

Select Poetry.

The Teetotal Mill.
Two jolly old toppers, once sat in an inn,
Discussing the merits of brandy and gin.
Said one to the other, "I'll tell you what,
Bill, I've been hearing to-day of the Teetotal Mill.
You must know that this comical mill has
been built
Of old broken casks when the liquor's been
spilt,
You go up some high steps, and when at
the sill,
You're a paper to sign at the Teetotal Mill.
You promise by signing this paper (I think.)
That ale, wine and spirits you never will
drink;
You give up (as they call it) such rascally
will,
And then you go into the Teetotal Mill.
They turn it a bit, just to give you a trial;
Old clothes are made new, and if you've
been ill,
You are very soon cured at the Teetotal Mill.
Bill listened and wondered, at length he
cried out,
"Why, Tom, fit'st'ra what you're telling about,
What fools we must be to be here sitting about,
Let us go and we'll look at the Teetotal Mill.
While in a wonder they gazed; there came in
a man,
With excess and disease his visage was wan;
He mounted the steps, signed the pledge
with a will,
And went in for a turn in the Teetotal Mill.
He quickly came out, the pience of health,
And briskly he walked on the highway to
wealth,
And as onward he pressed, he shouted out
still,
"Success to the wheel of the Teetotal Mill!"
The next that went in wore a man and his
wife;
For many long years they'd been living in
strife;
He had beat and abused her, and swore he'd
kill,
But his heart took a turn in the Teetotal Mill;
And when he came out, how altered was he,
Steady, honest and sober—how happy was he,
They no more contend, "no you shant,"
"Yes I will,"
They were blessing together the Teetotal
Mill.
Next came a rough fellow as grim as a Turk,
To curse and to swear seemed his principal
word;
He swore that that morning, his skin he
would burn,
And grand as he was he had been in the Mill,
And what he saw there, I never could tell,
But his conduct was changed, and language
as well,
I saw when he turned round the brow of
the Mill,
That he knelt and thanked God for the
Teetotal Mill.
The poor were made rich, the weak made
strong,
The short was made shorter, the purse was
made long,
These miracles puzzled both Thomas and Bill,
At length they went in for a turn in the Mill.
A little time after I heard a great shout,
I turned round to see what the noise was
about;
And a great crowd, amongst which were
Thomas and Bill,
Were shouting "hurrah for the Teetotal Mill."

Miscellaneous.

The New Tax Bill.
Somebody proposes the following new
amendments to the tax bill.
For kissing a pretty girl, one dollar.
For kissing a homely one, two dol-
lars—the extra amount being added
probably for the man's folly.
For ladies kissing one another, two
dollars. The tax is placed at this rate
in order to break up the custom alto-
gether, it being regarded by our M.
C.'s as a piece of inexorable absurd-
ity.
For every flirtation ten cents.
Every young man who has more than
one girl is taxed five dollars.
For courting in the kitchen twenty-
five cents.
Courting in the parlor, one dollar.
Courting in a romantic place, five
dollars, and fifty cents thereafter.
Seeing a lady home from church,
twenty-five cents.
Going from church without accom-
panying a lady, five dollars.
Seeing a lady from the Mite Society,
five cents—the proceeds to be devoted

to the relief of disabled arby chap-
lains.
For ladies who paint, fifty cents.
For wearing low-necked dresses, one
dollar.
For each curl on a lady's head, above
ten, five cents.
For any unfair device for entrapping
young men into matrimony, five dol-
lars.
For wearing hoops larger than eight
feet in circumference, eight cents for
each hoop.
Old Bachelors over thirty are taxed
ten dollars, and banished to Utah.
Each pretty lady is to be taxed from
twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars;
she is to fix the estimate of her beauty.
It is thought a very large sum is to be
realized from this provision.
Each boy lady, fifty cents.
Each girl lady, ten cents.
Families having more than eight
babies, are not to be taxed; and for
twins a premium of forty dollars will
be paid out of funds accruing from tax
on old bachelors.
Each Sunday loafer on the street
corners or about church doors, to be
taxed his value, which is about two
cents.

A Bear Adventure.

