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Selected Story.

MY FELLOW TRAVELLER.

"And that," said I, "is pretty nearly all I have to tell you."

The above words formed the peroration of a synopsis of several years' travelling, communicated by me to a fellow passenger from Helsingfors to Stockholm, as we leaned over the side of the good ship *Viborg*, and watched the countless groups of rocky islets, crested with green foilage, which arose on every side from the smooth transparent sea. My auditor was a long, lean, wiry American, with a cold clear eye, and a look of indomitable firmness in every line of his pinched sallow face, which gave him the aspect (to quote from a pugnacious friend of mine) "of a man you would like to be back to back with in a row."

"Wal, stranger," remarked he at the close of my narrative, "yu hev bin about a bit, I reckon; but yu hain't seen much, and what's more, yu hain't done much neither."

My dignity was somewhat ruffled by this plain-spoken criticism; for I privately regarded myself as a second Sindbad, on the strength of a moderate acquaintance with the majority of the countries which figure on the tourist's visiting list. Moreover, my listener had himself provoked my communicativeness by a series of searching questions upon every point of my personal history, from the color of my grandfather's hair to the amount of pocket-money allowed me at Rugby. Consequently, there was perhaps a shade of acrimony in my tone as I replied: "I've done what I could; but of course everybody can't have as many adventures as you."

"Wal, yu air about right thar," returned he, taking my words literally; "I've seen a few things in my time, I reckon; but mark ye, it's cause I've looked about me, and fixed for doin somethin' wharever I went, 'stead o' trailin' about with my eyes shet and my hands in the pockets o' my panteys, like some folk. Now, I'll tell yu how yu Britishers travel; yu jest foller the railway track right square from one big town to another, and see the opera houses, and the theayters, and the promenades, and sitch like; and o' course yu meet a heap o' riffraff, and mayhap get yure eye-teeth drawn a leetle too slick; and a'ter devotin' three weeks or a month to seein' a country with some millions o' people in it, yu come back and write a tarnation big book to say, "that air country ain't no great pile o' punkins a'ter all; the critters thar air all lazy and shiftless, and good for nothin' but to cheat and tell lies—and no wonder, seein' they're only cussed furriners, and hain't got the inestimable blessin' of a free British constitootion.' Tha, now, stranger," he concluded with the paternal superiority of a missionary instructing a Hottentot, "that's the way yu go to work; but, yu observe, 'tain't the right way, nohow yu kin fix it."

"And how did you go to work, then?" asked I, wishing to divert the current of this flood of extempore criticism.

"Wal, I fixed to do somethin', and I done it; leastways, a man that's been a teamster in the Rocky Mountains, a gold-digger in Ameriky, a sailor in the Injine Ocean, a storekeeper at Shanghai, a newspaper editor at San Franciskey, and an agent for one notion or another in every country of Europe, mout say he'd done somethin', I guess, if he had a mind to."

"And have you really done all that?" asked I, somewhat startled at the catalogue.

"Reckon I hev; I've been kinder movin' round ever sin' I was as big as a molasses-jar, and I ain't done yet. Guess I'm like John Brown's soul in the old song—I 'go a-marchin' on' pretty consid'able, and it'll take a while to tire me of it tew."

"And do you always travel alone, then?"

"Reckon I do; leastways, what yu'd call alone. I've got a bosom-friend here, though," added he with a strange chuckle, putting his hand into his breast-pocket; "and he's done me more'n one good turn in his time, so I tell ye. Yes, sir, he has that; and what's more, he speaks or holds his tongue jest as I please, which 'tain't every man as 'ud do!"

And with this enigmatical preface, he produced a small but handsome revolver, fitted with a spring-bayonet, and ornamented about the stock with eleven studs of silver, arranged in the form of a square, which would be completed by the addition of a twelfth.

