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THE FREE TICKET.

A pious man was Jonathan Snow,
The man who never had been to a show;
The Christian man who said his prayers,
And sowed his seed where sinful tares
Could choke it not. Sedate and calm,
He loved good cider, a sermon, or a psalm,
And lived a life that was free from blame,
As pure and spotless as his name.

Now, of all the things which Jonathan did—
And never under a bushel he hid
The candle of virtue that burned in his breast—
Of all good things, I repeat the best,
According to Jonathan's notion, was,
That he never had been to a show "Because,"
As he frequently said, "a show is a place
Where the Devil himself is put to disgrace."

It happened that once a circus came
To the village where Jonathan dwelt, and the same
Was known as the Mighty Miraculous Egyptian Menagerie and Circus;
And wonderful were the things, I wean,
Which on the daring bills were seen;
Lions and tigers and monsters immense—
And the price of admission was fifty cents.

On the day that the show arrived,
And the boys around the canvas hived,
Jonathan Snow in the grocery store
Discoursed as he never discoursed before
On the sinfulness of circuses,
Which are run by Satan, he said, to please
The wicked of earth, and lead them on
To the ways of darkness, death and sin.

"For it stands," said Jonathan Snow,
"That them as finds delight in a show
Must be of the low vulgar kind,
Without any piety into their mind,
But full of the sins of the flesh; and for me
I would sooner jump into the bottomless sea,
Than go to the Mighty Miraculous Egyptian Menagerie and Circus."

While Jonathan was thus moved to deplore
It chanced that a stranger came into the store—
A quiet, respectable chap, and he
Belonged to the M. E. M. C.;
He heard what Jonathan had to say,
Then smiled in sort of a peculiar way,
And, drawing nearer, he said to Snow:
"My friend, here's a ticket to go to the show."

In mute amazement Jonathan scanned
The card which the showman had put in his hand;
Then he laid it away in his pocket with care,
And, glancing around with a pious air,
He remarked as he sauntered out of the store:
"I never attended a cirkis afore,
But I reckon that now I'll have to go,
As I've got a free ticket to this here show."

SNOWED UP.

(From the Cassell's Magazine.)

"I believe I am the most unlucky fellow in the world," said Bertie Tyrrell half aloud as he tied his white tie.

"Why so, my dear fellow?" inquired a cheery voice at the door.

Bertie turned, still holding his cravat at his throat, and said, "Oh, Charley, is that you? Come in; I shall be ready in five minutes."

Having arranged his tie to his satisfaction, he repeated: "Yes, I believe I am the most unlucky fellow in London, at any rate."

"What is the matter?" inquired his friend.

"Well, you see I've just had another letter from my sister saying that Miss Patterson is about to leave Marchmount and proceed to the South of France, (mother's not well I believe.) You know I intended to go down this week and put myself out of my pain. Charley, I do love that girl, and Charley, I must marry her!"

"Well?"

"But I say it is not well. Charles Fletcher, you are a fish, a cold-blooded animal. How can you talk like that when I am really, truly and madly in love?"

"My dear Bertie, if I were you, I should wait till the lady and party come to London, and then see her and ascertain your chance."

"But they do not come to London; at least not to stay; so I am completely upset."

"It will come all right old fellow. Are you ready?"

"Yes; it is time to be off. I do not feel at all inclined to go, though," said Bertie, mournfully.

A dinner party was given by Mrs. Arteman, in whose husband's office Bertie Tyrrell was, or flattered himself he was, a shining light. Mr. Arteman and Bertie's family had been friendly for years, and the young man was rapidly making his way to a junior partnership. He had the credit of being very trustworthy and quick at the business—qualities which he took care to cultivate.

Many people came in the evening, also, and just before the carriages were announced Mr. Arteman entered the room and gazed anxiously round. For some minutes he was unable to descry the object of his quest, but at last found him out and touched young Tyrrell on the arm as he sat in a corner of the room, and beckoned him aside.

Hastily apologizing to his fair companion, Bertie rejoined Mr. Arteman in the dining room.

"Is there anything the matter, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, Bertie, I am afraid there is.—Read that.

Mr. Arteman put a telegram into his junior's hands.

"This looks quite serious," said Bertie, as he returned the paper. "What do you intend to do, sir? How can we restore confidence in the Manchester office?"

"By sending you down," replied his chief.

"But to-morrow will be too late," said Bertie.

"Therefore you must go to-night, my lad."

