

neck by Red McSwat. I appealed to the jury to find the foul assassin guilty and award Watson forty dollars. A juror interrupted me to ask that the difference between "plaintiff" and "defendant" be explained. After this had been done, I closed with a grand explosion of vocal pyrotechnics.

The attorney for the defence rose.

"This," said he, holding up a note that had been handed him just before the trial, "is a message from my client, Mr. Red McSwat, who, intrenched in his residence up near the head of Bitter Creek, is successfully standing off the Vigilantes. He says that as soon as he succeeds in exterminating his besiegers or tiring them out he will come to this settlement, and if he has been found guilty of shooting that hog, he will attack and disfigure all parties to the conviction. He adds that he is a wolf, and the day of his arrival at Boomopolis will be his time to howl. The boy who brought the note declares that my client seemed in earnest about the matter, and expresses the opinion that McSwat will decorate the fences with the hides of the men who convict him."

A little later the case was given to the jury, and shortly after that they brought in a verdict of not guilty. The costs were assessed on Kangaroo Watson. When, later, I pressed one of the jurors to know how Ike, the hog, came to his end if not at the hands of Red McSwat, he replied that it was his belief that the hog had committed suicide.

T. P. MORGAN.

#### AN IMPORTANT FACTOR.

THE world's a stage, and each man is a player.

His work is good or ill, delights or shocks,

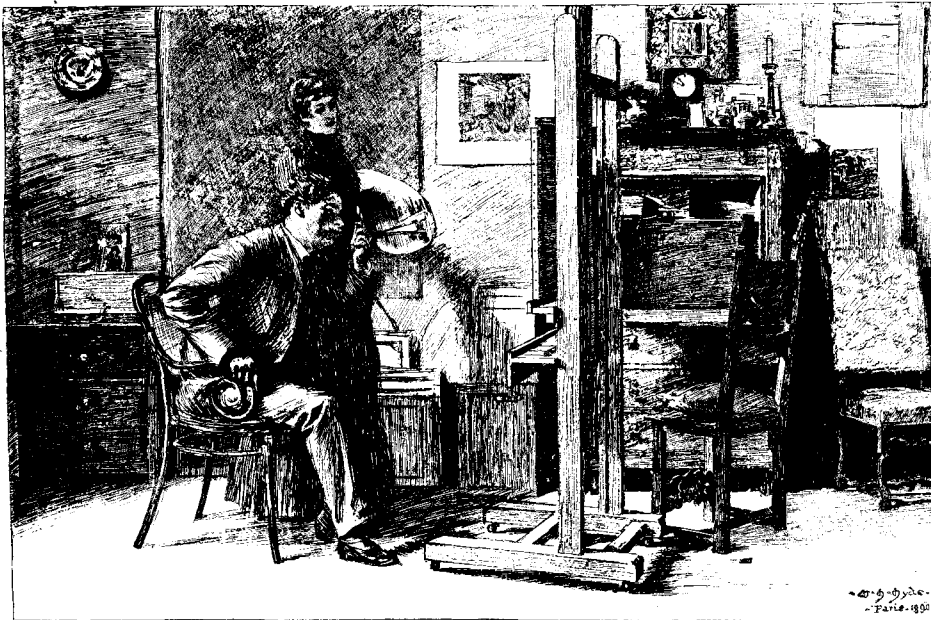
According as his conscience—dark or fair—  
Is found presiding o'er the prompter's box.

#### CAREFUL OF THE VIEW.

So grand and extended a view is enjoyed from the piazza of one of the Catskill hotels that it is safe to say a first sight of it never fails to bring from the on-looker exclamations of delight and wonder. A little girl, too young to understand what this much-talked-of "view" meant, had evidently a vague idea of what it was that lay beyond the piazza railings, and was so much gazed at and talked of by her elders. One day she ran in great concern to her little brother, who was clambering about the piazza, and cried, "Oh, Teddy, do get down," pulling at the child's skirts; "*I's so 'fraid you'll fall into the view!*"

#### ACCIDENTAL WISDOM.

It is related that visitors at one of the great European expositions held not very many years ago were greatly edified by this sign, posted in front of the booth of an Oriental exhibitor, who, in his own way, wished to announce to his customers that their purchases would have to remain with him until after the juries of award had made their announcements: "Goods sold will not be delivered until judgment day." It was thought by some that he wrote better than he knew.



#### APROPOS OF THE PAINTING.

ARTIST. "Well, what do you think?"

CRITIC. "H'm! Did you ever try *writing* for a living?"

## HEAR THE DRUMS MARCH BY.

BY WILL CARLETON.

SARAH, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums march by!  
This is Decoration Day;—hurry and be spry!  
Wheel me to the window, girl; fling it open high!  
Crippled of the body now, and blinded of the eye,  
Sarah, let me listen while the drums march by.

Hear 'em; how they roll! I can feel 'em in my soul.  
Hear the beat—beat—o' the boots on the street;  
Hear the sweet fife cut the air like a knife;  
Hear the tones grand of the words of command;  
Hear the walls nigh shout back their reply!  
Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums dance by!

Blind as a bat, I can see 'em, for all that:  
Old Colonel J., stately an' gray,  
Riding slow and solemn at the head of the column;  
There's Major L., sober now, and well;  
Old Lengthy Bragg, still a-bearing of the flag;  
There's old Strong, that I tented with so long;  
There's the whole crowd, hearty an' proud.  
Hey! boys, say! can't you glance up this way?  
Here's an old comrade, crippled now, an' gray!  
This is too much. Girl, throw me my crutch!  
I can see—I can walk—I can march—I could fly!  
No, I *won't* sit still an' see the boys march by!

Oh!—I fall and I flinch; I can't go an inch!  
No use to flutter; no use to try.  
Where's my strength? Hunt down at the front;  
There's where I left it. No need to sigh;  
All the milk's spilt; there's no use to cry.  
Plague o' these tears, and the moans in my ears!  
Part of a war is to suffer and to die.  
I must sit still, and let the drums march by.

Part of a war is to suffer and to die—  
Suffer and to die—suffer and to— Why,  
Of all the crowd I just yelled at so loud,  
There's hardly a one but is killed, dead, and gone!  
All the old regiment, excepting only I,  
Marched out of sight in the country of the night.  
That was a spectre band marched past so grand.  
All the old boys are a-tenting in the sky.  
Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums moan by!