"Ain't that a friend, now stranger?" said the Transatlantic exultingly; "and good friends we've been, him and me; I never mistrusted him but once, and that war down in Australey, when I war gold-digging up Turon way. Two fellers cum to my tent one night, 'cause they'd hearn as I'd a heap o' gold thar, and they thought o' bein' so kind as to relieve me o' the 'sponsibility o' guardin' it. I hearn 'em creepin' in, and o' course the fust thing I did was to slap all six barrels into 'em, just to giv 'em a hint not to call a'ter visitin' hours. I hearn a screech, and then a pattin o' feet runnin' off; but it war tew dark to see anythin', and all the rest o' that night my feelins ain't to be 'scribed, nohow!"

"Ah, you were afraid you had killed one of them, I suppose?" said I, pleased at this solitary touch of humanity in my grisly acquaintance.

"Killed! why, darn it, stranger, dy'e want to insult me! No, by Jingo! I war 'fraid I'd missed one on 'em! and to hev my own re-volver miss at close range, a'ter bein' true to me for so many years, war more'n I could bear!" (The pathos with which he said this was indescribable.) "I felt partic'ler cheap all that night, so I tell ye; yu mout hev bought me for a cent, any time 'fore mornin'. But as soon as it war light, I cum out, and thar I seen one feller lyin' dead beside the tent-door, and a track o' blood all whar t'other bad run off, jest like a stick o' molasses 'cross a buckwheat cake; and, says I: 'Thank Heaven, I've hit 'em both!' and the weight that war took off my mind in that air moment—stranger, thar ain't no 'scribin' it!"

The real fervour of his tone as he uttered the last sentence, with all the air of a good man whose conscience has just been relieved of some overwhelming burden, cannot be conveyed in words.

"I daresay yu'd hardly guess, now, stranger, that I first saw this re-volver in a vision; but I did, though, stare as much as yu like; and the way it happened war jest so: Father had bin dead 'bout a month, when I cum in late one night from fixin' a rail-fence that one of our oxen had smashed; and a'ter I'd sot by the kitchen-fire a spell, and done a tol'able stroke o' supper, I began to feel a leetle drowsy. I warn't not to say asleep, but jest so as if yu'd spoke to me sudden, I'd hev thought a minute 'fore I answered—when, all at once, I seen father stannin' right 'fore me, with his big straw-hat o' one side, and his high boots and striped shirt sleeves, and his hands in his pockets (that war the only ghost-like thing 'bout him, for while he war alive they war mostly in some one else's), and he says to me, he says: 'Cy, my boy' [my name's Cyrus Jehoshaphat Flint, stranger, and I ain't ashamed on it]; 'Cy, my boy, I've cum back from the spirit-world to tell yu suthin' yu'll p'raps be none the wus o' knowin'. I didn't leave yu much,' says he, 'cause yu air safe to go 'long single-handed, whereas them two brothers and five sisters of yourn will kinder need proppin' up some, 'fore they kin stand by theirselves. Now, yu jest listen to me. To-morrow mornin', the very fust thing, yu up and job open the back o' that old cupboard in the corner, jest 'bove the top shelf, and thar yu'll find a re-volver, the best yu ever fingered; and may Heaven bless it to yure use. And now, kneel down, and receive my blessin'.' I war jest a-gwine to du it, when all to once I slipped off my chair, and cum the all-firedest lick with my nose agin the fender as ever I seen; and when I cum-to agin, thar warn't nobody thar. 'Wal, cuss it!' says I [though that air language ain't quite proper fer a member o' the church], 'I hope next time father comes from 'other world, he'll contrive to do it at a reas'nable hour, 'stead o' showin' up a'ter bedtime, and makin' his own flesh and blood break his nose in this here fash'n.' But for all that, I didn't forget what he said; and fust thing next mornin' I up and into the kitchen, and out with the back o' the cupboard, and thar lay the the re-volver, sure as ever thing war in the world. And now, stranger, if yu don't believe that air story, here is the 'dentical re-volver, and yu can t go again that, nohow!"

Against such confirmatory evidence it would have been useless to argue; and I readily assented, only venturing to inquire the mystery of the singularly arranged studs on the stock of the pistol.

"Wal, stranger," returned my companion, "yu would'nt guess the trick o' them studs in a hurry, so I'll tell yu. Each o' them air studs on that re-volver stands for the life of a man that him and me hev cleared off. There's eleven on 'em altogether, and I reckon that's a pretty tol'able stroke o' work for one man and one weepun.'

