

The Wolf and the Lamb.

FROM "CAST ADMITS" BY THE AUTHOR OF "THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP."

The girl did not feel wholly at ease. She had not yet been able to get sight of Pinky's closely-veiled features, and there was something in her voice that made her feel uncomfortable.

"I don't care for any dinner," she said; "I'm not hungry."

"Well, I am, then; so come. Do you like oysters?"

"Yes."

"Cook them splendidly. Best place in the city. And you'd like to get into a store or learn a trade?"

"Yes."

"What trade did you think of?"

"None in particular."

"How would you like to get into a book-binding? I know two or three girls in binderies, and they can make from five to ten dollars a week. It's the nicest, cleanest work I know of."

"Oh, do you?" returned Flora, with newly-awakened interest.

"Yes; we'll talk it all over while we're eating dinner. This way."

And Pinky turned the corner of a small street that led away from the more crowded thoroughfare along which they had been passing.

"It's a quiet and retired place, where only the nicest kind of people go," she added. "Many working-girls and girls in stores get their dinners there. We'll meet some of them, no doubt; and if any that I know should happen in, we might hear of a good place. Just the thing, isn't it? I'm right glad I met you."

They had gone halfway down the square, when Pinky stopped before the shop of a confectioner. In the window was a display of cakes, pies and candies, and a sign with the words, "LADIES' RESTAURANT."

"This is the place," she said, and opening the door, passed in, the young stranger followed.

A sign of caution, unseen by Flora, was made to a girl who stood behind the counter. Then Pinky turned, saying: "How will you have your oysters? stewed, fried, broiled or roasted?"

"I'm not particular—any way," replied Flora.

"I like them fried. Will you have them the same way?"

Flora nodded assent.

"Let them be fried, then. Come, we'll go up-stairs. Anybody there?"

"Two or three only."

"Any girls from the bindery?"

"Yes; I think so."

"Oh, I'm glad that! Want to see some of them. Come, Miss Bond."

And Pinky, after a whispered word to the attendant, led the way to a room up-stairs in which were a number of small tables. At one of these were two girls eating, and at another a young man and a girl. As Pinky and her companion entered, the inmates of the room stared at them familiarly, and then winked and leered at each other. Flora did not observe this, but she felt a sudden oppression and fear. They sat down at a table not far from one of the windows. Flora looked for the veil to be removed, so that she might see the face of her new friend. But Pinky kept it closely down.

In about ten minutes the oysters were served. Accompanying them were two glasses of some kind of liquor. Floating on one of these was a small bit of cork. Pinky took this and handed the other to her companion, saying: "Only a weak sangaree. It will refresh you after your fatigue; and I always like something with oysters, it helps to make them lay lighter on the stomach."

Meantime, one of the girls had crossed over and spoken to Pinky. After a word or two, the latter said: "Don't you work in a bindery, Miss Peters?"

"Yes," was answered, without hesitation.

"I thought so. Let me introduce to you my friend, Miss Flora Bond. She's from the country, and wants to get into some good establishment. She talked about a store, but I think a bindery is better."

"A great deal better," was replied by Miss Peters. "I've tried them both, and wouldn't go back to a store again on any account. If I can serve your friend, I shall be most happy."

"Thank you!" returned Flora; "you are very kind."

"Not at all; I'm always glad when I can be of service to any one. You think you'd like to go into a bindery?"

"Yes. I've come to the city to get employment, and haven't much choice."

"There's no place like the city," remarked the other, "I'd die in the country—nothing going on. But you won't stagnate here. When did you arrive?"

"To-day."

"Have you friends here?"

"No. I brought a letter of introduction to a lady who resides in the city."

"What's her name?"

"Mrs. Bray."

Miss Peters turned her head so that Flora could not see her face. It was plain from its expression that she knew Mrs. Bray.

"Have you seen her yet?" she asked.

"No. She was out when I called. I'm going back in a little while."

The girl sat down, and went on talking while the others were eating. Pinky had emptied her glass of sangaree before she was half through with her oysters, and kept urging Flora to drink.

"Don't be afraid of it, dear," she said, in a kind, persuasive way.

"Haven't had your dinner yet?"

"No; just arrived in the cars, and came right here."

"You must have something to eat then. I know a nice place; often get dinner there when I'm out."

"I don't care for any dinner," she said; "I'm not hungry."

"Well, I am, then; so come. Do you like oysters?"

"Yes."

"Cook them splendidly. Best place in the city. And you'd like to get into a store or learn a trade?"

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"Don't be afraid of it, dear," she said, in a kind, persuasive way.

"there's hardly a thimbleful of wine in the whole glass. It will soothe your nerves, and make you feel over so much better."

There was something in the taste of the sangaree that Flora did not like—a flavor that was not of wine. But urged repeatedly by her companions, whose empty glass gave her encouragement and confidence, she sipped and drank until she had taken the whole of it. By this time she was beginning to have a sense of fullness and confusion in the head, and to feel oppressed and uncomfortable. Her appetite suddenly left her, and she laid down her knife and fork and leaned her head upon her hand.

