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GROWING OLD.

Some day, looking in my mirror,
I'll discover, here and there,
Slowly on my head intruding,
Scattering threads of silver hair!
But I do not think I'm anxious,
And I do not think I'll worry,
And my heart will not be saddened
When I see I'm growing old.

I will make no lamentation
As I see my silk hat grow
There will be no touch of sadness
For a safe, capacious cap.
Youth will be a mere remembrance,
Just a story that is told
But I'll not wish to recall it
When I see I'm growing old.

I shall think that, of Life's battle,
Of the hard, relentless grind,
There is less ahead to contend,
There is more that's left behind.
Naught, then, my soul from labor
On Life's path to think and call,
So the grey locks will be welcome
When I see I'm growing old.

—Joseph Bert Sadler.

SOME ODD STORIES.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS RELATED BY MAJOR A. R. CALHOUN.

How a Party of Hebrew Traders Met a Troop of Russian Soldiers and How a Mountain Pass Came by the Name "The Jews' Leap."

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There is a pass in the Caucasian mountains, along which runs a trail that no animal can turn on and no two animals can pass each other on. Below the trail there is a chasm 700 feet deep, and this place within the last few years has come to be known as "The Jews' Leap." This is the reason:

In the spring of 1876 a party of Jews, ten in number, were on their way with a pack of heavily laden mules to the Dra mountain, where they were to attend a fair. It was over the custom for parties coming over from the north to send a man ahead on foot to see if the way was clear, travelers from Circassia having the right of way.

If the road was all right, the man sent in from first off a horn, the explosion of which told as it echoed along the pass that the way was clear.

Captain Blatsky, who was going north with a small escort of mounted Cossacks, wholly ignoring this precaution, said to his guide:

"There are no soldiers coming this way. The only party we can meet is some Jewish peddlers, and if they get in my way I will hurt them over the cliffs."

There was nothing left for the soldiers but to obey, so they rode on and at length entered the pass, Captain Blatsky bringing up the rear.

The setting sun was pouring his level rays through the pass when the Russians reached the highest and narrowest point, and here they were brought face to face with the Jew traders, who by the custom of the place had the right of way.

When Captain Blatsky saw the party that opposed him he drew his sword and shouted out:

"Down the dogs! Hurl them over the cliffs and ride on!"

The Jews heard the savage order and held a hurried consultation. To go back was impossible, for all were leading their mules, as the Russians were their horses.

"We have the right of way," replied the foremost Jew, whose only weapon was a stout staff.

"You have no rights!" roared the Russian.

"The rights in the valleys and towns," replied the Jew resolutely. "But up here, nearer to God and man to man, we are equal."

IT WAS TOO LATE.

"Pitch him over and stop his talking!" yelled the officer.

"Try it and take the consequences!" was the spirited response.

The guide leaped forward with drawn sword, and the moukhach, a stalwart young man, raised his staff and stood on the defensive.

After pausing for a few seconds the Jew's staff was cut in twain, but before his assailant could strike him with the sword he leaped forward, caught him in his arms, and the two fell over the cliff and dashed in a bleeding mass on the rocks below.

The second Russian sent the Jew's boyish uncle after his master, and then stood face to face with another resolute man armed only with a stout stick.

The Russian had a precious second of time in trying to draw his pistol, for the staff whistled above his head, and unconscious and never to be conscious again, he tottered into the depths. Then the Jew sent the Russian's horse after him and came face to face with a second man.

Seeing the fate of his companion, the third Russian leaped forward, like an enraged animal, and caught his opponent in his arms. The struggle was brief and fierce. The horse would have been doubtful had not the Cossack's horse plunged forward to be bright and dashed around the man, leading them and itself into the awful abyss.

Both parties were now wrought up to a frenzy that blinded them to all considerations of life.

The Russians were like bloodthirsty savages when their slaves rising against them to revolt.

The Jews lost their habitual prudence and was stung to a desperate resistance by the memory of many generations of outrage and raging.

In the dense settlements the Russians might be masters, but they were man to man, with all the advantage of arms on the side of the transgressors.

The fourth Jew placed up a sword that a Russian had dropped before he went over and down to death. He was a young man, unskilled in the use of such a weapon, but even if he had been the wall of rock for this left would have looked on sword play.

With the fury of a tiger he hurled over his opponent and sent his home after him. The Jew had lost a brother and his grey haired father was behind him.

With such a war cry as never burst from Jewish lips since the Maccabees led forth to victory, the young man swept every living thing from his path till he came face to face with the last man, Captain Blatsky.

The Russian fired his pistol straight into the young man's face, making a serious but not a fatal wound. Certain it is it did not stay the irresistible onset.

The officer's sword leaped up, but it was too late. He felt the wet blade at his throat, and the next instant he had joined the men whom he had so unmercifully had to death.

