

## Tramps and their Eccentricities.

The Massachusetts papers record a new phase of tramp character. The best tramp story as yet comes from Brookfield. A tramp stopped at Widow H.'s a few days since and asked for food. She replied she had none. Mr. Tramp went across the road to a neighbor's and asked if they were aware the woman living on the other side was starving. He then requested the loan of a fishing-rod lying close by, which was granted. With it he went to a pond a short distance off, and fished for several hours, catching a good string, and returned to Widow H. and made her a present of them.

Although the tramp nuisance is old in Westchester county, New York, more particularly in the southern section thereof, it would appear that these nomadic nuisances have of late been growing more demonstrative in their deeds of lawlessness. While driving on the highway near Sleepy Hollow last Monday afternoon two young ladies whose parents are well known residents of Sing Sing village, were suddenly stopped by five tramps, one of whom held the horse's head while the others demanded any money or jewelry which the occupants of the vehicle might have in their possession. With an apparent intention of divesting herself of a watch and other trinkets, the self-possessed heroine who held the reins stood up and suddenly struck the horse a smart blow with her whip, which caused the animal to start off with such force as to knock down the man who held its head. The animal kept up a brisk rate of speed, and soon left the disappointed highwaymen far behind.

A strange, dirty tramp entered the house of Mrs. Stafford, who resides in the town of Watervliet, on Wednesday night last and demanded supper. Mrs. Stafford was alone in the house, and fearing resistance, gave him all the cold food she had and made some tea for him. Because she had no milk to put into it the villain became abusive, and finally flung the tea in the old lady's face. Then he went to the pantry, and, helping himself to the pie and cake, sat down and ate his fill. After this he lighted his pipe and smoked to his heart's content, as coolly as though he had been in his own house. Having finished this dessert the scoundrel made an infamous proposition to the old lady and proceeded to carry out his proposition by force. Mrs. Stafford's anger was then at its height, and seizing a large meat fork, she made a dash at the fellow's neck, inflicting a deep and ugly wound, from which the blood flowed freely. Before her assailant could recover from his surprise Mrs. Stafford was belaboring him with a big shovel over the head and shoulders in such an energetic manner that he thought retreat was the most politic if not the most valorous. He darted from the door and disappeared.—*Ex.*

THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.—The New York Times is inveighing against the extortionate milliners and dressmakers, saying that upon them rests a large part of the extravagance and misery of modern life. The editor adds—"Why women should be content to submit to the ruthless tyranny of these persons it is hard to understand. Of course, they must be 'in the fashion,' and no one would presume to deny that. But if they only stood out for even a few weeks against the outrageous prices now exacted for their finery, the dressmaker or milliner would soon be brought to her senses. And, no doubt, if women had to pay the bills of these harpies themselves, that is the course they would take. Men's dress affords comparatively little scope for cheating; but still, if men were as careless of their money as women are, tailors would contrive to run up bills almost equal to those of the dressmaker. But, as a rule, men try to get the worth of their money. And that is a matter to which the women of the present day seldom pay any attention."

WE NEED A REVIVAL.—What we need in this country is a revival. I don't mean a snarleyow revival with frantic brothers and crazy sisters, but a regular old Pentecost business, with all the lights turned on, and honest men to the front. People used to think I was rather a bright boy, but bless my buttons there's many a sixteen-year-old

nowadays who can discount me in all the dictionary of life.

Where are the boys anyhow? Are there any boys? I see hundreds of little bobtail men strutting around the streets and swelling in the public place—but—

The boy, where is he? Gone to see his girl.

And the girls—why we have none.

Every girl's a woman with mam-malial falsehoods, bogus behinds, paint, powder, two button gloves, and more knowledge of good and evil at fifteen than their mothers had when they were thirty.

'Twont do. These dominies must go out of their clover.

The devil is after the flocks, and he means business all the time.—Joe Howard in New York Star.

## The Beecher Business—Perhaps a Lie.

The Beecher excitement at the Twin Mountain house is quite died out. At first there was a great rush to see him and hear him, but now the fun is over, and last Sunday his entire audience did not exceed 2,000 people. He is to return to Brooklyn this week, much to the displeasure of the Barrons, who keep the hotel where he is staying. They have given him his board and fifty dollars a week to stay and preach at their house. He thinks they are making too much money out of him, and demands that they pay him \$200 a week. The Barrons say this is too much, and Beecher says, "All right, gentlemen, I go home this week." "If you do, we will sue you for breach of contract, for, Mr. Beecher, you agreed to stay till the third Sunday in September." Beecher coolly replies, "Sue away, if you like; I should think, after what you have seen of my success in the law business, that you would know better than to undertake a suit against me." The Barrons are furious; they say they have done everything for Beecher; that they defended him in the newspapers, and have petted him always. But they can't help themselves. When Beecher makes up his mind to go, he will start if a whole regiment opposes.—*White Mountain Cor. N. Y. Express, August 31.*

The wife of Thomas Hornessie, of St. Louis, arrived in Jersey City yesterday, where she was to meet her husband by appointment, at noon, in the Erie Depot. He was not there, and she learned upon inquiry that he had, on Monday, been sent to jail for trying to kiss an unwilling woman in the street.—*N. Y. Sun, Sept. 1.*

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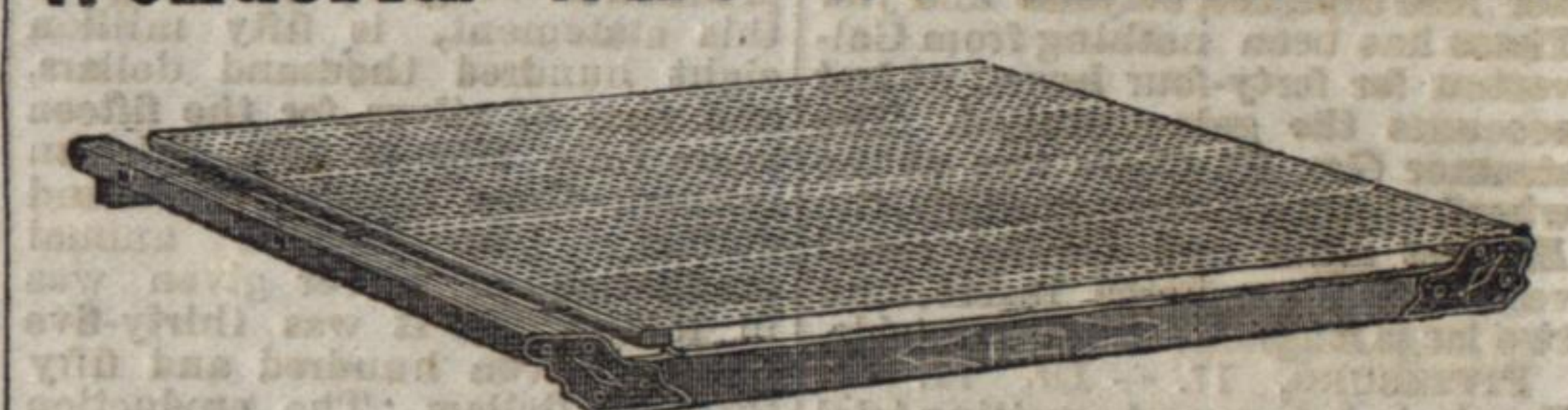
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