"What's the matter?" asked Pinky. "Nothing," answered the girl; "only my head feels a little strangely. It will pass off in a moment."

"Riding in the cars, maybe," said Pinky. "I always feel bad after being in the cars; it kind of stirs me up."

Flora sat quietly at the table, still resting her head upon her hands. Pinky and the girl who had joined them exchanged looks of intelligence. The former had drawn her veil partly aside, yet concealing as much as possible the bruises on her face.

"My! but you're battered!" exclaimed Miss Peter, in a whisper that was unheard by Flora.

Pinky only answered by a grimace. Then she said to Flora, with well-effected concern: "I'm afraid you are ill, dear? How do you feel?"

"I don't know," answered the poor girl, in a voice that betrayed great anxiety, if not alarm. "It came over me all at once. I'm afraid that vino was too strong; I'm not used to taking anything."

"Oh, dear no! it wasn't that. I drank a glass, and don't feel it any more than if it had been water."

"Let's go," said Flora, starting up. "Mrs. Bray must be home by this time."

"All right, if you feel well enough," returned Pinky, rising at the same time.

"Oh, dear! how my head swims!" exclaimed Flora, putting both hands to her temples. She stood for a few moments in an uncertain attitude, then reached out in a blind, eager way.

Pinky drew quickly to her side, and put one arm about her waist.

"Come," she said, "the air is too close for you here; and with the assistance of the girl who had joined them, she steaded Flora down-stairs."

"Doctored a little too high," whispered Miss Peter, with her mouth close to Pinky's ear.

"All right," Pinky whispered back; "they know how to do it."

At the foot of the stairs Pinky said: "You take her out through the yard, while I pay for the oysters. I'll be with you in a moment."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Pun in Scripture.

It is scarcely necessary to remark, what must have been observed by every reader of the whole Scriptures, that the poetical portions of the Bible are replete with imagery, metaphor, hyperbole, allegory, ellipsis and pleonasm are much more common to the genius of the Hebrew language than to any other with which scholars are acquainted.

But the instances of their use are so easily discoverable by any one who reads with care that there is no need to give examples here. But there is one figure which is frequently used by the Hebrew writers, and whose force is most often obscured or lost in any translation, namely, the paranomasia, or pun.

It is, indeed, a peculiarity in Hebrew poetry, which was employed, as rhyme is now, to give a harmonious turn to the sentence, but which also served to fix the sentiment on the memory. A punster, nowadays, does not gain much respect; but in the days of the world's childhood, verbal conceits, such as riddles, puns and proverbs, were treasured up as the productions of a keen intellect and lively imagination.

The great champion, Samson, whose story has been so feelingly told by our great epic poet, was a master of such conceits. He used them in his joy and in his sorrow, in triumph and in hopeless bondage, in sport and in irony. Isaiah is also very happy in such modes of giving point to the expression of an idea, as are likewise Jeremiah, Job, Micah and several others of the prophets. They are also found in the blessings of the patriarchs, where the paranomasia is suggested by the name of him who receives the blessing, in the words of Balaam, in the Psalms and Proverbs, and in some of our Saviour's discourses in the New Testament.

Indeed, the words of our Lord to Peter, which have been so rent and torn by the battery of polemics, and which, in turn, have blasted and divided Christendom, were founded on nothing more than a mode of expression common to the people of Israel and other Semitic nations from the earliest times.

Herder, in his "Spirit of Hebrew Poetry" (Marsh's translation) says, on this subject, that "the Hebrew paranomasia is not so ridiculous a matter as we are apt to infer from the place and character of such things in modern languages. That language was of a wholly different construction and those verbal conceits had an entirely different aim. The Hebrews had no rhyme, but were fond of assonances and alliterations, to which the parallelism naturally led them. Which, then, is more intellectual or intelligible—the use of rhyme, which is an artifice merely for the ear; or the varied resemblance of sound to sense, where the word becomes an echo to the sense?"—From an article entitled "The Poetry of the Bible," in the New Dominion Monthly for April.

"John," said a cruel father to his son, whom he one day found shaving the down from his upper lip, "don't throw your shaving water out where there are any barefooted boys, for if you do their feet may get pricked."

It is proposed in Kentucky to let juveniles fix the penalty in murder cases.

A school for the study of the Irish language is to be established in Boston.

Gen. Canby was scalped by the Modocs. The fact was concealed from the widow.

The New Orleans *Pianysse* puts the lowest price of a Mississippi legislator at five dollars.

A twelve hundred acre plantation, near Tusculum, Ga., has been purchased by a German colony.

The city court at Chicago has declared that under statute law a reporter may carry concealed weapons.

An Oregon paper refers to a new editor on a rival sheet as a "young gentleman of frugal mental capacity."