"To-night—go to Manchester to-night!" exclaimed Tyrrell. "The thing is impossible."

"Oh! dear no," replied Mr. Arteman. "I've had your bag packed already. I took the liberty to send Collins to your lodgings for your morning dress. I have a cab at the door. Here are ten pounds in gold. Run up stairs and change—take a bit of supper first though. The Pullman train from St. Pancras starts at midnight."

"And it is now eleven," said Bertie, looking at his watch. "What sort of a night is it, Collins?"

"It snows very fast, sir," replied the man.

"Snows, does it?" exclaimed Bertie. "Better fill up the flask then, and put a half-dozen cigars in my coat pocket—and, I say, Collins."

"Yes, sir."

"Cut me a couple of ham sandwiches while I dress."

In fifteen minutes Bertie had received his last instructions from Mr. Arteman, and was bowling along the Euston road to the Midland station.

The immense terminus looked warm and comfortable compared with the wet and chilly night outside. The Pullman car was at the platform ready to start. There were very few passengers. Bertie took a sleeping car ticket, and without loss of time tucked himself comfortably in his berth. The train soon started, and Bertie was rapidly whirled into the land of dreams.

But his dreams were pleasant, and if he had not been conscious of the penetrating cold, he would have enjoyed a good rest. He shivered and awoke. The lamp was burning dimly. The steady whirr of the fast flying wheels told him the train was still rushing through the stormy night. Something fell on the lamp—there it was again! It came through the lattice over his bed. It was snow!

"Pleasant night," he thought. "I'll have another nap."

Easier said than done. No effort of his could induce Somnus to pay him a second visit. The chill feeling he had before experienced compelled him to put on his wraps. He got up, took a sip of brandy, and went out upon the platform to have a smoke.

As the train flew along the track, little snow storms came up from all the wheels in clouds of powdered dust. Bertie was fascinated. Past sleeping towns and villages, past black chimneys rising into the murky sky from white, unsullied roofs, past close shut windows, beath whose sashes the yielding but restless snow wormed itself like the herring bones and hung outside in snow dissolving flakes for King Frost to weld closer. Past a huddling heap of humanity, beneath the shelter of the embankment, on which the merciless though tenderly falling winding sheet was surely wrapped. Past all these and many more sights did the Pullman car rush and scream, and yet no stopping for the train. But ten miles further on the trap was laid. In a deep cutting, the northern wind and drifting clouds conspired to do battle with the boasted power of man. Lie closer still, O drift! Blow fiercer, still, O wind! Ye wait the daring monster who boasts he can outstrip the wind, and rattle wildly o'er the snow-clad fields.

A roar through a tunnel—Bertie had again turned in—the train emerged. It slackened speed; a long, deep whistle. The engine stopped short and pushed up a six foot mound of snow, melting it for one brief minute; the water dashed at its enemy, fire, and hissed its vengeance in its burning ears. The fiery foe collapsed; the mighty monster lay imbedded in the drift, harmless as a fettered giant, but noisy in its protests.

Clouds of steam, anxious to be free from that fatal cutting, rushed upwards and disappeared, or, unable to escape, fell in warm tear drops on the virgin snow white carpet. The engineer let the boiler run empty, and sent his fireman back to the last station for assistance. Man was powerless against the snow.

The soft, the gentle snow!

The passengers awoke, and shivering came one by one out at the end platform of the train, asking questions and not waiting for replies. No need to ask what was the matter a second time. The helpless, lighted train glowed like a long lighthouse beneath the snow clad embankment. A bank in front, a tunnel behind yawning darkly like an immense hole cut in white paper, a biting wind and driving snow, told the tale all too clearly.

Snowed up? Not a doubt of it. When could assistance arrive? Were there any ladies in the train? No ladies; only twenty-two travelers, and all men.

But Bertie was due at his Manchester office at nine o'clock that morning. It was now about a quarter to four. He must get on, and he expressed his determination aloud to his fellow passengers.

"I will accompany you—where are we, guard?"

"Atween Ambergate and Matlock—but don't know exactly where though, gentlemen. Ask Ben."

"Ben," the engine driver, informed them that they were about an hour and a quarter's run from Manchester, and added a word of caution. But Bertie was determined to push on, and, accompanied by two other passengers, he started on his venturous expedition.

Once out of the cutting they trusted to be free. Surely the stoppage of the line would be telegraphed by this time, and, perhaps, a train in waiting to take them on. So they stepped manfully out, sinking deeply at every step, but still making progress.

