

**A Good Bustle Story.**

A merry party of ladies and gentlemen had a narrow escape from a terrible death among the Thousand Islands at St. Lawrence recently. They were saved by the presence of and heroism of one of the ladies. They were out in a yacht at a late hour in the evening, when the clouded sky rendered it almost impossible to distinguish objects on the water at a distance. They were sailing thoughtlessly, and enjoying themselves as such parties are in the habit of doing, when suddenly a dark shadow loomed up before them, which was seen to be a large steamer. A collision seemed inevitable, unless the steamer could be signaled to stop her course, as it was impossible for the sailing craft to do so. The women in a terrible dilemma, as, at a few matches, there seemed to mean at hand to produce a catastrophe. The young ladies, except one, were armed with terror, and a fearfulrophe seemed on the point of consummation. A brilliant rustling, however, was observed in the direction of the silent lady. No one could see what she was doing, but she soon handed a paper to one of the gentlemen. The paper was blank, the steam-ship was changed, and the peril was saved. When they recovered from their alarm there was naturally much speculation as to where that important paper came from; and it finally leaked out that the fair one had

the safety of her companions.  
 qualities of a Good Collector.  
 on time to a minute when the  
 says "come to-morrow at 9  
 on the steps and waits for his  
 when he says, "I'm just going  
 ner."  
 on stepping out to make  
 when the man "has nothing  
 an twenty."  
 go to an "old stager" every  
 a week with a cheerful coun-  
 "about that little account."  
 not mind edging into a crowd  
 a fellow.  
 take a dollar in part if he can't  
 in whole, and "credit it  
 thankful clerical  
 suggests a check when the  
 is not in hand, as he can get it  
 to-morrow.  
 has the account "on-top,"  
 man can make no excuse for  
 him off.  
 not mind asking for it immedi-  
 when "treated" or pleasantly  
 inained.  
 ever in a hurry, "can wait till  
 it through."  
 off the retreat of the dodger  
 missing over to meet him, or fol-  
 him into a store where he goes  
 enough or salute when the "hard  
 to pass without seeing  
 ine, is patient as a post, cheer-  
 duck, sociable as a flea, bold  
 in, weather-proof as rubber, can-  
 as a fox, and watchful as a spar-  
 w—Columbus Index.

Stop my Paper.

ry publisher of a newspaper has  
 his tremendous order from of-  
 subscribers, insinuated by the  
 to be as dangerous as a stroke

at a mosquito bite. A stout  
bold by *Philadelphe* *Post*  
Said the former editor  
of *Daily Ledger*. By his course  
in public question, on which dif-  
ferent persons had different opinions,  
Swain had offended a number of  
persons, one of whom met him on  
the street, and thus accosted him:  
"Swain, I've stopped *The Ledger*.  
"What is that, Sir?"  
"I've stopped *The Ledger*," was the stern  
reply. "It is impossible!" said Mr.  
Swain. "My dear Sir, what do you  
mean?" "O! I mean to say,"  
replied the man with him, he en-  
tered the office at Third and Chestnut  
where they found the clerks busy  
at their desks; then they ascended  
to the editorial rooms, and composing  
where everything was going on  
as usual; finally they descended to  
the press rooms, where the engines  
were at work. "I thought you told  
me you had stopped *The Ledger*,"  
said Mr. Swain. "So I have," said  
the subscriber. "I don't see  
how *The Ledger* seems to be  
going on. Oh! I mean to say,"  
said the man, "I had hoped to  
say that I was—I am" exclaimed  
Swain. "Why, my dear Sir, you  
know how you alarmed me,"

**Expensive Fun.**

In a town near Boston three young  
men residing in the same house with  
known physician, recently de-  
cided to play a practical joke up-  
on him. They made up a bundle  
of linen, embroidery, etc., in the  
shape of an infant, the total value of  
the contributions being probably  
\$50. They put the make-be-  
lieve into a basket, and tied the  
string to the door-handle. Ring went  
the bell, and the young ladies stood at  
the door. The physician came in  
in the nick of time, and took the bundle  
in his arms. In their horror my be-  
lieved they saw a man deliberately  
suffocating with it. They were con-  
founded.