A wedding at Des Moines was lately postponed on account of the bridegroom being arrested for horse-stealing.

Another flying-ship is being built at San Francisco, and, like the rest, "on entirely new and original plans."

A Cincinnati school-ma'am is being investigated for punishing her pupils by filling their mouths with black pepper.

Two small boys, cousins, lately amused themselves by throwing stones at each other in Hagerstown, Md., until one of them was killed.

Dennis More, one of the *Atlantic* survivors, has sued the White Star Line for \$3,000 damages. A. L. Parker & Son, of Albany, are More's legal advisers.

A Janesville, Ia., juror was so drunk that he fell out of the "panel," and the judge put him in the prisoner's box and fined him \$25 for contempt of court.

At a ball in Gallatin, Tenn., a few nights ago, a young man conducted his partner to a seat, sat down beside her, and immediately fell from his chair to the floor, dead.

The DeKalb County, Ind., has paid \$240 for wolf scalps within the past three weeks. The scalps all represented young wolves, and were presented by boys.

The medicine standard recently captured from the Modocs consisted of a mink skin tied to the end of a stick with a bundle of feathers and beads attached to the skin.

The editor of the *Richmond Register* plaintively enquires if anybody has seen a coy, blushing maiden by the name of Spring loafing anywhere around those parts!

What is the difference between six cents paid to an omnibus conductor and one of the names of Apollo? One is a "bus fee, and the other a Phobus."

A colored lawyer appeared for the first time in a Louisiana court, a few days ago, in the person of Mr. T. Morris Chester, who was engaged as counsel for the defence in a murder trial.

The *Des Moines Register* has a newspaper reporter who says that the rats in Webster City are bigger than the cats, and also observes that one blow from a rat's tail will split a cellar door.

Already nine alleged brothers, cousins and sister-in-laws, and two betrothed wives have appeared as "next-of-kin" to administer the estate of the late Charles M. Barras, of *Black Crook* fame.

One hundred and nine daily papers have been started in New York during the last twenty years. Of these one hundred have died after a brief existence, resulting in a loss of about \$25,000,000.

A worthy farmer in Snyder county who was carried home on a litter the other day, solemnly asserts that nothing but a twenty-ton anchor can hold a sorrel mule down to the earth after she has stepped into a yellow jacket's nest.

A wedding was broken up at Columbus City, Iowa, in the following manner: The preacher asked if any one had any objections; the young lady said: "Yes; I don't want to marry him." The expectant groom folded his broadcloth, and silently stole away.

They have some very smart business men in New Jersey. Last week a young man was struck by lightning in a field near Trenton; and when the people began to flock to the spot to look at the victim, they found a man standing by the corpse trying to sell lightning-rods to the crowd.

They had a "donation party" at the house of a minister in Connecticut a day or two ago. About a hundred and fifty dollars worth of presents were received; but as the company ruined a five-hundred-dollar piano and some impious kleptomaniac embezzled the spoons, the minister considers that it will take just about two more donation parties to burst him into diminutive smithereens. You can distinctly understand that the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," was erased from the family Bible from that date.

The *Paris Temps*, in its Indo-Chinese correspondence, reports a horrible fact which marked the surrender to the Imperial troops of a city occupied by the rebels. Sin-Chief, which had long been in the hands of the insurgents, has fallen into the power of the army. Though but little blood was shed during the siege, after the capitulation all the defenders, to the number of six hundred, were beheaded, although they had surrendered voluntarily. An English adventurer, in the service of the Chinese army, and at the same time correspondent for the *Shanghai Courier*, was present at the execution. All the victims died courageously, exclaiming to their butchers that their death would be avenged by their children. Some of them were unwilling to wait for that period, and threw themselves upon the soldiers, of whom they succeeded in killing four and wounding several with poignards they had concealed in their sleeves.

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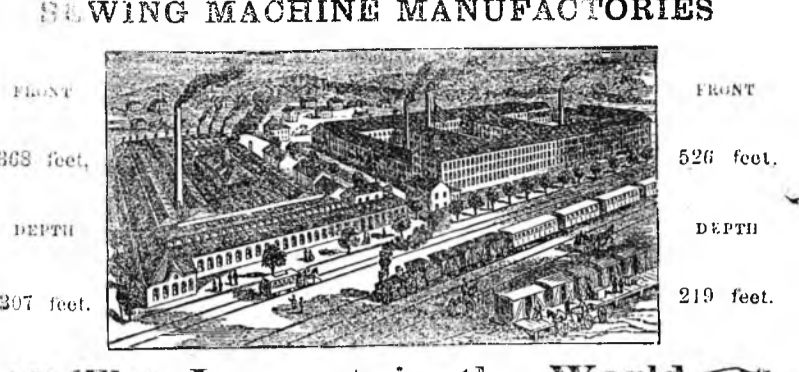
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