Easley Messenger.

TRUTH, LIKE A TORCH, THE MORE IT'S SHOOK IT SHINES.

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THE BAD BOY AND HIS PA.

The Old Gentleman Inveigled Into a Big Blunder—Mistaking an Old Maid's Pet Dog for a Baby—Trouble Caused by an Absence of Spectacles.

"Here, here," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he came in the back door hurriedly and bolted it, and hid behind a barrel, "what you coming in the back door for in that manner, like a pirate of the Spanish main? My other customers don,t sneak in the back door and hide behind things. What ails you?"

"S h h! If a man comes from the street car in about two minutes with one coat tail torn off, and pieces of umbrella frame sticking out of hisself like porcupine quills, his hat gone, and a scared complexion on his face, and asks if you have seen a chubby-faced little boy, you drive him out doors, 'cause he isn't responsible," and the boy pulled a coffee sack down off a barrel to cover himself up.

"Who is the wild man you are expecting, and what have you done?" asked the groceryman.

"Sh s sh! It's pa. And if he got out of the car without coming through the window, he is liable to show up here pretty quick. You see pa has been trying to make us believe he could see just as well as he ever could, and he has quit wearing spectacles, and gets mad every time anybody suggests that he can't see very well. Ma says he is ashamed to have folks think he is getting old. Some times I come in the room and pa snaps his fingers and says "Hello, Bruno, good dog," thinking I am the dog, when he finds out his mistake he laughs and says it was only a joke, and he says he can see as well as any man in this town. I told him some day some person would play a joke on him and convince him that he was near-sighted, and he said they might try all the jokes they wanted to on him. Well, pa is awful polite to ladies, and for fear he will pass some lady that he knows and not speak to her, he speaks to all of 'em. Some of 'em get cross to have a stranger speak to them, but pa has such a innocent, benevolent, vacant sort of a look when he smiles, that they go on thinking he has escaped from some asylum. Well, we was in a street car, and on the other side of the car was an old maid, with a pug dog in her lap, curled up like a baby, I saw pa was getting his eyes sot on the woman and the dog, but I knew he couldn't make out whether it was a baby she had or not, so I whispered to pa that it was too bad to carry babies on the street cars, poor little things. That was enough for pa. He bit like a bass. He began to look benevolent, and smiled at the lady just as though he lived next door to her and she looked sort of cross, but pa could not see that, and he smiled again and leaned over toward her and pointed to the dog and asked. "How old is the little thing?" Well, I thought I should jest melt and run through the perforated seat of the car. The woman said it was only 11 months old, but she looked as though she didn't know as it was any of his business anyway. I tried to get pa to change the subject and talk with me, but when he gets to talking with a woman that settles it, and he told me to hush up and look out of the window at the scenery. Then pa smiled again and got one eye on the lady and one on the supposed baby, which she had wrapped a shawl around, and said, "Little one always been healthy I suppose?" The woman snapped out that it had always been healthy enough, except when it was cutting teeth it had a sort of distemper. The other passengers began to look at pa and smile, and the lady was beginning to blush, and I could see distant mutterins of a cyclone, and I pulled pa's sleeve and told him I wouldn't talk to strangers that way if I was him, but pa he punched me in the ribs with his elbow, and told me to mind my own business, and I went to the end of the car near the door so as to get out quick in case of an alarm of fire. Pa returned to the assault, and it made me perspire. "Is it a boy or girl?" said pa, and the lady's face colored up and she pulled the strap to stop the car. Just as the car stopped pa got up,and in his politest manner he said, as he held out his hands, "Let me help you with the baby." Well, you'd a dide. You would have just laid right down in the straw in the car and blated. When the driver opened the door I flew out and just then I looked in nnd the dog had got mad at pa when he put out his hands, and had grabbed pa's hand, and was chewing his mitten and growling, and the lady called pa an old wretch and said he ought to be arrested for going around insulting unprotected females, and I saw her umbrella go up in the air and come down on pa's head, and pa yelled to somebody to take the dog off. The woman came out of the car in a gallop, holding the dog by the leg and the dog had one of pa's buckskin mittens in its mouth chewing for all that was out. When she struck the street she told me to call a policeman and have the old tramp arrested, and I said "yessum," and she went off with the dog under her arm. I asked pa if I should follow his lady friend and get his mitten away from her little baby, that he was using to teeth on, and pa looked so mad, that I got off the car and came here, and left him picking pieces of umbrella from out of his necktie, and explained to the other passengers that he knew that it wasn't a baby all the time."—Peck's Sun.

GRIEF IN THE DOG.—Mrs. Walters Odell, of Stapleton Station Island, died at 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning, March 25th. A Scotch terrier. Fido, had been her pet for 12 years. During two months of her illness, Fido remained beside her bed. After her death he persisted in lying beside the coffin. He followed it to the hearse, and tried to jump inside the hearse. When the procession reached the grave, Fido was there. After the funeral he took up his former position beside the bed lately occupied by Mrs. Odell. He refused to eat.

Two days ago he found a pair of shoes that formerly belonged to Mrs. Odell, but had been thrown out of doors. These he took up in his mouth and carried to his self-assigned post near the bed, and, placing the shoes on the floor, laid his fore paws and head across them, in which position he remained several hours. During Monday night 21st, he roused the household by mournful cries. At 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning exactly one week to an hour after Mrs. Odell's death, Fido died beside the bed, his head and fore paws resting on the shoes.—N. Y. Sun.

—Many of the new jetted shoulder capes are crotcheted, beads being strung on the silk and left at the corners of the meshes, or in patterns as the worker chooses. The fringes are spiked jet.

The Clothing of the Sexes.

I agree that the tax of carrying clothes from the waiste is utterly unjustifiable, and that the parts that should bear the burden are the shoulders, and none other. In this regard women ought to be placed under just the same favorable conditions for movement of the body as men, and the greatest emancipation that women will ever have achieved will have arrived when she has discoverd and carried out this practical and good improvement.

Any one who will for a moment think candidly must admit that the dress of men, however bad it may be in taste, or in whatever bad taste it may have been conceived. is, in respect to health, infinitely superior to that of women. In the dress of the man every part of the body is equally covered. The middle of the body is not enveloped in a number of close layers, while the lower limbs are left without close clothing altogether: the centre of the body is not strained with a weight which almost drags down the lower limbs and back; the chest is not exposed to every wind that blows, and the feet are not bewildered with heavy garments which they have to kick toward or drag from behind with every advancing step. The body is clothed equally, and the clothing is borne by the shoulders; it gives free motion to breathing; it gives freedom of motion to the circulation; it makes no undue pressure on the digestive organs; it leaves the limbs free; is easily put on and off; and it allows of ready change in vicissitudes of weather.

It is told of the late eminent surgeon, Mr. Cline, the teacher of Sir Astley Cooper, that when he was consulted by a lady on the question how she should prevent a girl from growing up misshapen, he replied, "Let her have no stays and let her run about like the boys." I gladly re-echo this wise advice of the great surgeon; and I would venture to add to it another suggestion: I would say to the mothers of England, let your girls dress like your boys, make no difference whatever in respect to them—give them knickerbockers, if you like—with these exceptions, that the undergarments be of a little lighter material, and that they be supplemented by an outer gown or robe which shall take the place of the outer coat of the boys, and shall make them look distinctively what they are—girls clothed cap a-pie, and well clothed from head to foot.—London Truth.

SMITHS.—The new directory of Philadelphia contains the names of nearly 3,000 Smiths.