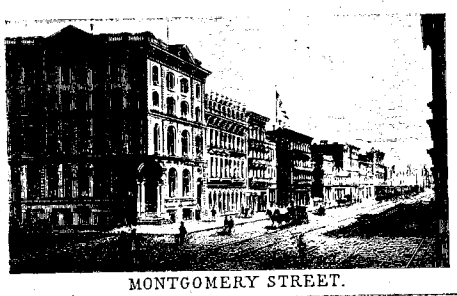
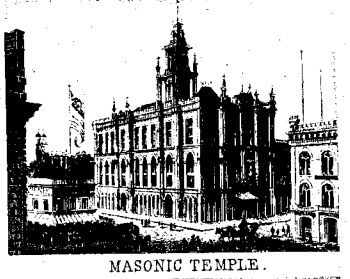
MERCHANT'S EXCHANGE.

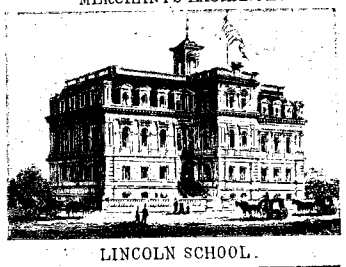


MONTGOMERY STREET.

KEARNY STREET.



MASONIC TEMPLE.



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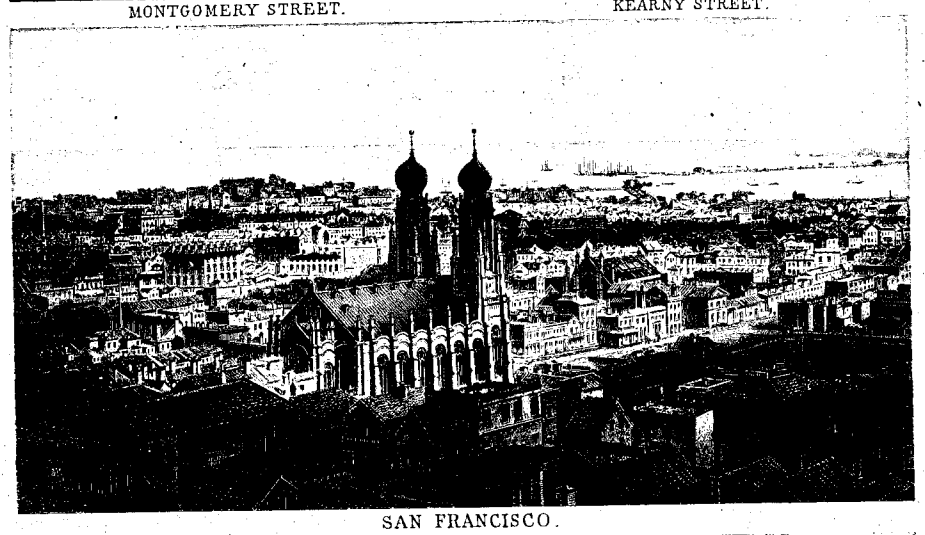
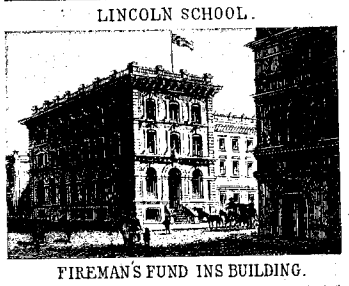


SAN FRANCISCO.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

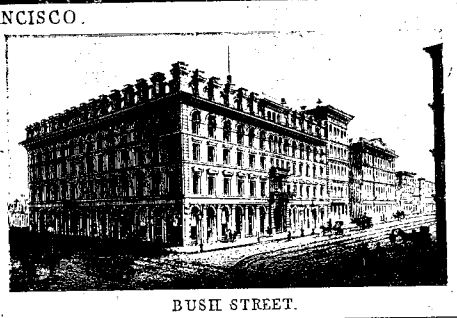


FIREMAN'S FUND INS BUILDING.

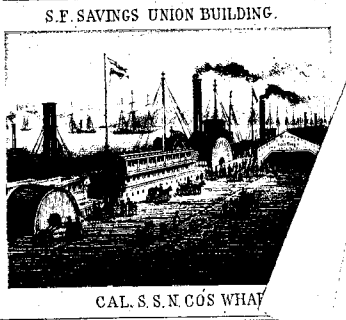
S.F. SAVINGS UNION BUILDING.

NUCELEUS HÔTEL.

CALIFORNIA STREET.



BUSH STREET.



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FEMININE PATRIOTISM.

Trying to Select a Personator of Lady Washington.

[From the Danbury News.]

They were going to get up a Lady Washington tea party for the benefit of their society. It was to come off on the night of the 22d. And of an afternoon a few days before, several ladies met at the house of one of the number to perfect the arrangements. It was determined to give a grand affair—something especially designed to transcend the tea party, by a rival organization last year. To this purpose it became necessary to devote the most careful thought to all the details, and this was done. In fact, it would be difficult to find a more conscientious committee in a hamlet the size of Danbury. When all the particulars were arranged, and the various stands and minor offices assigned to the ordinary members of the society—who were not present—the important question as to who should take the leading character was brought up. With a view to do without the delay and feeling of balloting, the President kindly offered to do Lady Washington herself. She said that she felt it was not a favorable selection, but she was willing to take it, so that there need be no discussion or ill-feeling. If she thought she had not placed a sufficiently modest estimate upon her qualifications for the post, she was presently set at rest on that head. Her offer was received with silence.

"What do you think?" she asked. "I'm willing to do it."

"Lady Washington never weighed 250 pounds," ominously hinted a thin lady, with very light eyes.

"She had fat enough on her to grease a griddle, which is more'n some folks can claim," retorted the President, with anything but a dreamy expression to her face. The tall lady's eyes grew a shade darker and her lips shaped themselves as if they were saying "hussy," but it is probable they were not.

"As our two friends are so little likely to agree," observed a lady whose face showed that she was about to metamorphose herself into a barrel of prime oil, and precipitate herself onto the troubled waters, "I would suggest that I take the character."

"Humph!" ejaculated the President.

"Is there any objection to my being Lady Washington?" said the new party, facing abruptly the President, and emptying out the oil and filling up the barrel immediately with a superior grade of vinegar.

"I don't know of any, if some one will demonstrate that Lady Washington had a wart on her nose," replied the President, with unblemished serenity.

"Am I to be insulted?" hotly demanded the proprietor of the wart.

"The truth ought not to be insulting," replied the President.

"I 'spose our President thinks she would be a perfect Lady Washington," ironically suggested a weak-faced woman who saw her chances for taking the character dejectedly emerge from the small end of the horn.

"I don't know as I would be perfect in that role," replied the President, "but as there will be strangers present at the party, I shouldn't want them to think that the nearest approach Danbury could make to the dignity of '76 was a toothless woman down with the jaundice." And the head officer smiled serenely at the ceiling.

"What do you mean, you insulting thing?" hoarsely demanded the victim of the jaundice.

"Keep your mouth shut until you are spoken to then," several advised the President.

"I'm not to be dictated to by a mountain of tallow," hissed the caromatic delegate, flouncing out of the room.

"I think we'd better get another President before we go any farther," said a sharp-faced woman very much depressed by the outlook for herself.

"It's hardly time for you yet," observed the President, with a significant look at the sharp-faced woman, "we will have to arrange for Lady Washington and George Washington before we will need the *hatchet*."

The sharp-faced lady snatched up her muff without the faintest hesitation, and rushed out doors to get her breath. She was immediately followed by the proprietor of the wart, the thin lady disastrously connected with a griddle, and the toothless case of jaundice. This left but the President and a little woman who had yet said nothing.

"Has it occurred to you that you would like to be Lady Washington?" asked the President, concentrating both of her eyes on a wen just under the small woman's left ear.

"Oh, no," gasped the small woman, impulsively covering up the excrescence with her hand.

"Then I guess we'll adjourn sine die," said the President, and pulling on her gloves, she composedly took her departure.

And the tea party became the fragment of a gloomy memory.

How to Get Her Letter Back.—They were playing "The Mighty Dollar" at St. Louis, the other evening. Distracted heroine, loquitur: "Oh, how shall I get that letter back?" Small god in gallery: "Send for McGill!" The house came down. It will be remembered that McGill is the letter-carrier who swore that he returned to Joyce letters after the latter had deposited them in the street letter-boxes.

Suggested by James Parton's Marriage.

I married a widow who had a grown-up step-daughter. My father visited my house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter, and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother; because she was my father's wife. Some time after my wife had a son; he was my father's brother-in-law, and my uncle; for he was the brother of my step-daughter. My father's wife—i. e., my step-daughter, also had a son; he was, of course my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time, and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather.—[Poughkeepsie Eagle.

MARK TWAIN'S BOYHOOD.

How Sam Clemens and Pole Pavey Puzzled the Ornithologists.

[From the Hannibal (Mo.) Courier.

An article recently published in the *Courier* brought up in a party of gentlemen, two of whom were Messrs. David Dean and William Bowe, of Ralls County, a conversation in regard to the early youth of Sam Clemens (Mark Twain).

Several very amusing anecdotes were related about Mark when he was a small boy, among others the following:

Mark had a constant playmate and chum, a boy about his own age, named Napoleon Pavey, or, for short, Pole Pavey. One warm, Spring day, the two boys having got a holiday, Mark shouldered an old flint-lock musket, and Pole an old squirrel rifle without any lock at all, which he carried along, as he said, just for the looks of the thing, and went duck hunting over in Soy Bottom. The boys hunted faithfully for several hours and succeeded in killing a chicken-hawk and a crow, after which they commenced their homeward march, not very proud of their success, as in this region at that day game abounded.

Finally, Mark stopped suddenly, as an idea struck him, and exclaimed:

"See here, Pole, let's get up a rare—what d'ye call it? A rare geological specimen for the boys; you see he's got a great hankerin' after these things."

"What's a rare geological specimen, Mark?" said Pole, as he opened wide his eyes.

"Why, it's a rare bird what ain't never been seen in these parts before; something very uncommon-like," answered Mark.

"Where are you going to git her at, Mark? We ain't got nothing but this old chicken-robber and egg sucker, and they ain't a bit uncommon," queried the skeptical Pole.

"We'll git her up to order, Pole," answered Mark, as he flung himself on the green grass beneath a giant old elm tree.

The two boys went to work on their rare "geological" specimen. As Mark would pluck a feather from the tail of the crow, Pole would hand him a corresponding feather that had been taken from the tail of the hawk, which Mark would carefully insert in the socket from which he had just pulled the crow's feather. And thus, after two hours of steady work, every one of the long feathers of the hawk's tail had been transferred to the crow, and it would have required a careful examination to have detected the fraud.

"How is that for a specimen, Pole?" said Mark, as he admiringly exhibited the retailed crow to the gaze of his companion, resplendent in the rich plumage of the chicken-eater.

"She is a stunner, Mark; a regular stunner. I guess they ain't never seen a bird like that in Hannibal before."

The hawk was thrown away, and the boys trudged homeward. By the time they arrived in town the blood of the crow had congealed, and the false feathers in the tail had become firmly fixed.

As Mark had said, Judge Clemens, his father, was somewhat of a naturalist, and had a passion for whatever was rare and strange in the animal kingdom.

"Why, Mark!" he said, "where in the world did you get that strange-looking bird?"

"It's my opinion," replied Mark, with an air of greater importance than he was accustomed to assume in the presence of his father, "that is the Bird of Paradise—leastwise that it belongs to that species."

report soon circulated through the town that a strange bird, the like of which had never before been seen, was killed, and Mark and Pole became the heroes of the hour. The next day being Sunday, Judge Clemens invited all the wise men of the village of Hannibal to his house to examine and pass an opinion on the new "geological specimen." They came. The bird was exhibited on a table, around which the savans gathered. One faction, headed by Dr. ——, maintained that the bird was nothing more than a common black crow, the tail of which had been turned gray by some accidental cause not understood, having possibly had salt thrown on it in the young and tender days of the bird. The other faction, headed by Judge Clemens, scouted such an idea. It was absurd—ridiculous. They were willing to admit that the bird very much resembled the crow; that possibly it was a crow; but, if so, it belonged to a separated and distinct species from any that had ever before been discovered.

The discussion was continued and became exciting. Neither faction would admit themselves wrong and the other right. Mark and Pole occupied a position near the door, and were attentive and interested, though silent auditors.

"What!" exclaimed Judge Clemens, warming up, "do you tell me that it would be possible by any external process to turn the feathers in the tail of that bird from black to the colors they are? These uniform rings and spots would defy the skill of the greatest painter that ever lived. No, gentlemen" continued the Judge, as he rather violently took hold of the bird by the tail, to examine the spots more closely, "no, gentlemen ——." But the discussion was cut short by the bird dropping back on the table, while the Judge held the tail in his hand.

"Let's scoot, Pole," said Mark, "the show's ended," and the two boys vamosed.

The Judge contemplated the "rare geological specimen" with consternation, and then his eye wandered to the open door and caught a glimpse of his young hopeful and his companion in mischief cutting across the back yard for high timber.

"Let us adjourn for dinner, gentlemen; we will renew the discussion after dinner," said the Judge; but he never willingly renewed it with any person except Mark. That night, when Mark had got into bed, after creeping through the back window, a vision of his father standing by his bedside appeared to him.

"So it is your opinion, is it, you young rascal, that the rare geological specimen is a bird of Paradise?" said the vision as it tickled Mark on the legs with a keen cherry switch.

Mark said he felt sick, and didn't have any opinion, which was probably true, as he had dined and supped that day on green radishes found in the garden of Pole's mother.

How to Waltz.—An Iowa paper gives the following gratuitous instructions in waltzing: "Young man, if you will waltz, and wish to do it in the highest style of art, do it thusly: Place your right arm around her waist about two inches above her pin-back, throw your left arm under her right fin, then stick your nose in her left ear, and whirl. Do this, and you have got the thing down to a fineness."

JONES GIVES A BALL.

A man, whose name I do not care to tell,
(Jones, Brown or Robinson will do as well),
Grown rich in trade, must needs at last aspire
To buy a country seat and act the squire,
Became a magistrate, to sessions went,
And talked of poachers, foxes, crops and rent;
Conformed, in short, in every point, and then
Was welcomed by the country gentlemen.
His wife, too, anxious to essay the sphere
Of rank, and birth, and fashion, said, "My dear,
We'll give a ball at Almack's. Write and say
We want the rooms. What? When? Six weeks to-day."
"Whom can we ask?—we do not know a soul."
"Leave that to me, and I'll arrange the whole.
We know the duchess; I'll consult her grace;
She'll issue all the cards, and all the place."
The duchess graciously invited all
Her friends, and hers alone, to Jones' ball;
The numerous guests arrive, her grace receives
With all the ease of birth and strawberry leaves.
The Joneses, who at length discerned their doom,
Remained—the only strangers in the room.
The crowd grows thicker, and the heroes host
Makes to the door, and leans against its post.
Buried in thought, he cursed himself, his wife,
Society, and fashionable life,
When a familiar voice salutes his ear—
"What? Jones? Why, who the dickens asked you here?"

Misapprehended Him.—Party with cold in his head to party opposite (referring to open window in railroad car),—"Say, will you shut up that, window?" Middle-aged female in weeds, who has been talking the last half hour, turning around indignantly—"What do you mean, sir?? Is is a pretty how-de-do when a woman can't open her mouth! I'll have you to know you can't shut me up!". Sensation.

"Vot, eighteen shillings for that ere little pig? Vy, I could buy it in town for seven any day!"

SEYMOUR'S CONCEPTION OF MR. WINKLE BEFORE THAT HUNTER APPEARED IN "PICKWICK."—SEYMOUR'S SKETCHES, 1834.

A Frank Avowal.—The following is only a brief summary of the occasions and their number, in which a Western editor has figured during a single year: The number of times he was asked to drink, 11,393; the number of times he drank, 11,993; requested to retract, 416; didn't retract, 416; invited to parties, reception, presentations, etc., etc., by people fishing for puffs, 3,333; took the hint, 33; didn't take the hint, 3,300; threatened to be whipped, 184; been whipped, 0; whipped the other fellow, 4, didn't come to time, 180; been promised bottles of champagne, whiskey, gin, bitters, cigars, etc., if we would come after them, 3,650; been after them, 0; going again, 0; been asked "What's the news?" 300,000; told, 13; didn't know, 200,000; lied about it, 99,987; been to church, 2; changed politics, 82; expect to change still, 30; gave for charity, $5.00; gave for a terrier dog, $23.00; cash on hand, $0,00.

A Long Spell.—The Newark (N. J.) *Advertiser* says: "To people who pride themselves upon their aptness at spelling, we recommend the following test, which has been compiled in leisure moments by a gentleman in this city, merely as a literary curiosity. It is cleverly arranged, with a view to presenting as many difficult words in as small space as possible; and there are probably few even of the 'gifted' spellers who can write the whole from dictation without making some blunders: The most skillful gauger I ever knew was a maligned cobbler, armed with a poniard, who drove a peddler's wagon, using a mullein-stalk as an instrument of coercion, to tyrannize over his pony shod with calks. He was a Galilean Sadducee, and he had a phthisicky catarrh, diphtheria and the bilious intermittent erysipelas. A certain Sibyl, with the sobriquet of 'Gypsy,' went into ecstasies of cachinnation at seeing him measure a bushel of peas, and separate saccharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled potatoes, without dyeing or singeing the ignitable queue which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with a hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes to the ceiling of the cupola of the Capitol to conceal her unparalleled embarrassment, making a rough courtesy, and not harassing him with mystifying, rarefying and stupefying innuendoes, she gave him a conch, a bouquet of lilies, mignonette and fuchsias, a treatise on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerreotypes of Mendelssohn and Kosciusko, a kaleidoscope, a dram-phial of ipecacuanha, a teaspoonful of naphtha, for deleble purposes, a ferule, a clarionet, some licorice, a surcingle, a carnelian of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with a movable balance-wheel, a box of dominoes, and a catechism. The gauger, who was also a trafficking rectifier and a parishioner of mine, preferring a woolen surtout (his choice was preferable to a vacillating occasionally-occurring idiosyncrasy), wofully uttered this apophthegm, 'Life is checkered, but schism, apostacy, heresy and villainy shall be punished.' The Sibyl apologizingly answered, 'There is ratably an allegeable difference between a conferable ellipsis and a trisyllabic diæresis.' We replied in trochees, not impugning her suspicion."

"And have you had no other sons?" asked a curious lady of a bronzed old sea-captain.

"Oh yes, madam. I had one that lived in the South Sea Islands for nearly a dozen years."

"Really! Was he bred there, and what was his taste—the sea or the land?"

"No, madam, he wasn't bread, he was meat—leastwise the natives ate him; and as for his taste, the chief said he tasted of terbacker!"

We do not remember to have seen any epitaph in which a man's virtues are more concisely stated than that upon the late Mr. Mink:

"The angels to-night, in their mansions of light,
Are a-waltzin' 'round Anthony Mink;
He was faithful and kind as any you'll find,
And gin was his favorite drink."

The Length of Parting.—An old lady hailed a passing omnibus, which pulled up at her call.

"Good-by, then, my dear," said she to a female friend who had accompanied her; "I'll write and tell you how I got on directly I've got there. You've got my address, haven't you? No! Why, I thought I gave it to you. It's in this bag, I suppose, under my pocket-handkerchief, and my keys, and my packet of sandwiches. Oh, I'll come to it directly. I'd better give it to you now, else, when I write, I may forget to send it. That's not it, is it? No, that's the prescription. There—there you are! And you won't forget to write? If you see Mrs. Brown you must remember me kindly. She's a sweet woman, isn't she? And to think she should be married to such a brute! But that's the way of the world, all over. It's just like my poor, dear, dead sister Maria; she was as meek as a lamb—never did a bad thing, nor said a bad word of any body, that I ever heard of. Drat that 'busman's impudence! If he hasn't driven on again! Now I shall have to wait for the next," she said.

A Pocket bootjack has been invented. You put your foot into your pocket, give a spring into the air, and off comes your boot.

John Dog, of Massachusetts, has had his name changed by the Legislature of that State to John Kerr—which is a distinction without any difference, except, perhaps, as to the size of the animal.

A Man, recently, visiting one of the cemeteries at Portland, overheard a thrice-made widow, not yet old nor homely, who was standing beside three mounds, remark to a gentleman who is known to have been attentive to the widow in her youth, "Joe, you might have been in that row had you possessed a little more courage."

A farmer, while flagellating two of his unruly boys, was asked what he was doing. "Threshing wild oats!" was his reply.

A queer country is China: a country where roses have no fragrance and women no petticoats; where the laborer has no Sabbath and the magistrate no sense of honor; where the roads bear no vehicles and the ships no keel; where the place of honor is on the left hand and the seat of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insulting gesture, and to wear white garments is mourning; which has a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar.

A man was asked what induced him to make a law student of his son. "Oh, he was always a lying little cuss, and I thought I would humor him in his leading propensity!"

A clergyman of Springfield, who has a bad habit of adding "ah" to many of his words, told, last Sunday, of those who had been brought up on the Lord's side-ah.

A Kansas billiard table is thus described: "First, in the middle of the floor was an enormously large box, on which was laid about a wagon load of sandstone, covered with about eight yards of blue jean. The pockets were made of old boot-legs; for cues they had old hoe-handles; for cues they served for balls; and to count this lovely game they used dried apples strung on a clothes-line."

The reason that I blush, love, whene'er I look at you,
Is that I see my own heart, your dear eyes shining through;
And then I get so frightened that I have given all,
That if I could I would so quick my truant heart recall—

Whene'er I put my hand in yours 'tis terrible, my sweet,
But oh! my heart leaps into it to try your own to meet;
And then again I try to be so brave and strong and wise,
But oh! I cannot help the joy that meets mine in your eyes.

Whene'er the night is kissing the day, I listen so
To hear if you are coming, and I cannot help the glow
That covers all my face and soul; it is so sweet, so dear,
To feel, to know you're coming, to have you, hear you here.

Oh, world! oh, world of happiness! Oh, blessed earth of joy!
There is no shadow in your sun, no drop of pain's alloy;
I wonder in that other world—that dear one up above—
If anything is half so sweet as to be loved and love!

My neighbor's rooster hops over into my yard, taking three feet at a jump, and scratches up my corn at the rate of three hills a minute. I disconcert him a little; how long will it take him to get back? Solution: I divide the head from the body, subtract the feathers, reduce the body to fractions, put the component parts down in a skillet, add some butter, salt, etc., and multiply the fire, which I place underneath until the example is done. You will find it will take a good deal of figuring to tell when he will arrive at home safe and sound, but figures won't lie—when I have anything to do with them.

Christmas Dream.

Little Jane, one Summer day,
With her dolly, went to play
Underneath the beechen trees,
Where the singing birds and bees
Sported gayly 'mong the clover,
While the butterfly, glad rover,
Flitted 'round on wings so airy,
Like some bright delusive fairy.
Jane with dolly played a while—
Chased the birdies, climbed the stile,
Through the tall grass ran about,
Wove sweet daisies in and out
For her dolly's flaxen tresses,
From the brook culled water cresses,
Then lay down to watch the sky,
As the white clouds floated by;
And, while resting in the shade
By the leafy branches made,
Lulled by sounds of bees and streams,
Soon was far away in dreams.

'Twas Christmas Eve, and in a lighted hall,
Standing in a lighted hall,
Where from dainty frescoed wall
Mistletoe and holly gleamed,
'Till like fairy land it seemed,
And she heard its softest strain
"Christmas Eve has come again."
Christmas trees, more fair than any,
Groaning with their weight of many
Dolls and horses, beds and cradles,
Stoves, with saucepans, pots and ladles,
Chinese puzzles, sleds and wagons,
Story books of knights and dragons,
Rosy apples, burning tapers,
Candies wrapped in colored papers,
Tiny bureaus, China dishes,
Painted birds and pewter fishes—
Far more toys than I can mention
Drew the little girl's attention
As she scanned, with wildest pleasure,
All this store of childish treasure,
A lovely dolly, dressed as bride,
Janie's eager eyes espied.
Far above her head it swung
By a cord securely hung
Over all tops, balls and tables,
Like the grapes in Æsop's fables.
As she reached to grasp the prize,
Dolly opened wide her eyes
And gave Janie such a stroke
On her face, the child awoke
To find, while sleeping 'neath the tree,
A naughty, busy honey bee,
Her cheek mistaking for a rose,
Had stung it near her dainty nose.
What a change for little Jane!
Nothing left her but the pain—
Christmas tree with top and ball,
Birds and fishes, vanished all!

MRS. H. A. DEMING.

JEDDO AND BELFAST; OR, A PUZZLE FOR JAPAN.—JOHN TENNIEL, IN "PUNCH," 1872.

Japanese Embassador. "Then these people, your Grace, I suppose, are heathen?"

Archbishop of Canterbury. "On the contrary, your Excellency; those are among our most enthusiastic religionists."

HOW TU PICK OUT A GOOD HOSS.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

First.—Let the color be a sorfel, a roan, a red, a gray, a white, a blak, a blue, a green, a chesnut, a brown, a dapple, a spotted, a cream, a buckskin, or sum other good color.

Seckond.—Examin hiz ears; see that he haz got tew ears, and pound a tin pan cluss to him, tu find out whether hiz hearing iz good. All hosses are dum, but a deff and dum hoss are not desirable.

Third.—Look well tu hiz eyes; see that he haz got a pupil in hiz eyes, and not too large a one, neither; hosses with too large pupils in their eyes are near-sighted, and kant see oats, and have tu wear green goggles, and green goggles make a hoss look tu mutch like a trakt pedlar.

MARK TWAIN AND THE CATS.

So much, already, has been written and told concerning the life and history of this genius that we propose here merely to record an extract from one of his bright and sparkling speeches recently delivered before a social meeting of literary men:—

"When I was fourteen I was living with my parents, who were very poor, and correspondingly honest. We had a youth living with us by the name of Jim Wolfe. He was an excellent fellow, seventeen years old, and very diffident. He and I slept together—virtuously—and one very bitter winter's night a cousin Mary—she's married now and gone—gave what they called a candy-pulling, in those days, in the West, and they took the cancers of hot-

buy a *good family hoss* ov him, young, sound, and trew, watch the man cluss, and make up yure mind besides that you will have tu ask the Lord tu forgive him.

"*An honest man iz the noblest work ov God;*" this famus saying waz written, in grate anguish ov heart, by the late Alexander Pope, just after buying *a good family hoss.*

JONATHAN and Paddy were riding together one day when they came in sight of an old gallows. This suggested to the American the idea of being witty at the expense of his Irish companion. "You see that, I calculate," said he; "and now where would you be if the gallows had its due?" "Riding alone," coolly replied Paddy.

presents his compliments to Mrs. Smith, and regrets that seventeen privates are detained in jail on writs, and two sergeants are on the sick-list with sore legs and biliousness. The rest of Captain Jones's company, consisting of sixteen men, two corporals, and a drummer, will have much pleasure in waiting on Mrs. Smith on Friday evening."

"Divil a lie did you ever catch coming out of my mouth, Kate," said an Irishman to his better-half. "You may aisy say that," retorted Katharine, "for they come out so fast that Satan himself couldn't catch 'em!"

"PECULIAR PEOPLE."