Used as I am to extraordinary confidence, this cool, complacent statement fairly staggered me for the moment. "Good Heavens!" I gasped, "do you mean to tell me that you have murdered eleven men?"

"No, stranger," replied he slowly and sententiously: "yu hev got into the wrong ferry-boat in makin' that air statement. I mean to tell yu that I've found it necessary, at different pe-riods o' my life, to rub out eleven human critters who mout otherwise hev offered the same ci-vility to me; and I calc'late yu don't call that murderin'? Thar's one wantin' yet to complete the dozen, as yu see; but," added he cheerfully, "that won't be long a-cumin', I guess."

"The old cannibal!" said I mentally; "he talks of killing people as if he were only collecting photographs. Pray Heaven he may take it into his head to add me to his museum!"

"Thar's one 'vantage I've got with this weepun," pursued the Yankee; "I kin always tell at fust sight o' a man whether I'm a gwine to kill him some day or not."

"How's that?" asked I, not without a secret shudder, and a slight anxiety as to which way the scale had turned with regard to myself.

"Wal, jest this way: whenever I meet a man that I'm bound to rub out bime-by, the hammer o' this re-volver's sure to gin a sorter click—so—jest to show that he knows his dooty 'spectin' that air individooal; and he never makes mistakes, he don't."

That perfect air of conviction with which he said this was the reverse of agreeable; and I could not help reflecting: "A pretty thing if this precious pistol should have happened to click when he saw me first, and he should think it necessary to vindicate its infallibility!" My countenance probably expressed some disquietude, for my companion suddenly broke my meditations by observing, in an encouraging tone: "Yu hain't no call to be skeared, stranger; he didn't click at sight o' you, and I'm kinder glad on't, for yu're good kumpny in yure way, although you air tarnation green in the ways o' the world."

As this estimate of my abilities was evidently too deeply rooted to admit of refutation, I let it pass, merely inquiring whether the fatal augury had ever proved false.

"Never, stranger," he replied emphatically. "Yu can't 'spect prophecy to go wrong, and that air weepun's a prophet, jest much as Dan'l or 'Zek'l. I won't say that I wouldn't hev been glad, one time, to catch him slippin'—and reezun good tew; but yu mout as well 'spect Gin'ral Grant to be 'fraid, as this weepun to tell a lie."

"And that one time—what was it?" asked I.

"Wal, seein' it's yu, stranger, I don't mind tellin', though I ain' so precious spry at talkin' on that air subject, I swar. It's a good few years now sin' I happened on a feller who hailed from a village on the Mississippi, called 'Burnt Clearin',' 'cause of a big fire they'd hed thar once on a time; and we froze together powerful, and war jest like brothers all to once. Wharever one went, t'other went; whatever one did, t'other did; and if this un hed a dollar, that un war good fur fifty cents on't, least thing. We went down the river to Noo Orleens, and up to Philadelphy by the cars, and east'ard to Charleston on a tradin' spec; and I tell ye, we fotched up the dollars right smart. I saved him from bein' chawed up by a b'ar that looked plaguy angshus to make his closer 'quaintance; and he saved me from bein' drowned in flood-time, when my canoe got turned over agin a snag; and altogether, stranger, yu mout hev tuk us fur David and Jonathan cum alive agin. But all the while thar war one thot hangin' in my mind like a risin' cloud in summer, that spiles the look o' the hull sky—and that war the recollection that my weepun, fust time he ever seen this feller, he'd gin a click."