Dick Barron was one of the most
daring among the pioneers, and he ap-
peared to be one of the most unfortu-
nate. Together with other neighbors,
Dick had removed from Central Colera,
do to the western slopes of the Sierra
Nevada mountains. His home was in a
wildly romantic and beautiful spot, and
fortune seemed to smile upon him, so
far as his pecuniary matters were con-
cerned; for the lands yielded well in
the summer, and the mines gave a fair
yield of the "yellow dross" in the colder
months.
But death came to the family of
Dick. The first stroke fell upon his
eldest boy, a lad of ten years. The
little fellow was fond of hunting; and
with his rifle, he would often venture
to a considerable distance from home,
and sometimes was very successful in
bringing down small game.
But one day he was absent much
beyond his usual time, and a search
discovered his mangled remains lying at
the bottom of a ledge of rocks. He
had evidently fallen from above, and
thus met a sudden and cruel death.
The blow fell heavily upon Dick and
his wife. But the man bore up bravely
under his grief, while the woman gave
way to melancholy.
Not long after a second child—a little
girl of five years—sickened and died.
It now appeared as if Mrs. Barron would
go mad; and for a time her agony was
terrible to behold. But this gradually
subsiding, a short time after she followed
her little one, leaving still another child
—a daughter of three years—to the
stricken father.
The grief of Dick was not of the ex-
plosive character, but it was deep and
enduring. Still he had something yet
to live for, and went to work like a
brave man to provide for his little
Eva.
Winter had set in, and Dick had
come to the conclusion to make as much
as possible in the mines before spring,
and then to sell his property and go to
San Francisco, where he could secure
the advantages of education for his
little one.
For some time the neighbors of Dick,
as well as himself, had been much an-
noyed by theft. Several sheep and
hounds had been killed, and poultry in
large quantities had been stolen.
There was a difference of opinion
with regard to these depredations.—
Some said they were committed by In-
dians, others by wolves, and still others
said that bears had been around. But
as yet no snow had fallen; and as the
ground was frozen hard, no tracks could
be seen.
One morning, however, the alarm
was given. A light snow had fallen
during the night, and tracks were dis-
covered. A large grizzly bear was

the thief and despoiler, and he must
be hunted down at once.
It was at first supposed that they
would not be obliged to go far to find
the animal, and so Dick seized his rifle
and joined the party, leaving his child
still in bed.
The track was fresh, and a dozen ex-
cited men were upon the trail. In a
short time they were upon the monster;
but each man paused, turning their
eyes towards Dick, and waiting for him to
speak. The bear was standing near the
cabin door of Barron, gazing at the
child who was seated in the doorway,
watching the movements of the animal
with evident curiosity but without ex-
hibiting any signs of fear.
Dick felt his heart sink within him as
he saw this; but his weakness passed
away in an instant, and without remov-
ing his eyes from the bear, he asked:
"Men, can you use your rifles with
steady hands?"
"Yes," replied several.
"Then raise them and have them
ready. Be sure your aim is good, and
that every bullet will be lodged in the
body of the beast in case of firing. But
hold your shots until I give the word."
Instantly every rifle was raised.
Dick moved carefully around towards
the back of the cabin. It was his in-
tention to enter the window, seize his
little one, draw her back, and by closing
the door thus save her.
But now the animal began to utter
deep growls, and advance slowly toward
Eva. The father saw this and exclaim-
ed:
"My darling, get up, go into the
house and close the door."
The child looked up, smiled, then
arose to do the bidding of her father.—
But the monster advanced with a bear-
fearful howl, and as the door was closed
against him, he struck it with one of
his huge paws, shattering it into splin-
ters.
"I feared this. Fire, but be careful
not to injure my child," cried the father.
He discharged his own piece, and at
the same time a dozen rifles rang out.
The bear gave a most fearful howl,
and turning upon his sides glared at
them with eyes of fire, and seemed
on the point of springing among them.
Suddenly, however, the bear seemed
to change his mind.
Turning quickly around, the monster
entered the cabin. A shriek was in-
stantly heard, and the father rushed
forward, knife in hand to save his dar-
ling. But he was too late, for with a
bound, the bear dashed through the
window, holding little Eva in his teeth.
OR he ran with all his speed toward
the highest mountain-peak, while the
cries of the little one came back to the
ears of the half-frantic father.
And now the monster began its ascent,
bearing its "precious burden." Onward
and upward it went, climbing forward
as a rock rose to obstruct its pathway.
All the time it kept up its fearful howl-
ing, and for a time the wails of the child
were heard, but they became fainter and
fainter, until the sounds could be no
longer distinguished.
At length it disappeared from view
behind a jutting ledge.
When the intention of the animal was
first made apparent, a kind of terror
sized upon every heart, and a cry of
agony burst from every lip.
And well they might have shuddered,
for they now knew full well that the ani-
mal was a she bear, and that she was
conveying the child to her den as food
for her cubs.
For a time the father stood with a
face blanched with despair, and with
form crouching like the browned leaves
which still clung to the trees around
him. But that weakness was only mo-
mentary, for he became again the in-
vincible father; and with the speed of
an antelope he rushed for the cliffs his
eyes fixed upon the point where the
bear had disappeared with his loving
darling.
To say but the father—and to him
under any other circumstances—the