People who like the bagpipes.
People who dislike oysters.
People who at this period of our commercial prosperity, when writing-paper costs next to nothing, cross their letters.
People who say leesure, interesting, inhospitable, and applikable.
People who have no poor relations.
People who dye their hair.
People who always know where the wind is.
People who like getting up early in the morning.
People who have more money than they know what to do with.
People who possess a stock of old port.
People who have never been abroad.
People who give donations to street-beggars and organ-grinders.
People who take long walks before breakfast.
People who spend an income on flowers for the button-hole.
People who light and leave off fires on fixed days.
People who like paying income-tax.
People who go to hot, uncomfortable theatres, full of fees.
People who buy early and costly asparagus—nine inches of white stalk to one of green head.
People who have no sense of humor.
People who give large parties in small rooms.
People who lavish their money on the heathen abroad, and leave the heathens at home to take care of themselves.
People who have the ice broken to enable them to bathe in the Hudson in winter.
People who keep all their old letters.
People without prejudices, weaknesses, antipathies, hobbies, crochets, or favorite theories.
People who have nothing the matter with their digestion, and can eat anything.
People who take snuff.
People who hold their tongues.

TWENTY MINUTES FOR DINNER.

THE following experience of a humorous traveler, who attempted to get a dinner at Xenia, is worth reading:

"Twenty minutes for dinner?" shouted the brakesman, as we approached Xenia.

Arrived there, I entered the dining-room and inquired of the waiter—

"What do you have for dinner!"

"Twenty minutes," was the hurried reply.

I told him I would try half a dozen minutes raw, on the half shell, just to see how they went. Told him to make a minute of it on his books. He scratched his head, trying to comprehend the order, but gave it up and waited upon some one else.

I approached a man who stood near the door with a roll of money in his hand.

"What do you have for dinner?"

"Half a dollar," says he.

I told him I would take half a dollar well done. I asked him if he couldn't send me, in addition, a boiled pocket-book stuffed with greenbacks, and some seven-thirties garnished with postage stamps and ten cent scrip. Also a Confederate bond, done brown, with lettuce alone (let us alone). I would like to wash my dinner down with national bank notes on "draft."

He said they were out of everything but the bank notes, and he then ordered the waiter to go to the bank and "draw" some.

It is averred that the reason American girls refuse to enter domestic service is that they object to anything approaching low menial employment—what they seek is hy-meneal.

"You'd better ask for manners than money," said a man to a beggar. "Faith, an' I asked for what I thought ye had the most of," was the curt reply.

How many apples did our first parents eat in the Garden of Eden? Eve 8 and Adam 2.

Term Time—GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 1827.

The papers are rehashing the old Berry story, and they don't conclude it in accordance with the facts. This is the correct version: A celebrated comedian arranged with his green grocer, one Berry, to pay him quarterly; but Berry once sent in his account long before the quarter was due. Thereupon the comedian, in great wrath, called upon the grocer and said to him: "I say, here's a pretty *mull*, Berry; you have sent in your *bill*, Berry, before it is *due*, Berry. Your father, the *elder* Berry, would not have been such a *goose*, Berry; but you needn't look so *blue*, Berry; for I don't care a *straw*, Berry; and if you come again before *June*, Berry, I'll kick your *rasp*, Berry, until it is *black*, Berry."

HE IS ODD.

He lived just a mile from the village,
Out there by the forks of the road;
His farm, by the help of good tillage,
Increased what he planted and sowed;
His dwelling was low and old-fashioned,
The roof was all covered with moss;
But still by his fixing and patching,
It kept out the rain and the frost.
He lived very peaceful and quiet;
We knew him as Jerry Todd;
So plain was his dress and his diet,
The neighbors all said he was odd.

The fashion he never would follow,
Nor try to put on any style,
But owing a dime or a dollar,
He paid it when due with a smile,
His words were but few and well chosen,
'Twas clear that he meant what he said;
His temper—not heated nor frozen,
And calm was the life that he led.
He did not belong to the meeting,
And said very little of God,
But orphans were glad at his greeting,
And every one said he was odd.

If ever he tried to sell you
A cow or an ox or a horse,
He made it his business to tell you
Each one of the animal's faults.
He hired Billy Peters, the cripple,
To hoe out the corn by the day,
And heaped up the grain by the bushel
To measure his wheat for his pay.
His name was not on the subscription
To save the poor heathen abroad;
His neighbors he helped in affliction—
The people all thought he was odd.

He never made any "profession,"
Nor said that he had a "new heart,"
But something he had in possession
Of which many more need a part;
A something that made him so gentle,
So honest, so kindly and true,
If not church religion, we venture
That Jesus would say "it will do."
He might, in the church have been better,
And rendered more service to God,
And more of the "spirit" than "letter,"
And that was what made him so odd,

The preacher might say he was Godless
Because he subscribed to no creed;
But still 'twas part of his oddness
The wretched and hungry to feed.
If Jerry failed of salvation
Because he stayed out of the church,
We cannot see how in creation
Professors will shun the lee lurch,
Who wear the garb of the pious,
But love not their neighbors nor God.
We choose, when our Maker shall try us,
To be like the old farmer—odd.

SUNBEAMS.

— A jovial artist was painting some divine who felt it incumbent upon him to give the painter a moral lecture during one of his sittings. Somewhat in awe of the artist, he began rather nervously; but as the knight of the brush painted away without any sign of annoyance, he gathered courage as he proceeded, and finally administered a pretty good sermon. He paused for a reply, and confessed afterwards that he never felt so insignificant in his life as when the artist, with the urbane and positive authority of his profession, merely said, "Turn your head a little to the right, and shut your mouth."

Some Interesting Dates.

Pistols in use, 1544.
Muskets in use, 1370.
Spectacles invented, 1280.
Paper made of linen, 1300.
First coach made in England, 1564.
Linen first made in England, 1253.
Musical notes, used, invented 1380.
Pens first made of quills, A. D. 636.
Clocks first made in England, 1608.
Paper was invented in China, 170 B. C.
Plays were first acted in Rome, 239 B. C.
Printing introduced into England, 1471.
Saddles came into use in the fourth century.
Tobacco introduced into France by Nicot, 1560.
Potatoes first introduced into Ireland, in 1586.
Horse shoes of iron were first made, A. D. 481.
Stirrups were not made till a century later.
Printing invented in Metz by Guttenburg, 1450.
Cannon first used at the siege of Algeziras, 1342.
The art of weaving introduced into England, 1330.
The calendar was reformed by Julius Cæsar, 45 B. C.
The first public library was founded at Rome, 167 B. C.
The first public library was founded at Athens, 526 B. C.
Insurance on ships and merchandise first made, A. D. 481.
Pleadings in courts of judicature introduced A. D. 788.
The first regular bank was established at Venice in 1157.
Astronomy and geometry brought into England, 1230.
The first public library was founded at Alexandria, 84 A. D.
Manufacture of silk brought from India into Europe, 551 A. D.
Comedy and tragedy were first exhibited at Athens 257 years B. C.
Paper of cotton rags invented toward the close of the tenth century.
Turkeys and chocolate introduced into England from America, 1529.
Postoffice established in France, 1464; in England, 1581; in Germany, 1641.
The figures of arithmetic brought into Europe by the Saracens, A. D. 991.
The degree of doctor first conferred in Europe at Bologna, in 1130; in England, 1208.

TIT FOR TAT.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

I met a maid on yon hill-side,
And she was fair to see—
"Give me a kiss, fair maid," I cried;
"Give me a gift," said she.

"A gift within a purse I have,
The purse is in a pack;
The purse in keeping lieth safe,
On my good charger's back.

"And my good charger cometh not,
While on the hill I roam;
He lieth in his stall, I wot—
My charger is at home."

"And yet thou'dst have a kiss, good sir;
My lips would give it thee,
But they are locked full fast, good sir—
My mother has the key;

"And my good mother is not here,
While on the hill I roam;
Just as your trusty steed, good sir,
My mother is at home."

EPISODE OF THE ROAD.

WINTER days,
Dull always;

Business light,
Money tight;

Snow, sleet,
Wet feet;

No news,
Chronic blues;

People saying,
"Go sleighing."

Said 'twas "splendid,"
Lady friend did.

Bright idea!
Call and see her.

Livery man
Advises "span."

Cost a pile,
But *the* style!

Glorious weather
Altogether—

Air bracing,
Horses pacing;

Cheeks frozen
Of my chosen,

Red as roses,
As her nose is;

Sparkling eyes,
Starry skies.

Evening mooney,
Feeling spooney;

Hand squeezing
Not displeasing—

Declaration,
Acceptation!

Rapture, bliss,
Modest kiss.

Sudden noise,
Horrid boys!

Steeds of hire,
(Latent fire),

Run away!
Deuce to pay!

Ugly vision
Of collision;

Lady frantic—
Unromantic;

Reins slip,
Lose my grip.

Nasty curve,
Horses swerve,

Lofty bank!
* * *
Awful blank!
* * *

Broken sleigh,
Bill to pay.

Fractured knee,
Doctor's fee.

Girl offended,
Courtship ended.

Poor paying
Fun, sleighing.

J. J. R

Missing the Joke.

Goldsmith, though a master of the English language with his pen, was a great blunderer in conversation. His wits often seemed to desert him, and in undertaking to tell a joke, he would miss the very pith of it. Beauclerc, one of his club friends, told the following story at his expense:

A dish of venerable peas was served up at Sir Joshua Reynold's table, which ought to have been green, but were not. A wag suggested to Goldsmith that they should be sent to Hammersmith, as that was the way to "turn 'em green" (Turnham Green).

Goldsmith enjoyed the pun greatly, and undertook to repeat it at Burke's table, but, as usual, missed the point. "That is the way to make 'em green." As nobody laughed, he sought to correct by saying, "I mean that is the road to turn 'em green. The company stared at each other in perplexity, and Goldsmith, chagrined, left the table in haste, conscious of his failure, but unable to rectify it.

Fashionable Church Singing.

A Presbyterian minister recently delivered a lecture on "Congregational Psalmody," in which he referred to the incongruities that occur in present divisions as repetition lines. For instance: "Love Thee better than before," was devided, "Love Thee bet-;" "We'll catch the fleeting hour," was sung, "We'll catch the flee-;" "My poor polluted heart," became "My poor pol-;" "And take Thy pilgrim home," "And take Thy pil-;" "And in the pious He delights," became "And in the pi-;" and "Send down salvation from on high," became "Send down sal-." A soprano in one case sang, "Oh for a man," and the chorus responded, "Oh for a mansion in the skies." In one case the soprano recitedly sang, "Teach me to kiss," while the bass rendered it quite prosaic by singing, "Teach me to kiss the rod."

— Yonkers *Gazette:*

You kissed me at the gate last night,
And mother heard the smack;
She says it's naughty to do so,
So please to take it back.

HOPE—A PHRENOLOGICAL ILLUSTRATION.—GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 1826.

Pal

5

LUKE.

Wot's that you're readin'?—a novel? A novel—well darn my skin!
You a man, grown and bearded and bistid

"We are going to-day," she said, "and I thought I would say good-bye
To you in your own house, Luke,

How did I get in here? Well, what 'ud you give to know?

akin' round where I hadn't no call to

gin' round a-spyin' unfortnet men.
op your jaw if ever you do that agen.

say suthin', blast you? Speak your
ou dare.
r, sonny? Say it, and call it square.
ngue, hey, hev ye. O guard! here's
ell
swearin', and yellin', and bribin' me
l.

it that 'ud fetch ye. And you want
my name?
' they call me; but that is their little

highly connected, as a gent, sir, can
d;
hold their heads up with the very
e land.

, a put-up job on a pore young man

as bribed a puppos, and aftdrst they
gree.

Judge, sez I—Oh, grin! it's all right,

rry lively young pup, and you ain't
ed upon!

got—tobacco? I'm cussed but I
was a tract.
hap, t'other day—now, look'ee, this

t on the evils o' keepin' bad com-

ts was howlin' to stay here along 's

complaints. Stop, yes: do you see

r there—a hidin' his eyes in his

stumick is weak, and he can't stand
are;
just half beans, and the sugar ain't

ringin' up; but he sickens day by

ake no food, and I'm seein' him

ing to see; for, whatever he's been

e plan as he's to be saved upon.

ugh it like me; and he hasn't the
ess,
ry grub outside o' the pris'n mess.
ent like you, with whom I've been

! But, say, look here! Oh, blast
it to ME!

to me; now, don't ye, don't ye,

it-up job; so I'll thank ye, sir, if

stamps yourself: why, he isn't
even my pal;
And if it's a comfort to you, why, I don't intend that
he shall.

BRET HARTE

Like a little waver o' mist, got up on the hill w
sun;
Miss Mabel it was, alone—all wrapped in a ma
face—
And she stood there straight in the road,
touch o' the sun in her face.
And she looked me right in the eye—I'd see
like it before
When I hunted a wounded doe to the edge o' the Clear
Lake shore,
And I had my knee on its neck, and jist was raisin' my
knife
When it gave me a look like that, and—well, it got off
with its life.

Tuesday, December 8, 1885, while laboring under temporary aberration of mind.
W. H. HARTLEY, Foreman.
C. F. Castor, Caleb Coakley,
M. Beer, Jr., J. E. Nordgren,
Milo H. Oldfield, W. J. Meekling,
E. H. Brouse, W. T. Falta.

A Traveler, among other narrations of **wonders** of foreign parts, declared he knew a cane a mile long. The company looked incredulous, and it was evident they were not prepared to swallow it, even should it have been a sugar cane.
"Pray, what kind of a cane was it?" asked a gentleman, sneeringly.
"It was a hurricane," replied the traveler.

LUKE.

Wot's that you're readin'?—a novel? A novel—well darn my skin!
You a man grown and bearded and histin' such stuff ez that in—
Stuff about gals and their sweethearts! No wonder you're thin ez a knife.
Look at me!—clar two hundred—and never read one in my life!

That's my opinion o' novels. And ez to their lyin' round here,
They belonged to the Jedge's daughter—the Jedge who came up last year
On account of his lungs and the mountains, and the balsam o' pine and fir;
And his daughter—well, she read novels, and that's what's the matter with her.

Yet she was sweet on the Jedge, and stuck by him day and night,
Alone in the cabin up yer—till she grew up like a ghost, all white.
She was only a slip of a thing, ez light and ez up and away
Ez rifle smoke blown through the woods, but she wasn't my kind—no way!

Speakin o' gals, d'ye mind that house ez you rise the hill,
A mile and a half from White's, and jist above Mattingly's mill?
You do? Well now *thar's* a gal! What, you saw her? O, come now, thar, quit!
She was only bedevilin' you boys, for to me she don't cotton one bit.

Now she's what I call a gal—ez pretty and plump ez a quail;
Teeth ez white ez a hound's and she'd go through a tenpenny nail;
Eyes that kin snap like a cap. So she asked to know "whar I was hid."
She did! O, its jist like her sass, for she's peart ez a Katy-did.

But what was I talking of?—O! the Jedge and his daughter—she read
Novels the whole day long, and I reckon she read them abed,
And sometimes she read them out loud to the Jedge on the porch where he sat,
And 'twas how "Lord Augustus" said this, and how "Lady Blanche" she said that.

But the sickest of all that I heerd, was a yarn thet they read 'bout a chap,
"Leather-stocking," by name, and a hunter chock full o' the greenest o' sap;
And they asked me to hear, but I says, "Miss Mabel, not any for me;
When I likes I kin sling my own lies, and thet chap and I shouldn't agree."

Yet somehow-or-other she was always sayin' I brought her to mind
Of folks about whom she had read, or suthin belike of thet kind,
And thar warn't no end o' the names that she give me thet summer up here,
"Robin Hood," "Leather-stocking," "Rob Roy"—O, I tell you, the critter was queer.

And yet ef she hadn't been spiled, she was harmless enough in her way,
She could jabber in French to her dad, and they said that she knew how to play,
And she worked me that shot-pouch up thar—which the man doesn't live ez kin use,
And slippers—you see 'em down yer—ez would cradle an Injin's pappoose.

Yet along o' them novels, you see, she was wastin' and mopin' away,
And then she got shy with her tongue, and at last had nothin' to say;
And whenever I happened around, her face it was hid by a book,
And it warn't until she left that she gave me ez much ez a look.

And this was the way it was. It was night when I kem up here
To say to 'em all "good-bye," for I reckoned to go for deer
At "sun up" the day they left. So I shook 'em all round by the hand.
'Cept Mabel, and she was sick, ez they give me to understand.

But jist ez I passed the house next morning at dawn, some one,
Like a little waver o' mist, got up on the hill with the sun;
Miss Mabel it was, alone—all wrapped in a mantle o' lace—
And she stood there straight in the road, with a touch o' the sun in her face.

And she looked me right in the eye—I'd seen suthin like it before
When I hunted a wounded doe to the edge o' the Clear Lake shore,
And I had my knee on its neck, and jist was raisin' my knife
When it gave me a look like that, and—well, it got off with its life.

"We are going to-day," she said, "and I thought I would say good-bye
To you in your own house, Luke—those woods and the bright blue sky!
You've always been kind to us, Luke, and papa has found you still
As good as the air he breathes, and wholesome as Laurel Tree Hill.

"And we'll always think of you, Luke, as the thing we could not take away;
The balsam that dwells in the woods, the rainbow that lives in the spray.
And you'll sometimes think of *me*, Luke, as you know you once used to say,
A rifle smoke blown through the woods, a moment, but never to stay."

And then we shook hands. She turned, but a suddent she tottered and fell,
And I caught her sharp by the waist, and held her a minit—well,
It was only a minit, you know, that ez cold and ez white she lay
Ez a snow-flake here on my breast, and then—well, she melted away—

And was gone * * * And thar are her books; but I says not any for me,
Good enough may be for some, but them and I mightn't agree.
They spiled a decent gal ez might hev made some chap a wife,
And look at me!—clar two hundred—and never read one in my life!

—*Scribner for December.*

BRET HARTE.

"SEVENTY-NINE."

MR. INTERVIEWER INTERVIEWED.

Know me next time when you see me, won't you, old smarty?
Oh, I mean you, old figger-head—just the same party!
Take out your pensivil, d—n you; sharpen it, do!
Any complaints to make? Lots of 'em—one of 'em's *you*.

You! who are you, anyhow, goin' round in that sneakin' way?
Never in jail before, was you, old blatherskite, say?
Look at it; don't it look pooty? Oh, grin, and be d—d to you, do!
But, if I had you this side o' that gratin', I'd just make it lively for you.

How did I get in here? Well, what 'ud you give to know?
'Twasn't by sneakin' round where I hadn't no call to go.
'Twasn't by hangin' round a-spyin' unfortnet men.
Grin! but I'll stop your jaw if ever you do that agen.

Why don't you say suthin', blast you? Speak your mind if you dare.
Ain't I a bad lot, sonny? Say it, and call it square.
Hain't got no tongue, hey, hev ye. O guard! here's a little swell
A cussin', and swearin', and yellin', and bribin' me not to tell.

There, I thought that 'ud fetch ye. And you want to know my name?
"Seventy-nine" they call me; but that is their little game.
For I'm werry highly connected, as a gent, sir, can understand;
And my family hold their heads up with the very furst in the land.

For 'twas all, sir, a put-up job on a pore young man like me;
And the jury was bribed a puppos, and afdrst they couldn't agree.

And I sed to the Judge, sez I—Oh, grin! it's all right, my son!
But you're a werry lively young pup, and you ain't to be played upon!

Wot's that you got—tobacco? I'm cussed but I thought 'twas a tract.
Thank ye. A chap, t'other day—now, look'ee, this is a fact—
Slings me a tract on the evils o' keepin' bad company,
As if all the saints was howlin' to stay here along 's we.

No; I hain't no complaints. Stop, yes: do you see that chap—
Him standin' over there—a hidin' his eyes in his cap?
Well, that man's stumick is weak, and he can't stand the pris'n fare;
For the coffee is just half beans, and the sugar ain't nowhere.

Perhaps it's his bringin' up; but he sickens day by day,
And he doesn't take no food, and I'm seein' him waste away,
And it isn't the thing to see; for, whatever he's been and done,
Starvation isn't the plan as he's to be saved upon.

For he can not rough it like me; and he hasn't the stamps, I guess,
To buy him his extry grub outside o' the pris'n mess.
And perhaps if a gent like you, with whom I've been sorter free,
Would—thank you! But, say, look here! Oh, blast it, don't give it to ME!

Don't you give it to me; now, don't ye, don't ye, don't!
You think it's a put-up job; so I'll thank ye, sir, if you won't.
But hand him the stamps yourself: why, he isn't even my pal;
And if it's a comfort to you, why, I don't intend that he shall.

BRET HARTE

A Traveler, among other narrations of **wonders** of foreign parts, declared he knew a cane a mile long. The company looked incredulous, and it was evident they were not prepared to swallow it, even should it have been a sugar cane.

"Pray, what kind of a cane was it?" asked a gentleman, sneeringly.

"It was a hurricane," replied the traveler.

A Sad Death.

Tuesday morning last Mr. S. W. Heath, a highly respected and esteemed citizen, and well-known farmer who resides a few miles east of Merced, left his family and home and came to Merced to have some plow shares sharpened. He left the plow-points at William McDonald's blacksmith shop and tied his team at his usual hitching rack. Parties who met him that morning noticed nothing unusual in his appearance or manner. He appearing in his usual good spirits, but during the morning he suddenly disappeared, and as he did not return home during the morning as he had promised to do, his wife sent a messenger to town to see what had become of him. The messenger arrived here in the afternoon about four o'clock and found the team still standing at the hitching post. Search was then made for Mr. Heath, but he could not be found. He was last seen alive by James Minor on Tuesday morning about 11 o'clock, going towards Bear Creek, a foot, and in the direction of the ranch formerly owned by J. F. Goodale. Search was kept up all Tuesday afternoon and all day Wednesday but he was not found. Wednesday night preparations were made by a large number of citizens for a more systematic search. Bright and early Thursday morning Cale Coakley, Tobe Rucker, William Dowst, Ed Keough and James Minor started out equipped with hooks and lines to drag Bear Creek from the Huffman residence to the railroad bridge. They went directly to a deep hole in the creek situated between the Huffman residence and the old Goodale place. After dragging the hole several times, which was about twenty feet deep, they were rewarded by finding Mr. Heath's body, which they pulled ashore and then notified Coroner Bradley, who went out and had the remains brought in to J. E. P. Williams' undertaking rooms, where an inquest was held in the afternoon, after which the body was turned over to the Knight's of Pythias, who had it dressed and placed in an elegant casket and then taken to the parlors of El Capitan hotel. When the body was found the overcoat was buttoned close around it, and the hat of the deceased was rolled up and placed in one of the pockets of the coat, and the arms were folded across the breast. In the pockets of the clothing were found $24.30, but no letters or message. Mr. Heath's family relations were of the most pleasant kind, and his home a happy one. For some years past he has been suffering from some spinal trouble which caused him at times to become very melancholy and despondent, and it is supposed while in one of these despondent moods he met his death. He leaves a wife to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate husband. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon from the parlors of El Capitan hotel under the auspices of Yo Semite Lodge No. 30, Knight's of Pythias. The deceased belonged to the Endowment rank of the Order, and leaves an insurance of $2,000.

The following is the verdict of the Coroner's jury:

We, your jury, find that the name of deceased is Selden W. Heath; that he was a native of Vermont, aged 46 years. That he came to his death from accidental drowning in Bear Creek, about half way between Huffman's residence and the Goodale farm, on or about Tuesday, December 8, 1885, while laboring under temporary aberration of mind.

W. H. Hartley, Foreman.

C. F. Castor,	Caleb Coakley,
M. Beer, Jr.,	J. E. Nordgren,
Milo H. Oldfield,	W. J. Meekling,
E. H. Brouse,	W. T. Falia.

A certain parson, who was also a school teacher, handed a problem to his class in mathematics the other day. The first boy took it, looked at it a while, and said, "Pass." The second boy looked at it and said, "I turn it down." The third boy looked at it a while and drawled out, "I can't make it." "Very good, boys," said the parson, "We will cut for a new deal." And the switch danced like lightning over the shoulders of these depraved young mathematicians.

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R Raklaw, Portland
Miss E R Hill, Portland
Miss L B Hill, do
R D Gard, San Jose
Mrs E E Pattee, Volcano
F C Dulin, Nevada
P H Boggs, Stockton
E Burnett, Alameda
E Watson, Guernsey le
C C Davis, Los Angeles
C G Heitrom, do
N B Hinrichsen, Jolon
W D Manley, Jolon

J D Holack, Denver
Mrs Gearing d, Weav
Mrs M Lennan, Gilro
H H Anderson, San
J L Roberts, Willian
A Elliott, Altamont
R P Mansfi d, Ohio
D L Mansfield, Ohio
Geo Wise, Ohio
Isaac Wise, Ohio
Jacob Wise, Ohio

WINDSOR HOTEL.

A Hirschfeld, New York Miss A Stafford D

THE QUARREL—ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—JOHN LEECH, 1845.

Master Wellington. "You're too good a judge to hit me, you are!"
Master Joinville. "Am I?"
Master Wellington. "Yes, you are."
Master Joinville. "Oh, am I?"
Master Wellington. "Yes, you are."
Master Joinville. "Ha!"
Master Wellington. "Ha!"

[MORAL.—*And they don't fight, after all.*

Her Letter.

BY BRET HARTE.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire,—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be-diamoned out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
I left in the midst of a set:
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich,—when he grows up,—
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do you like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
"And is n't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And are n't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes,—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand,—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand,—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier,—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest *soiree* of the year,"—
In the mists of a *gaze de Chambery*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk,—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle.
Of the dress of my queer *vis-a-vis*:
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under the bed-clothes of snow;
Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest;
Of—the something you said at the gate.
Ah, Joe, then I was n't an heiress
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there.
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low,)
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on Joseph,—heigh—ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel,—
Whatever's the meaning of that,—
O, why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good night,—here's the end of my paper;
Good night,—if the longitude please,—
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you have n't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it,—on Poverty Flat.

ALNASCHAR.

1876.

Here's yer toy balloons! All sizes
Twenty cents for that. It rises
Just as quick as that 'ere, Miss,
Twice as big. Ye see it is
Some more fancy. Make it square
Fifty for them both. That's fair.

That's the sixth I've sold since noon.
Trade's reviving. Just as soon
As this lot's worked off I'll take
Wholesale figgers. Make or break,
That's my motto! Then I'll buy
In some first class lott'ry,
One half ticket, entitlered right—
As I dreamed about last night.

That'll fetch it. Don't tell me!
When a man's in luck, you see,
All things help him. Every chance
Hits him like an avalanche.
Here's your toy balloons, Miss. Eh?
You won't turn your head this way?
Mebbe you'll be glad some day!

With that clear ten thousand prize
This yer trade I'll drop an' rise
Into wholesale. No! I'll take
Stocks in Wall street. Make or break,
That's my motto! With my luck,
Where's the chance of being stuck?
Call it sixty thousand clear,
Made in Wall street in one year.

Sixty thousand? Umph! Let's see,
Bond and mortgage'll do fer me.
Good. That gal that passed me by
Scornful like—well mebbe I
Some day'll hold a pawn—why not?—
All her father's prop. She'll spot
What's my little game, and see
What I'm after's her. He! he!

Ho! he! When she comes to sue—
Let's see. What's the thing to do?
Kick her! No! There's the perlice!
Sorter throw her off, like this!
Hello! Stop! Help! Murder! Hey!
There's my whole stock got away!
Kiting on the house tops! Lost!
All a poor man's fortune! Cost?
Twenty dollars! Eh! What's this?
Fifty cents? God bless ye, Miss!

—*[Bret Harte in Galaxy for February.*

THE SCHOLASTIC HEN AND HER CHICKENS.—CRUIKSHANK, 1846.

Miss Thimblebee loquitur. "Turn your heads the other way, my dears, for here are two horridly handsome officers coming."

BEER AND BIBLES.—The English newspapers refer humorously to "an alliance of beer and Bibles, bricks and mortar." There is a great brewer at Warrington, Sir Gilbert Greenall, who, upon one side of one of his public houses, has built a school, and on the other side a church. Somebody quotes as apropos of this sheer contiguity the old couplet: "Wherever God erects a house of prayer, The Devil builds a chapel there." This Tory brewer, they say, has taken a contract for both. But this is not so good as the ancient quatrain written upon a church, the vaults of which were let for the storage of strong drink. Upon the door of this miscellaneous edifice some wag wrote: "There's a spirit above and a spirit below, A spirit of joy and a spirit of wo; The spirit above is the spirit divine, And the spirit below is the spirit of wine."