The snow had ceased; the sky was clearing fast, and frostly looking stars peeped out to view the desolation. The wind was bitterly cold. Every now and then the snow would be dashed in their faces, as by handfuls caught up by spirit fingers to obstruct their progress.

For awhile they kept side by side. Struggling against the blast they pressed on till, unknowingly, they mounted the side of the cutting and wandered far away across a level field, and over the distant hedge, covered up with newly fallen snow.

The sudden ease with which they stopped now had had the very opposite effect to what might reasonably have been expected. They knew they had strayed. Where was the railroad? They must regain it at any risk. But the two elder travellers determined to remain where they were sheltered comparatively behind the hedge, in only a foot of snow, till daybreak. Bertie rashly made up his mind to return in his tracks, which were plainly discernable, and against the advice of his comrades he acted upon his resolution.

His one idea was to reach Manchester. If he did not succeed in averting the impending crash there, all his prospects would be ruined. His hopes of ever winning his lady love would be completely shattered, and what was life without love? He must succeed, though he perished in the attempt; he would do his duty, whatever happened.

So he manfully struggled on—at times up to his knees in snow; once completely buried in the drift; he fell down, down, until nothing but a small star was visible overhead! The snow kept closing in.—He breathed hard upwards toward the hole. (His hands were fastened to his side by pressure of the drift.) By breathing hard at the tiny hole it became larger and larger. The snow melted, and he got a hand free. At length he got his head out and after a severe struggle he fell forward, half insensible from cold and nervous exhaustion. He rolled over the harder snow for a space; down, down—it seemed as if he would never stop—a hard substance received him—a crash of glass or ice, a moment afterwards fell upon his half unconscious ears, and he lay insensible on the ground. A light was burning steadily over his head.

The spirit remained in the body, but the clay tenement refused to acknowledge the presence of the master. Sense lay wrapped within the brain and behind the suddenly closed lips. Speech was there, but somehow it could not force its way through the stubborn lips. The ears were open to catch the slightest sound, and eagerly they drank it in, but the shaken nerves refused to listen, at least only grudgingly as yet.

And thus lay Bertie in a trance—dead, and yet alive; ready to speak, dying to utter his thoughts, and yet dying because his speech was locked; the pressure on the brain was not yet unloosed; and Bertie lay there almost as he fell, it seemed to him.

But yet things were curiously mixed up around him. He could move his hands and could feel that he was lying upon soft cushions. Dull to his ears arose the sound of those horrible, whirring carriage wheels. It seemed to him as if he were back again in the railway carriage, en route to Manchester.

Still people were about him. Feminine fingers ministered to him—that gentle touch just now was very different from the other tender finger tips of some good Samaritan, probably a doctor.

The subtle odor of the lady's presence clung sweetly around Bertie as he lay sensible to what passed, but unable to form a word, or look his thanks, or even recognize the gentle care.

Once he essayed to open his eyes and oh! how the vision of that one fair face he loved hung over his half unconscious brows, and was for a second photographed upon his brain. No—it was gone—a moment more and the dull whirr of the revolving wheels, the even motion of the Pullman car, all seemed to hold him in thrall as he lay there supine on the soft cushions.

But this could not last. By slow degrees the brain resumed its sway. He opened his eyes. Things were very dull to him, and the cold, chill hand of death apparently, was on him. He could not move his head, but as he gazed with dull, half open eyes, the vision of his love rose up to bid him welcome. Oh, lovely vision! it came nearer—it would touch him! yes, it bent down, and breathing a soft petition for his recovery, then vanished.

Whirr—whirr—whirr.

Did he dream still? No; voices distinctly fell upon his ears. Where was he? A shrill whistle suddenly broke the monotonous sound; the undulating movement of the car he had felt, or fancied, seemed to cease. 'Hush!' some one spoke. Bertie opened his eyes. He was dreaming still. * * *

He lay upon a cushioned berth in a Pullman car. The lamp burned very dimly overhead. Daylight penetrated the curtains around him. He felt very weak and very cold, but he was not dreaming. How had he got there? What had happened? Where was the snow?

He called out. A gentleman entered softly. 'Where am I?' inquired Bertie faintly.

'Hush, hush!' quite safe; do not agitate yourself,' replied the doctor, as Bertie fancied the new comer to be. 'We have got you round nicely.'

'But where am I?' persisted Bertie.

'You are at Ambergate Junction.'

'I must go to Manchester at once.—Help me up please.'

