

SATIRE INQUIRITIVE.

The other day, on the Metropolitan railway, I sat next to a little, long-nosed man with red whiskers. Opposite to us sat a middle-aged lady in black. The little man stared at her very hard, fidgeted a good deal, and opened a conversation.

"A mourning, ma'am, I see."

"Eh? Yes." (Spoken rather sharply.)

"Sad thing that. One of the old people, perhaps?"

"No."

"One of the young ones? Baby, eh?"

"I have no babies."

"Of course not. The governor—husband, you know?"

"Yes." (Very sharply.)

"Sorry for that. Sudden, perhaps?"

"No."

"Ah! lingering illness; that's worse, sometimes. In trade, was he?"

"He was a sailor."

"Caught a fever, perhaps?"

"He was drowned."

"After a pause."

"Save his chest?"

"My husband's effects were not lost."

"Religious sort of a man, was he?"

"Yes, he was."

"Glad that. Suppose you are glad the chest wasn't lost?"

"I suppose so."

"After another pause—"

"Suppose you'll be getting married again soon?"

"The lady made no reply to this, but got out at the next station."

The little, long-nosed man looked around as though in search of another victim. At last he fixed on me.

"Got a hat-band on, I see?"

"Yes, I put it on because my hat was shabby."

"After a brief interval—"

"Would you feel inclined to swap your umbrella for my walking-stick and five shillings?"

I felt that the time had come for decisive action. I struck the miscreant dead at my feet and stepped out upon the platform. I believe he has buried me.

I have heard no more of him since—
Judy.

A HERO'S REVENGE.

During the Seven Years' War, a young citizen of Antwerp, filled with enthusiasm by the fame of the great Frederick, and excited by boyish dreams of the glory of a soldier's life, in spite of the opposition of a widowed mother, and the tears that dimmed the blue eyes of his cousin, the little Austria, left his home, and became a soldier under the banner of Prussia. Right well did he follow it through many a toilsome march and well fought battle. At length, as the army lay in close proximity to the enemy, the young soldier—now a sergeant—by some slight breach of discipline, so enraged an officer of his general's staff, that he, in his passion, struck the offender with his sword. Young and high spirited as he was, what a tumult of feeling overwhelmed him at this insult. How could he endure the disgrace of a blow and live? Yet, could he resent it? The noble-born officer was so high above him in rank that the redress of an equal was denied him. And a word of insubordination would inevitably bring upon him—especially in the face of the enemy—an ignominious death. Forcing himself to be calm, he merely said: "I will make you regret this."

The next day the armies engaged in battle, the contest was close, and both sides, it seemed, with equal reason hoped for the victory. At length all felt that one struggle more would decide the day. The Prussian veterans prepared to do their utmost to keep their laurels in a last charge; but before that charge could be successfully made, it was necessary that a certain well-placed battery of the enemy should be taken. Again and again the line had advanced, only to recoil from its deadly fire. Now an officer called for volunteers to storm the work. Men determined that death might stop them, but that nothing should turn them back. Instantly one stepped forward, then there was a pause, but a moment only; others followed and the devoted band rushed on. A forlorn hope, indeed, it seemed; and still the first volunteer kept his place at the head.

There was but one man, and he was hidden by the smoke of battle, now by his uplifted showing, their ranks fast thinning, they struggled on. And still the same tall form came on, and he was led by his comrades to the front. Still he led when the fort was reached, and through the desperate fight, till the foe lay at his feet. He had struck, and the eagles of Prussia floated over the captured stronghold. Then the whole line swept forward, and the officer who had called for volunteers sprang from his horse and embraced the man whose wondrous courage had saved the day; but he stopped astonished, and it may be imagined, when in this noble soldier, he recognized the sergeant he had struck, who now, standing with his right arm disabled, quietly touching his cap with his left hand, said: "I told you you should regret it."—*Exchange.*

ANCESTRAL VENERATION.

The present iron fence around Boston Common was constructed in 1836, under the Mayoralty of Samuel T. Armstrong. Previous to this date the Central Burial Ground on the Common extended to the sidewalk on Boylston street and was there bounded by a high, dilapidated brick wall.

Mr. Armstrong being desirous of extending the wall through this burial ground, opened negotiations with the several owners of the tombs to be affected thereby, and after many tedious and protracted negotiations, all the said owners save one, Mr. H., agreed to relinquish their rights in the tombs. Mr. H. persistently and indignantly refused to concede any proposition to deprive him of his rights. He vehemently declared that he "would stand at the door of his tomb with a drawn sword to prevent any disturbance of the sacred bodies of his honored ancestors."

Nevertheless, the desired enterprise was pushed through, and as a part of the undertaking, the city constructed the range of new granite tombs, which is parallel with the Providence Railroad path. One day, after the completion of these new tombs, Mr. Armstrong met Mr. H. on the premises, and together they examined these new receptacles. The Mayor told Mr. H. that he would give him the first choice among the tombs in this new range if he would consent to forego his right to the old tomb. To this proposition Mr. H. at last reluctantly consented, to the great joy of the Mayor, who, taking him by both hands, expressed his heartfelt satisfaction at the settlement of the controversy.

"Now, Mr. H.," said the Mayor, "I wish you to ask your own section, at an early day, to assist you in the removal of the remains of your family in a careful manner from the old tomb into this new one."

"What?" rejoined Mr. H.—"do you suppose I'll have my nice, new tomb disturbed with those old bones?"

No; close her up, and the bones with them."

Which was done, and that tomb was hermetically closed, and with others still exists under the wall which adjoins the cemetery.—*The Pelet.*

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