OUR PALACE HOTEL.

A New Jersey Man's Enthusiastic Description of It.

[Correspondence Hoboken (N. J.) Democrat.]

You will not be surprised to learn that I am in San Francisco, as I closed my last letter to you by saying that I was off for San Francisco. But you will be surprised to learn that I am quartered at the Palace Hotel, one of the grandest hostelries in the United States. The way I came to get out here was this: While coming along from Omaha, and taking a quiet nap in the smoking car, I was jostled by a rough looking party, who asked me if I wouldn't make one of a sociable party at poker. He looked very green, and with the prospect of winning money before me, I consented. In about an hour I was ruined. The loose change I had about me, a check, my gold watch, an heirloom of the Pecus family—I used to drive tacks in the carpet with it—my overcoat, umbrella, all were gone to feed the insatiate monster. I was stripped of all my earthly possessions and was a pauper. I went forward and got on the platform. I was about to throw myself from the cars, make Mrs. Pecus a widow and put a sudden stop to these letters, when I felt a firm grip on my shoulder. It was the conductor. He asked me what was the matter. I told him. He said, "Come with me." We saw. He conquered. He made the rascals turn over everything they had swindled me out of, and again I was as free and happy as a bird in its flight toward the heavens. However, this does not explain how I happened to get into the Palace Hotel. I was walking along Sansome street and I met Senator Sharon. The Senator has known me from boyhood. He and my father used to be licked by the same schoolmaster in their native New England village, and consequently were bosom friends.

THEIR PATHS IN LIFE

Diverged after they arrived at manhood. My father soon ran through the small fortune left him, and sunk into obscurity and poverty, in the midst of which I was born. Senator Sharon rose to be a great and good man. He was always fond of me, and, in fact, considered me a genius; so that he was glad to see me, and after shaking hands he took me into his hotel and told the clerk to give me the best room in the house, No. 24,999. He did so; and here I am, writing at an elevation above Mount Blanc, surrounded by clouds, and looking from my window over a boundless expanse. This hotel is so wonderful that it merits a description. It is built on a gigantic scale, and is capable of containing one fourth of the population of the city. It takes up an area of about 1,000 acres, and is fitted up regardless of expense with all the newest inventions. The blocks in the vestibule are of solid gold, and the railings of the stairs are silver-mounted. There are 150 beautiful clerks behind a solid rosewood counter a quarter of a mile in length, ornamented with silver. Each clerk has his hair parted in the middle, wears a diamond pin, and is exquisitely polite. They are so exceedingly amiable and persuasive that they make you spend twice as much as you meant to, and make you feel satisfied with the most interior accommodations. There are 25,000 half-boys, one for each room and numbered. They are located in a large basement room, communicating with the office-boys' trap doors. When a bell is rung by some impatient lodger in want of something, down goes the clerk's foot on a corresponding pedal, and up shoots the half-boy. Sometimes a dozen arise thus at once. He is put in a box, shut up in a pneumatic tube, and whisked right into the room designated by the bell-dial. A door in the wall opens to receive him, an automatic clamp catches him by the coat-collar, and he is quietly dropped to the floor.

GOING UP STAIRS,

You would be astonished at the magnificent suites of parlors miles in extent. In the ladies' grand parlor are stationed a fashionable dress-maker and man-milliners, who are in direct telegraphic communication with Paris. The gentlemen's reading rooms, lounging-rooms, smoking-rooms, bath-rooms, barber-rooms, billiard and private rooms for parties desiring privacy while dining and wining, are both numerous and elegant. Even the spittoons are made of gold. The elevators, 200 in number, conveying guests from the bottom to the twenty-fifth floor, half a mile up, are beautifully upholstered and furnished with every convenience to the traveler. The ladies' elevators have toilet tables and accessories, refreshment counters, full-length mirrors and sofas to recline on. The gentlemen's elevators have a bar and restaurant attached, and also a barber shop, run by the motive power of the elevator. Often a man's nose or ear is sliced off, but upon applying at the office you can get a new one, which is probably better looking and more artistic. Each single room or suit is supplied with faucets connecting with a pipe running from huge tanks on the roof, which contain different wines, brandies, sherries, ales, lager, liquor and bitters—also patent medicines. The flow from these tanks is registered at the office, so that the clerks can tell at any time what drinking is going on all over the house—also whether a man is drunk or sober. In the centre of the hotel block is a hollow square occupied by a menagerie, a circus, an opera house and two theatres, tragedy and comedy, which are kept open exclusively for the benefit of the guests, who are admitted free.

IN THE LARGE DINING HALL,

Two acres square, 2,000 waiters dash about recklessly on skates. They are of all nationalities, and are required to be accomplished skaters. There is a circular railway on every floor (6 on) each other while stopping at the hotel. A band of 250 pieces performs on top of the roof every evening, and at sunset a park of 100 pieces of cannon is fired off. The effect is grand. Every evening a celebrated aeronaut goes up in a balloon from the square in the middle of the hotel, which is called the plaza. It is astonishing that in such a vast caravansary so few people get hurt. Only about a dozen a day are killed. The hotel has its own undertaker and doctors and druggists. The arrangements for escape in cases of fire and panic are ample. Hose and buckets are on every floor, and in each room, ingeniously arranged in the ceiling, is a tank of water. By pulling a cord, the room is flooded in a moment. To every floor, hanging from windows at intervals, is a thick rubber tube, into which you jump and which lets you gently down, and you go bobbing up and down until the fireman clasps you in his embrace and disengages you from the rubber. San Francisco is otherwise only remarkable for earthquakes, wind and dust, Chinese, hoodlums, barrooms, pretty women and fast men. But you have read all about them, and as I have described the only wonder in San Francisco of which you had never heard, I will close. I leave for the Sandwich Islands Tuesday.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

An Indiana Journal Professes to Have Exhumed a Hitherto Unpublished Poem—Inscription on an Old Fly-Leaf.

[From the Kokomo (Ind.) Dispatch, August 2.]

The following beautiful posthumous poem from the gifted pen of the erratic poet, Edgar Allan Poe, we believe has never before been published in any form, either in any published collection of Poe's poems now extant or in any magazine or newspaper of any description, and until the critics shall show conclusively to the contrary, the *Dispatch* shall claim the honor of giving it to the world.

That the poem has never before been published and that it is a genuine production of the poet who we claim to be its author, we are satisfied from the circumstances under which it came into our possession after a thorough investigation. Calling at the house of a gentleman of this city the other day, on a business errand, our attention was called to a poem written on the blank fly-leaf of an old book. Handing us the book he observed that it (the poem) might be good enough to publish, and that if we thought so, to take it along. Noticing the initials, E. A. P., at the bottom of the poem, it struck us that possibly we had run across a "bonanza," so to speak, and after reading it we asked who its author was, when he related the following bit of interesting reminiscence: He said he did not know who the author was, only that he was a young man, that is, he was a young man when he wrote the lines referred to. He had never seen him himself, but heard his grandfather, who gave him the book containing the verses, tell of the circumstance and the occasion by which he, the grandfather, came into possession of the book. His grandparents kept a country hotel, a sort of a wayside inn, in a small village called Chesterfield, near Richmond, Va. One night, just before bedtime, a young man, who showed plainly the marks of dissipation, rapped at the door and asked if he could stay all night, and was shown to a room. That was the last they saw of him. When they went to his room the next morning to call him to breakfast he had gone away and left the book, on the fly-leaf of which he had written the lines given below.

Further than this our informant knew nothing, and being an uneducated, illiterate man, it was quite natural that he should allow the great literary treasure to go for so many years unpublished.

That the above statement is true and our discovery no canard, we will take pleasure in satisfying any who cares to investigate the matter. The poem is written in Roman characters and is almost as legible as print itself, though somewhat faded by the lapse of time. Another peculiarity in the manuscript which we notice is that it contains not the least sign of erasure or a single interlineated word. We give the poem verbatim, just as it appears in the original. Here it is:

LEONAINIE.

Leonainie—angels named her,
And they took the light
Of the laughing stars and framed her
In a smile of white;
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy
Moonshine, and they brought her to me
In a solemn night.

In a solemn night of Summer,
When my heart of gloom
Blossomed up to greet the comer
Like a rose in bloom;
All forebodings that distressed me
I forgot as joy caressed me—
(Living joy that caught and pressed me
In the arms of doom!)

Only spake the little lisper
In the angel tongue;
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper:
"Songs are only sung
Here below that they may grieve you—
Tales are told you to deceive you—
So must Leonainie love you—
While her love is young."

Then God smiled and it was morning,
Matchless and supreme;
Heaven's glory seemed adorning
Earth with its esteem;
Every heart but mine seemed gifted
With the voice of prayer, and lifted
Where my Leonainie drifted
From me like a dream.

E. A. P.

—— Lady (to shopman, after making him turn over all the stock)—"There that's exactly the quality I want, but it is green, and I want plum color." Insinuating shopman—"You can't do better than take this. Beside, ma'am, it is plum color." Lady—"What? Plum color?" Shopman—"Certainly. Only the plums are not ripe."

—— If you have a good sister, love and cherish her with all your heart; if you have none, why then love and cherish the good sister of some other man with all your heart.

THIS IS THE BOY WHO CHALKED UP "NO POPERY!" AND THEN RAN AWAY!—LORD JOHN RUSSELL AND THE BILL FOR PREVENTING THE ASSUMPTION OF ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BY ROMAN CATHOLICS.—JOHN LEECH, IN "PUNCH," 1851.

Curious old epitaph in Printing House Churchyard, Essex:

Here lieth the Bodys Anna & Dorothy Freeborne, wives of Mr. Samuel Freeborne, whoe departed this life on ye 31st of July, Anno 1641. The othar (*sic*) August ye 20, Anno 1658, one aged 33 years, ye othar 44.

Under one stone two precious iems do ly,
Equall in worth, weight, lustre, sanctity;
If yet perhaps one of them doe excell,
Which was't, who knows? ask him yt knew them well
by long enjoyment, if he thus be press'd
hee'l pause then answere: truly both were best.
were't in my choice that either of the twayne
migh bee return'd to me t'enjoy againe,
Which should I chuse? well since I know not whether
Ile mowrne for th' losse of both but wish for neither.
Yet here's my comfort, herein lyes my hope,
The time a cominge, cabinets shall ope
Which are lock't fast, then shall I see
My Jewells to my Joy; my jewells mee.

The foregoing epitaph is incised on a large horizontal slab of stone covering a brick tomb. Above the inscription are a skull and a coat of arms, side by side. Observe, that although the mourner regrets both his wives, he declines to have either of them back again.

A Panegyric on the Ladies.

[The key to the poem is found by reading the lines alternately.]

Happy he must pass his life
Who's free from matrimonial chains;
Who is directed by a wife
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace
When Eve was given for a mate;
Until he saw a woman's face
Adam was in a happy state.

In the female race appear
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride;
Truth, darling of a heart sincere,
In woman never did reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The failings that in women dwell?
The worth in woman we behold
Is almost imperceptible.

Confusion take the man, I say,
Who makes a woman his delight;
Who no regard to women pay,
Has reason alw. ys in his sight.

"Now, John, suppose there's a load of hay on one side of the river, and a jackass on the other, and no bridge, and the river's too wide to swim, how can the jackass get to the hay?" "I give it up." "Well, that's just what the other jackass did."

A RHYMING ROMANCE.

HE was young, he was fair, and he parted his hair, like the average beau, in the middle; he was proud, he was bold, but the truth must be told, he played like a fiend on the fiddle. Barring his voice, he was everthing nice, and his heart was so loving and tender, that he always turned pale when he trod on the tail of the cat lying down by the fender. He clerked in a store, and the way that he tore off calico, jeans, and brown sheeting, would have tickled a calf, and made the brute laugh in the face of a quarterly meeting. He cut quite a dash with a darling mustache, which he learned to adore and cherish; for one girl had said, while she drooped her proud head, that 'twould kill her to see the thing perish. On Sundays he'd search the straight road to the church, unheeding the voice of the scorner; and demurely he sat, like a young tabby cat, with the saints in the amen corner. He sang like a bird, and his sweet voice was heard fairly tugging away at long meter; and we speak but the truth, when we say that this youth could outsing a hungry mosquito.

She was young, she was fair, and she scrambled her hair like the average belle of the city; she was proud but not bold, yet the truth must be told, the way she chawed wax was a pity. Barring this vice, she was everything nice, and the world admired her bustle; and the Fayetteville boys, being calmed by the noise, walked miles to hear it rustle. She cut quite a swell, did this wax-chewing belle, and men flocked in crowds to meet her; but she gave them the shirk, for she loved the young clerk, who sang like a hungry mosquito. So she hemmed and she hawed, and she sighed and she chawed, till her heart and her jaws were broken; then she walked by his store, while he stood at the door awaiting some loving token. She raised up her eyes with a mock surprise, and tried to enact the scorner; but to tell the truth, she grinned at the youth who loved the amen corner.

* * * They met—alas! what came to pass was soft and sweet and precious; they wooed, they cooed, he talked, she chewed—oh, how he loved! Good gracious! They had to part, he rose to start; her grief cannot be painted; these are the facts: she swallowed her wax, then screamed, then choked, then fainted. Her pa appeared; her beau, quite scared, rushed out to get some water; the watch-dog spied his tender hide, and bit him where he "oughter." The tale is sad, the sequel stern—so thinks the youth thus bitten. He sings no more, as oft of yore—he gave that girl the mitten.

She pined apace, her pretty face looked slender and dejected, her father kind, but somewhat blind, beheld her and reflected. His income tax he spent for wax—she smiled, and called him clever. She went to work, forgot that clerk, and chawed in bliss forever.

A WESTERN juvenile, who bears the burden of thirteen long summers on his shoulders with most refreshing confidence, was served with a moderate allowance of dessert, one day, at the dinner table; but the quantity was decidedly below his notions of justice or reason, as he evinced with a contemptuous curl of the lip, and the dry observation to his maternal: "Did you put this here for the flies?" It is unnecessary to add that he was supplied with another installment, as he deserved to be.

ARE blacksmiths who make a living by forging, or carpenters who do a little counter-fitting, any worse than men who sell iron and steel for a living?

A Curious Relic.

The last number of the *Historical Magazine* has the following ingenious piece of poetry, which one of its correspondents vouches to have been circulated in Philadelphia during the occupation of the British in the war of the Revolution. Its author is unknown. Its peculiarity consists in the manner in which it may be read in three different ways, viz.:

(1.) Let the whole be read in the order in which it is written; (2.) then read the lines downwards on the *left* of each comma in every line; and (3.) in the same manner on the *right* of each comma. By the first reading it will be observed that the revolutionary cause is deprecated, and lauded by the others:

Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds the din of war's alarms
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us to arms;
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon will shine;
Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join.
The acts of Parliament, in them I much delight;
I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress fight.
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast;
They soon will sneak away, who Independence boast—
Who non-resistance hold, they have my hand and heart;
May they for slaves be sold, who act a Whiggish part.
Old Mansfield, North, and Bute, may daily blessings pour;
Confusion and dispute, on Congress evermore;
To North—that British lord—may honor still be done,
I wish a block or cord, to General Washington.

A YOUNG man in San Francisco found an old deacon he knew "bucking the tiger" in a gambling hell. "What!" he exclaimed; "you here?" "Yes," was the reply, "I am bound to break down this evil institution."

THE other day, a little shaver was expatiating on the injurious effect of tobacco. Said he, "The oil of tobacco is so poisonous that a single drop of it on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man in a minute." The boy had got things slightly mixed.

Alliteration.

[The following alliterative poem is probably the most ingenious specimen existing in the language.]

"An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom.
Every endeavor engineers essay
For fame, for fortune fighting—furious fray!
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God!
How honors Heaven heroic hardihood!
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Kindred kill kinsmen, kinsmen kindred kill.
Labor low levels longest, loftiest lines;
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murd'rous mines;
Now noxious-noisy numbers, noting naught
Of outward obstacles, opposing ought;
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly 'Quarter! Quarter!" quest.
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.
Truce to thee, Turkey! Triumph to thy train,
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish vain victory! vanish victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier?
Yield, yield, ye youths! ye yeomen, yield your yell!
Zeus's, Zarpater's, Zoroaster's zeal,
Attracting all, arms against acts appeal!"

—*Appleton's Journal.* —*H. Carrington Bolton.*

Short Words.

[This poem is remarkable as a specimen of what may be done in vigorous, forcible writing, using only words of one syllable.]

Think not that strength lies in the big, round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
When want, or woe, or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange, wild note
Sung by some fay or fiend! There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more hight than breadth, more depth than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase,
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine—
Light but not heat—a flash but not a blaze!

Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts,
It serves of more than fight or storm to tell—
The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts,
The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell,
The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far off on their sick-beds lie,
For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead;
For them that laugh, and dance, and clap the hand—
To Joy's quick step, as well as Grief's low tread.
The sweet, plain words we learned at first keep time,
And, though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
In thought, or speech, or song, or prose, or rhyme.

"OBSTRUCTIVES."—JOHN TENNIEL, 1870.

Mr. Punch (to Bull A 1). "Yes, it's all very well to say 'Go to school!' How are they to go to school with those people quarreling in the doorway? Why don't you make 'em 'move on?'"

EPITAPHIANA.

Epitaph on a sexton, killed by the clapper of the bell striking him:

Here lyeth the body of honest John Capper,
Who lived by the bell, and died by the clapper.

Epitaph in Tynemouth Church:

Wha lies here?
Pats Watt, gin ye speer.
Poor Pate! is that thou?
Ah, by my soul, is't,
But I's dead now.

On an old gardener at Ilderton, Northumberland:

Under this stone lies Bobbity John,
Who, when alive, to the world was a wonder;
And would have been so yet had not Death in a fit
Cut his soul and his body asunder.

The following lines may be seen on a tombstone in the churchyard at Kinver, Staffordshire:

Tired with wand'ring thro' a world of sin,
Hither we came to *Nature's common Inn*,
To rest our wearied bodies for a night,
In hopes to rise that Christ may give us light.

For transposition, inversion, and alliteration, the old epitaph on the Earl of Kildare, in Ireland, is very remarkable:

Who killed Kildare? Who dared Kildare to kill?
Death killed Kildare, who dare kill whom he will!

Inscription on a tablet in Christ Church, Tarrytown, to the memory of Washington Irving:

Washington Irving,
Born in the City of New York
April 3, 1783,
For Many Years
A Communicant And Warden
Of this Church; And Repeatedly One Of Its
Delegates In The Convention Of The Diocese.
Loved: Honored: Revered:
He Fell Asleep In Jesus
November 28, 1859.
This Tablet
Is Erected To His Memory
By
The Vestry.

(The last two words, "The Vestry," should be in old English type).

The following veritable copy of an inscription on a tombstone, comes from Canaan Four-Corners, where a lamenting spouse thus records the departure of her better half:

My husband's name was Bill;
It was God's will
That he should be killed in a mill;
A very sad sight for me to behold, indeed.

Here lies in dust John William Wren,
Who always loved his fellow-men;
He was good, and he was bold,
And full of mirth as he could hold.

A heap of dust is all that's here—
Don't let it cause a single tear.

From Newport, N. J.:

Here doth Samuel Parrott lye,
Whose wrongs did for justice cry,
But none could have;
But now the grave
Keeps him from injurye.

—John A. Dix, Governor of the State of New York; Thurlow Weed, one of the oldest editors in the United States, and Daniel Drew, the Wall-street Methodist millionaire, are pensioners on the Government, they having been soldiers of the war of 1812. Weed played a fife, Dix carried the flag, and Drew carried a musket.

EPITAPHIANA.

TRANSLATION OF EPITAPH ON HENRY III.

The friend of piety and alms-deed,
Henry the Third, whilome of England king,
Who this church brake, and after, at his need,
Again renewed into this fair building,
Now resteth here, which did so great a thing.

ON PHILIPPA, OF HAINAULT, QUEEN OF EDWARD III.

Faire Philippe, William Hainault's child and younger daughter deare,
Of roseate hue and beauty bright, in tomb lies hilled here;
King Edward, through his mother's will and nobles' good consent,
Took her to wife, and joyfully with her his time he spent.
Her brother John, a martial man, and eke a valient knight,
Did link this woman to his King in bonds of marriage bright.
This match and marriage thus in blood did bind the Flemisig's sure
To Englishmen, by which they did the Frenchman's wreck procure.
This Philippe, dowered in gifts full rare and treasures of the mind,
In beauty bright, religion, faith—to all and each most kind;
A fruitful mother Philippe was; full many a son she bred,
And brought forth many a worthy knight, hardy and full of dread;
A careful nurse to students all, at Oxford she did found
Queen's College and Dame Pallas School, that did her fame resound.
The wife of Edward dear,
Queen Philippe lieth here.
Learn to live.

LUCRETIA'S EPITAPH.

When thro' her breast the steel Lucretia thrust,
She said, while forth th' ensanguin'd torrent gush'd:
"From me that no consent the tyrant knew,
To my spouse my blood, to Heaven my soul shall show;
And thus in death these witnesses shall prove
My Innocence to shades below and Powers above."

The following is from the church-yard of Kingston-Seymour, Somersetshire:

I. H.

He was universally beloved in the circle of
His acquaintances; but united
In his death the esteem of all,
Namely: by bequeathing his remains.

In Appelby church-yard, Leicestershire:

I was a fine young man,
As you would see in ten,
And when I thought of this
I took in hand my pen,
And wrote it down so plain
That every one might see
How I was cut down
Like blossoms from a tree.

A miserly old gentleman is complimented by the following inscription on his tomb:

Here lies old Father Gripe, who never cried
"Jam Satis;"
'Twould wake him did he know you read his tombstone gratis.

ON A KITTEN.

Here lies, by death smitten,
A hapless young kitten,
To moulder away in the dust;
Had he lived a day longer,
He might have been stronger,
And died somewhat older we trust.

EPITAPH ON OUR FIRST AND LAST

Here lies our darling little John,
He neither screams nor hollers;
He lived just one and twenty days,
And cost us forty dollars.

EPITAPHIANA.

Epitaph for a liar:

In life he lied while he had breath.
And, strange to say lies still in death.

For an angler: "Waiting for rise."
For a baker: "He kneads no more on earth."
For a betting man: "Better off."
For a brewer:

A well-known brewer lieth here;
His ails are o'er—he's on his bier.

For a waiter: "Only waiting."
For a doctor: "Waiting with patients."
For a potter:

On earth he oft turned clay to delf;
But now he's turned to clay himself.

For a razor-grinder: "Under ground."
For a dressmaker: "For the fashion of this world passeth away.
For a musical director:

In beating time his life was passed,
But time has beaten him at last.

The tomb of Virgil no longer remains; but there has been erected over the spot a low arched building, which marks and protects the place, and within this a tombstone, and upon it inscribed the well-known lines said to have been found on the original tomb, and to have been written for his epitaph by the poet himself:

I sang flocks, tillage, heroes. Mantua gave
Me life, Calabria death, Naples a grave.

Epitaph on Captain Anthony:

Here the ashes lie
Of sinful—not Saint—Anthony.

On an infant's grave in Iowa:

Mourn Not my friends, for God Knows Best,
for this your Babe Has gone to rest—
thar to Ly til Bid to rise,
So prepare to meat me in the skies.

On an old tombstone in the cemetery of Saint Medard, in Paris:

Here lies a man whose trade in life
Was beating gold—and his own wife.

On a miser in a French graveyard:

Beneath this snow-white marble lies a man,
The greatest miser in the town of Benons;
He died exactly on the year's last day,
For fear that New Year's gifts he'd have to pay.

The following lines are said to have been copied from a tombstone in Oxford, New Hampshire:

To all my friends I bid adieu;
A suddener death you never knew;
As I was leading the old mare to drink,
She kicked and killed me quicker'n a wink.

The following is copied from a tombstone in Rockingham Co., New Hampshire:

A wife so true, there are but few
And difficult to find;
A wife more just and true to trust
There is not left behind.

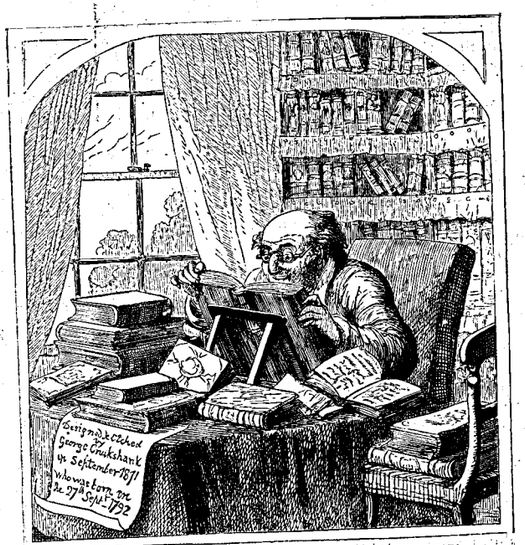
From Canandaigua, N. Y.:

How calm she sleeps in her lonely house,
Where the cares of life can never come;
No tear-drop dims her cloudless eye,
For the rain of passion is hushed and dry;
The war of life is over now—
No breeze unfurls thy placid brow.

EPITAPH

ON SAMUEL JOHNSON—BY SOAME JENYNS.

Here lies Sam Johnson; reader, have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you wake a sleeping bear;
Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was, but self-sufficient, proud and vain;
Fond of, and overbearing in dispute,
A Christian and a scholar—but a brute.



GEORGE CRUIKSHANK AT 79.—DRAWN BY HIMSELF IN 1871.

Epitaphiana.

The following are curious specimens of ancient epitaphs. This from Moore Church, County Meath, Ireland, is as early as 1597. The letters, instead of being sunk, are in relief:

Here Vnder Lieth The
Body of Dame Janet
Sarsfield, Lady Dowager
Of Donsany, Who Died the
XXII of February, AN, DNI.
1597.

From Lavenham Church, Norfolk:

John Wells, ob. 1694.

What was John Wells, is what John Wells was not.
The mortal Being has immortal got.
The Wells that was but a now Ens is gone,
And now remains the true eternal John.

From a monument in Tichfield Church, Hants, 1618:

The Husband, speaking truly of his wife,
Read his losse in her death, her praise in life.
Heare Lucie Quinsie Bromfield buried lies,
With neighbor's sad deepe weepinge, hartes, sighs, eyes.
Children eleaven, tenne livinge me she brought.
More kind, trewe, chaste, was noane, in deed, word, thought.
House, children, State, by her was rul'd, bred, thrives;
One of the best of maids, of women wives.
Now gone to god, her hearte sent long before;
In fasting, prayer, faith, hope, and alms' deeds stoare.
If anie faulte, she loved me too much.
Ah! pardon that, for there are too fewe such!
Then, reader, if thou not hard-hearted bee,
Praise God for hir, but sigh and praise for mee—
Here by hir dead, I dead desire to lie,
Till, rais'd to life, we meet no more to die.
1618.

From St. Mark's, Florence:

Here lies Politan, who things strange indeed,
Had, when alive, three tongues and but one head.

Epitaph copied from a tablet in Arreton Church, Isle of Wight:

Loe here under this tomb encouched
Is William Serle by name,
Who, for his deeds of charitie,
Deserveth worthy fame.
A man within this parish borne,
And in the house call'd stone,
A glasse for to behold a work
Hath left to every one;
For that unto the people pore
Of Arreton he gave
A hundred pounds in redie coyne
He willed that they should have,
To be ymployed in fittest sorte
As man could best invent,
For yearly relief to the pore—
That was his good intent.
Thus did this man a bacheler
Of years full fifty neyne,
And doeinge good to every one,
So did he spend his time,
Until the day he did decease—
The first of February,
And in the year of our thousand
Five hundred and neyntie five.