The cold clear tone of his voice at these last words, slightly tinged with sorrow, was such as a compassionate judge might use in pronouncing sentence of death; and to me (guessing what was to come) it had a sound indescribably dreary and ominous: "I used to try and laugh myself out 'o that air fancy by sayin': "Whatever's possible, that ain't! Why, to think o' fightin' our quarrellin' 'ud be like a man cuttin' hisself in half, and fightin' right agin left.' But let me talk as I liked, the thot stuck in my head like a nail in a new log, and wouldn't go away. And at last, stranger, the time cum when it war more'n a thot. One year, early in the fall, we were down in Kansas, tradin' about in spots, and makin' a pretty tol'able haul; till one day we 'greed to tote up the profits, and make a fair division, 'cause next mornin' he war startin' off to Burnt Clearin' to see his folks, and I war bound to make tracks for Boston on some business of my own. Wal, evenin' cum, and a'ter lickerin' a spell, to ile our brains fur the cipherin', we began totin' up. But somehow or another, we couldn't come to a right settlement o' our two shares, nohow we could fix it; and what with the the licker we'e hed, and the worry o' cipherin', we both commenced to git rayther savagerous. At last, up he jumps, and hollers out: 'I'd not hev bin so thunderin' keen upon this hyur trade if I'd known that my pardner war nuthin' but a darned mean flint-shavin' thief o' a Yankee!' At them words a shiver run all through me, like them 'lectric fixens that book-larned folks tell on, and my right hand flew out as if somebody moved it, and fotched him a lick 'tween the eyes that brou't him down like a pine in a clearin'. (He war a fine feller, bigger'n me in some way, and all the way out as hard; and, by Jingo! 'twar a reg'lar pleasure knockin' him down.) Up he got, lookin' mighty wrathy; and says he: 'It 'ill take a leetle burnt powder to put away the smell o' that air blow—cum out into the forest.' The sun war settin', and every thin' war dead still, as if waitin' to see what we'd do. I follered him out readily 'nuff, for I war cool as an icicle, now I know'd the job hed got to cum through; but when I seen the dyin' light streamin' down the shadowy arches of the forest, and the everlastin' trees stannin' up tall and grand, and whisperin' with all their leaves, as if God war speakin' through them in His own Temple of Natur'—by Hevin', stranger, I cum very nigh feelin' as if I war p'raps doin' wrong!

"Wal, that feelin' didn't last long, I reckon. The fust click o' them locks (we'd 'greed to load only three barrels each, to save time)—the fust click o' them locks war like the smell o' roast meat to a starvin' man; and when I toed my mark at fifteen paces, I felt as comfortable as if I'd bin sittin' 'fore a big fire with a glass o' whisky in my hand. We both cracked off to once: I got a scratch on the left side, and a bit o' his sleeve went flyin' jest below the shoulder. 'Better luck next time!' says I; and the second load went off. He'd aimed higher this time, and the pill skiffed my hair, and knocked off my hat; but jest in the same moment I seen him turn half round, and go ker-chunk right on his face. I run in upon him, like a fool, forgettin' that he'd got one shot left; and he hoisted hisself on his elby, and jest let slap, jest totchin' my thigh as I cum on (his hand war shaky, yu know, or he'd not hev made sich a bad shot), but thar war his last card, and then I know'd I hed him.

"Ole feller," says I, "I've kinder won the hand this time, thar ain't no dodgin' in' it. So, 'fore yu go under, hev yu any messidges to leave?"

"Wal," says he, 'thar's a gal at Burnt Clearin' that I war pretty bad on last fall—Kesia Harper, next door to the meetin' house—guess yu must gin her this hyur locket, if 'taint outer yure way.'

"She's as good as got it already," says I, putting it in my pouch.

"Thar's a feller in the next village, Nathan Hickman, that they use to call 'Straight-eye'—I war to have fought him this fall; yu tell him why I can't cum, for no one didn't oughter think I war 'fraid."

"If the coon says a word agin yu,' says I, 'I'll grease my boots with his liver. Is thar anything else?'

"Wal," says he, 'I guess that's about all.'

"Good-bye, then, ole feller," says I; 'bless yu!' 'And with that I clapped my pistol to his head, and blew it as small as corn-shucks.'

"Good Heaven!" said I, revolted at this cold-blooded butchery, "could you not have spared the man's life, even then?"

"Stranger," replied the old slaughterer, with indescribable dignity, "if yon want to find a critter so cussed mean to hurt a man's feelins by sparin' him a'ter hed been whipped in fair open fight, I guess you'd better not come to Cyrus Jehoshaphat Flint!—Now, then, I calc'late we'd best be lookin' a'ter our fixins, for them's the spires o' Stockholm shinin' yonder."

