?"
And all the people clapped their hands,
And answered, "This is fame."

B. C.