journey would not have only been a
weary, but almost an impossible one.
But the anxious parent paused not for
an instant. Indeed, he seemed to gain
new courage and strength at every step.
Now, a fearful rocky ledge would ob-
struct his way but he would mount up-
ward, making a ladder of the twigs
which hung to their sides. Onward and
upward, until the giddy light upon
which he stood was fearful to contem-
plate.
But he did not look back. His child
was further on.
And now the point was reached where
the bear was last seen.
At this instant a strange sound fell
upon the ear of the father. At first it
was only the crying of a child. Then
mingling with it, came the fierce growl
of the she bear, and following this, the
yelping of the cubs.
O, what agony filled the father's bos-
om at that moment! Could it be possi-
ble that the ravenous beasts were al-
ready in the act of devouring his girl?
Dick sank upon the solid rock, while
the perspiration rolled in streams from
his face and body. A blindness came
over him and he felt himself unable to
move.
Then a voice came from below. It
exclaimed:
"Courage Dick, I'll be with you soon,
and we'll save the child."
"Child! child!" muttered Dick, as he
started up. "Yes, I must not give away
to this weakness so long as my child
yet lives, and I can hear his voice even
now."
The poor father became strong again.
He moved forward a few steps, and
passed around a point of rock from be-
hind which came the sounds.
A terrible sight met his gaze.
The little girl was lying upon her
back upon the rock. The monster was
near her, and holding her down with one
of his huge paws, which was resting upon
her breast.
The little one had ceased her strugg-
lings, evidently in despair, and was
now sobbing as if her little heart would
break.
The bear was breathing profoundly, and
had evidently fallen from exhaustion.
The bullets which had been sent into
her body had given her no doubt a
mortal wound, but she was tenacious of
life, and could accomplish much after
that wound was received, before her
life was yielded.
Like the parent who now sought his
daughter, the first thought of the bear
was of her young, and even in her dying
agony she clung to the food she had
brought them.
Only a few feet higher up were the
cubs. They saw the mother, and ap-
peared to anticipate a great feast, for
they were struggling to reach it, while
they lifted their young voices in chorus
with that of their parent.
Dick knew that he must save his
child soon, or it would be too late. So
he resolved to creep as near as possible
to the monster, and then spring upon
her with his knife, for in his haste and
excitement he had dropped his rifle.
Just as he was moving forward the bear
turned, and their eyes met. The dying
beast uttered a horrible howl and looked
down upon her victim.
And then she glanced at her cubs,
and then toward Dick. Her expression
seemed to say—
"You will have no money on my
young—why should I have on yours?"
It was a terrible suspense for Dick.
He was satisfied that the bear could
live only a few moments. But what
might not occur in those few moments?
A single blow with his huge paw, and
his darling would be torn to fragments.
A movement upon his part might cause
the blow to fall.
The hunter becomes so accustomed
to the various animals with which he
comes in contact, that he can almost
read their thoughts. So it was with
Dick, now. He saw the intention of
the bear, and he knew that his own ac-
tion must be prompt and decisive, or it
would be too late.

He clenched his knife and with
arm nerved with desperation, and
fatherly love, he sprang at the
of the monster, who received the
a terrific blow, and with a
open.
Had the beast been wounded,
struggle would have been a
for the child, the monster
grizzly bear would have been
between a lion and a man, and
monster was now a
all her courage and strength
saw.
Dick gave her several
with his knife. His great
a human being would have
fell upon her side. The
in an instant, and the
threw him to the ground.
er had saved his daughter,
her a little way from the
of danger. Not so with
He was now stretched
back, and both paws of the
upon his breast, and he could
sleep draw entering his
two great glassy eyes stand
own, the terrible growl rumbled
the jaws were extended, the
teeth glistened, and the
ready to lap up his blood.
He struggled but could not
moment more, and all was
with him forever, now the
grape had fixed upon his
And now to add to his
seen his child spring up
the edge of the cliff. She
been dashed to pieces in fall
her brother had been.
But would this be a misfor-
the father must die? Would
better for her to join the
mother world, than to remain
cold one alone.
At this instant, however,
came the report of a rifle. The
relaxed her hold and fell head-
the body of Dick. He rolled
and away, and springing to his
friend had arrived in time, and
instant too soon. He was looking
in his arms. Several received
ious hurts.
The father could not help but
ding times over his dead dar-
never before had she appeared
dear to him. But he would
expose her to any further dan-
kind, and so he took almost
departure for the home he had
for her in the "Golden State."

