

The Two Burdens.

Over the deep sea Love came flying;
Over the salt sea Love flew singing;

Death reached the Northland, and claimed his own;
With pale sweet flowers by wet winds blown

BESET BY BUSHRANGERS.

Surveying and exploring a new district in Queensland is a matter of some hardship and peril.

A few years ago, My Chairman was journeying in the direction of Sydney, from a place in the interior called, I think, Jimbala.

When he entered, the hostess eagerly exclaimed: "You are not one of them, are you?"

No. My Chairman must go down to Sydney. He could not take the bush for it, as he did not know the country well enough.

"What have I done, sir?" said Casey. "What have you done, you villain? Everything. I'll have your life!"

"I thought at first," said My Chairman, "that you were in league with the robbers."

He examined them thoroughly. "Take off your boots. Throw them over to me."

My Chairman hoped that the search was over. Not yet. "Take off your socks!"

"You ought to be thankful for your life," said My Chairman. "I'll have your life!"

In the endless wilds of Australia there is not a Bushman whose life does not often depend on "tracking;" and so wonderful do Bushmen become in this respect that they can tell the date of every mark upon the ground.

"I have come down the road," said My Chairman. "Haven't you got a horse?"

"All right!" said the little man. Three glasses of rum soon stood before the party.

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"What is the best to be done?" said My Chairman. "Shr! we ride on and meet the police, if they are on the way!"

"Well, then, man, what is it you want? What's your advice?"

"You must chance that. It is the only plan," said My Chairman.

Crossing the drive by the Terrace we great the head of the Mall, the grand promenade of the Park.

As many who attend agricultural fairs are ignorant of the rules that govern such exhibitions, a practical agricultural man has made up the following code of rules that are applicable to fairs at all times and in all sections.

Keep to the right as you pass around. If you don't you may get left.

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The only English statesman with whom Lord Beaconsfield is at all comparable is Lord Palmerston.

Scene: A withdrawing-room adjoining a court of justice. Jurymen retired to consider their verdict.

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The most tiresome of all ruses—The luggage. Before marriage, affection and perfection; after, reflection and defection.

Who wrote this neat epitaph on a man who had tried two modes of life, and neither, it would seem, with any success?

For Victims.—A photographer announces that, besides other accessories, he has a "new front gate, just the thing for a lover's picture."

A young lady ate half a wedding cake, and then tried to dream of her future husband.

"What's the difference," asked a teacher in arithmetic, "between one yard and two yards?" "A fence," was the reply of a member of the class.

"Try stimulants," the doctor cried: "I did, and very nearly died."

"How is it, Mrs. Murray," said one lady to another the other night, as they had a comforting cup of tea together.

A late London Echo says—"Poor Talmage," seen through years and years ago by all men of sense, is only beginning to be found out by some people here.