And, so speaking, he turned upon his heel, and vanished into the cabin.

Miscellaneous Articles.

A Fearful Tragedy—A Man Killed by a Dog.

On yesterday we came into possession of the particulars of a most singular and fearful tragedy, which recently occurred in one of the mountain counties of this State. The gentleman with whom we received our information has requested us to give neither the name of the county in which the horrible scene took place, nor the names of the actors in it; in the first place, because the families of the parties are among the best and most respectable in the county, and should not be subjected to this additional mortification for an act which they can, in no manner, be held responsible; and, in the second place, because publicity would now, in no way, subserve the ends of justice, as the guilty party has already expiated his crime by so fearful a punishment. We will only preface our account of the matter by stating that our information was derived from a well-known and highly esteemed gentleman of this city, and may be safely relied upon as perfectly correct in every particular.

In one of the mountain counties of Georgia there lives two families, each before the war noted for its wealth and refinement. Since the war the families (whom we shall call respectively R. and L.) though they had, like nearly every one else, lost every thing by the conflict, still retained the high position in society which they had for some long time filled. One of them, the L.'s, lost several of its members, as well as its fortune, by the war, and at the commencement of our story consisted of Mr. L., a gentleman fifty-five years of age, his wife, nearly the same age, and an unmarried daughter of about twenty-five. In about a quarter of a mile from their house lived one of the R.'s, a young man, who had recently married a very beautiful young lady of the county, and having left the paternal mansion was farming by himself on a small tract of ground. The two families lived some distance from the county town, in a sparsely inhabited section of country, and being each the nearest neighbor of the other, were, of course, on terms of great intimacy. Between the young wife and the daughter of Mr. L. a fast friendship was soon formed, being nearly the same age and of similar tastes and disposition, and relying upon each other for company in the daily absence of the two gentlemen, who were engaged in superintending the business of their farms.

A few days since Mr. R—— informed his wife that he had received a letter, which would compel immediate attendance in Atlanta, where he would have to remain for several days, and as it would be inconvenient for him to take her with him to that city, advised that she should ask her young neighbor to stay with her during his absence. The next morning he set out in his buggy for Atlanta, and his wife during the morning went over to L——s house for the purpose of inviting her young friend to stay with her.—When she arrived there she told the young lady of the absence of her husband; representing how lonely she would find her house at night from the fact that she employed no house servant, and her cook, together with the few laborers employed on the farm, slept at the "negro quarter," nearly half a mile from the dwelling house, and ended by asking Miss L—— to spend the nights with her until her husband returned. The young lady, after consultation with her mother, readily assented to the proposition, and promised to come over during the afternoon. Having accomplished her purpose and feeling very much relieved in mind, Mrs. R—— returned home and spent the day performing the usual household duties. When the morning had passed away and the afternoon came and then the sun set without bringing her friend, she felt no alarm, but thought that the latter had decided not to come until after tea, when her father, across the field, which separated the two houses, would escort her. Accordingly the evening meal was eaten, household affairs arranged and the cook dismissed for the night to her distant cabin at the "quarter." About nine o'clock Mrs. R. began to feel a little uneasy, as Miss L. had not yet come, when a servant came up to the house and brought a note from her expected friend, stating that she would be unable to spend the night with her, as she had promised, for her father, from some cause or other, had positively refused to give his consent to the arrangement. After delivering the note the servant took his departure and the brave woman prepared to spend the night by herself. Feeling that she had a protector in a large and very fierce yard-dog belonging to her husband, she took him into her bedroom, and after securing the house, lay down and resigned herself to sleep.