Going to Heaven from Chicago.

The First Man at St. Peter's
from that Place—Another Never
Expected.
Not many years ago, the story was
a St. Louis merchant went to New
York, purchased a large bill of goods
and started on his return home by Chi-
cago, on reaching which place he con-
cluded to tarry a day or two and visit
the scenes and sights of a city so famous
on paper. Stopping at a first-class
house he registered his name as John
Smith, and was given a room in
the attic. At this he did not complain,
because, like a true philosopher, with
knowledge of hygienic principles, he
conceived that he would derive the
benefit. For a day John Smith
devoted around the town and took
delivered, worth seeing without
taken in himself, although he was
surrounded him at every turn, and
betel investments in water for
ter tunnels, grain elevators and
at distant points, which, it was asserted,
could not help, in a remarkably
space, paying several hundred per cent
on the original investment. Returning
to his hotel at night, tired and sicken-
ed, he partook of his frugal meal and
himself down upon his straw bed
sleep. In the morning he did not
spond to the reveille call to breakfast,
and a servant was ordered to "git
feller in the upper story up to his
bed. But the "feller" could not be awakened

to all appearance, sleeping in
deep, and the servant so reported
landlord and his wife repaired
dead man's room not at all pleas-
in the idea of his having died on the
miss. The first procedure was to
re themselves that he had gone down
factory to them, they proceeded to
examine the effects of the decease.
The state was shortly fixed. "John
Smith, merchant of wealth and standing
in the thriving city of St. Louis, had
and paid for a large bill of goods in New
York. Money and good connections
upon his person." This fact ascertained,
master and mistress of the house took
local view of the situation;—
had been entertaining an angel—
of means and standing—in dis-
portwith they removed the corpse
the best room in the house, and dress-
it up in a shroud of fine linen, provid-
to notifying the authorities, and the
one of the mysterious death of a dis-
noted guest. Landlord and land-
lady sat in the room after all preparations
had been made for his reception, await-
the arrival of the proper inquisitorial
er, and discussing how much
would fall into their hopper in
consequence of the sudden demise. Con-
sequence of the sudden demise, con-
themselves with what they could
a trisuit—"it's an ill wind which
blows nobody any good." All at once
Smith opened his two eyes, which
lotion in them, and looked about
The mistress of the house re-
"What's the matter?" said Jo-
"You're a dead man!" simu-
shouted the landlord and his wife.
"I reckon not!" retorted Smith,
though I've had a pretty long
a cussed mean bed."
When John Smith had cop-
two that he was still alive, the
dered much thereat, and was
little disappointed; they looked
as a pecuniary loss. There was
inquest no funeral, no pro-
of the mayor and city authori-
must of necessity bring
(whiskey) mill and attraction
tion to his house.
"You must have been
suggested the landlord.
"Just as like as not,"
"How did you feel?"
mer.
"I'll tell you all
Smith.
NEW JOHN SMITH FELT
EXPERIENCE
"I had a long walk."
"Well, and, date, and yet
the journey seemed pleas-
I came to a beautiful
point side of which I
and beautiful flowers.
an old man, with be-
rowed me over, and
shore he piloted the
of a great city, in
lights, delightful man-
ousness. Pointing to
friend with the bene-
"this is the place!"
to the gate, I saw a
a long flowing white
smoking a nice pipe
of bills."
"Can I go in?"
"The nice old
head to foot. Ap-
the inspection, he
"What is your
"John Smith."
"John Smith
heard that name."
"I wouldn't be
and what is your
"St. Peter, the
the keys of this."
"Where are
Peter continued.
"From Chic-
"Chicago! I
old man matter
where is that?"
"It's in the
Michigan, I re-
"St. Peter's
and having