EPITAPH ON QUEEN KATHERINE PARR.

In this new tomb the royal Katherine lies—
Flower of her sex, renowned, great and wise;
A wife by every nuptial virtue known—
A faithful partner once of Henry's throne.
To Seymour next her plighted hand she yields—
Seymour, who Neptune's trident justly wields;
From him a beauteous daughter bless'd her arms,
An infant copy of her parent's charms.
When now seven days this infant flower had bloom'd,
Heaven, in its wrath, the mother's soul resumed.

EPITAPHIANA.

On an infant who died very young:

I came to see the farce of life, one day,
Tired of the first act, and so went away.

This is from Phillipsburgh, Penn.:

IN MEMORY

Of David Wesley, son of Jacob F. and Mary D. Runk. He died December the 2nd, in the year of our Lord, A. D. 1846, aged 22 years and 6 months and 20 Ds.

Pain was my potion,
Physic was my votion,
Drugs did me no good.
Christ was my Physician,
He knew what was best,
He eased me of my pain,
And took my soul to rest.

Epitaph on a toad:

Beneath this stone, here lies the toad
That Samuel Johnson trod on;
If it had lived, 'twould have been good luck,
For then there'd have been an odd one.

On a photographer: "Taken from Life."
On a sailor: "Anchored."
For an Auctioneer: "Gone!"
For a Watchmaker: "Stopped."
For a Barber: "Sent-ahead."
For a Wheelwright: "Tired of Life."
For a Telegrapher: "Despatched."
For a Scale-Maker:

His weighs were weighs of pleasantness,
In all life's fitful dream;
He struck a balance with world,
And then—he kicked the beam.

On a lamb just killed: "Peas to its remains."

JOHN C. PULVER
Died
June 17, 1847,
Æ 60 years.

Although he is dead, he'll soon be forgot;
His friends and relations remember him not.
Their sighs and their tears they'll soon wipe away;
Oh, it's here he lies a mouldering and a turning to clay.

Epitaph on Jane Seymour, Queen of Henry the Eighth:

Here a phœnix lieth, whose death
To another phœnix gave breath;
It is to be lamented much
The world at once ne'er knew two such.

On Frederick, Prince of Wales:

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead.
Had it been his father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation;
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
There's no more to be said.

In Braunstone Churchyard, Northamptonshire:

To the memory of William Barrows, died 1703.

'Tis true I led a single life,
And Nare was married in my life,
For of that seek (sic) I nare had none;
It is the Lord; his will be done.

King Stanly Churchyard, Gloucestershire:

Ann Collins—died 1804, aetatis 49.

'Twas as she tript from cask to cask,
In at a bunghole quickly fell;
Suffocation was her task.
She had no time to say farewell.

DEAR SPICE:—I send you, by to-day's post, a collection of epitaphs, which I am sure will be new to your readers. I have collected them from remote sources, and many of them I have copied from the tombstones myself in foreign lands:

HIC JACET.

The eccentric Sternhold Oakes offered a reward for the best epitaph for his grave. Several tried for the prize, but they flattered him too much, he thought, and he wrote the following himself:

Here lies the body of Sternhold Oakes,
Who lived, and died, like other folks.

On a tombstone in Scotland may be seen this epitaph:

John Carnagie lies here,
Descended from Adam and Eve;
If any can boast of a pedigree higher,
He will willingly give them leave.

Sheil (the Irish orator) sleeps beneath an epitaph like this:

Here lie I. There's an end to my woes,
And my spirit at length at *aise* is,
With the tip of my nose, and the end of my toes,
Turned up 'gainst the roots of the daisies.

In a churchyard, at Doncaster, 1816, the following epitaph might have been read:

Here lies 2 brothers, by misfortune surrounded,
One died of his wounds, and the other was drownded.

On the death of General Wolfe, a premium was offered for the best epitaph on that officer. One candidate for the prize sent a poem, of which the following is a specimen:

He marched without dread or fears,
At the head of his bold grenadiers,
And what was more remarkable, nay, very partikular,
He climbed up rocks that were perpindikular.

In Dorchester, Mass., may be seen this epitaph:

On the 21st of March,
God's angels made a sarche,
Around the door they stood,
They took a maid,
It is said,
And cut her down like wood.

The following epitaph may be read backwards or forwards, up or down:

Shall we all die?
We shall die all,
All die shall we—
Die all we shall.

At Belturbet, Ireland, is the following:

Here lies the body of John Mound,
Lost at sea, and never found.

Epitaph of a San Francisco money lender:

Here lies old thirty-five per cent.,
The more he made the more he lent;
The more he got the more he craved,
The more he made the more he shaved;
Good God! can such a soul be saved?

TOMBSTONE.*

Epitaph on a man who broke his neck by a fall from his horse:

My friend, judge not me.
Thou see'st I judge not thee;
Betwixt the stirrup and the ground,
Mercy I askt, mercy I found.

Epitaph on Commodore Trunnion:

Here lies
Foundered in a fathom and a half
The Shell
of
Hawser Trunnion, Esq.,
Formerly Commander of a Squadron
In his Majesty's service,
Who broach'd to at five P.M., Octr. X,
In the year of his age
Threescore and nineteen.
He kept his guns always loaded,
And his tackle ready manned,
And never showed his poop to the enemy,
Except when he took her in tow;
But his shot being expended,
His match burnt out,
And his upper works decayed,
He was sunk
By death's superior weight of metal.
Nevertheless,
He will be weighed again
At the Great Day,
His rigging refitted,
And his timbers repaired,
And with one broadside
Make his adversary
Strike in his turn.

A LITTLE girl at school read thus: "The widow lived on a small limbacy left her by a relative." "What do you call that word?" asked the teacher; "the word is legacy, not limbacy." "But, Miss Johnson," said the little girl, "pa says I must say limb—not leg."

Unsafe Anchorage.

Belshazzar Smith had a very bad and very dangerous habit of walking in his sleep. His family feared that, during some one of his somnambulistic saunterings, he would charge out of the window and kill himself; so they persuaded him to sleep with his little brother William, and to tie one end of a rope around his body, and the other end around the waist of little William. The very first night after this arrangement was made, Belshazzar dreamed that a burglar was pursuing him with a dagger. So he crept over to William's side of the bed, stepped over William's slumbering form, jumped out on the floor, and slid under the bed. He stayed there awhile, fast asleep; and then, his nightmare having changed, he emerged upon the other side of the bed, and got under the covers in his old place. The rope, it will be observed, was beneath the bed, and it was taut, too. Early in the morning, Belshazzar, about half-awake, scrouged over against William. To his surprise, the movement jerked William clear out of bed. Belshazzar leaped out to ascertain the cause of the phenomenon, and at the same time his brother disappeared under the bed. Belshazzar, hardly yet awake, was scared, and he dived beneath the bedstead; as he did so, he heard William skirmishing across the blankets, above his head. Once more he rushed out, just in time to see William glide over the other side. Belshazzar just then became sufficiently conscious to feel the rope pulling him. He comprehended the situation at once, and disengaged himself. And perhaps little William was not mad! He was in the hospital, undergoing repairs for about three weeks, and when he came out he had a strange desire to sleep alone. Belshazzar anchors himself now to an anvil.

OTHELLO.

NOT BY SHAKSPEARE.

Othello was a Captain bold,
Tho' black as coal by nature;
To Desdemona he was bound,
A beautiful young creature.

With her he led a happy life,
For she was no virago,
Until one day he chanced to meet
A villain named Iago.

Said he, "Your wife's a perjured jade,
She is a faithless lassie, oh!
She does not care a straw for you,
She'd give your eyes for Cassio.

"With him she gallivants about
In all her hours of leisure;
She stole your pocket-handkerchief,
For him to wipe his razor."

"My handkerchief! my handkerchief!"
Othello then did stammer;
"My cotton pocket handkerchief,
Oh! clam her—hussy, clam her!

"My grandmother gave that to me;
She was an ancient snorter;
She often spanked me on her knee;
My mother was her daughter.

"That handkerchief was cambric, sure,
Or else 'twas cal-i-co;
I gave it to my Desdemone,
The sweetest gal-I-know.

"But since she's given it away,
She's given my heart, also;
And, therefore, I that gal will slay
Before to bed I go.

"I'll not use pistol, nor yet knife,
For that would make a foul stir;
I'll put the candle out,
Then kill her with a bolster."

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

Old Mr. Grump, the millionaire,
Sat propp'd up in a easy chair,
Pretentious, pompous, stern and stout,
A martyr to *ennui* and gout.

A table near the old man stood,
On which were bits of dainty food;
Nor did the tempting spread-out lack
A bottle of old Cognac.

While nibbling some delicious game,
The doctor he had summoned came—
And laying back his frame to rest,
Grumps thus the man of pills address'd:

"Now listen to me, Dr. Squill,
I wish you'd either cure or kill—
If you would have me use you civil,
Strike at the real root of my evil."

The doctor paused and thought awhile,
Then, with a very pleasant smile,
He raised his cane, and with one stroke
The well-filled brandy bottle broke.

Facetious Idle-Talk.

THERE was a young man in Chicago,
And he said, "May I to your pa go,
And ask for your hand
And houses and land?"
This timid young man of Chicago.

There was a young girl in Chicago,
Who said, "If you don't let my paw go,
Your eyes I will scratch
And your hair I will snatch
And swiftly I'll make every claw go!"

A PRAYER.

Give me an eye to others' failings blind—
(Miss Smith's new bonnet's quite a fright behi.)
Wake in me charity for the suffering poor—
(There comes that contribution plate once more!)
Let love for all my kind my spirit stir—
(Save Mrs. Jones. I'll never speak to her!)
Let me in Truth's fair pages take delight—
(I'll read that other novel through to-night!)
Make me contented with my earthly state—
(I wish I'd married rich! But it's too late!)
Give me a heart of faith in all my kind—
(Miss Brown's as big a hypocrite as you'll find!)
Help me to see myself as others see—
(This dress is quite becoming unto me!)
Let me act out no falsehood, I appeal—
(I wonder if they think these curls are real?)
Make my heart of humility the fount—
(How glad I am our pew's so far in front!)
Fill me with patience and the strength to wait—
[I know he'll preach until our dinner's late!]
Take from my heart each grain of self-conceit—
[I'm sure the gentlemen must think me sweet!]
Let saintly wisdom be my daily food—
[I wonder what they'll have for dinner good?]
Let not my feet ache in the road to light—
[Nobody knows how these shoes pinch and bite!]
In this world teach me to deserve the next—
[Church out! Charles, do you recollect the text?]

TWEEDIANA.

BOSS TWEED.

Boss Tweed has gone—oh, may he go
Where rascals like him revel,
And beating all on earth—below,
In Tophet, beat the Devil!

TWEED.

Should Nick an equal Devil need,
He'll send to earth and get Boss Tweed.

FAREWELL TO BOSS TWEED.

Boss Tweed is gone—good man, farewell;
Rotund with Virtue's holy leaven,
We part to meet again in ——,
No, no, to meet again in Heaven!

HECTOR A. STUART.

A cannon-ball comes flying,
And knocks my leg off clear;
Well, where's the use of crying?
Wood's cheap enough down here.
One shoe and stocking less—and so
So much more money saved, you know
To buy good German beer!

EARLY MARRIAGES.

BY LELIA LITTLE.

You TWENTY, saying, "Life is brief,
And hence I'll wed to-morrow;"
Without a dollar in relief
For days of pain and sorrow;
Will find that life is long enough,
When store bills come like hail,
When creditors are growing rough,
And no man goes your bail.

And you SIXTEEN, with lily hands,
In trailing gauze and satin,
Who dream of Hymen's silken bands,
O'er books of French and Latin;
Who make your heaven of dress and forms,
And all that's gay and funny;
Know, Life's wide sea is flecked with storms—
Keep close to "father's" money.

PETER'S RIDE TO THE WEDDING.

Peter would ride to the wedding—he would,
So he mounted his ass—and his wife
She was to ride behind, if she could;
"For," says Peter, "the woman, she should
Follow, not lead through life.

"He's mighty convenient, the ass, my dear,
And proper, and safe; and now
You hold by the tail while I hold by the ear,
And we'll ride to kirk in time, never fear,
If the wind and the weather allow."

The wind and the weather were not to be blamed,
But the ass had adopted the whim
That two at a time was a load never framed
For the back of one ass, and he seemed quite ashamed
That two should stick fast upon him.

"Come, Dobbin," says Peter, "I'm thinking we'll trot."
"I'm thinking we won't," says the ass
In language of conduct, and stuck to the spot,
As if he had sworn he would rather be shot
Than lift up a toe from the grass.

Says Peter, says he, "I'll whip him a little;"
"Try it, my dear," says she—
But he might just as well have whipped a brass kettle
The ass was made of such obstinate mettle
That never a step moved he.

"I'll prick him, my dear, with a needle," said she,
"I'm thinking he'll alter his mind;"
The ass felt the needle and up went his heels;
"I'm thinking," says Peter, "he's beginning to feel
Some notion of moving behind.

"Now, lend me the needle, and I'll prick his ear,
And set 'other end, too, agoing."
The ass felt the needle, and upward he reared;
But kicking and rearing was all, it appeared,
He'd any intention of doing.

Says Peter, says he, "we get on rather slow—
While one end is up, t'other sticks to the ground;
But I'm thinking a method to move him I know,
Let's prick head and tail together, and so
Give the creature a start all around."

So said, so done—all hands were at work,
And the ass he did alter his mind,
For he started away with so sudden a jerk,
That in less than a trice he arrived at the kirk,
But he left his lading behind.

"Punch."

"Sell that yer dog? Waal, skasely much!
The gold ain't struck fur that;
Though the hundred dollars you'll give for the cuss
Is a pile to a man what's flat.

"Jest step round yere, away from the door,
The old ooman's thar inside;
Ef she know'd I 'lowed to part with Punch
Thar'd be slim show fur my hide.

"A hundred dollars! A right smart chance
O' things them clinkers means;
That flour barl's dusty many a day—
And then thar's bacon and beans.

"And Abe, he's hankerin' arter school,
And 'Mandy's clothes is done,
And the little un's kind o' weakly now—
And that double bar'l'd gun!

"A dog's a dog—but many a night,
He's fetched me purty late
From Jake's saloon—and as fur this place,
I don't want no other gate.

"Thar's other dogs in the world—but, Lord,
Yer oughter had seen how quick
He bolted down in the bilin' foam
And snaked little Jim from the crik!

"Yer eye's well scraped for the pints of a dog,
Yer can see his Irish blood;
Thar's a good slate roof in the top of his mouth—
How them feathers floats on the mud!

"A hundred dollars! A heap o' coin,
A hundred down on the nail!
Waal, stranger, I guess—yer can start yer hoss,
That yer dog ain't fur sale!"

PUBLIC SCHOOL CLOSES.

Graduation Exercises Friday Night. Miss Rosenthal, the Medal Winner.

The public schools of Merced will close this week, Friday, the examinations being already about completed. Prof. Grove's graduating class numbering sixteen, all passed the examinations except three. The successful ones were Belle Rosenthal, Eva Ralston, Emma Becknell, Stella Fleming, Lida Law, Flora Tretheway, Anna Moran, Edna Stoddard, John Griffin, Edward Goldman, Allister Murray, Nelson Salter. Miss Ralston is the salutatorian of the class, and Nelson Salter will deliver the valedictory. Miss Rosenthal stood highest in her studies and won the gold medal to be given by N. H. Wilson, but Miss Tretheway's percentage was so high that it was not known until the examinations were all over which would be the successful contestant. The graduation exercises will take place in Leeker's hall Friday night, when an admission fee of ten cents will be charged. A full report of the affair will be published in Saturday's EVENING SUN, and persons wishing extra copies of that issue will please order them before Saturday noon.

even my breath away.

OBITUARY.

Allen Mathews, the subject of this sketch, was born in Macon, Jones County, Georgia, in 1827 and came to California in 1850, and took up his residence at Sacramento, where he remained for a short time, and from there he went to Mariposa, and in 1852 he was married to Miss Sarah Francis. While a resident of Mariposa he was highly respected by the entire community—not for his wealth nor high position, but for his honesty, integrity, politeness and true goodness of heart. In 1875 he moved with his family to Merced. Here he purchased a lot, built a home and planted a roof tree. Here as in other places, he gained the confidence, esteem and respect of all who knew him. The late Dr. W. W. Ward once exclaimed: "I tell you Allen Matthews is a gentleman, yes, one of nature's noblemen!" And so he was. Who that knew him in life does not remember the pleasant face, the cheerful voice, and humorous words of this busy, honest, industrious man. He was a Catholic by profession, and in his every-day life he gave signs of being a true christian. He died in the full faith, and who can doubt that he is happy on the other side, in that untried beyond? No one who believes in a future existence can. His pure, moral, upright life would entitle him to a place in one of the many mansions. He leaves a widow and six children—one son and five daughters—to comfort and assist the sorrowing mother, while he clasps in his arms his little child Alice, who passed over the shining river several years ago. His remains which looked almost as natural, all cold [illegible] in life, were followed to the [illegible] by at least three hundred [illegible] bearers were Silas [illegible] W. J. Quigley, [illegible]rd, and J. M.

PLENTY AND TO SPARE.

BY OTIS.

Hard times for poor folks, neighbor Jones,—
  Hard work to live on little means:
A man must turn a thousand ways,
  And then depend on pork and beans.

My wife has scraped the flour barrel,
  And shook the meal sack o'er and o'er;
But wheaten loaves and jhonny-cake
  Upon our table come no more.

Our sugar, tea and coffee chests
  Were emptied days and days ago,
And, but for faithful brindle Boss,
  Our drink from crystal streams would flow.

I tell you, Jones, that lot of beans,
  Those shoats, and that last crop of hay,
To wife and me, and our four boys,
  Are health and blessing every day.

We all sit round the kitchen fire,
  Contented with our kindly lot;
And, while we pray for poorer folks,
  There's love and joy within our cot.

But bless me, my dear neighbor John,
  I'm talking all about my own,—
Forgetting in my gratitude,
  That earth with bitterness is sown.

Forgive my thoughtless chat, dear friend,—
  My grateful heart its thanks must tell,
I ne'er should speak of "times as hard,"
  For I am doing very well.

I heard your beans were getting low,
  And you with all those mouths to feed!
Your Johnny told me little Sam
  That food was very scarce indeed.

Now, you just send your largest sack,
  And come, to us this very day;
We'll gladly fill it to the top,
  Not even think of getting pay.

The boys just now are snaring game,
  And they'd not mind a quail or two
To our old friend an neighbor, Jones;
  They're always glad some good to do.

So come along and share our wealth—
  Don't hesitate, my friend—you must;
If friend or foe of yours had need,
  You'd freely give your only crust.

SENSIBLE ALMOST TO THE LAST.—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mulcahy lived on a farm. They were shrewd and thrifty, and had the reputation of being "close." Finally Mrs. Mulcahy sickened and was about to die. Finding herself nearing the end, she expressed a desire to put things in order before that event occurred, and old Tom prepared to listen.

"Tom," says Mrs. Mulcahy, "there's Mrs. Smith, up at the crossing, she owes me $1.80 for butter; see ye get it."

"Sinsible to the last, my dear; sinsible to the last," said Tom. "I'll get it."

"Then there's Mrs. Jones, up at the creek, she owes me $1.50 for chickens."

"Ah! look at that, now, for a moind; she forgets nothing."

"And Mrs. Brown, in the village, she owes me $2.30 for milk."

"D'ye hear that? Sinsible to the last; sinsible to the last. Go on, my dear."

"And—and—"

"Yis."

"And Mrs. Roberts, at the toll-gate, I owe her—"

"Ah! poor dear! poor dear!" broke in old Tom, hastily; "how her moind does be wandering! Sure we've allowed her to talk too much entirely, so we have!"

BROTHER JEREMIAH.

I aint no hand at findin fault
  With parson, church or choir;
Nobody ever heerd a word
  From Asa Jeremiah.

But things aint like they used to be,
  I tell you, Parson Joy;
Folks aint so honest, nor so good,
  As when I was a boy.

When I was young, respect was paid
  To folks 'twere growin gray;
But now-days, when your hair is white,
  They say you've had your day.

Then meetin-horsen had no blinds,
  No steeple and no bell,
And folks heerd stern old doctrine 'bout
  The judgment, death, and hell.

We sang no triflin tunes, but psalms
  Just as King David writ 'em.
We'd no unpaid-for orgin, but
  A tunin fork to pitch 'em.

When deacons were 'lected by the church,
  They chose the oldish men;
They did not spose a gay, young sprig
  Could be a deacon then.

But worldly and new-fangled ways
  Hev crowded out the old;
And how my feelins hev been hurt,
  I'm sure cannot be told.

A piller in the house of God
  I've allus aimed to be—
A light sot in the candlestick,
  For all the world to see.

I wouldn't any ways hev took
  The office of a deacon,
But I must say, I think it queer
  They kinted Brother Beacon.

I know he's popular and smart,
  And plus, too, but then
I think such offices belong
  By right to older men.

I feel—I don't exactly know
  Just how, at Sunday meetin—
Somehow I do not feel to hum
  Even at conf'rence meetin.

I wouldn't be a deacon; but
  I tell you, Parson Joy,
Gray hairs and wuth don't hev respect
  As when I was a boy.

—[Home Journal.

The Largest Book in the World.

The trustees of the British Museum are in treaty for the purchase of the copy of the largest book in the world. Toward the close of the seventeenth century the reigning Emperor of China appointed an imperial commission to reprint in one vast collection all native works of interest and importance in every branch of literature. In the beginning of the following century the commission completed their labors, and were able to lay before the Emperor a very palpable proof of their diligence in the shape of a compilation consisting of 6,100 volumes, entitled "Kin ting keo kin too shoo tseih ching," or "An Illustrated Imperial Collection of Ancient and Modern Literature."

Only a small edition was printed off in the first instance, and before long the greater part of the copper types which had been cast for the undertaking were melted down and coined in cash. Accidents by fire and violence have considerably reduced the number of copies of the imperial edition originally printed, and it is believed that only a comparatively few now remain extant. The trustees of the British museum have become aware that one such copy has lately been offered for sale at Pekin, have entered into negotiations for its purchase, and it is much to be hoped that they may succeed in adding this rare and interesting collection to the national library.

HARD TIMES AHEAD.

Jake sauntered up to where Pete was sitting mending a whip lash.

"Pete, please, sir, lend me a quarter?"

"Is you a fool?" said Pete.

"Pay yer back next week, 'clar to grashus."

"Takin' up a kerlection to get into de circus, am ye?" again queried Pete.

"No, I ain't—I swar I ain't—I'm got a pertickler use for dat quarter to-day," earnestly urged Jake.

"Well, I can't negosheate de quarter fer ye to-day, Jake."

"Pay ye back, shore, Pete, ef I don't I hope I may die."

"Yer can't do it, chile, I tell yer! Dere's mighty hard times comin' nex' week—de cirkus be here, an'll bankrup' de town. 'Spose ye don't recomember dat de cirkus wid one elemphint last year nigh busted Atlanta, and now dis one's got four—tink o' dat!—four elemphints, an I tell yer money's gwine ter be keercer dan freedman banks round hyar nex' Go 'long, chile!"

ANNIE'S TICKET.

Maze, sir, I have brought you the ticket
  You gave her a short wake ago;
My own little girl I am mankin',
  The one wid the fair hair, ye know,
And the blue eyes so gentle and tinder,
  And swate as the angels above,
God help me, she's one of thim now, sir,
  And I've nothin' at all left to love.

It has come on me suddin' ye see, sir;
  She was niver an ailin' child,
Though her face was as white as a lily,
  And her ways just that quiet and mild.
The others was always a throuble,
  And botherin', too, everyway;
But the first tears as iver she cost me
  Are thim that I'm shoddin' to-day.

'Twas on Tuesday night that she sickened;
  She had been as blythe as a bird
All day, wid the ticket you gave her,
  And niver another word
But "Mammie, just think of the music!"
  And "Mammie they'll give us ice crame;
We can roll on the turf and pick posies
  Oh! Mammie, it's just like a drame."

And so, whin the faver kim on her,
  It samed the one thought in her brain:
'Twould have melted the heart in your breast, sir,
  To hear her again and again
Beggin' "Mammie, oh plase get me ready—
  I'll be bear will be gone off," say;
I hear the bell ring! where's my ticket?
  Oh! won't we be happy to-day?

Three days, sir, she raved wid a faver,
  Wid her face and her hands like a flame;
But on Friday, at noon, she grew quiet,
  And knew me and called me by name.
My heart gave a lape when I heard it;
  But oh, sir, it turned me to stone.
The look round the mouth, pinched and dhrawn like—
  I knew God had sent for his own.

And she knew it, too, sir, the crathur,
  And said, when I told her the day,
In her wake little voice, "Mammie, darlint,
  Don't cry 'cause I'm going away.
To-morrow they'll go to the picnic,
  They'll have beautiful times, I know;
But Heaven is like it, and bether,
  And so I am ready to go.

"And, Mammie, I ain't a bit frightened;
  There's many a little girl died,
And it seems like the dear lovin' Saviour
  Was standin' right here by my side.
Take my ticket, dear Mammie, and ask
  If some other child, poor and sad,
That hasn't got Heaven and Jesus,
  May go in my place and be glad."

And thin, "wish good bye, Mammie, darlint,"
  She drew my lips down to her own,
Thin the One that she left close beside her
  Bent too, and I sat there—alone.
And so I have brought you the ticket,
  Though my heart, sir, seems ready to break,
To ask you to make some poor crathur
  Feel glad for my dead darlint's sake.

—[Boston Transcript.

The New Church Organ.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

They've got a bran new organ, Sue,
  For all their fuss and search;
They've done just as they said they'd do,
  And fetched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen,
  And on the preacher's right
They've hoisted up their new machine,
  In everybody's sight.
They've got a'christer and choir,
  Agin *my* voice and vote;
For it was never *my* desire
  To praise the Lord by note.

I've been a sister good and true
  For five an' thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
  An' prayed my duty clear;
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
  Just as the preacher read,
And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
  I took the fork and led!
And, now, their bold, new-fangled ways
  Is comin' all about;
And I, right in our latter days,
  Am fairly crowded out.

To-day, the preacher, good old dear,
  With tears all in his eyes,
Read, "I can read my title clear
  To mansions in the skies."
I al'ays liked that blessed hymn—
  I s'pose I al'ays will;
It somehow gratifies *my* whim,
  In good old Ortonville;
But when that choir got up to sing,
  I couldn't catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gonest thing
  A body ever heard!

Some worldly chaps was standin' near,
  An' when I seen 'em grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
  And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase the tune along,
  An' tried with all my might;
But though my voice is good an' strong,
  I couldn't steer it right;
When they was high, then I was low,
  An' also contrawise;
And I too fast, or they too slow,
  To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know,
  They played a little tune;
I didn't understand, an' so
  I started in too soon.
I pitched it p'itty middlin' high,
  I fetched a lusty tone;
But oh, alas! I found that I
  Was singin' there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told;
  But I had done my best;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
  Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown—I could but look—
  She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin' book,
  An' never went to be;
But then she al'ays tried to do
  The best she could, she said;
She understood the time right through,
  An' kep' it, with her head;
But when she tried this mornin', oh,
  I had to laugh or cough!
It kep' her head a bobbin' so,
  It e'en a'most came off!

An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
  As one might well suppose,
He took one look at Sister Brown,
  An' meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn-book thro' an' thro'
  An' laid it on the seat,
An' then a pensive sigh he drew,
  An' looked completely beat.
An' when they took another bout,
  He didn't even rise,
But drawed his red bandanner out,
  An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,
  For five an' thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
  An' prayed my duty clear;
But death will stop my voice, I know,
  Now he's on my track;
An' some day I to church will go,
  An' never more come back;
An' when the folks get up to sing—
  Whene'er that time shall be—
I do not want no *patent* thing
  A squealin' over me!