About twelve o'clock she was awaked from her slumbers by a noise in the house and the angry growling of the dog and discovered that the hall door had been forced and that some one was standing at her room door seeking an entrance.—Speaking as loudly as her fright would let her Mrs. R.——asked, "Who is there?" A man's voice which she did not recognize, replied by telling her to "open the door." Again she asked the same question and again received the same reply, the stranger adding that if she refused he would "break the d—n door down." During this dialogue the dog, still growling, crouched upon the floor as if ready to spring. Thinking to intimidate this man, who sought her ruin, Mrs. R.——cried to him that if he forced the door she would shoot him. Laughing scornfully, the ruffian threw his weight against the light door, burst it open and entered the room—when, quick as thought, the savage dog sprang forward and fastened on his neck. The man astonished at this sudden attack, attempted to kill the dog with a knife which he had in his hand, but unsuccessfully and the powerful animal dagged him to the ground, still retaining his hold upon his throat. Stunned at first by this unlooked-for deliverance, the woman, in a few seconds, regained her presence of mind somewhat, ran screaming from the house, never stopping until she arrived at the place of the L.'s, where her cries soon aroused the family. Her tale was rapidly told, and the servants were preparing to go to the scene of danger, when suddenly Mr. L. was missed, and his wife, almost on the instant, as if struck by a sudden presentiment, screamed "Merciful God! it must be my husband!" With a cry of horror the party set forth, and ran as fast to the house of Mrs. R. as the latter had run away from it a few minutes before. Arrived there they found the man still on the floor, and the dog still grasping his throat. Beating him away from his prey they found the suspicious of Mrs. L. but too correct; it was her husband—but the teeth of the dog had done their work, and he was dead.

It appears that he had returned to his home at five o'clock the previous evening, and hearing of the departure of R., and the intention his daughter to spend the night with the young wife, he positively refused to allow her to do so, assigning some frivolous cause for the refusal. That night he left home, saying that he was going to set up all night with a sick neighbor, who lived some miles distant. It is supposed that he concealed himself in the woods until midnight, and then, influenced by unholy lust, forced an entrance into the house of R., to violate the person of the wife of the latter. When the case became known the most intense excitement prevailed in the county, and had not Providence punished the criminal he would probably have been hung to the nearest tree by the enraged populace.—*Augusta Chronicle & Sentinel.*

OLD VIRGINIA.—Our Richmond exchanges note a decided improvement in real estate prospects since the signal defeat of Wells and the overthrow of the carpet-bag supremacy; but sufficient time has not yet elapsed for effects to show themselves, though evidences are not wanting that there will soon be an increased demand for Virginia land. Commenting on these signs of improvement in Virginia, the New York *Journal of Commerce* takes rather an encouraging view of affairs, politically and otherwise. It says:

"Some people have doubts about the recognition of Virginia as a State under the Walker government; but these will probably not be realized. After some little opposition from extreme Radicals, Virginia will be let in, and her Senators and Representatives will take their seats. In anticipation of these events, movements to emigrate to the old State are now on foot in several parts of the North. A number of gentlemen in New Jersey are spoken of as having organized and appointed a committee to go to Virginia and inspect lands offered them by General Imboden, the immigration agent of the State. They intend to buy farms of from 500 to 1,000 acres apiece, if prices and other conditions are favorable. From the reconstruction of Virginia on a conservative basis will date the era of a renewed prosperity greater perhaps than she has ever enjoyed before."

SENATOR SPRAGUE ON COLFAX.—In his Fourth of July speech before the Free Masons of Scituate, Senator Sprague said:

"But I cannot close without pointing to the recent exhibition in the presence of the whole people of the Vice President of the United States travelling and speaking in the interest of the powers I condemn. He reminds me of the ass who stole the habiliments of the new king of the forest; for when he asserts that the country is prosperous and contented, he but shows the ears which prove his true character. He came among us more especially as the representative of the mighty West, a people not yet hide-bound to the dictates of the moneyed aristocracy, or to customs and institutions founded upon it. But he joins counsel and co-operation with those powers which in themselves and in their representative capacity, are so in hostility to the independence and growth of the West. Let him and those who have induced him to degrade his high office to their level be prepared to meet on the floor of the Senate, for the information of the people from whom he comes, his true character, and that of the alliance he has made."

Josh Billings Papers.

NATURAL BIOGRAPHY—THE HUM BUGG.

The most vain and impudent bug known to naturalists (or enny other private individual) is the hum bugg.

They have no very perticular parents nor birth place; are born a good deal az tud stools are, wherever they kan find a good soft spot.

