

IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

Is it anybody's business? To a gentleman should choose To wait upon a lady. If the lady don't refuse? Or, to speak a few pleasant words. That's the meaning all may know, Is it anybody's business? If a lady has a beau?

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I love you, mother," said little John, Then forgetting his cap went on, And he was off to the garden swing, And left her the water and wood to bring. "I love you, mother," said rosy Nell, "I love you better than tongue can tell."

"OLD PIZEN."

THE FIGHTING HORSE OF THE STANISLAUS. A Reminiscence of the Early Mining Life of Senator Jones, of Nevada.

In the early days, many years ago, Senator Jones was engaged in mining on the Stanislaus River, California, at a place called Cherokee Flat. It was a small camp, containing scarcely more than a dozen habitations, all told. The most imposing structure in the camp was a boarding house, owned by a Mr. Joggles, a Missourian. This Joggles was a man of sporting proclivities. He owned a vicious looking old bull-dog, with but one eye, whose nose was covered with scars, and whose front teeth were always visible, even when in the most friendly mood.

About all this Joggles didn't care a cent. When told of one of the exploits of the animal he would laugh in spite of himself, and would swear that Old Pizen was the "biggest fighting" boss on the Stanislaus, and that he would "back him again any critter that ever wore hair." He would tell you a big American horse, chased away by Old Pizen, was found forty miles distant with his tail gnawed off to a mere stump. When he thought of the comical appearance the maimed horse must have presented with his little stump of a tail, Joggles would laugh till tears ran down his cheeks.

secure the fighting jacks. Following the owner of the jack, they soon came to an understanding with him. They were told that a jack was a good pack animal, and as quiet as a lamb when no horses were about. When he came where there were horses his whole nature changed, and he went for them with the fury of a tiger. The jack being an unusual powerful animal, the owner asked \$75 for him. Jones and partner agreed to run him a trip on trial, and gave the owner \$75, which he was to keep in case the jack was not returned within a certain time. Having secured the fighting jack, Jones and partner packed him and started home in high feather. As soon as he was out of town the jack became as docile and sleepy as any other old "burro" that ever trotted a trail. Before getting home the beast became absolutely lazy, and Jones & Co. began to fear that off his own dunghill their jack was of no account as a fighter.

the distance of two or three hundred yards behind rolled a rapidly-following cloud, as we have sometimes seen two small whirlwinds in playful mood. What was in this last cloud could not be seen, but the "Buckeye Boys" felt that their jacks was that! Down into the camp charged the terrified broncho, snorting with fear at every jump, and occasionally half turning his head in order to see if the terrible jack was still in pursuit. As the frantic horse tore through the camp with nostrils distended, mane flying in the wind, and tail sticking straight out behind, Joggles was heard shouting wildly from the roof of his house, "Whoa, Pizen, whoa, Pizen!" But just at that moment there was no "whoa" in Old Pizen. Down through the little town he came making directly for the bar, as though in search of human assistance. Straight on he came till he reached the bank of the river, here fully twenty feet in perpendicular height. At the brink he halted, hesitating to take the fearful leap, and with eyes starting from their sockets took one long deep breath and leaped behind. There came the enormous and indomitable jacks, never breaking his steady, rolling gallop.

How Seth Hawkins Stole an Old Lady's Night Gown. The Boston News gives the following as having occurred in one of the villages of the old Bay State, within the recollection of the writer. We do not know when we have enjoyed so hearty a laugh as on reading this incident in the life of Seth Hawkins: Sunday night was the season which Seth chose to do his weekly devours, as Mrs. Horuby would say, and his road to neighbor Jones's (whose daughter Sally was the object of his particular hope), lay across three long miles of territory, stumpy as an old woman's mouth and as irreclaimable as a prodigal son gone away for the third time.

A Negro Revival. We must give the reader a few specimens of a prayer and an exhortation we heard in a revival meeting among the colored folks. A black preacher, glossy as a varnished beaver, gave a characteristic article in this line. Beginning his prayer in a low and reverential voice, he addressed the Deity as "Thou" and "You" indiscriminately, and sometimes indulging in the doubtful grammar of "Thou knowest," and "You knows." Soon his words were uttered as a kind of wailing chant, with a prolonged sound in a higher key with emphatic words and syllables. The peculiar intonation, especially when the congregation would catch the key from the plaintive sounds, and unite with the preacher in a piteous moan, between words, gliding down from the dominant note to the minor third below, and dying through diminuendos into sobs and sighs. The effect was at times thrilling. Some parts of an exhortation to which we listened, however, while less eloquent, were certainly very practical. The preacher struck nails square on the head as he hammered away. For instance: "Now, brethren and sisters, we want mourners heah to-night. No foolin'. Ef you can't mouh for your sins, don't come foolin' round dis aliah. I knows ye. You's tryin' mighty ha'd to be converted 'thout bein' hurt. The Lord 'spices mockery. Sometimes you sinnahs comes for'd an' holds your head too high a-comin'. You come foah you's ready. You start too soon. You don't repent; you's no mounah. You're foolin' wid de Lord. You comes struttin' up to de aliah; you flogs down on your knees, an' you peeps fur you fingahs dis way, an' you corks up your ears to see who's makin' de bes' pray'r. You's tiredly too part for penitence. You's no mounah. Ef you comes here to fool, you bettah stay away. Bettah go to hell from de pew asleepin, or from your cabin a swearin', dan from de mounah's bench a foolin'. Ef you's not in earnest, keep away from heh, don't bodder us. Do you want us to make ourselves hose an' weigh out ouah lungs a-prayin' for you when you knows you's only foolin' wid de Lord? I tells you to be mighty caful. I want to see you a-comin' so bodden by the weight ob you sins dat you can't hold up your heads. I want to see you so heart-broke dat your knees knock together when you walk. You mus' be low-minded. De Bible lays great stress on de low. You's got to get low down in de dust. De good book says, 'Low (lo) in de vollem of de book it is writ.' Now, min' dat and be low." Then addressing the members of the church more particularly, he said: "Brederen in de Lor, you mus' be earnest prayin' for dese pore sinnahs. You mus' wake up. In dis Spring time ob year, when the leaves is comin', an' de flowahs is a-winkin' an' a-bloomin', what does de leaves an' de flowahs say? Deys says, 'Git up!' 'Comer! dat's so,' from an old brother in the amen! 'It is mornin, de day is breakin'. Git up. Wake up in de mornin.' 'Amen! wake up, 'em up, Breder Clinton.' 'Amen! wake up. Too many ob you professahs ob 'ligion has been asleepin on de wheels ob time. Git up an' put youah shouldah to de wheels. Den when you kneel round dis aliah to comfoh de mounahs, don't doller.' 'Amen, haleluhah,' yelled a sister from the women's side. 'Every time you hollers de debble he put another thought in you heart. You'd bettah whipspah to de Lord dan to hollar at de debble. Talk low. Let de mounahs pray for demselves. You bodder dem wid your hollerin'. Git down long 'side dem, an' 'struct dem when dey ax, but don't wast breff ober any who's peepin' round listenin' for nice talk. Don't let de mounah to watch for visions an' wait for miracles. Jest show dem how to rest on de word and risk de promises."

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