A Trifling Exchange.

Said grave papa: "Why, Kitty, child,
  What do I on your finger see?"
"Oh, this, papa," the maiden said;
  "Why this, you know, Sam gave to me."
"And pray what right had Sam, my dear,
  My daughter's hand to fetter thus?"
"Oh, let me see!" Miss Kitty said—
  "It was the day he dined with us."

"He dined with us!" papa replied;
  "Pray what has that to do with it?"
"Why, nothing, sir; but then, you know,
  We tried to see if it would fit;
And then we couldn't get it off,
  Although we tried, and tried, and tried!"
"Poor child! *I'll* take it off at once,"
  With tenderness papa replied.

With blushes Kitty hung her head;
  "Oh, no, papa! because, you see,
Sam said, if *something* I'd give him,
  Why, he would give the ring to me."
"Oh, ah!" replied papa—"indeed!
  And pray what did you give him, miss?"
"Only a trifle, sir," she said;
  "He wanted, and I gave—a kiss!"

UNDER THE UMBRELLA.

The wind was damp with coming wet,
When James and blue-eyed Lizzie met;
He held a gingham o'er his head,
And to the maiden thus he said:

"O, lovely girl, my heart's afire
With love's unquenchable desire;
Say, dearest one, wilt thou be mine,
And join me in the grocery line?"

The maid in accents sweet replied:
"Jim, hold the umbrella more my side;
My brand-new bonnet's getting wet—
I'll marry yer, yer needn't fret."

Oh! the snore, the beautiful snore, filling the chamber from ceiling to floor! Over the coverlet, under the sheet, from her dimpled chin to her pretty feet. Now rising aloft like a bee in June, now sunk to the wail of a cracked bassoon! Now, flute-like, subsiding, then rising again, is the beautiful snore of Elizabeth Jane.

By the Seaside.

By the sad sea-shore at eve I stand,
Holding on to my hat with one hand.

The sun has sunk 'neath the silvery sea;
The autumn breeze blows a-cold to me.

Why do I linger so late alone?—
There's a charm for me in yon wave-washed stone.

Long years ago, when my life was young,
In the golden time that poets have sung,

Together *we* sat on that stone so wet—
How sharp it was I remember yet!

I asked her, Lucy, you'll be my wife?
Darling, I love you far more than life."

And then she answered, "I am so vexed,
But I'm to be married, this month or next.

"I should have told you....Always a friend...
I'd no idea...." So on to the end.

Soon were you married, my, love my dear;
And soon your husband found out, I hear,

That you *had* a temper: and he—ah, well,
How much you try him no words can tell.

No wonder I love, by the sounding sea,
The place where Lucy said "No" to me.

Mattie's Wants and Wishes.

I wants a piece of tattto
  To make my doll a dress;
I doesn't want a big piece—
  A yard'll do, I guess.

I wish you'd fred my needle,
  And find my fimble, too;
I has such heaps o' sewin'
  I don't know what to do.

My Hepsy tored her apron
  A-tum'lim down the stair,
And Cæsar's lost his pantaloons,
  And needs anuzzer pair.

I wants my Maud a bonnet—
  She hasn't none at all;
And Fred must have a jacket—
  His uzzer one's too small.

I wants to go to grandma's,
  You promised me I might;
I know she'll like to see me—
  I wants to go to-night.

She lets me wash the dishes,
  And see in grandpa's watch—
I wish I'd free—four pennies
  To buy some butter-scotch.

I wants some newer mittens;
  I wish you'd knit me some,
'Cause most my fingers freezes,
  They leak so in the fum.

I wored it out last summer
  A-pullin' George's sled—
I wish you wouldn't laugh so,
  It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cookie!
  I'm hungry's I can be;
If you hasn't pretty large ones
  You'd better bring me free.

What was Wanted.

She tied the new cravat
  Which she so kindly made me;
Then smoothed with care my hat,
  And with her arms delayed me.
She brushed my "glossy hair,"
  And said it was "so curly;"
While going down the stair
  She cried, "Come home, dear, early!"

How happy then was I
  With all I e'er desired!
I Fortune could defy
  While thus I was admired.
We parted at the door—
  Her smile deserved a sonnet:
"Dear love! but one thing more:
  I want—a Summer bonnet!"

IDIOMATIC.—A Frenchman soliciting relief of an English lady, said, gravely, to his fair hearer: "Madam, I nevaire beg, but dat I have von vife vid several small family, dat is growing very large, and nossing to make their bread out of but the perspiration of my own eyebrows."

THE BRANDED HAND.

WHITTIER'S POEM ON JONATHAN WALKER, 1846.

Welcom e home again, brave seaman! with thy
thoughtful brow and gray,
And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better
day—
With that front of calm endurance, on whose
steady nerve in vain
Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the fiery
shafts of pain!

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee? Did the brutal
craven's aim
To make God's truth thy falsehood, his hollest
work thy shame?
When all blood-quenched, from the torture the
iron was withdrawn
How laughed their evil angels the baffled fools to
scorn!

They change to wrong the duty which God hath
written out
On the great heart of humanity, too legible for
doubt!
They, the loathsome moral lepers, blotched from
footsole up to crown,
Give to shame what God hath given unto honor
and renown!

Why, that brand is highest honor!—than its traces
never yet
Upon the old armorial hatchments was a prouder
blazon set;
And thy unborn generations, as they tread our
rocky strand,
Shall tell with pride the story of their father's
BRANDED HAND!

As the Templar home was welcome, bearing
back from Syrian wars,
The scars of Arab lances and of Paynim scimetars,
The pallor of the prison, and the shackles' crimson span—
So we meet thee, so we greet thee, truest friend
of God and man.

He suffered for the ransom of the dear Redeemer's grave,
Thou for his living presence in the bound and
bleeding slave;
He for a soil no longer by the feet of angels trod,
Thou for the true Shekinah, the present home of
God!

For while the jurist sitting with the slave-whip
o'er him swung,—
From the tortured truth of freedom the lie of
slavery wrung,
And the solemn priest to Moloch, on each God-deserted shrine
Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured the
bondman's blood for wine—

While the multitude in blindness to a far-off
Saviour knelt,
And spurned the while the temple where a present Saviour dwelt,
Thou beheld'st him in the task-field, in the prison
shadows dim,
And thy mercy to the bondman, it was mercy
unto him.

In thy lone and long night-watches, sky above
and wave below,
Thou did'st learn a higher wisdom than the babbling school-men know;
God's stars and silence taught thee, as his angels
only can,
That the one sole sacred thing beneath the cope
of heaven is Man!

That he who treads profanely on the scrolls of law
and creed,
In the depths of God's great goodness may find
mercy in his need;
But woe to him who crushes the soul with chain
and rod
And herds with lower natures the awful form of
God.

Then lift that manly right hand, bold plowman of
the wave!
Its branded palm shall prophesy "Salvation to
the Slave!"
Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whoso
reads may feel
His heart swell strong within him, his sinews
change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our
northern air—
Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God,
look there!
Take it henceforth for your standard, like the
Bruce's heart of yore,
In the dark strife closing 'round ye, let that Hand
be seen before.

And the tyrants of the slave-land shall tremble
at the sign,
When it points its finger southward along the
Puritan line;
Woe to the state-gorged leeches and the Church's
locust band,
When they look from slavery's ramparts on the
[illegible]

Katie's Answer.

Och, Katie's a rogue, it is thrue,
But her eyes, like the skies, are so blue,
An' her dimples so swate,
An' her ankles so nate—
She dazed and she bothered me too.

Till one mornin' we wint for a ride,
Whin demure as a bride, by me side,
The darlint, she sat,
Wid the wickedest hat
'Neath a purty girl's chin iver tied.

An' me heart, arrah thin, how it bate—
For me Kate looked so temptin' an' swate,
Wid cheeks like the roses
An' all the red posies
That grow in her garden so nate.

But I sat just as mute as the dead,
Till she said, wid a toss uv her head,
"If I'd known that to-day
Ye'd have nothin' to say
I'd have gone wid me cousin instead."

Thin I filt mesilf grow very bowld,
For I knew she'd not scold, if I towld
Uv the love at me heart
That would niver depart,
Though I lived to be wrinkled an' owld.

An' I said, "If I dared to do so,
I'd lit go of this baste, an' I'd throw
Both me arms round yer waist,
An' be stalin' a taste
Uv thim lips that are coaxin' me so."

Thin she blushed a more illigent red,
As she said, widout raisin her head,
An' her eyes lookin' down
'Neath her lashes so brown,
"Would yer like me to dhrive, Misther Ted?"

ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN.—"One day," said Mr. Lincoln, "when I first came here, I got into a fit of musing in my room, and stood resting my elbows on the bureau. Looking into the glass, it struck me what an awfully ugly man I was. The fact grew on me, and I made up my mind that I must be the ugliest man in the world. It so maddened me that I resolved, should I ever see an uglier, I would shoot him at sight. Not long after this Andy ——" (naming a lawyer present) "came to town, and the first time I saw him I said to myself, 'There's the man.' I went home, took down my gun and prowled round the streets waiting for him. He soon came along. 'Halt, Andy,' said I, pointing my gun at him. 'Say your prayers, for I'm going to shoot you.'

"'Why, Mr. Lincoln, what is the matter? What have I done?'

"'Well, I made an oath that if I ever saw a man uglier than I am, I'd shoot him on the spot. You *are* uglier, sure; so make ready to die.'

"'Mr. Lincoln, do you really think I'm uglier than you?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, Mr. Lincoln,' replied Andy, deliberately, and looking me squarely in the face, 'if I *am* any uglier, *fire away!*'"
—*Harper's Magazine.*

"LOOK, love," he exclaimed, "only $15 for a suit of clothes!" "Is it a wedding suit?" she asked, looking naively at her lover. "Oh, no," he replied; "it's only a business suit." "Well, I mean business," she replied.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND GRAVES.

[Lines on the Union dead, suggested on reading the report of the Quartermaster-General that his Bureau has marked and registered the graves of three hundred thousand of the Union dead.]

BY JAMES C. CULLEN.

Hushed now is the shock of battle,
And silenced the war's hot breath;
Stilled, too, are the roar and rattle
Which herald the tread of death.
Peace, dove-eyed Peace, reigns over
Our martyrs and our braves;
But the Southern green sods cover
Three hundred thousand graves!

The graves of the Union soldier
Dot every Southern plain;
His bones in the greenwood moulder
Along the Southern main.
They're found by the fair Savannah,
Where the stately pine tree waves—
In the swamps of Louisiana—
Three hundred thousand graves!

Where the Mississippi glances
Through its lordly channel deep—
By the forest-fringed Arkansas
Our Northern heroes sleep.
They sleep by the bounding water,
Where the mountain torrent raves,
And count in the fields of slaughter
Three hundred thousand graves!

Where the indolent rivers carry
Their waters through tangled cane,
And seem to love to tarry
Beside our Northern slain;
On the cotton and rice plantation,
Where labored the dark-skinned slaves,
Those slain have bequeathed our nation
Three hundred thousand graves!

In the chaparrals dense which border
The far-off Southern seas,
Where the maize-plumes, ranked in order,
Wave in the Southern breeze;
There, too, you will find them slumb'ring—
And the vernal blossom paves
The sods on our martyrs, numb'ring
Three hundred thousand graves!

But the cause for which they perished
Is saved by the blood they shed,
And their sacred memory's cherished
The Good, the Brave, and the Dead!
We weep for the countless number—
Each one our affection craves.
They're ours, who fill in slumber
Three hundred thousand graves!

Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, May 20, 1868.

NOT DISAPPOINTED.—A mite of a boy, poorly dressed and barefooted, was wandering around the Central yesterday, in a chilly, hungry way. A pompous citizen, well dressed and carrying a big cane, caught sight of the boy and loudly called out:

"Here, you—come here!"

The boy approached, and the citizen demanded:

"Where are your shoes, sir?"

"Hain't got none."

"Aren't your feet cold?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you want some shoes?"

"Yes, sir."

"If I gave you a nickel what would you do with it?"

"What was left after getting my shoes out of it I'd invest in wind," demurely replied the boy.

He didn't get any to invest, but he was not disappointed. He never knew one of that style of men to give anything unless a reporter was on hand to make a note of it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BUMBLE-EEBEEDONTYOUSEE.

My name is Sir Bumble-eebeedontyousee,
And I'm living "in clover" just o'er on the lea;
I'm a jolly fat fellow, as ever you'll find,
But I'm valiant, and bold! now keep that in mind.

I gather my honey, from flowers all the day,
But I don't (as my consin's do) store it away;
Nor put it in combs, arranged on some shelves,
But my family and I only, eat it ourselves.

We're ready and able to take our own parts,
And for self-defense, carry some very sharp darts,
Very civil and quiet,—but sometimes I own,
Our dander gets up, if we're not let alone.

Little Dick the next neighbor was tramping around,
And put his big foot, in our nest in the ground,
What a stir there was made; but I drew out my lance
And pricked him! he left with a hop, skip, and dance.

He ran to a puddle as fast as he could,
And plastered it over with soft, thick, black mud,
I laughed, and I laughed, till I thought I would bust,
At the pain he endured from my hearty good thrust.

So friend's to you all, I just want to say,
If you ever should happen to travel our way,
Be careful! I warn you! and keep far from me,
Or I'll show you I'm Sir Bumble-eebeedontyou see.

CHRISTMAS ON THE STREET-CARS.

A CYNIC, who must have been a frequent passenger by the Third-avenue, or Bleecker-street, cars, between the hours of seven and nine, A. M., to judge from his truthful delineations, thus pours forth his lamentations:

Never full, pack 'em in!
Move up, fat men; squeeze in thin;
Trunks, valises, boxes, bundles,
Fill up gaps as on she tumbles.
Market-baskets without number,
Owners easy, nod in slumber;
Thirty seated, forty standing;
A dozen, or more, on either landing.
Old man lifts his signal-finger,
Car slacks up, but not a linger;
He's jerk'd aboard by sleeve or shoulder,
Shov'd inside to sweat and smolder.
Toes are trod on, hats are smashed,
Dresses soiled, hoop-skirts crashed;
Thieves are busy, bent on plunder,
Still we rattle on like thunder.
Packed together, unwashed bodies,
Bathed in fumes of whiskey-toddies,
Tobacco, cheese, and lager-bier,
Perfume the heated atmosphere;
Old boots, pipes, leather and tan—
And, if in luck, a "soap-fat man."
Aren't we jolly? What a blessing!
A horse-car hash, with such a dressing.

Woman.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her wo-man;
And when she woo'd with love so kind,
He then pronounced her wo,o-man;
But now when folly, dress and pride,
Their husband's pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of whims
That people call them whim-a-men!

JOHN JANKIN'S SERMON.

THE minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of giving;
If your life ain't nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use o' livin'?"
And that's what I say to wife, says I,
"There's Brown, the mis'rable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent toward buying a dinner."

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him a-givin' it right and left,
ust who was hit by his sermon.
Of course there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds o' cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'.
I don't think much of a man that gives
The Lord Amens at my preachin',
And spends his time the following week
In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swaller;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Not once, after that, to holler.
Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
Of course I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk,
It's very refreshing diet.

The minister hit 'em every time;
And when he spoke of fashion;
And a-riggin' out in bows and things,
As women's rulin' passion,
And a-comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin'
And a-nudging my wife, and says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, "That sermon's pat,
But man is a queer creation,
And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
Won't take the application."
Now if he had said a word about
My personal mode of sinnin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not set here a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As sort o' moral umbrellas.
Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brothers';
Go home," he says, "and wear the coats,
You've tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots o' smilin',
And lots o' lookin' at our pew;
It set my blood a-bilin'.
Says I to myself, "Our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him when meetin's out, that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter."

HERE is an Irish gentleman's letter to his son in college: "My dear son—I write to send you two pair of my old breeches, that you may have a new coat made out of them; also some new socks which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother send you two pounds without my knowledge, and for fear you may not use it wisely I have kept back half and only send you one. Your mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles which we think would have spread among the other girls if Tom had not had it before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings; if not you are an ass, and your mother and myself your affectionate parents."

THEY ARE COMING.

BY SAM BOOTH.

They are coming, they are coming,
Every week a thousand more,
From the crowded towns of Asia,
And the great Mongolian shore.
They leave their homes and fatherland,
With all that make them dear,
For better pay and better fare,
That wait the toilers here.
They leave their wives behind them,—
Their hopes are all before,—
They are coming, they are coming,
Every week a thousand more.

Beyond the great Pacific,
Where the ocean meets the sky,
Four hundred million Chinamen
Your vision may descry,
And every China steamship
That comes sailing up the bay,
Is filled to overflowing with
The children of Cathay.
And a thousand welcomes wait them
From their brethren on the shore;
They are coming, they are coming,
Every week a thousand more.

They are swarming in the cities,
They are crowding in the mines,
And they toil from morn till evening
Where a half a dollar shines.
They are weaving cloth and blankets,
They are making shirts and shoes,
And the tools of many a handicraft
They're learning how to use.
They wash our clothes, they make cigars,
They're keeping many a store;
They are coming, they are coming,
Every week a thousand more.

They are cooking in the kitchen,
To poor Bridget's dire dismay;
They are working on the railroads
For about six bits a day.
They are minding little babies;
They are delving in the sod,
And building shanties for themselves,
And temples for their god.
They are peddling fruit and vegetables
Round from door to door,—
They are coming, they are coming,
Every week a thousand more.

They are bringing plague and pestilence
In fever laden ships,
And taking gold and silver back
On their returning trips.
They are bringing hordes of prostitutes
To ply their trade of shame,
And breeding vice and foul disease
Too horrible to name.
In fetid lanes and alleys
They are like a festering sore.
They are coming, they are coming,
Every week a thousand more.

They are traveling up our valleys,
Singly and in dusky files,
In stages, cars, and e'en on foot,
The long and dusty miles.
From Great Salt Lake to Frisco,—
From La Paz to Puget Sound,
There's not a camp nor settlement
Where "John" may not be found.
A hundred thousand Chinamen
Have come this way before,—
They are coming, coming, coming,
Every week a thousand more.

Josh Billings' Good Rezolushuns.

That i won't smoke enny more cigars only at sum body else's expense.

That i won't borry nor lend—espeshily lend.

That i will live within my inkum, if i have tew git trusted tew do it.

That i won't advise ennybody, until i kno the kind of advise they are anxious to follow.

That i won't wear enny more tite boots, if i have tew go barefoot tew do it.

That i won't swear enny, unless i am under oath.

That i will take mi whiskey hereafter straight—straight tew the gutter.

That the world owes me a living—provided i earn it.

That if a man kalls me a phool, i won't ask him to prove it.

That if a man tells me a mule won't kik, i will beleave what he says without trieing it.

That the best time tew repent ov a blunder iz just before the blunder iz made.

That i will try hard to be honest, but it will be just mi darned luk to miss it.

That i will love mi mother-in-law if it takes all the money i kan earn to do it.

That i beleave real good lies are getting skars—and skarser every day.

GO, PLACE THE WREATH.

[Lines on the Southern dead on observing a Confederate soldier interred in a National Cemetery.]

BY JAMES C. CULLEN.

Go, place this wreath upon his grave,
Where yonder weeping willow bends;
Just say, "The Union soldier sends
This tribute to the Southern brave."

Go, place this wreath—here, take this too—
This fair, white rose, so large, so round;
Go, lay it on his little mound,
So near my comrades tried and true.

Go, place this wreath above his clay;
It matters not upon which side
He fought or fell, or how he died,
Enough—he perished in the fray!

Go, place this wreath; his warlike fame
Has gained him friends from former foes,
For he who fought or faced him knows
That valor has enshrined his name.

Go, place this wreath, we'll speak his praise,
And tell how fiery-like he came
Upon our parapets aflame,
Against our battle lines ablaze!

Go, place this wreath upon his bed;
We all remember how he pressed
Up hillslope to its deadly crest,
Through shot, and shell, and storms of lead!

Go, place this wreath; you need not say
In what "lost cause" he fought or died;
The brave can not the brave deride,
Nor desecrate their hallowed clay.

Go, place this wreath, and say we claim—
Mark you! say all the boys-in-blue—
Some praise to Southern valor due,
Some honor in its martial fame.

Go, place this wreath upon his grave,
And mark upon his little stone
His name—stop! 'tis to me unknown,
But write, "The Ever Living Brave."

Fort Leavenworth, May 29, 1873.

James Parton's Baby.

It is stated that "Mr. James Parton is rejoicing over his first baby." Parton? Parton? Yes, we remember, now. Mr. Parton married Fanny Fern. Was her third husband. And when she died he married her daughter—his stepdaughter. But he could not endure the idea of being a stepfather. It was repugnant to his feelings. So he married her, and then discovered the laws of the State did not recognize such marriages, and asked the lawmakers to make a little law for him, but they refused, and he moved off the premises without notifying the landlord, since which time we had not heard of him until this baby reminded us of these things. But what bothers us now is to fix Mr. Parton's relationship—or rather his numerous relationships—to that baby. In the first place, ought we to call him a father or grandfather? Because it is his child, and his grandchild. But if that baby is his grandchild, and Parton is its father, bless us, Parton must be brother to himself! That is quite clear. And if Parton is his own brother, why, then, he must be uncle to that baby. That follows, of course. And if he is uncle to the baby his wife must be its aunt. Why, there is no end to this confusion. Of course, Mrs. Parton can't be aunt and mother at the same time. The idea is absurd. We see now where we were in error. The exact relationship may be stated thus: Parton is a father, and—is it a half or fourth grandfather? No matter; call it a half. Consequently that baby is—is—. Now, Fanny Fern took him as her third husband, and Parton's present wife being her daughter, and not his, that daughter's baby is no kin to him. This sounds absurd, too, very. Allowing it is Parton's child, to begin with. Parton is its father, and he is just as much its grandfather, unless it is the intention not to permit the poor thing to have any grandfather at all. Now, if it is his grandchild, and he was Fanny Fern's third husband, and this baby is the child of her daughter, every time he takes it on his knee—it couldn't possibly be twins, could it? No, that isn't it. Yet there does appear to be two generations in that one baby somehow. The idea of dandling two generations on one knee! That is the most ridiculous idea of all. Why if that child were really Fanny Fern's daughter's child, and Parton was third husband to Fanny, and father to her daughter now, it isn't possible Parton could pick himself up and dandle himself on his own knee! This is the most serious matrimonial complication we ever tried to solve. We are unable to do more than crack the shell; the real kernel appears to be shrouded in complications as numerous as the folds enwrapping an Egyptian mummy. We are afraid to pursue the subject any further, lest the horrible suspicion that dawns upon us that the baby should prove to be Parton's father should be verified. As it is, we think it ought not to be Parton's father.—[Pittsburgh Chronicle.

A MEMORABLE LIST.

The People who Lived in Yerba Buena When the American Flag was First Raised.

Mr. Wm. H. Davis, who has resided in San Francisco continuously for over thirty-nine years has made out for THE CALL the following list of residents in this peninsula, July 10th, 1846, when the American flag was first raised. The list he believes to comprise the name of every family and individual then in the settlement known as Yerba Buena, now called San Francisco. It will be very interesting to our old settlers, as well as to future generations. The names of the heads of families are given, with the number of houses, stores, or other buildings owned or occupied by each:

	Number in family.	Number of houses.
Nathan Spear and family	4	3
Mrs. Wm. S. Hinckley and family.	3	1
W. A. Leidesdorff, a'k's and s't's.	6	2
Jack Fuller and family	10	2
John Sullivan and brother	2	..
Peter Sherrebeck and family	8	1
John V. Vicget and family	7	2
Robert T. Ridley and family	4	1
Juana Briones and family	10	1
A. A. Andrews and family	6	1
Thompson & Bennett and serv'ts.	6	1
Wm. Reynolds	1	..
John Rose	1	..
John C. Davis and family	5	1
John Finch	1	1
Jesus Noe (Alcalde) and family	10	1
Vincente Miramontes and family.	8	1
Henry Mellus	1	..
Wm. D. M. Howard and family	4	2
Joseph P. Thompson	1	..
Josiah Belden	1	..
Wm Basham	1	..
Henry F. Teschemacher	1	..
—— Hoen	1	..
Wm. H. Davis	1	..
Richard M. Sherman	1	..
Eliab Grimes	1	..
Wm. A. Richardson and family	6	..
Andreas Hoeppner and wife	2	..
Blas Angelius and family	4	..
John Evens and family	3	..
—— Dourherty and family	4	..
Jose Ramirez	1	..
Wm. Hood	1	..
Wm. Patterson	1	1
Wm. M. Smith	1	..
Benito Diaz and family	6	..
Francis Mellus	1	..
Mrs. Montgomery (afterward married Talbot H. Green)	1	..
Grigoria Escalante	1	..
Victor Prudon and family	4	1
Capt. Mariano Silva (Captain of the port) and family	4	..
Juan Padillo	1	..
Chas. Klein	1	..
George Denecke	1	..
Jacob Dorken	1	..
Wm Johnson	1	..
Wm. Thompson	1	..

MISSION SAN FRANCISCO DE ASIS.

	No. in family.
Candelario Valencia and family	15
Francisco de Hara and family	15
Francisco Guerrero and family	8
Carmen Cibrian and family	8
Tiburcio Vasques and family	16
Jose Galindo and family	4
Domingo Feliz and family	5
Francisco Sanchez and family	12
Padre Brudencio Santillan and servant	4
Felipe Gomez and family	5
Felipe Soto	1
Jesus Valencia and family	10
Antonio Feliz	1
Total population	255

ROME.

WALK IN MILLER:

[*A la* Flowing Yellow Hair, Mexican *Sombrero*, Vaquero Lasso, Flamingo Necktie, Red-Topped Boots.]

SOLUS:

And this is Rome!
The "Eternal City"——
Eternal Granny!

Why, is *this* Rome?
Ruins and rags,
Crosses and thieves,
Priests and hags,
Pontiff make-believes,
Leper and slave,
Cur and knave,
And *nymphs de pave?*
If this yar's Rome,
I'm off for home!

WALK OUT MILLER:

[*A la Anathema.*]

Rome be d——d!
I've been to Rome:
I've stood upon
The Tarpeian Rock,
(To me a mock,
A bean to Shasta!)
And, if I bust,
I'll pitch that *loam*
Into the eyes
Of Papal Rome——
Rome be d——d!

Rome be cussed!
I've been to Rome;
I'll make Rome howl!
The Pope's a fop,
Beggars about
The only crop;
Vatican beats
Patrol the streets,
The Tiber's a sluice
Of malarial juice,
The "Holy See,"
Too thin for me!
I'll paste a noster
Upon the nose
Of whomsoever
A *noster* shows——
To *Hades* with Rome!

CARD:

My name is Miller,
Mill of the gods,
I grind 'em coarse,
But d—d the odds!
Joaquin's my *cog.*;
Can jump the briar,
Can leap the frog,
And thump the lyre.

RECITATIVE:

I'm a Modoc!
An Amazon!
A fiery Filibuster!
I can wallop
The Pope's Bull
In a bob-tailed
Linen Duster!

War-Whoop—Scalp-Dance—Lasso-Fling—Papoose Yell.

DUST OUT MILLER.

HIS BAGGAGE.

"That seat is engaged," said a pretty maid,
As I entered the steam cars one day;
"To whom?" "A young gentleman," pouting, she said,
"Then where is his baggage, I pray?"

Her ruby lips opened like rosebuds in Spring,
Her face in deep blushes was dyed,
As muttering crossly, "You hateful old thing!
Why I am his baggage," she cried.

Two Versions.

BY EDGAR ALLEN.

The Minister's Version.

I.

The sun is rising in the east,
And ush'ring in the day—
Our eyes upon his glories feast
As glad we hold our way.
Our vessel stout is bounding on
O'er ocean's waves so blue,
And we from home and friends are gone—
The Master's work to do.