It haz been sed by commontaters that Satan himself iz the father of hum buggs—if this iz a fakt, he haz got more children than he kan watch, and sum very fast young ones amungst them.

The hum buggs don't generally live a grate while at once, but have the fakulty ov dieing in one place and being suddenly born in another.

They are uv awl genders, including the masculine, feminine and nutral, and kan live and grow phatt where an honest bugg would starve to death begging.

The hum bugg will eat enny thing that they kan bite, and rather than lose a good meal will swaller a thing whole.

Every one sez they dispize the hum bugg, and yet everybody is anxious tew make their acquaintance.

They have the ontra to all cirkles of society without knocking from the highest to the lowest, and tho often kicked out, are welcumed again and flattered more than ever.

The hum bugg haz more friends than he knows what to do with, but he manages tew give general satisfackshun by cheating the whole of them.

The Bible sez "the grasshopper iz a burden," and I believe it—but I think the hum bugg is the heavyest bug ov the two.

But the world kant well spare the hum bugg; take them all out ov the world, and it would bother even an honest man tew git a living, for there doesn't seem, jist now, to be honesty enuff on hand to do our immense dry goods buzziness with.

Honesty iz undoubtedly the best policy for a long run, but for a short race, hum bugg has made some excellent time.

I have been bit bad by this bugg miself several times, but not twice in the same spot—i follow the Skriptures when i am whare the hum bugg is plenty, if one bites me on the cheek i turn him the other cheek also, but i don't let him bite the other cheek also.

Thare ain't enny body, i suppose, who acktually pines tew to be bit by this celebrated bugg, they only luv to see how near they can cum tew it without missing.

Human natur iz chuck full ov curiosity, and curiosity iz jist what hum bugg makes menny a warm meal oph of.

Sum ov theze buggs are not so sharp bitten and pizen az others, but this iz not so mutch owing tew their disposishun az it is tew their natur; they all ov them bite the full length ov their teeth.

If there iz ennybody who hain't never been bit of a hum bugg yet, he must be someboddy who has always staid at home with his uncle, and lived on bread and milk, and was born numb all the way through, and couldn't feel any kind of a bite.

If I should hear a man brag that one ov these bugs *couldn't* bite him I should set him down at once for a man who wasn't a good judge uv the truth. The bite uv a hum bugg iz wuss than a hornet's, and always different from a dog's, for the dog growls, and then bites, but the hum bugg bites, and let's you do the growling.

THE BUGG BEAR.

Natral History has its myths and its ghosts, az well az enny boddy else, and foremost among these iz—the bugg bear.

The bugg bear iz born from an imaginary egg, and iz hatched by an imaginary process.

They are like a shadow in the afternoon, always a good deal bigger than the thing that casts it.

They are composed ov two entirely different animals, the *bugg* and the *bear*, but generally turn out to be pretty much all bugg.

They are like the assetts ov a bankrupt broker, the more you examine them, the smaller they grow.

I have known them tew cum out ov a hole like a mice, and grow in tew minutes az big az an elephant, and then run back agin into the same hole they cum out ov.

They are like a young wild pigeon in their habits, the biggest when they are first born.

They are common to all countrys and all peoples, the philosophers hav seen them az often az the children hav, and ben az badly skared by them.

They are az innocent az a rag doll, but are az full ov deviltry az a jack lantern.

Bugg bears are az plenty in this world az pins on the sidewalks, but nobody ever seen them but those folks who are ailus hunting for them.

THE BUMBLE BEE.

The Bumble Bee is one uv nature's sekrets. They probably hev a destiny tew fill, and are probably necessary, if a fellow only knew how. They live apart from the rest of mankind in little circles, numbering about seventy-five or eighty souls. They are born about haying time, and are different from any bug I know uv; they are the biggest when just born. They resemble some men in this respect. Their principal bizness is making poor honey, but they don't make eny tew sell. Boys often rob them out uv a whole summer's work, but there is one thing about the bumble bee that boys always watch dreadful close, and that is their helm. I had rather not have all the bumble bee honey there iz between here and the city uv Jerusalem, than to have a bumble bee hit me with his helm when he comes round suddin. They are different from other war vessels; the helm always minds the bumble bee.