'My dear sir, it is quite impossible to move you. You have had a very severe fall, and must be kept quite quiet. We have telegraphed particulars to Mr. Arteman. You cannot be moved.'

This was decisive, and the doctor left the berth. Yet, as soon as his back was turned Bertie made an effort to rise. With difficulty he repressed a scream; the pain was acute. He at once perceived that movement, even in bed, was out of the question at present, so wisely he determined to await events. His thoughts naturally dwelt upon the happy vision he had seen, and he foolishly accepted this as an omen favorable to his ultimate happiness. At length he fell asleep.

He awoke very hungry and saw the doctor at his side. He put out his hand, which Bertie took and clasped warmly to his own. The kind doctor made a careful examination of his patient and then said:

'You are much better this evening. I am glad to tell you, and as soon as the stiffness wears off you will be all right. I may tell you now that we have had a telegram from Mr. Arteman. He is at Manchester, so your natural anxiety may be allayed.'

'Thank you,' exclaimed Bertie, with fervor. "You have indeed put my mind at ease.'

'I was able to tell him there was no danger, so he went on this afternoon. He saw you while you were asleep.' Bertie started, as well he might. 'Yes,' said the doctor, 'you have slept for thirteen hours.'

'Indeed!' was the patient's reply.

'But I say,' he added, 'how did I get here? I remember being in the snow. I think I fell—'

'I should think you did,' replied the doctor. 'You came plump into this car—rolling in snow.'

'I'm afraid I'm still confused, I don't understand you now.'

'You rolled down the bank into the windows.' We were snowed up in the cutting on the top line. Another train, yours probably, was at the other end. You in your excursion tumbled into our windows. It was very fortunate that you didn't roll over the parapet into the river, my lad.'

'And very lucky,' said Bertie graciously, 'you happened to be in the train, doctor.'

'You have not to thank me so much as Mr. and Mrs. Patterson. They telegraphed to Mr. Arteman.'

'Mr. and Mrs. who?' exclaimed Bertie, sitting up regardless of his bruises.—'Patterson, did you say?'

'Yes; do you know them? They did not seem to recognize you.'

'Yes—no—I know. Miss Patterson.—I—'

'Whew!' was all the doctor's answer.'

'What! Is there a Miss Patterson? Is she here? Is she—was she in the train? Alice is her name.'

'That is the lady; she nursed you till I came. Her mother is an invalid rather. They were caught in the drift last night like yourself.'

'Where is she, doctor? Did she leave a message?'

The doctors's eyes twinkled. 'Well not exactly. But she gave me special directions to let her papa know who you were. This is the address.'

He gave Bertie an envelope, who read, 'Harvey Patterson, Esq., at ——Hotel, London, till Friday noon.'

'What is to day?' inquired Bertie.

'This is Thursday. It is seven o'clock a.m.'

'Doctor,' said Bertie, as he recalled the vision of the day before while he lay half insensible. 'I shall go to London to-morrow.'

The doctor smiled. 'What, and leave Manchester business. But seriously I think you scarcely fit to travel.' Well, we shall see,' he continued, as Bertie moved his head impatiently. 'We shall see. Keep quiet now, and I dare say you will be well enough to go to London.—Good night.'

'Good night.' And Bertie resigned himself to blissful thoughts and happy anticipations for to-morrow.

Two o'clock was striking at Westminster when Mr. Bertie Tyrrell's card was taken into a private sitting room at the—Hotel. There was only one occupant of the spacious room—a young lady whose good, sensible and bright face lightened with a softer expression as she read the name of her visitor.

'Show him in, please,' she said calmly, yet palpitation beneath a well fitting dress to a woman's eye would have betrayed a secret.

The waiter ushered Bertie in and quickly retired. The young man waited till the door was closed and, as Miss Patterson stood up with outstretched hand, he took it warmly. No word of greeting did he speak. He only gazed for one moment into those eyes of liquid blue—the eyes grew tender, and then the shading lashes trembled, but only for a second. But he could read.

Without a word he clasped her in his arms. 'My darling!' was all he could say.

She struggled to free herself, strongly at first; but as he whispered something in the crimson shell-like ear close to his lips, the pretty head sank upon his shoulder, and the silence that gives such sweet consent told all the rest.

When Mr. Patterson came half an hour afterwards he found a prospective son in law seated on the sofa holding his daughter's hand.