II.

Glad tidings for the heathen we
To distant lands must bear;
His mind, benighted, we must free,
From all the guile that's there—
Must tell him of the Savior's birth,
The narrow path He trod,
His miracles, His death on earth,
His glad ascent to God.

III.

Must tell him of the Father's love
For erring, sinful man—
Must bid him turn to Him above:
Not rest beneath His ban.

* * * * * * *

A sail!—a sail!"—a snowy speck,
Far, far away appeared,
And all hands crowded on our deck
To watch it as it neared.

IV.

A cry of fear escaped each lip,
And wildly glared each eye,
When, scarce a mile away, that ship
Raised her dread banner high.
For, black as night, that flag was seen,
There skull and cross-bones blazed—
It spoke the pirate's bark, I ween:
We trembled as we gazed.

V.

Our gallant Captain cried aloud,
"Bring forth each gun," he said;
"They shall not take our vessel proud
Till all of us are dead!"
"No!" said our leader, "not a gun;
No; not a sword need we;
But kneel ye to the Eternal One—
'Vengeance is mine!' saith He."

VI.

We kneeled. On came the pirate dark—
Nearer and yet more near—
Till scarce a stone's throw from our bark,
And yet we felt no fear.
We prayed unto the Living God:
He heard His servants pray—
For, lo! the pirate seemed dismayed,
And turned and sailed away.

A NEW STORY OF HORACE GREELEY.—A writer in the St. Paul *Press* tells a new story of Horace Greeley. Horace wrote a note to a brother editor in New York, whose writing was equally illegible with his own. The recipient of the note not being able to read it, sent it back by the same messenger to Mr. Greeley for elucidation. Supposing it to be the answer to his own note, Mr. Greeley looked over it, but likewise was unable to read it, and said to the boy: "Go, take it back. What does the —— fool mean?" "Yes, sir," said the boy, "that is just what he says."

Jack's Version.

I.

Cumrades, I've jist been down to church
To hear the parson tell
About the 'golden harps' of heav'n
An' 'brimstone fires' of hell.
He pray'd an' preached like a jolly dog,
An' spun a yarn, ye know,
How he'n some other gospel chaps
Had a m'rac'lous 'scape long 'go.

II.

A pirate craft was a-bearin down
Upon his ship, he'd say;
But when he prayed unto his Lord,
She turned and sailed away.
I a'most choked myself to death
To keep from laffin'! For why?
I knowed about the thing, ye see,
An' his yarn's a tarnal lie.

III.

'Twas jist ten years ago to-day;
The thing it come about.
I'd bunked upon a pirate craft
To catch some merchants out.
The second day of our fust v'y'ge
We seed a sail, ye see,
An' we made chase to get 'longside
An' see what it mout be.

IV.

Well, sartin sure, we got so near
We h'isted up our flag;
An' they was skeered—yes, d—n their eyes—
At seein' our jolly rag!
We thought they'd fight, or else they'd run;
But, shiver my timbers, no—
They was the d—dest fools you'd find
If round the world you'd go.

V.

They didn't h'ist an extra sail
Nor handle a cussed gun.
At fust we 'sposed they didn't know how
To fight nor how to run.
An' sartin sure, when we came near—
It makes me laugh to tell!—
The lubbers all was on their knees
A-prayin' away like h—l.

VI.

Our Cap'n fetched one look at them,
Then to his tars says he,
"Them there's some missionary fools;
I guess we'll let 'em be.
It ain't no use to cut their throats,
An' the 'Lord's chosen' say
They hain't got not a dollar, an'
I'm d—d if it'll pay!"

LITTLE BIRDIE.

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away;
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her nest at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger,
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.—*Tennyson.*

AN UNFORTUNATE NAME.

A Man Whose Cognomen Stood in the Way of His Obtaining an Office.

[From the Boston Advertiser.]

One of the most difficult things the new Mayor of Boston has had to encounter since his introduction into office, is the adjusting of supply and demand; that is, in the way of official positions, more especially on the police force. Here, with about 800 positions all full, he is asked by eager applicants to make room for 1,200 or 1,500, and the avalanche of petitions, crowd of personal applications, and private button-holings in the street, that the city's Chief Magistrate has experienced, have buried his private secretary out of sight, and the Mayor nervous at the approach of anybody with a paper in his hand, and to be in a great hurry in the street when any acquaintance bows and half halts, as if to speak with him.

The other day an applicant, who, by his prepossessing appearance, managed to hold the Mayor's attention for a brief period, improved the opportunity somewhat in the following style:

"If your Honor will look at my paper you will see I'm an American citizen and a good Democrat."

Mayor—"Indeed! Well, my friend and good Democrat, what can I do for you?"

Applicant—If there's a chance on the police——"

Mayor (wearily)—"My good fellow, there are no vacancies, and a thousand applicants."

Applicants—"But, your Honor, I'm a Democrat, and——"

Mayor—"Very likely; so are hundreds of the applicants."

Applicant—"But, your Honor, I go for——"

Mayor—"Cannot help who you go for; there is no vacancy."

Applicant—"But, your Honor, I uphold——"

Mayor seizing a pen in deperation)—"My good fellow, I'll take your name, no matter whom you uphold."

Applicant—"Hayes n' Wheeler, your Honor."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" said the Mayor, sharply, bringing his gray mustache together tightly over his lips, and his frown making his eye glasses leap off his nose.

"I mean, sir, that it's Hayes n' Wheeler that I——"

"You needn't go on, sir," said the Mayor, laying down his pen. "I didn't want to know your political preferences, but your name."

"Yes, your Honor," said the applicant, growing red and excited, "and I want your Honor to know that it's Hayes 'n Wheeler."

"Mr. Babbitt," said the Mayor to his Secretary, "perhaps you will show this gentleman a more appropriate place to express his preference for the Republican candidates, as he seems to persist in doing."

"I don't go for no Republican candidates, said the applicant, dancing round the room; "I'm a Democrat—confound the name!"

At this period the Mayor's secretary, who had reached the man, and glancing down upon the paper he held in his hand, saw the usual phrase that it recommended Mr. ——, etc., etc.

Babbitt smiled and whispered a word in the Mayor's ear, who also smiled, picked up his pen again, and said to the man, who stood the picture of despair, "How do you spell your name, sir?"

"H-a, Ha, z-e-n, Hazen, W-h double e, Wheeler, h-e-r, Wheeler, Hazen Wheeler."

"Ah!" said the Mayor, "excuse me, Mr. Wheeler; I'll make a memorandum, and you may be sure I shall remember this interview."

"Be agood careful how you give your first name just now in Democratic society," whispered Babbitt to the man, as he escorted him to the door.

THE COUNTRY ALBUM.

Lookin' at the old album, are you?
Well, it ain't no great shakes to see;
But I like to look at pictures, too,
And can tell you, perhaps, whose they be.
It belonged to my sister Abbie;
And when new t'was right hard to beat;
But the thing's got a trifle shabby,
And the pesky clasps won't meet.

The first one's Aunt Jane, with her wig on;
Then comes Uncle John, with his specs;
And next their two sons, Zeph and Solon,
With spick-span new stocks 'round their necks.
Them are Ned Grim's boys, on the next page;
I made every one of their suits;
Seth, the big chap, had just come of age,
And Fred had his first red-topp'd boots.

That's cousin Matilda's first husband,
Who'll be dead thirteen years next spring;
He left her the homestead at Upland;
But now she don't own anything.
She was such a romantic creature,
And would have his picture made so,
With vines growin' 'round a pillar,
And an urn at his left elbow.

And here is Matilda's own picture,
Taken ten years ago or more,
On the day that the Squire married her;
I remember the dress which she wore.
You see, that limb Reub would go with her,
And just as the picture was made,
She was tryin' hard not to snicker
At something or other he'd said!

Let me see: this is Captain Stiger,
That was killed in the war down South;
They say that he fit like a tiger,
And fell at the cannon's mouth!
The next one is his sweetheart's picture,—
Miss Meigs—she's the old maid, you know,
That lives with good Deacon Ritter
And is the district school-marm now.

Here's the last and the oddest of all;
I wonder whose phiz it can be?
It's as homely as any stone wall;
Why such people sir, I can't see.
Them curls, hangin' down in such masses,
Remind me of some one I've known;
Just wait till I put on my glasses—
Why, bless me, the picture's my own!

—*Hugh Mility.*

A Novel Alphabet.

A was a traitor, hung by the hair.—Samuel, xviii., 9.
B was a folly, built high in the air.—Genesis, xi., 9.
C was a fountain o'erlooking the sea.—I. Kings, xviii., 42–45.
D was a muse buried under a tree.—Genesis, xxxv., 8.
E was a first-born, bad from his youth.—Hebrews, xi., 16.
F was a ruler, who trembled at truth.—Acts. xxiv., 25.
G was a messenger sent with good word.—Daniel, ix., 21.
H was a mother loaned to the Lord.—I. Samuel, i., 27–28.
I was a name received of the Lord.—Genesis, xxxii., 22–28.
J was a shepherd in Arabian land.—Exodus, iii., 1.
K was a place near the desert of sand.—Deuteronomy, i., 10.
L was a pauper, begging his bread.—Luke, xvi., 20–21.
M was an idol, an object of dread.—Leviticus, xx., 2–3.
N was an architect ages ago.—Genesis, vi., 13–23.
O was a rampart to keep out the foe.—II. Chronicles, xxvii., 3–4.
P was an isle, whence a saint looked above.—Revelations, i., 4–9.
Q was a Christian saluted in love.—Romans, xvi., 23.
R was an obscure, yet a mother of kings.—Matthew, i., 5.
S was a Danite, who did wonderful things.—Judges, xiv., 5–6.
T was a city that had a strong hold.—II. Samuel, xxiv., 7.
U was a country productive of gold.—Jeremiah, x., 9.
V was a Queen whom a King set aside.—Esther, i., 10–22.
Z was a place where a man wished to hide.—Genesis, xix., 1.

Read II. Timothy. iii., 15.

Maud Muller worked at raking hay
And cleared her forty cents a day.

Her clothes were coarse, but her health was fine,
And so she worked in the sweet sunshine.

Singing as glad as a bird in May
"Barbary Allen" the live-long day.

She often glanced at the far-off town,
And wondered if eggs were up or down.

And the sweet song died of a strange disease,
Leaving a phantom taste of cheese,

And an appetite and a nameless ache
For soda water and ginger cake.

The Judge rode slowly into view,
Stopped his horse in the shade and threw

His fineeut out, while the blushing Maud
Marveled much at the kind he "chawed."

"He was 'dry as a fish,'" he said with a wink,
"And kind-o' thought that a good square drink

"Would brace him up." So the cup was filled
With the crystal wine that the old spring spilled;

And she gave it him with a sun-browned hand.
"Thanks," said the Judge in accents bland,

"A thousand thanks! for a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand," but there he laughed.

And the sweet girl stood in the sun that day,
And raked the Judge instead of hay.

QUILL-DRIVERS.

A Poem in Which the Standard Writers of the Metropolis are Portrayed in an Impartial Manner.

BY HECTOR A. STUART.

Oh, for a voice like Parson Stone,
Or trump by Doctor Stebbins blown,
To roll in thunder-strains the skill
Of those who drive the public quill!

Who guides with foresight passing all,
The genius of the *Morning Call*,
And villains makes for quarter bawl?
PICKERING.

He guides the mighty *Bulletin*,
And what it seeks with force to win,
And batter down official sin:
FITCH.

A brilliant man, whose caustic pen
Is terror to corrupted men—
When shall we see his like again?
HARRY GEORGE.

An editor of judgment sound,
With skill by long experience crowned—
His equal cannot here be found:
HIGGINS.

A poet—now an editor—
On vice he wages ruthless war,
And growls at bardlings in the raw:
SOULE.

A writer of unusual power,
Whose satire's sometimes rather sour
And makes the hardest natures cower:
PENN JOHNSON.

A varied scribe of cynic wit:
All follies rather prone to hit
And shatter things by fogies writ:
TOM A. HAWK.

A veteran journalist, who writes
With ease that every one delights,
And for his own opinions fights:
LAWRENCE.

A man who might have won the bays—
A writer of successful plays—
Monopolists inclined to haze:
BAUSMAN.

A flasher of Promethian fire,
Who often strikes a thundering lyre,
And claims a monkey as his sire:
KENDALL.

Profoundly versed in ancient lore;
Inclined the mystic to explore
And hearts diseased to health restore:
WOOSTER.

A journalist renowned of yore;
A powerful writer—one who bore
The palm of cutting to the core:
J. MACDONOUGH FOARD.

A gentle youth, of talent bright—
A steady and a rising light;
He yet will swing a pen of might:
CHARLEY JOHNSON.

One of the sharpest quills in town,
Who "Lokalitems" does up brown
Or knocks a Legislator down:
NEWCOMB.

A saintly man of some pretense,
Who pills or precepts can dispense,
And talk on temperance rather dense:
GIBBONS.

A keen, sagacious, writing blade;
For lancing blockheads aptly made,
By paragraph or jesquinade:
VIVIAN.

A critic and an artist; one
Whose work is good and neatly done,
And for Fred Marriott duly spun:
WHYMPER.

A photographic blade, who writes
And caustic lecturer oft indites,
And at Corruption fiercely bites:
SUMNER.

A statesman and a writer skilled,
With sense of justice duly filled,
And slightly on some things self-willed:
ROACH.

A chirping, pompous little fellow—
Despite his size, inclined to bellow,
In criticism rather mellow:
BOWMAN.

He rings the changes of the day,
And shrewdly writes upon a play—
A true Bohemian somewhat gay:
LARKYNS.

Endowed with scientific lore,
He putters with this planet's core,
And longs to roast the world galore:
CAXTON.

Who well, if he were wont, could sing,
And boldly strike the sounding string—
A noble man in everything:
T. B. LEWIS.

A man of generous instincts fine,
Who can indite a telling line,
And well in politics can shine:
BADLAM.

A rather skillful editor,
Well-learned in all the points of law,
Who 'gainst the Chinese wages war:
PIXLEY.

One of the sweetest bards, whose lays
Are welcomed with enduring praise,
But scorns to wear the crowning bays:
MRS. DEMING.

A sweet-toned votary of the lyre,
Whose songs can tender thoughts inspire,
Touched with the true poetic fire:
MRS. ROGERS.

A sharp-cut wielder of the quill,
Who deftly scales Parnassus' hill,
And knocks down parsons with a will:
CAPTAIN ROGERS.

A Colonel on the *Alta* staff;
An able man, inclined to laugh,
Who sometimes puffs a stage-giraffe:
MCCOMB.

A man who never wrote a trope,
With Christian dogmas prone to cope,
And prate of the Pacific slope:
HITTELL.

A rather clever-witted chap,
Whose writings, like a cracker snap,
And "chronic ills" unseemly rap:
SUTHERLAND.

Another keen-edged penman, who
Full many an actor's learned to rue—
Who likes a blundering fool to hew:
JOHNS.

The "news detective" of the *Call*,
Who subtly haunts the Police Hall,
And of his tribe lays over all:
STOCK.

A steady, able man, who wields
A facile pen in rural fields,
And under "we" his talent shields:
YALE.

A genius somewhat deeply read,
Who clippeth for his daily bread,
And boasts a most sagacious head:
SCHUCK.

A man of marked ability,
Who writes of art impartially
And gloats o'er mountain scenery:
AYRES.

A sturdy man, of cultured sense,
Who's never found upon the fence—
Whose thoughts are sound and never daft:
BASSETT.

A worthy man, who should succeed;
The *Post* has had him long in lead—
His writings often have a head:
MURPHY.

A Spanish scholar most profound,
Who tangled ethics can expound,
And often with his wit astound:
HERRERA.

A courtly, able-bodied priest,
Who seems on more than grace to feast;
His style and shirt are seldom creased:
GALLAGHER.

A sallow, grim-faced sermonizer;
In Scripture learning quite a Kaiser;
His shabby clothes prove him a miser:
BIRDSALL.

A wight who worships Bret Harte's trash,
And over poets cracks his lash;
A fussy critic, rather brash:
WILLIAMS.

A weaver who can weave a line
That sometimes glows with light divine—
O'er played-out garments apt to whine:
SAM BOOTH.

An actor fond of butterflies,
Who gloats o'er bugs with frenzied eyes,
And deems a tick a Heavenly prize:
HARRY EDWARDS.

Endowed with an astounding bawl,
By nature meant a roll to call,
And foemen with a stuffed-club maul:
BORUCK.

A whole-souled, gallant cavalier,
Whose prose is easy, sharp and clear;
A yacht and trotter he can steer:
POGGES.

A Kanuck, haughty as a frog;
A rhymster rather apt to sog—
His prose would magnetize a dog:
THOMPSON.

A man with many a knowing bump,
On ethics somewhat prone to hump,
But rarely makes himself a gump:
DAGGETT.

A man who fain would be a poet—
Has talent, but don't always show it;
He rides a goat, and's apt to go it:
JOE GOODMAN.

A cackling gander, belching verses,
Who sweetness of: aloud rehearses,
Well paid therefor in lusty curses:
MAYBELL.

The Achilles of the writing band;
Upon the ladies he smiles bland
And fancies he's in Spanish land:
CREMONY.

A scribe of forty-parson power,
Terrific in a bilious hour—
Before him sturdy statesmen cower:
BELL.

The Adonis of the scribbling gang,
Who makes a stagy oob go lang;
His wit is like a cannon bang:
BARNES.

The great rumfustian ram, who bleats
His doggerel to dramatic beats;
He needs a pair of winding-sheets:
LEMAN

A doctor who can write with skill,
But rarely drives an inky quill,
And grounds Disease with many a pill:
COLEMAN.

One of old Galen's favored sons,
He shoots at Death with rifled guns,
And writing, many a Scotchman stuns:
MCNUTT.

A pompous fraud, now far away,
The great trash-rhymer of the day,
Who shrewdly makes his humbug pay:
HARTE.

A bantling hatched by roosters three;
Possessed of some ability—
In all his actions womanly:
STODDARD.

The mustang poet of the times;
Powerful but cranky in his rhymes—
His earnestness his work sublimes:
JOAQUIN MILLER.

A man of humor—not of wit—
Who can indite a funny skit,
And many a sturdy waistband split:
MARK TWAIN.

A misanthropic, angry sage,
Who war against the world will wage;
In fables oft his wrath assuage:
DOBB.

A lady somewhat masculine;
In poetry inclined to shine,
And strike a chord at times divine:
GOLDWAITHE LYLE.

A holy man, of oily sense,
Who never cares a fig for pence,
And deems himself a power immense:
BARTLETT.

A servant once of Uncle Sam;
In writing oft a crazy ram;
He butts, and doesn't care a d—n:
BOGART.

In height a very grenadier;
A man whose pen delinquents fear—
Who sometimes foams like bottled beer:
P. J. MURPHY.

The big ink-slinger of the age,
Who vents in paragraphs his rage,
And howls upon the lecture-stage:
MCDONALD.

A bird that pipes a dreary strain,
And seems to suffer acute pain.
Oh, Lord! pray make her well again!
INA COOLBRITH.

A bard as fat as Cavalier;
Whose lyrics ring in numbers clear—
A judge of women, sheep and beer:
DAN O'CONNELL.

A frisky lambkin, fond of bleating,
And poorly others' notes repeating;
Some day, egad, he'll get a beating!
DAN BERRY.

A female scribe, half mad on writing
Weak letters from abroad inditing;
Oh, Death! can'st thou not send her kiting?
OLIVE HARPER.

The *Transcript* every morning shows
To Oakland's wits how much he knows,
How curt are his ear-splitting blows:
BISHOP.

In Alameda he hangs out,
And spars in many an inky bout,
And often puts his foes to rout:
KRAUTH.

A negro who has writ a play—
He's crazy as a loon, they say!
Oh, choke him with a bale of hay!
SHAKSPEARE JOEL A. A. AMOS.

One of old Blackstone's followers shrewd;
A chief among the scribbling brood,
Who sues but never can be sued:
FERRALL.

A writer of long-winded plays,
Who longs to thunder on the baize,
And William Shakspeare overlays:
DELACY.

The poor inventor's ready friend,
Yet sometimes loth to condescend,
He makes his "*Presses*" far extend:
DEWEY.

A youth who from the rostrum bawls,
Who often talks to empty halls,
And oft a country scribbler mauls:
MCEWEN.

As beautiful as Venus she
Writes like a man, with energy—
Too fair, too talented for me:
DORA DARMOORE.

A pious youth, inclined to fly
And soar in the dramatic sky—
You'll know him by his wicked eye:
CLAY GREEN.

The greatest laugher of the age—
His genius covers many a page;
And who his bull-like voice can guage?
LOOMIS.

A creature lovelier than a rose,
Who scribbling often talent shows;
She's said to have a Grecian nose:
ADDIE.

From San Rafael she often writes,
And with her simpering style delights;
Her beauty scares the rural knights:
ELOISE.

A humble, pious man, whose aim
Is to advance another's fame,
And in oblivion veil his name:
HECTOR A. STUART.

A man whose unimposing feet
Have half this planet's surface beat;
His writings always are a treat:
ROSS BROWNE.

The Bishop of this Diocese,
The ladies' holy altar-piece—
Admired by sanctimonious geese:
BISHOP KIP.

A potent howler of hell-fire,
Who fancies Grant is Heaven's sire
And wallows in official mire:
HALLELUJAH COX.

A shaven head who plies the birch
Above the sinner-roasting Church—
In rounding periods apt to lurch:
ALEMANY.

His trumpet has a stunning sound;
The prime of all our parsons crowned—
A silvery belcher not profound:
STONE.

Well-read in tertiary stuff,
She talks until we cry enough;
Though soft her style, her subject's tough:
MRS. CARR.

A man who was a sort of poet,
But couldn't make this d—d world know it,
And wisely swore he would forego it:
NEALEY.

A being proud of his great station;
Whose style is troubled with inflation,
And often greeted with damnation:
STEBBINS.

One of the soul-bedeviling race,
His sermons have an earnest grace—
There's angel written in his face:
CUNNIGHAM.

The Nestor of the preachers here,
His learning jars upon the ear;
Inclined to cant, but often clear:
SCOTT.

One of the long-gowned, lofty crew
Who preach to the rich-bellied few—
A preacher able, Christian true:
PLATT.

A knowing owl, blown out with knowledge
As big as from here to the Sol edge;
A fearful hooter in a college:
PROFESSOR CARR.

A youth who needs a pair of shears
To clip six inches from his ears,
As wit, as ass, in turn appears:
CORRY S. PONDENT.

The *Evening Post's* chief engineer,
Who shrewdly runs the business gear,
And scribbles once or twice a year:
HINTON.

A lady of the fiction school,
Who poets rates by girlish rule,
And swears that "Caliban's" a fool:
MAY WENTWORTH.

A lady half mad on her sex,
Whose writings froth like double X—
A Venus with brass-mounted specs:
HANNAH.

A glorious type of womanhood;
More oft in court than bower sued;
By country bumpkins often wooed;
LISLE LESTER.

A painter of deserved renown;
Has lately dashed his writing-gown;
His ink will one day blind the town:
WILLIAM KEITH.

A comet somewhat prone to veer—
A literary vivandiere;
Her humor sometimes brings a tear:
ROWENA GRANICE.

A god versed in forensic lore;
The greatest Colonel on this shore,
Who won his scars in Amador:
W. H. L. BARNES.

A lady who on temperance sings,
And sometimes spreads poetic wings—
Anon a quill satiric slings:
MRS. CUTTER.

Great Joaquin's sweet, discarded bride,
Who would her fair-haired spouse deride—
Where doth the fairy thing abide?
MINNIE MYRTLE MILLER.

The boss of the united Press;
In logic greatly prone to guess;
Prim in his morals and his dress:
DELOS J. HOWE.

Not least, though last of all the train,
Well versed in satire's cutting vein—
Old "Chaos" still may come again:
ANGELO.

Here ends this long-sustained refrain—
The moral's somewhere in the strain;
If found, I will not sing again:
CALIBAN.

LEX TALIONIS.

An Eye for an Eye, and a Tooth for a Tooth

Hector A. Stuart's Reward for the Complimentary Stanzas of Last Sunday.

Who's such a very funny youth,
Makes far-fetched jokes and rhymes uncouth?
Who sees all faults save his, in sooth?
HEC STUART.

Who, not many years ago,
Did fillibust in Mexico—
Did'st feel Byronic to do so,
HEC STUART?

Who criticised an artist sore,
Full twenty-seven times, or more?
The artist, though, settled the score:
HEC STUART.

I was the artist that did paint
A picture of street-praying quaint,
And Hector was the middle saint:
HARRINGTON.

My fire Promethian may shine;
My sire—well, call a monkey mine,
And thou mayst have an ass for thine:
KENDALL.

Thou say'st I bellow. Faugh!—away!
I'd rather do that, any day—
For thou can'st nothing do but bray:
BOWMAN.

A fraud? Thou mouse, why should'st thou squeal?
We—frauds, we grant—well-fed will feel
When thou can'st not earn a square meal:
BRET HARTE.

While midst the British snobs I revel,
I read, with locks *a la dishevel*,
Thy trash, and say, go to the—dickens:
CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

Dost wonder that I suffer pain?
How can I help a weary strain?
Oh, Hector, don't do sich again!
INA COOLBRITH.

You say I'll get a beating. My!
Do *you* wish to illume mine eye?
Thou'dst better not, friend Hector, try:
DAN BERRY.

You nasty thing! I've had my cries out,
But have not yet had my surprise out;
When I see you I'll tear your eyes out:
OLIVE HARPER.

I'll have thee in my play, thou mope,
With the first villain thou shalt cope—
He'll stab thee with a bar of soap:
SHAKSPEARE JOEL A. A. AMOS.

No such thing, you horrid Thug!
I wish a bear'd give you a hug;
My nose ain't Grecian—it's a pug!
ADDIE.

I do feel blinder than a mole—
I'd like to hear my death-bell toll;
I'll go and creep through a knot-hole:
HECTOR A. STUART.

One of my unimposing feet
Shall one day give you a rare treat—
They'll run against your trousers' seat:
ROSS BROWN.

You insult us and call it fun,
You fillibustering son of a gun;
Now, blest if we don't make you run:
MANY PREACHERS.

Call fists my prose, you puffed-up frog!
I'll lay you flatter than a log,
Be you the proze-magnetized dog:
THOMPSON.

Your insult has not made me quail;
Crawl in your shell, as does a snail,
And let me clip your lengthy tail:
CORBY S. PONDENT.

We'll fix you, Hec, for missing us;
Wer't not for our just finished muss,
With you we'd raise another fuss:
CHRONICLE EDS.

You've missed me, Hector, to your cost—
Me, who has admired you most;
You do not know what you have lost:
MISS ELIZA E. ANTHONY.

Just wait, and we will put you through;
Why didn't you puff up us, too?
You bet your life, we'll put you through:
OUTRAGED ROT-WRITERS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

Though, noble friend, thy puff was manly—
Myself and pard were tickled grandly—
But you forgot to put in Stanly:
FITCH.

Thou know'st my name—how could'st thou pass it?
Perhaps that puff was mine, signed Bassett;
If not, know thou my name is
MASSETT.

Most kindest Hec, thou dost me proud
To praise my plays in thunder loud;
But why put me in such a crowd?
BAUSMAN.

Enough, Hector!—enough! enough!
Really, you flatter; but what stuff!
If you can't paint, well, you can puff!
ROWENA GRANICE.

Now, dash my tarry toplights, bully,
We'll splice the main-brace oft, my cully,
You paint my figure-head so fully:
CAPTAIN ROGERS.

You've shown my traits in many ways;
But thou'st forgotten the green baize—
Why did'st thou not extoll my plays?
JOHNS.

My piety you recogniza;
Thanks; but, oh, friend, my "wicked eyes!"
I'm wed, so gals can't magnetize
CLAY GREENE.