The surviving merchants hastily made a way into Turkish territory, where they were safe, leaving behind them a name and a memory that will last as long as the mountains.—

"The Jews' Leap."

The Nature of an Oath.

At a recent trial growing out of a rail road strike up in the centre of New York state an Irish boy of fourteen was one of the witnesses called for the prosecution, and although, for reasons that will be obvious, his evidence was not taken, it was generally felt that he was a match for some of the lawyers.

As he was small for his age, the judge decided to leave for himself if the boy knew the nature of an oath, so summing a number twice over off the bench, and never necessary so to, he judge said:

"Daniel Horan, do you know the nature of an oath?"

"Do you mean cheats?" asked the boy.

"I do."

"Faith I do. Share no man could be debtin nothin on a chump for two years and not know all about cheats. Would yer honor like to hear me?"

"No, sir," said the judge sagely. "Do you know why men are brought in here and sworn on the Bible?"

"Bekase they can't help themselves."

"Perhaps that lets do you know what a lie is?"

"Do I know what lies be?"

"Yes. Come, answer. Well, what are lies?"

"Things that ain't thrue."

"And what will happen to you if you tell a lie?"

"Nothin, if it ain't found out. If I was to lie to the boss about broken a mule and he found it out he might give me the grand bounce."

At this juncture the audience laughed, the judge rapped and the officers shouted:

"Silence in the court!"

"What is your religion?" asked the judge when he could get his breath.

"I believe I'm a Catholic," replied Daniel Horan.

"Are you not sure?"

"No."

"Do you ever go to mass?"

"No."

"Did you never see a priest?"

"Sit, yis."

"Ever speak to one?"

"No."

"Did a priest ever speak to you?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Come here, you little rashti, and hold my horse and if you let him get away I'll lick blazes out av you!'"

"Remove the witness!" shouted the judge. "He is not to be sworn."

And Daniel Horan stepped down, with his left eye shut and his tongue in his cheek, and there was a general feeling that the case for the prosecution had not been strengthened.

Not at First Sight.

When Handel, the celebrated German musician, went to Ireland to give concerts, he was much perplexed by the illness of the man he had brought with him to sing bass. On explaining his trouble he was told that there was a man in Dublin, a printer named Gorman, who had a good voice, an excellent knowledge of music and who was a member of St. Patrick's choir.

Handel, who was a fussy little man, was much delighted at being able to secure Gorman, and decided to call a rehearsal at once.

The Irish bass singer appeared in his best suit, and with an expression on his broad face that denoted peace with the world and perfect satisfaction with himself. He knew every Irish air that had ever been composed, and so he had confidence in his own ability to do justice to anything the little Dutchman might ask him to sing.

But the rehearsal had not been under way ten minutes when Handel's quick ear noted that the bass was not only out of tune and pitch, but that with characteristic Irish independence it was singing entirely in its own way and without regard to the text.

Handel stood up on tiptoe and swore in five languages. At length, red in the face, he shouted to Gorman:

"You tam rascal! What for you tell me you sing at de sight?"

"And so I can," said the imperturbable bass.

"Den you tak dat and sing at once!" roared Handel.

"Oh," replied Gorman, as he picked up the score and looked over the notes upside down, "the divil a man o' me tree said I could sing at first sight. Just wait, yer honor, till I get acquainted wid the tune!"

One of the Penalties.

The little boy pulled himself out of the pointe where his rude playmates had thrown him. He wiped the mud from his velvet trousers, his silk stockings and his lace collar and straightened out his long, golden curls as well as their demoralized and bedraggled conditions would permit.

"This," he said bitterly, "is what comes of being mamma's little pet!"—Chicago Tribune.

Good Advice.

"Be careful of your use of the article, my son," said a grandmother to her boy. "Tell a man he is the stuff and he loves you. Tell him he is a stiff, and—well, he may thrash you."—New York Sun.

A Suggestion.

Old settings are all well enough in their way.
And yet there is room for improvement, I think;
"Would he trust to say, when we quote it to day—
"Where there's a will there's a way to break it."
—Truth.

A Big Job on Hand.

Cincinnati—What's your hurry, old man?
Dashaway—I haven't a moment to spare. I've got to attend a reception this evening and I'm going around to my laundryman to see if I can borrow one of his collars.—Clothier and Furnisher.

The Old Man.

Blade—You don't go to on Cass avenue to see your girl any more?
Bade—No. I've quit.
Blade—What's that for?
Bade—Ma, the old man kicked—Detroit Free Press.

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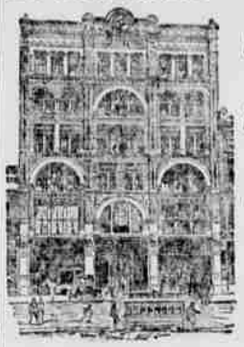

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