Explanation ensued, the upshot of it being that Bertie's health required a change to the south of France. He was married in the ensuing summer; and he always considers that he owes his present happiness to being snowed up.

Very nicely sold were a couple of tramps who waylaid a wealthy farmer in Louisa county, Iowa, and demanded his money or his life. Disinclined to part with either, he took to his heels. They chased him half a mile down the roughest of lanes, dashed after him through a brier hedge, and went panting across an old corn field. Then they chased one struck for the woods, and wheezing up a steep hill; his pursuers pressing closely behind with bloodshot eyes and shortened breath. The farmer dashed across a forty acre stubble field, across a frozen creek, through a blackberry patch, down a ravine, over another hill, across a stump field, to be run down on the road by tramps. They overhauled him, thoroughly searched him from top to toe, to find he had not a solitary cent to reward them for their perseverance.

Princess Mary is said to be anxious for war between England and Russia. The other day Beaconsfield dined with her, and she urged him to fight. "You have," she said, "the Queen with you, Parliament, and the country. What more do you want?" Beaconsfield glanced at his plate, and solemnly replied: "Potatoes, ma'am."

A Man who Never Told a Lie.

Yesterday, afternoon an old oilman, with crude petroleum dripping from his clothes and legs inclosed in high boots, entered the *Derrick* office and said:

"Want an item? I've got the biggest item you ever heard tell of. I struck an ile well on my lease Monday, an' she flowed a stream of ile 100 feet high straight up for half an hour. Then she kinder let down. One of my drillers was standing over the hole, when she suddenly spurted up again, and if it didn't take that driller right up with it. The stream was a powerful one you see, an' he went up a hundred feet. You've seen those little balls as dance about on the top of those little spurtin' fountains such as they have in the cities? Yes, waal that's the way this ere thing acted, an' there's that air driller right up on top of that hundredfut column of crude ile, an' he's dancin' about like chaff in a fannin'-mill. What do you think of that air??"

"How long has he been up there?"

"About four days and four nights."

"He must be very hungry by this time. Doesn't he come down to get something to eat?"

"Why, we 'uns just put a plate of hash in this stream of ile, and it takes it up to him you see. An' its mighty handy, as he finds his victuals already greased, an' he doesn't need butter."

His face was as innocent of deceit as a piece of tanned leather, and when he asked to have his name put down as a deadhead subscriber for information he had given, we didn't have the heart to hurt his feelings by refusing.

Uses of the Lemon.

The London *Lancet*, remarking on the value of lemon juice, of which many are wholly ignorant, offers several suggestions as to the number of uses to which it may be put: A piece of Lemon bound upon a corn may cure it in a few days; it should be renewed night and morning. A free use of lemon juice and sugar will always relieve a cough. Most people feel poorly in the spring, but if they would eat a lemon before breakfast for a week, with or without sugar, as they like, they would often find it better than any medicine. Lemon juice used according to this recipe will sometimes cure consumption: Put a dozen lemons into cold water and slowly bring to a boil; boil slowly till the lemons are soft, but not too soft, then squeeze until all the juice is extracted, and sugar to your taste and drink. Another use of lemons if for a refreshing drink in summer, or in sickness at any time. Prepare as directed above, and add water and sugar. But in order to have this keep well, after boiling the lemons, squeeze them and strain carefully, then to every half-pint of juice add one pound of loaf or crushed sugar, boil and stir a few minutes more until the sugar is dissolved; skim and carefully bottle. You will get more juice from the lemons by boiling them, and the preparation keeps better.

A switch in time saves nine.

The tied of life—the married ones.

Be sure you're ahead—then go right.

Movements on foot—the march of an army.

The sable mantle of darkness is for evening wear.

The truth must come out—and be hit over the head.

Sixty years ago the fastest horses only made a mile in three minutes.

Young men should take pattern by pianos—be square, upright, grand.

Let young men be patient in their wooing, for a maiden's love may be cold on her lips yet warm in her heart.

A news item says that an English traveller in the Holy Land has discovered Jacob's well. An exchange says: "We are glad to hear it. A rumor has been afloat for some time that Jacob was dead."

Mr. Spurgeon on the platform is as humorous as ever. A short time since he was advising ministers not to preach over the heads of the people, and he remarked that he had sometimes heard sermons which made him feel like the poor parson who was once asked to dine with the Squire, and who, on being requested to return thanks, did so in this fashion:—"O Lord, we thank thee that we don't have such a good dinner as this every day of our lives, for if we did we should be sure to be ill."