Now, darn it, Hector; curse the luck;
Why bore me with such sorry truck?
Because I do not care a
SCHUCK.

Inventors' friend? Yes, I intend
Something for thee to recommend—
Invent some letter screed, my friend:
DEWEY.

I gave no moral for last week.
'Tis here: If you calumnies speak,
Expect some one to vengeance wreak:
CALIBAN.

ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN.

John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, once journeying together, lodged at an inn in New Brunswick. It was so crowded that they had to take a bed together in a little chamber not much larger than the bed itself. It had no fireplace, and but one window. Mr. Adams, who was quite an invalid, wished to shut the window.

"Oh!" said Franklin, "don't; we shall be suffocated."

Mr. Adams replied that he was afraid of the night air blowing directly upon them.

Dr. Franklin answered:

"The air within this chamber will soon be, and indeed is now, worse than that without doors. Open the window and come to bed, and I will convince you."

"The Dr. then," Mr. Adams writes, "began a harangue upon air and cold, and respiration and perspiration, with which I was so much amused that I soon fell asleep, and left him and his philosophy together. The last words I heard were pronounced as if he were half asleep. I remember little of the lecture except that the human body, by respiration and perspiration, destroys a gallon of air in a minute—that two such persons as were now in that chamber would consume all the air in it in an hour or two—that in breathing over and over again the matter thrown off by the lungs and the skin we should imbibe the real cause of colds, not from abroad but from within."

THE CHANGES OF A CENTURY.

The nineteenth century has witnessed many and great discoveries.

In 1808 Fulton took out the first patent for the invention of a steamboat.

The first steamboats which made regular trips across the Atlantic Ocean were the Sirius and the Great Western, in 1830.

The first public application to practice the use of gas for illuminating was made in 1802.

In 1813 the streets of London were for the first time lighted with gas.

In 1813 there was built at Waltham, Mass., a mill believed to have been the first in the world which combined all the requirements for making finished cloth from raw cotton.

In 1790 there were only twenty-five post-offices in the whole country, and up to 1837 the rates of postage were twenty-five cents for a letter sent over four hundred miles.

In 1807 wooden clocks commenced to be made by machinery. This ushered in the era of cheap clocks.

About the year 1833 the first railroad of any considerable length in the United States was constructed.

In 1840 the first experiment in photography was made by Daguerre.

About 1840 the first express business was established.

The anthracite coal business may be said to have begun in 1820.

In 1836 the first patent for the invention of matches was granted.

In 1845 the first telegram was sent.

Steel pens were introduced for use in 1803.

In 1846 Elias Howe obtained a patent for the first sewing machine.

The first successful method of vulcanized India rubber was patented in 1838.

Micky Macarthy, Be Aisy.

O Micky Macarthy, be off wid your fun,
And call me no longer your daisy;
For I vow from this moment our courting is done,
So, Micky Macarthy, be aisy.

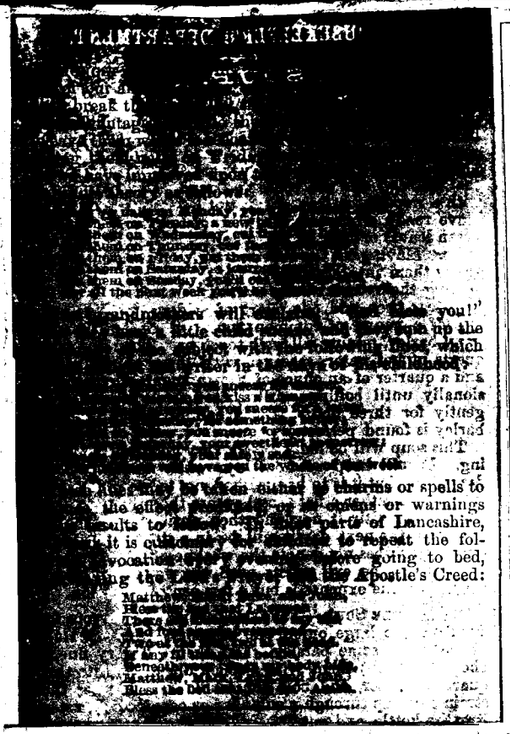
Take your hand off my shoulder, and let me alone!
Be off wid your nonsense so crazy!
Last night I was asked to wed Darby Malone,
So, Micky Macarthy, be aisy.

Sure it's lang since the first time you came to court me,
An' troth, I've tried all things to plaize ye;
Yet you've ne'er said a word about marriage, you see,
So, Micky Macarthy, be aisy.

You dally with this lass, an' dally with that,
Yet to marry you seem mighty lazy;
But here you no longer shall hang up your hat,
So, Micky Macarthy, be aisy.

But for you, I might have been wed long ago
To Pat Flinn or to Barney Macaizy;
An' they've money "galore," though you've nothing, you know,
So, Micky Macarthy, be aisy.

Once for all, let me tell you, my broth of a boy,
Either wed me or cease for to taize me,
For I mean to possess matrimonial joy,
So, Micky Macarthy, be aisy.



[illegible] you!" [illegible] up the [illegible] which [illegible]

[illegible] or spells to [illegible] or warnings [illegible] parts of Lancashire, [illegible] it is [illegible] to repeat the fol- [illegible] going to bed, [illegible] Apostle's Creed:

[illegible]

The Pyramid.

To be read ascendingly, descendingly, and condescendingly.

There
For aye
To stay
Commanding
'Tis standing
With God-like air,
Sublimely fair.
Its fame declaring
Its height admiring
Looks on it from afar.
Lo! every smiling star.
To raise the pile to heaven
Those beauteous stones are given
Each prayer for truth inspiring light
Each manly struggle for the right,
Each kindly word to cheer the lowly,
Each aspiration for the holy,
Each strong temptation nobly overcome,
Each clamorous passion held in silence dumb,
As slow it riseth toward the upper heaven,
Stone after stone, until the mass is given,
Its base upon the earth, its apex in the skies,
The good man's character a pyramid doth rise.

A Novel Wager.

A French lady, who married a German baron some fifteen years ago, who now lives at Berlin in a style befitting her wealth and rank, had at dinner not long ago some fifteen or twenty Prussians seated around her table. Notwithstanding her marriage she had remained French at heart. In the course of conversation the Prussians began to bewail Paris, poor Paris, which was no longer Paris, and to predict that in ten years Berlin would be the capital of the world. She listened angrily, until no longer able to withhold her indignation, she freed her mind to the effect that Paris was Paris yet, would always be Paris, the most brilliant, most attractive, most civilized and artistic city in the world. Moreover, she would lay a wager that her Prussian friends might select the most ugly and the most insignificant thing they might find, and Paris would make of it an object of beauty, such as Berlin would not dare to attempt. The wager was accepted, and the next day the lady received a small box, which upon opening she found to contain a single white hair.

What could be made of one white hair? She did not know; but, concealing her embarrassment, she sent the hair to Paris, accompanied by a letter giving an account of the wager, the circumstances, &c. In due course of time she received the box back from Paris. And what think you Paris had made of the white hair? It had been beautifully inclosed in an open trench of gold, which crossed a medallion surrounded with brilliants. At the top of the medallion the Prussian eagle in black enamel, with wings extended, held the white hair in its claws. Then suspended from the hair was a little escutcheon in white enamel bearing this inscription: "*Alsace and Lorraine. You hold them only by a hair.*" It is not very probable that the Prussians were eager for another bet.

THE MYSTIC NUMBER THREE.

THERE are many reasons why the mystic Number Three is held sacred in this country as well as in others. A man lives to the age of three score (and ten). Three meals a day are all the Europeans or white folks eat. Three is all you can get into a bed with comfort, unless you repose spoon fashion. Three persons just make a trio. Three dollars (or more) will buy a bottle of wine. Red postage stamps cost three cents, unless they are blue or green. Knives are made with three blades. On the cars you can purchase three apples for a dime. Three girls are better company than two or four; for then to the odd one you can be making love. There are three branches of government—House, Senate, and Faro Bank! Three wheels knocked out of a buggy, if you have a girl in it riding with you, causes the pesky thing to upset. Three teeth knocked out of a man's upper jaw spoils his looks as a general thing. Let a strict temperance man indulge in three gin cocktails in the morning, three brandy smashes before dinner, three punches before tea, and three sherry cobblers prior to going to bed, and he will soon get into the habit of taking a drop too much. Then it takes three eggs to make a custard and nine tailors to make a man. Three times one make three and three times three make nine. Funny, ain't it? Then men often have three wives. Houses have three stories, and stories have three chapters. Again, some kinds of ships have three masts. Ladies often wear three hoops, have three skirts, and the same number of lovers. Duellists always count three before shooting. John Wentworth has been elected three times. Three pieces of silver (two quarters and a half) will make a dollar, and three babies make a triplet. Three fatal stabs in the vitals will seriously hurt an able-bodied man, and three kicks in the rear from an indignant boot will breed trouble between the lover and his proposed father-in-law.

P. C.—*S. F.*—What is known as "Mother Shipton's Prophecy," was first published in 1488, and republished in 1541. All the events predicted in it, except that mentioned in the two last lines—which is still in the future—have already come to pass:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe;
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye;
Water shall yet more wonders do;
Now strange, yet shall be true.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at root of tree;
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse or ass be at his side;
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk;
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green;
Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat;
Gold shall be found, and found
In a land that's not now known;
Fire and water shall wonders do;
England shall at last admit a Jew;
The world to an end shall come,
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

It is to be noted, in connection herewith, that a recent conclave of celebrated savans contained several shining lights who declared their serious convictions in regard to a grand collapse of this terrestrial sphere—to take place within an indefinite though comparatively brief period. A large number of Second Adventists are now gathered on Serry Island, in the Connecticut River, to await the final "bust-up."

[illegible] MINER'S SONG.

BY J. G. SEVERANCE.

I toil in "vein"—the life I lead",
Up here in Deadwood Cañon,
Will never pay, unless with speed,
I "pan out" a com-"pan"-ion.
I "struck" a "specimen" that suits—
Her "lead" I've been "a-tracing"
Since first this beauty of the "buttes"
C[illegible]me down my "race" a-racing.

[illegible]or showed" upon her cheeks,
The "co[illegible] "cropped out" with frolic;
Her eyes [illegible] out in golden streaks
Her hair sprayed [illegible] "hy"-draulic.
On high, like my [illegible] "assay;"
To test her worth I made [illegible]er;
Found her *o'er* stubborn, rat[illegible]
And under *par*. I went away—
Not far—to see her father.

I sought him with a bitter groan;
His love for gold was mighty;
The only "Cupid" he had known
Was winged with [illegible]-ty.
"What 'prospects' have you got, young man,"
Said he with scornful titter;
And when I said, to every "pan"
A bit, he was less bitter.

I "staked my claim" so very bold,
It warmed his heart of "boulder;"
He said, "Let wedding bells be tolled!"
And then I went and told her.
We "made the riffle" quick, you bet!
For I believed it better
To have the "record" made while, yet
The "parent-vein" would let her.

Now she is won—we both are one;
Of love and gold the hoarders;
We swim in happiness and fun,
Content, like Swimley's boarders.
And in the "cradle" at my knees
She places—"just to please pa!"
I may as well "own up the cheese"
A little nine-pound "ch[illegible]spa."

I THINK YOU OUGHT TO BE THANKFUL.

What're ye doin' [illegible] wife, a-kneelin' a-here at m' bed?
Is it a-you that [illegible] is it [illegible]
Let ye alone my [illegible] stead;
An' when ye can't talk to me, [illegible] a plenty to pray!

Hang it, can't ye quit weepin', an' do [illegible] to do?
I think you ought to be thankful you've [illegible] had m' at all!
Should think you could do yer cryin' when other duties is through;
An' when my groans is ended, there's time an' a plenty to bawl!

Yis'rday af'rnoon the lawyer he made m' will.
Yes'rday af'rnoon he made my prop'rty fly [illegible]
Hard to see it go, a-lyin' here so still;
Dollars to this 'un an' that 'un, an', never a penny to I!

Thousan' dollars apiece unto m' children three,
An' none of them a-near me, but hund'eds o' miles away!
I think they ought to be thankful—they's never done aught f'r me:
But I was al'ays gen'rous, clean up t' m' [illegible] day.

Thousan' dollars to Mary, my han'some [illegible] does fail;
An' five hund'd dollars fur you in case the condition suits;
Which is, if ye marry agin, then Mary has it all;
For no other man's a-goin' to wear my Sunday boots.

Fifteen hund'r'd dollars t' buy me a monument high!
An' I think you ought to be thankful that I this money gave,
So's ye needn't feel humbled, though folks is a-standing nigh,
When you go out each evenin' to weep at your husband's grave.

An' out o' your generous portion I hope you'll a little spare,
An' give me a decent burial—one that's worthy o' me;
I want no one-hoss funeral, but one t'll make 'em stare,
For mayb' the Lord'll fix it so I can be there to see.

An' now, good-by, good wife! I soon'll be movin' on!
An' I s'pose you won't be tryin' to live very long, my love;
For life is naught but a burden when them we love are gone,
An' mayb' I may want you to wait on me up above.

—W. M. CARLETON.

Half-way Doin's.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

BELUBBED fellow-trabelers:—In holdin' forth to-day,
I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say,

De sermon will be berry short, and dis here am de tex':
Dat half-way doin's ain't no 'count for dis worl' or de nex'.

Dis worl' dat we's a-libbin' in is like a cotton-row,
Whar ebery cullud gentleman has got his line to hoe;
And ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,
De grass keeps on a-growin' for to smudder up his crap.

When Moses led de Jews acrost de waters ob de sea,
Dey had to keep a-goin', jes' as fas' as fas' could be;
Do you s'pose dat dey could ebber hab succeeded in deir wish,
And reached de Promised Land at last—if dey had stopped to fish?

My frien's, dar was a garden once, whar Adam libbed wid Eve,
Wid no-one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbors for to thieve,
And ebery day was Christmas, and dey got deir rations free,
And eberyting belonged to dem except an apple-tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake come snoopin' 'roun',—
A stump-tail rusty moccasin, a-crawlin' on de groun'—
How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went and hid deir face,
Till de angel oberseer he come and drove 'em off de place.

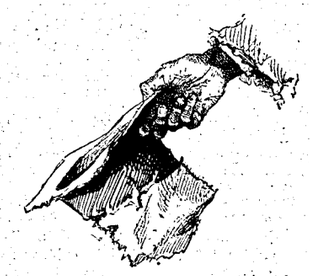
Now, s'pose dat man and 'ooman hadn't 'tempted for to shirk,
But had gone about deir gardenin', and 'tended to deir work,
Dey wouldn't hab been loafin' whar dey had no business to,
And de debbil nebber'd got a chance to tell 'em what to do.

No half-way doin's, bredren! It 'll nebber do, I say!
Go at your task and finish it, and den's de time to play—
For eben if de crap is good, de rain 'll spile de bolls,
Unless you keeps a-pickin' in de garden ob your souls.

Keep a-plowin', and a-hoein', and a-scrapin' ob de rows,
And when de ginnin's ober you can pay up what you owes;
But if you quits a-workin' ebery time de sun is hot,
De sheriff's gwine to lebby upon eberyting you's got.

Whateber 'tis you's dribin' at, be shore and dribe it through,
And don't let nuffin stop you 'till you's gwine to do;
For when you sees a nigger foolin', den, as shore's you're born,
You's gwine to see him comin' out de small eend ob de horn.

I thanks you for de 'tention you has gib dis afternoon—
Sister Williams will oblige us by a-raisin' ob a tune—
I see dat Brudder Johnson's 'bout to pass aroun' de hat,
And don't let's hab no half-way doin's when it comes to dat!



MARK TWAIN. (SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.)

MARK TWAIN'S STORY OF THE POOR LITTLE STEPHEN GIRARD.

THE man lives in Philadelphia, who, when young and poor, entered a bank, and says he, "Please, sir, don't you want a little boy?" And the stately personage said, "No, little boy; I don't want a little boy." The little boy, whose heart was too full for utterance, chewing a piece of liquorice stick he had bought with a cent he had stolen from his good and pious aunt, with sobs plainly audible, and with great globules of water running down his cheeks, glided silently down the marble steps of the bank. Bending his noble form, the bank man dodged behind a door, for he thought the little boy was going to shy a stone at him. But the boy picked up something and stuck it in his poor but ragged jacket. "Come here, little boy," and the little boy did come here; and the bank man said, "Lo! what pickest thou up?" And he answered and said, "A pin." And the bank man said, "Little boy, are you good?" and he said he was. And the bank man said, "How do you vote—excuse me, do you go to Sunday School?" And he said he did.

Then the bank man took down a pen made of pure gold, and flowing with pure ink, and wrote on a piece of paper, "St. Peter," and asked the little boy what it stood for, and he said "Sault Peter." Then the bank man said it meant "Saint Peter." The little boy said "Oh!" The bank man took the little boy to his bosom, and the little boy said "Oh!" again, for he squeezed him.

Then the bank man took the little boy into a partnership, and gave him half the profits and all the capital, and he married the bank man's daughter, and all he has is all his, and all his own too.

STORY OF ANOTHER LITTLE BOY.

My uncle told me this story, and I spent six weeks picking up pins in front of a bank. I expected the bank man would call me in and say, "Little boy, are you good?" and I was going to say "Yes;" and when he asked me what "St. John" stood for, I was going to say "Sault John."

But I guess the bank man wasn't anxious to have a partner, and I guess the daughter was a son, for one day says he to me, "Little boy, what's that you're picking up?" Says I, awful meekly, "Pins." Says he, "Let's see 'em." And he took 'em, and I took off my cap, all ready to go in the bank, and become a partner and marry his daughter. But I didn't get an invitation. He said, "Those pins belong to the bank, and if I catch you hanging around here any more I'll set the dogs on you!" Then I left, and the mean old cuss kept the pins. Such is life as I find it.

MARK TWAIN'S COLD.

Why He Could Not Attend a School Commencement—The Remedies He Took for the Cold.

Mark Twain was invited to attend the annual distribution of diplomas and prizes in a New York grammer school last week, and being unable to attend, sent the following note of apology:

HARTFORD, Conn., Oct. 3, 1874.

Miss N. W. White: DEAR MADAM:—I regret exceedingly being unable to accept your kind invitation also Mr. P. G. Duffey) to be present at your Commencement exercises, but the annoying and vexatious illness which still hangs about me, together with some business engagements, will prevent. The illness to which I refer is a severe cold which I took in New York last Winter during the lecture season. Perhaps the recital of how I tried to cure this cold may be of interest, and may serve instead of the few remarks you so politely asked me to make to the friends and pupils.

The first time I began to sneeze friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot water and go to bed. I did so. Shortly after another friend told me to get up and take a cold shower-bath. I did the latter. Within the hour, another friend assured me that it was policy to feed a cold and starve a fever. I had both. So I made up to myself up for the cold and let the fever starve awhile. In cases of this kind I seldom do things by halves; I ate pretty heartily. I conferred my custom upon a stranger, who had just opened his restaurant on Cortlandt street, near the hotel, that morning, paying so much for a full meal. He poured near me in respectful silence a pint I had hardly finished feeding my cold, when he inquired if the people about New York were much afflicted with colds. I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign.

I started up town at once, and on the way encountered another boon friend, who told me that a quart of warm salt-water would cure a cold as anything in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it, anyhow. The result was surprising. I believe I threw up my immortal soul. Now, as I give my experience only for the benefit of those of your friends who are troubled with this distemper, I feel that they will see the propriety of my cautioning them against following such portions of it as proved unsatisfactory with me, and acting upon this conviction I warn them against warm salt water. It may be very good remedy, but I think it is rather too severe. I tried another cold in the head, and there was no cause left me to make either an ass or a fool of me. I took a quart of warm salt water. I would take my chances on the former. After this everybody in the house became interested, and I took all sorts of remedies—hot lemonade, cold lemonade, peppermint tea, boneset, stewed Quaker, hoarhound syrup, onions and hot sugar, lemons, sugar, brown sugar, whiskey and lemon, two bottles of balm, eight bottles of Pain-Killer, Pectoral, and ten pounds of fudge. Every remedy, but my friends, failed. One of the prescriptions given me, and which was well, it was dreadful. It consisted of a decoction, composed of tobacco, cayenne pepper, peppermint, aqua fortis, turpentine, kerosene, and various other drugs, and I was instructed me to take a wineglass of it every fifteen minutes. I never took but one dose; that was enough. I had to take to my bed, and remain there for two entire days.

When I felt a little better more things were recommended. I was desperate, and willing to take anything. Plain gin was recommended, then gin and molasses, then gin and onions. I took all three, detected no particular results, except that I had acquired a thirst like a turkey buzzard, and a headache like my hoarding place. At the

they suggested [illegible] remedy to try yet tried. A [illegible] bath was recommended. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to commence then, therefore I determined to try a sheet bath, though I had no idea what sort of arrangement it was. It was accordingly administered at midnight, and the weather was very frosty. My back and breast were stripped, and a sheet (there appeared to be a thousand yards of it) soaked in ice-water was wound around me until I resembled a swab for a columbiad. It is a cruel experiment. When the chilly rag touches one's warm flesh it makes him start with sudden violence, and gasp for breath, just as men do in the death agony. It froze the marrow in my bones and stopped the beating of my heart. I thought my time had come. [illegible] I recovered from this a friend recommended the application of a mustard plaster to my breast. I believe that would have cured me effectually if it had not been for young Clemens. When I went to bed I put the mustard plaster where I could reach it when I should be ready for it. But young Clemens got hungry in the night, and ate it up. I never saw any young [illegible] have such an appetite. I am confident that he would have eaten me if I had been healthy. [illegible]

After all this experience you cannot wonder that I dread colds, and work, and feel obliged to decline your kind invitation. Wishing you all success and [illegible] at this time, I remain [illegible]

Yours [illegible]

S. L. CLEMENS (Mark Twain).

BRET HARTE'S LATEST.

A Greyport Legend (1797.)

They ran through the streets of the seaport town,
They peered from the decks of the ships where they lay,
The cold sea-fog that came whitening down
Was never as cold or white as they.
"Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Tenterden!
Run for your shallops, gather your men,
Scatter your boats on the lower bay."

Good cause for fear! In the thick midday
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,
Filled with the children in happy play,
Parted its moorings and drifted clear.
Drifted clear beyond reach or call,—
Thirteen children there were in all,—
All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all!
She will not float till the turning tide!"
Said his wife, "My darling will hear *my* call,
Whether in sea or heaven she bide."
And she lifted a quavering voice and high,
Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew,
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore;
There was not a sound but the breath they drew
And the lap of water and creak of oar;
And they felt the breath of the downs fresh blown
O'er leagues of clover and cold gray stone,
But not from lips that had gone before.

They come no more. But they tell the tale
That, when fogs are thick on the harbor reef,
The mackerel fishers shorten sail,
For the signal they know will bring relief,—
For the voices of children still at play
In the phantom hulk that drifts alway
Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page;
But still when the mists of doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,
We hear from the misty troubled shore
The voice of the children gone before,
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

[From the September Atlantic.

MARK TWAIN AT NIAGARA.

Niagara Falls is one of the finest structures in the world. I have been visiting this favorite watering place recently for the first time, and was well pleased.

A gentleman who was with me said it was customary to be disappointed in the Falls, but that subsequent visits were sure to set that all right. He said it was [illegible] with him. He said that the first time he went, hack fares were so much higher than the Falls that the Falls appeared insignificant. But that is all regulated now.

The hackmen have been tamed, numbered, and placarded and blackguarded, and brought into subjection to the law, and dosed with moral principle till they are meek as missionaries.

They are divided into two clans now, the Regulars and the Privateers, and employ their idle time in warning the people against each other. The Regulars are under the hotel banners, and the Privateers prowl darkly on neutral ground, and pick off stragglers at half price.

But there are no more outrages and extortions. That sort of thing cured itself. It made the Falls unpopular by getting into the newspapers, and whenever a public evil achieves that sort of success for itself its days are numbered.

It became apparent that either the Falls had to be discontinued, or the hackmen had to subside. They could not dam the Falls, so they did the hackmen. One can be comfortable and happy there now.

I drank up most of the American Falls before I learned that the waters were not considered medicinal. Why are people left in ignorance this way? I might have gone on and ruined a fine property merely for the want of a little information.

And yet the sources of information are not meagre at Niagara Falls. You're something in doubt what you ought to do, but you are seldom in doubt concerning what you must do. If an infant can read, that infant is measurably safe in Niagara.

If you room at the hotel you will find your course marked out in the most convenient way, by means of placards on the walls like these:

"Pull the bell-rope gently, but don't jerk."

"Bolt your door."

"Don't scrape matches on the walls or furniture."

"Turn off your gas when you retire."

"Tie up your dog."

"If you put your boots outside the door, they will be blacked; but the house will not be responsible for their return."

This is a confusing and tanglesome proposition, because it moves you to deliberate long and painfully as to whether it will really be any object to you to have your boots blacked unless they are returned.

"Give your key to the omnibus driver if you forget and carry it off with you."

Outside the hotel, wherever you wander, you are intelligently assisted by the signs. You cannot come to grief as long as you are in your right mind with so many instructions to keep track of. For instance:

"Keep off the grass."

"Don't climb the trees."

"Hands off the vegetables."

"Don't hitch your horse to the shrubbery."

"Visit the Cave of the Winds."

"Have your portrait taken in your carriage."

"Forty per cent in gold levied on all peanuts and other Indian curiosities purchased in Canada."

"Photographs of the Falls taken here."

"Visitors will please notify the Superintendent of any neglect on the part of employes to charge for commodities." (No inattention of this kind is observed.)

"Don't throw stones down; there might be people below." "The proprietors will not be responsible for parties who jump over the Falls." (More shirking of responsibility—it appears to be the prevailing thing here.)

I always had a high regard for the signers of the Declaration of Independence; but now they did not really seem to amount to much along with the signers of Niagara Falls.

To tell the truth, the multitude of signs annoyed me. It was because I noticed at last they were prohibiting the very thing I was just wanting to do.

I desired to roll on the grass; the sign prohibited it. I longed to smoke; a sign prohibited it. And I was just in the act of throwing a stone over to astonish and pulverize such parties as might be picnicking below, when a sign I had just mentioned forbade that. Even that satisfaction was denied me, and I was a friendless orphan.

There was no resource now but to seek consolation from the flowing bowl. I drew my flask from my pocket, but it was all in vain. A sign confronted me, which said:

"No drinking allowed on these premises."

On that spot I might have perished of thirst but for the saving words of an honored maxim that flitted through my memory at that moment: "All signs fail in dry times." Common law takes precedence of the statutes. I was saved.

The noble red man had always been a darling of mine. I loved to read about him in tale and legends and romance.

I love to read of his inspired sagacity, and of his love of the wild, free life of mountain and forest, and his grand truthfulness, his hatred of treachery, and his general nobility of character, and his stately metaphorical speech, and his chivalric love for the dusky maiden, and the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrements.

When I found the shops at Niagara Falls full of dainty beadwork and stunning moccasins, and equally stunning toy figures representing human beings who carried their weapons in holes bored in their arms and bodies shaped like a pie, I was filled with emotion. I knew that now I was going to come face to face with the noble red man.

A lady clerk in the shop told me, indeed, that all her grand array were made by the Indians, and there were plenty about the Falls, and that they were friendly, and that it would not be dangerous to speak to them.

I came upon a camp of them gathered in the shade of a great tree, making moccasins, and addressed them in the following language of friendship:

"Noble Red men, Brave Grand Sachem, War Chiefs, Squaws, and High-you-Muck-a-Mucks—The pale-face from the land of the setting sun greets you! You, Benficent Polecat, you, Devourer of Mountains, you, Roaring Thunder-gust—the pale-face from beyond the great waters greets you all.

"War and pestilence have thinned your ranks and destroyed your once proud nation. Poker and seven-up and a vain modern expense for soap (unknown to your glorious ancestors) have depleted your purses. Appropriating in simplicity the property of others has gotten you into trouble. Misrepresenting facts in your sinless innocence has damaged your reputation with the soulless usurper. Trading with forty-rod whiskey, to enable you to get drunk and tomahawk your families, has played the everlasting mischief with the picturesque pomp of your dress, and here you are in the broad light of the nineteenth century, gotten up like the ragtag and bobtail of the purlieus of New York! For shame! Remember your ancestors! Recall their mighty deeds! Remember Uncas! and Red Jacket! and Hole-in-the-Day! and Horace Greeley! Emulate their achievements! Unfurl yourselves under my banner, noble savages, illustrious guttersnipes—"

"Scalp the blaggard!"

"Hang him!"

"Drown him!"

It was the quickest operation that I ever saw. I simply saw a sudden flash in the air, of clubs, brickbats, fists, bead-baskets, and moccasins—a single flash, and they all appeared to hit me at once, and no two of them in the same place.

In the next instant the entire tribe was upon me. They tore all the clothes off of me; they broke all my arms and legs; they gave me a thump that dented the top of my head till it would hold coffee like a saucer; and then to crown their disgraceful proceedings and add insult to injury, they threw me over the Horseshoe Fall, and I got wet.

About ninety-nine or a hundred feet from the top the remains of my vest caught on a projecting rock, and I was almost drowned before I could get loose.

I finally fell, and brought up in a world of foam at the foot of the fall, whose celled and bubbly mass towered up several inches above my head.

Of course I got into the eddy. I sailed round and round it forty-four times, chasing a chip and gaining on it—each round trip a half mile—reaching the same bush on the bank forty-four times, and just exactly missing it by a hair's breadth every time.

At last a man walked down and sat down close to that bush and put a pipe in his mouth and lit a match and followed me with one eye and kept the other on the match while he sheltered it in his hands from the wind. Presently a puff of wind blew it out.

The next time I swept around him, he said:

"Got a match?"

"Yes; in my other vest. Help me out, please."

"Not for Joe."

When I came around again I said:

"Excuse the seemingly impertinent curiosity of a drowning man; but will you explain this singular conduct of yours?"

"With pleasure. I am the Coroner. Don't hurry on my account; I can wait for you. I wish I had a match."

"Take my place and I'll go and get you one," I said.

He declined. This lack of confidence on his part created a coolness between us, and from that time forward I avoided him.

It was my idea, in case anything happened to me, to so time the occurrence as to throw my custom into the hands of the opposition Coroner over on the American side.

At last a policeman came along and arrested me for disturbing the peace by yelling for help.

The Judge fined me, but I had the advantage of him. My money was with my pantaloons, which were with the Indians.

Thus I escaped. I am now lying in a very critical condition—at least I am lying any way, critical or not.

I am hurt all over, but I cannot tell the extent yet, because the doctor is not done taking the inventory.

He will make out my manifest this evening. However, thus far, he thinks only six of my wounds are fatal. I don't mind the others.

Upon regaining my right mind I said:

"It is an awfully savage tribe of Indians that do the bead-work and moccasins for Niagara Falls, doctor. Where are they from?"

I shall not be able to finish my remarks about Niagara Falls until I get better.

A FELLOW entered a saloon down town yesterday and called for a cigar, which was furnished him by the man behind the bar. The customer then asked him if he could change the cigar for a glass of whisky, and was again accommodated. He drank the whisky with the gusto of a salt water sailor, gave back the cigar, and started for the door. The bar-keeper called him back, and asked him to pay for the whisky. The man said, "Didn't I give you the cigar for the whisky?" "Yes," said the bartender, "but now I want pay for the cigar." "I have not got the cigar; you have it, and I cannot pay for something I have not received;" and before the bar-keeper cleared up his brain the man had cleared out.—*Troy Press.*

"When I die," said a married man, "I want to go where there is no snow to shovel." His wife said she presumed he would.

The Ruby Ring of Colonsay.

A Legend of Bannockburn.

I.

'Twas days lang syne of which I sing,
When every castle, grange, and down
Hailed Robert Bruce their lawful king,
And placed on him the Scottish crown.
Then England's royal Edward spake,
And by St. George's Cross he swore,
From Scotland's regal brow to take
The jewelled crown her idol wore.

II.

Then bonnie Scotland's warlike men,
With claymore, battle-ax, and brand,
Came forth from valley, gorge, and glen
To battle for their native land.
Stout yeomen from the banks of Tees,
And shepherds from Balquither's brae,
And Lords of Lunedale leave their ease,
And haste to join the bloody fray.
The plaided warriors from the hills,
From Cheviot and Loch Lomond side,
Pour forth, like their own mountain rills,
From Tivotpale to banks of Clyde;
And feudal chiefs, from hill and plain,
Greeted their king in Stirling Tower,
And steel-clad knights rode in their train—
Of Scotland's chivalry the flower;
Names high on Scotia's roll of fame,
Swarm round the standard of their king—
Mar, Moray, Bothwell and the Graeme,
And Gordon, from St. Fillan's spring;
Dun Edin's sons, with bonnets blue,
And wild McGregor's mountaineers,
And kilted clans from Benvenue,
Marched down on England's wall of spears.

III.

Edward—by many a winding turn—
Had crossed the Scottish border-line;
And now by fatal Bannockburn,
His hundred thousand spear-heads shine.
But ere the host of Scotland pour
On England's legions in the vale,
They halt on Crenan's rocky shore,
And wait the coming of MacPhail;
For Crenan's chief, that summer morn,
From Alva's Isle had sailed away,
And sought the lordly halls of Lorn,
To greet the maid of Colonsay.

IV.

Sweet Mora, of the violet eyes—
Child of the haughty Fontenay,
Had pledged her troth—a regal prize—
And with it, Lorn and Colonsay.
She watches now, with eager gaze,
A white-winged galley's flowing sail,
Till nearer, shimmering through the haze,
She marks the banner of MacPhail.
She sought her loved one on the strand,
Bade him good speed, and safe return—
Placed in his belt her father's brand,
And bade him haste to Bannockburn.

V.

But ere he sailed from Crenan's shore,
To battle for his home and king,
He pressed a tell-tale charm he wore,
Upon her hand—a ruby ring;
Then lightly to the maiden said:
"Gaze on the gem!—when I'm away,
If I'm not fickle, false, or dead,
It's blush will shame the beams of day;
"If death, or deeds I may not name,
Keep me from Colonsay afar,
Quenched be the ruby's ruddy flame
In darkness, like a fallen star.
"Farewell, sweetheart! good-by!" he cried;
"If that bright gem should change its hue,
Deem me not false; say that I died—
Say anything, but not untrue!"

VI.

The silken sail is spread once more,
The galley flies before the gale;
And reaching soon the mainland shore,
Lands on the beach the young MacPhail.
Then war's wild slogan filled the air,
And southward Scotia's legions turn
To seek the Briton in his lair,
Encamped by fatal Bannockburn.

VII.

The early sunbeam's shower of gold
Poured down on many an English spear,
And danced through morning's misty fold,
On many a highland mountaineer.
But ere the Day-god sought the west,
Dead men, like heaps of withered fern,
Were piled in silent, dreamless rest
Upon the heath at Bannockburn.
Hushed was the British lion's roar;
And royal Edward needs must learn
The sting the Scottish thistle bore—
That day at fatal Bannockburn.

VIII.

But while dim war-clouds darkly lower,
And all uncertain seems the day,
How speeds the time in Mora's bower?—
Sweet maid of lonely Colonsay?
She sat beneath the hawthorne shade,
And watched the ruby's rosy flame
Flash back her glance, whene'er the maid
Would softly speak her lover's name;
And when the evening shadows fell,
Her heart sank low, for ne'er a sail
Was wafted o'er the ocean swell,
With tidings of her loved MacPhail.
She sought no rest; upon the strand
She waited for the midnight hour,
Then shadows settled o'er her hand—
The ring had lost its magic power!
"I go to meet my love!" she cried;
"I'll fling me in the green sea wave;
In seas of blood my hero died—
I'll seek him now beyond the grave!"

IX.

Bright rose the sun the coming morn,
But silence o'er the landscape lay,
And lonely were the halls of Lorne
Without the maid of Colonsay.
And on the shore of Alva's isle,
The dull waves make a ceaseless wail,
And sunlight never seems to smile
On the lone dwelling of MacPhail;
But oft the ancient fisher sees,
At midnight, in the summer gale—
A galley fly before the breeze,
With flowing sheet, and silken sail;
And two loved forms that passed away,
Appear upon the painted stern;
One was the Maid of Colonsay,
And one who died at Bannockburn!

THE OAKS, Sept., 1873. J. HENRY ROGERS.

A NEW YORK politician, in writing a letter of condolence to the widow of a late member of the Legislature, says: "I cannot tell you how pained I was to hear that your husband has gone to Heaven. We were bosom friends, but now we shall never meet again.

TO LOTTA

Sprightly, little cheerful elf,
Like to no one but thyself—
Except if one might well compare thee
Dancing in thy boundless glee
To some graceful mirthful fairy,
Charming every heart to see!
Whether as poor Little Nell,
Weaving round all hearts a spell,
Or like a magic, mystic sprite,
Mingling tears and laughter bright,
Blending sunshine with the night?
Of Petticoats and Public Pet,
Whose song and dance no mortal can forget;
In Biddy Larrigan, an Irish gem,
And tho' a girl, the best of Irishmen;
In Irish song, or dancing Irish jig,
The best of all, since Powers wore a wig—
Faith, I believe, thou art his great grand daugher,
For crowding seats and overflowing laughter!
No one could well control their sides or heel,
To see thee dance McGowan's Irish reel;
Or stay the smile that brightens every lip,
As "The Detective," or as little "Zip;"—
And when the song of "Marabel" they hear,
The plaintive notes start forth the silent tear,
While "Mickey's Led Astray" is in the vein,
Which moves to laughter and the tears restrain!
With mirth and pathos blended in thy Art,
Both from thy sparkling nature take their start;
Joy spreads a mirthful feast at thy command,
And dance and song, as guests, obey thy wand!
Long may thy beauty and thy smiling face
Be spared the Stage and Drama which they grace;
From the Atlantic to th' Pacific's shore
Thy name is greeted with a loud encore!
So that the billows in their angry sea
Are lulled to humor in applause of thee!
Thou Little Isthmus of the two great seas,
Thou dost connect them in thy power to please,
Uniting both in one great joyous glee,
The public waves on each side flow to thee!

J. E. TUEL.

THE SCOTTISH LASSIE'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. ROGERS.

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
I had ne'er been broken hearted".

Alone, alone, the murky night
Soft settles down o'er bank and brae,
And cold, cold winds across the light
Weep misty tears for parting day.

Adown Benvoirlich's shaggy side,
They shriek a weird and mournful tune,
'Till scudding o'er the heather wide
They mingle with the braes of Doon.

Three times hath summer kissed the lea,
And waked to life the painted flowers,
Since Donald trod the heath with me,
And blent with joy the flying hours.

How every tiny bird that sang,
Found in my heart an answering tone;
Soft, low and sweet the joy-bells rang,
Buds bloomed, but thorns were all unknown.

'Twas in the glorious summer time,
When Donald murmured soft to me:
"Jennie, our lives would make a rhyme,
A poem sweet and fair to see."

The daisies oped their tender eyes,
The heather buds were blooming fair,
The blue-bells shook with sweet surprise,
And laughed upon the balmy air.

I could not meet my darling's eye,
I gave my hand, (he had my heart);
A cloud hath passed across my sky,
And bade my fairest dreams depart.

Ere snow had settled soft and fine,
A bridal veil o'er bank and fell,
Into another ear than mine
The same sweet tale did Donald tell;

And Elsie heard with pleased surprise,
And Elsie's face was wondrous fair;
The light of love shone in her eyes,
And golden glories touched her hair.

The sun that lightly tips the flowers,
With pearly hue and crimson streak,
Had lingered o'er his task for hours,
And painted rôses on her cheek.

Her voice was like the wild bee's hum,
Its music could a charm impart;
Alas, to song my lips were dumb—
The music all was in my heart!

Ah! Elsie, would ye ne'er had been,
Or being, had kept far away;
Or would my Donald ne'er had seen,
I then might greet my bridal day.

"TOM BOWLING.

"Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew:
No more he'll hear the tempest howling—
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty;
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below, he did his duty;
But now he's gone aloft.

"Tom never from his word departed—
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted;
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly—
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

"Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather.
When He who all commands,
Shall give to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft."

Three Moonlight Scenes.

Fair Luna looked down from her kingdom on high,
So resplendent with brightness the beautiful sky;
To rejoice at the joys of the children of men,
And repine at their sorrows again and again.

'Twas the glorious springtime, a calm moonlight night,
And one in which Romeos and Juliets delight;
When Luna beheld, as she oft had before,
A scene—the same story's been told o'er and o'er.

Young and fair, with a garland of innocence crowned,
Walked a maiden so pensive, eyes cast on the ground;
Beside her, a lover, to tenderly woo,
With a heart full of sentiments noble and true.

Their converse was sweet—'twas of love—and they sighed,
So weighty a matter it was to decide;
So holy a promise they soon were to give,
That would bind them together as long as they'd live.

II.

The church-bells are ringing—another bright night;
The small village chapel is crowded to-night—
While a father so proud, and a mother so dear,
Resign their fond treasure with many a tear.

Now softly is heard, from the depths of each heart,
The beautiful words, "Until death us do part!"
Thus they promise, whatever their destiny here,
"For better or worse," to be loving and dear.

Oh, moon! and oh, stars! look ye down upon this,
And witness a scene of devotion and bliss!
Two hearts, pure and holy, united in one,
With the blessings of God their new life is begun:—

One that promises naught but enjoyment and peace!
Ah! 'twere well could their happiness ever increase;
'Tis but human to wish it, but wisely indeed
Is the future unknown, save to one who can read

The heart's fondest wishes, each hope and desire;
Who knows every object to which we aspire;
E'en decrees that affliction is good for the soul,
To teach us that earth is not man's final goal.

In yonder small cottage, by roses entwined,
Dwell a couple so happy, so loving and kind;
They called this "their future" when, five years before,
They promised, by moonlight, to love and adore.

Affection unchangeable reigns in that home,
And their hearts yearn toward it wherever they roam.
Now, behold them caressing their "well-spring of joy,"
A dear little treasure, a mischievous boy.

This three-year-old darling of mischievous fame,
Has been "monarch of all he surveyed" since he came;
A frolicsome, noisy, and troublesome child.
Though at times so affectionate, tender and mild.

Now he gathers his toys, which are scattered afar,
And toss them into the lap of mamma;
Then tumbles and jumps, makes a horse of the broom,
Running over the tables and chairs in the room.

There! grandmamma's spectacles now he espies,
So he places them over his merry blue eyes;
Then, into the cupboard he goes with a chair,
To peep at and taste the good things that are there.

Oh, the mischief that's planned in that dear little head!
Yet, patient mamma and papa have both said;
They wouldn't take millions for that little boy—
No, nothing could purchase their "well-spring of joy."

Fair Luna looked down from her kingdom on high,
So resplendent with brightness the beautiful sky,
Looked down on a scene of such sorrow and woe—
Oh, why are poor mortals afflicted below?

In that same little cottage, this beautiful night,
No longer so happy and cheerful and bright—
Are two lonely hearts, well-nigh broken with grief:—
Alas! that their joys were so fleeting, so brief!

Now the "light of their household" they cannot recall,
For their "well-spring of joy," their darling, their all,
Has gone to the spirit-land, left them in gloom,
And the moon shines to-night on a new little tomb.

"Oh, Luna! why shine ye so brightly to-night?
Thou ne'er canst illumine this heart with thy light;
For a life is now shrouded in sadness and gloom,
And my hopes all lie buried in that little tomb."

—A shrewdish wife, being very ill, called her husband to come and sit by her bedside. "This is a sad world, my dear," said the wife plaintively. "Were it not for you I should love to quit it." "Oh, my dear," eagerly responded the husband, "how could you think I would interfere with your happiness? Go, by all means!" The lady got well.

A WALTZ.

BY ADDIE.

Soft and sweet the music falls,
Pulsing, throbbing on the air;
Its fairy measure swift recalls
Sweet dreams of maids with golden hair:

Of a love that ended long ago;
Of starry nights and wild regret;
Of kisses, falling soft and slow;
Dark eyes that I cannot forget.

There are smiles on lovely faces;
Hearts are throbbing low in time,
Under the sweeping, foamy laces,
To the music's beat and rhyme.

Swifter still is the dizzy whirl;
Dark eyes with fond love are ablaze;
Blushes on cheek of a fair young girl;
Gentle caress in the waltz's maze.

'Neath the melody there dreams
The sad sweetness of a woman's tone;
I seem to see the golden gleams
Of a head that is under the gloomy stone.

The breath of violets makes me faint;
For a vision I see of Italian skies—
A vine-clad stone bridge, old and quaint,
And the liquid depths of a woman's eyes.

O wondrous, rare and glorious face!
Lifted to mine in the far-away past,
Why haunt me in this joyous place?
Holds not the grave its captives fast?

I feel your breath upon my face,
Your loving clasp upon my arm,
While gazing on another's grace
And praising a fair woman's charm.

How strange it is, a dreamy waltz,
With its surging, echoing refrain,
Will make the longing heart fast pulse
To an old love's half-forgotten strain!

Will bring dreams of the vanished graces,
That still sadly haunt us so;
Of the rare and beauteous faces
Of those we loved so long ago.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.—"I should be glad to accommodate you," said an Iowa damsel, to whom a young Bostonian had proposed, "but I am partially engaged already. There's ma, though, who's only thirty-five, and wishes to marry again, and I *think* she is just now without an engagement." The young man took the next train East.

My Namesake.

NAMED after me—Nellie; and like me, I think,
Though my cheeks are wan, and hers are so pink;
But, don't you remember—just look at her curls!—
That mine clustered like them when we two were girls?
Come, sister! you've five more; a bargain let's make,
For this queen of the rosebuds, my little namesake.

"Nay" must not be my answer. You can keep all the rest;
Five birdies will fill any common-sized nest.
And though you were slender enough at fifteen,
You're as big now, and red-faced, as England's great Queen.
The nest will be crowded enough, don't you see,
Without little Nellie, who's named after me!

Don't preach now, and prose about "motherly love,"
For Auntie'll take care of this little dove.
I'll make her a pattern—a wonder to see—
The cleverest, brightest of children she'll be;
And look to your laurels in raising the rest,
Or the old maid's darling will turn out the best.

Be sure she shall learn of her heart to take care,
And of treacherous men and their arts to beware;
But the belle of each ballroom I mean her to be,
(She'll be lively and gay, not a wallflower like me)
I'll teach her—— But, sister, to tell you the truth,
I'd rather my Nellie should marry in youth.

'Tis a hard life at best that poor women endure,
And it's wisest the least of two ills to secure.
With the vail and the orange-flower wreath of the bride,
Are love and affection too oft laid aside.
Still—the sad lonely vigils—my own life you see,
I'd not choose for Nellie, who's named after me.

You Know You Do.

WHEN "some one's" step comes up the walk,
Your cheeks take on a rosier hue,
And though no other hears his knock,
You hear it well—you know you do!

When "some one" talks about the grain,
And bows at pa, yet looks at you,
You see his glances—ah! 'tis plain—
And give them back—you know you do!

And, though it may be very wrong,
When pa is quite ignored for you,
You sing for him your prettiest song,
You cunning thing—you know you do!

And when he talks of other girls,
Of hateful Kate and Jennie, too,
You fling at him your auburn curls,
You jealous thing, you know you do!

You keep your eyes upon the clock,
And wish 'twould jump an hour or two,
So that your pa would cease his talk
And go to bed—you know you do!

And when the folks to bed have gone,
And left "some one" alone with you,
You wish the clock would stop its tongue,
Or you stop it—you know you do!

He blushes deep, and looks afraid
To be thus left alone with you!
But your eyes tell there never was maid
But could be wooed—you know they do!

You peep at "some one" 'neath your curls,
Until with love you burn him through,
And make him hate all other girls—
In love for you—you know you do!

And when his arm steals round your chair,
You give a smothered scream or two,
As if you didn't want it there,
But oh, you do—you know you do!

You nestle closer up to him,
Your head drops on his shoulder, too,
You think it nice to have a "dim,"
You haughty thing, you know you do!

You let him kiss your blushing cheeks;
Somehow your lips meet his lips, too;
You tempt him, silly thing, to speak,
You wicked flirt—you know you do!

And when he timidly doth press
His wish to make a wife of you,
With happy heart you answer, "Yes,"
You darling girl—you know you do!

AT a dinner party recently, Senator Nye put his new silk tile carelessly upon the sofa. A few minutes after, General Butler sat down upon and crushed the hat fearfully. "D—n it!" roared Nye, "I could have told you it wouldn't fit before you tried it on."

—As man came naked into the world, so should he go out in the same state. For further particulars, inquire of Coroner Rice.

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

COME, boys, I have something to tell you,
Come near, I would whisper it low—
You are thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go!
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sins;
When once in the vortex of Fashion,
How soon the course downward begins.

You talk of the mines of Australia,
They're wealthy in gold, without doubt,
But ah! there is gold on the farm, boys,
If only you'll shovel it out.
The mercantile trade is a hazard,
The goods are first high and then low;
Better risk the old farm a while longer,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

The great busy West has inducements,
And so has the busiest mart;
But wealth is not made in a day, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to start!
The bankers and brokers are wealthy,
They take in their thousand or so,—
Ah! think of the fraud and deceptions,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

The farm is the safest and surest;
The orchards are loaded to-day;
You're as free as the air of the mountains,
And "monarch of all you survey."
Better stay on the farm a while longer,
Though profits come in rather slow;
Remember, you've nothing to risk, boys,—
Don't be in a hurry to go.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Half the heavy night of care,
Half the burden of the days,
May be lifted from the heart,
By a little word of praise.
Earth is full enough of pain;
Life no pangless path affords;
Give, then, brother, each to each,
Only brave and loving words.

You, inspired by grand endeavor;
Unto whom our God has given
Vision strong enough to cleave
All that hides His happy heaven;
By the blood of their Redeemer,
Do not spurn the toiling throng
Working with their one small talent;
All the goods to God belong.

Full enough there are to censure;
Loving lips should only speak
Words of praise for all endeavor—
Words of pity for the weak.
And, wherever souls are striving
Upward through life's tangled maze,
Give a measure of thy sweetness,
In a kindly word of praise.

TRY HIM ONCE MORE.

HIS case looks bad, I own, sir, very bad;
But let us try and save, not crush the lad:
He feels his guilt e'en to the heart's deep core;
Try him once more!

Deal with him, sir, this tending erring one,
As you would have another serve your son.
Youth is impatient: 'tis his first offense—
Send him not hence!

If you forgive him now, and hide his shame,
I will fire his heart, perhaps, to earn a name,
And show his gratitude, as ne'er before;
Try him once more!

He seems a likely lad—his eye is bright,
His manly limbs are pleasant to the sight;
Let him go on, sir, still in your employ;
Pardon the boy!

Give him good counsel, in a gentle way,
Tell him the story of your boyhood's day;
Recount your victories and temptations o'er;
Try him once more!

A prison cell would never better things,
For self-respect and hope might then take wings;
You say yourself it is his first offense;
Send him not hence!

As years pass by, and he becomes a man,
Guided, it may be, by your own wise plan,
These words may greet you at life's common goal;
"You have saved a soul."

"I've only a shilling a night,
And she perhaps a thousand a-year,
Yet I look, and forget, and dream,
And think of her as my dear.

"I look from the glittering stage,
Across the darkening pit,
To the circle, flashing with gems,
Where sometimes I see her sit.

"And my work and my weekly dole
Fade all into empty air,
And I dream of a happy home
Made bright by her golden hair.

"Sometimes as a lord I strut,
Sometimes go in pauper plight,
Sometimes I laugh, sometimes I weep,
And all for a shilling a night.

"But whether I laugh or weep,
Be my portion joy or care,
I see through all her flashing eyes
And the gleam of her golden hair.

"Does she know me from the rest?
Not she; to her casual sight
I'm only part of the play—
A machine at a shilling a night.

"Yet I love her, though never a word
Has passed between us twain;
Though I know that the season over,
I never shall see her again.

"She rises to go, and the light
Fades all into darkening gloom,
And I go to my pauper meal,
And my cheerless attic room.

"And I dream of her, and the stars
Whisper around my bed,
Telling of joy in the life to come,
As they shine o'er my sleeping head.

"'There's another world,' they sing,
And perhaps in the glory there
I may meet her in the shining throng,
My love with the golden hair.

"'Tis a world of joy, a world of love,
The world which sets this right,
A world where even a thousand a-year
May mate with a shilling a night."—

FOUR STAGES IN THE CAREER OF A VALENTINE.

STAGE THE FIRST.

A NARROW court enwrapped in gloom,
A darksome house, a crowded room;
A brush, some gum, a silver lyre,
Two cherubs on a cloud of fire;
A god of love—a motto fine—,
In short, a gorgeous Valentine.

STAGE THE SECOND.

A country town, a busy street,
A shop with Valentines replete;
A peering throng, a form that stays
Upon the grand display to gaze;
A silver coin—and now, I trow,
A space is vacant in the row.

STAGE THE THIRD.

A pen, some ink, an envelope,
A couplet, rife with joy and hope;
A cheerless February morn,
A hapless lover, all forlorn;
A double knock; a blushing miss,
A stolen kiss, a dream of bliss.

STAGE THE FOURTH.

An old, old desk, a secret spring,
A hidden drawer; a broken ring;
Letters marked with many a tear,
A wee blue flower, crushed and sear;
A lock of hair, a verse of rhyme,
A portrait, and—a Valentine.

"WALKING GENTLEMAN."—Annapolis, Md., is entitled to the honor of being the place where the first regular theatre was built in America, which was in 1752. As a matter of curiosity we give a copy of the first bill of this theatre. Quite a contrast will be found between it and the bills of the present day:

"By permission of his honour the President. At the new theatre in Annapolis, by the company of comedians, on Monday next, being the 13th of this instant, July, 1752, will be performed a comedy called 'The Beaux' Stratagem.' Likewise a farce called the 'Virgin Unmasked.' To begin precisely at 7 o'clock. Tickets to be had at the printing office. Box 10 shillings, pit 7 and 6 pence, gallery 5 shillings. No person to be admitted behind the scenes."

A Tale.

"I THINK I shall marry." to his friend quoted Jack.
With cigar in his mouth, and his chair tilted back.
"And what do you say to a wife like Miss Moke?"
And he watched Rob St. Maur, through the columns of smoke.
"She's handsome and dashing I know," answered Rob,
"But then to propose—it will be such a job."
Then Jack laughed outright, a laugh full of glee,
"It might be to *you*, sir, but not so to *me*!"
"But Jack," said his friend, "if Miss Helen you choose,
Suppose—" with a sly look—"you she should refuse?"
Then Jack started up, from his chair gave a spring;
"There's no woman living could do such a thing!
And she is not engaged, for every one knows
That—well, h-m! that *poor girls* don't have beaux."
"You think, then," said Rob, "because she's not worth
A fortune, she'd have any fool on the earth?"
"Now, now, my dear fellow," with a smile plainly seen—
"You misunderstood me, *that* I did not mean.
I was only just saying her prospects I feared
Would—" here he looked round, Rob had disappeared.
"Refuse *me*, what nonsense," as he looked in the glass,
"That Robert St. Maur is an impudent ass!"
Now it was in the evening a day or two after,
That Jack Castle heard such uncontrolled laughter.
From the garden it came, so he hastened outside,
And sitting alone, Miss Moke he espied.
"Good evening, Miss Helen," he said with a bow,
"It surely was you I heard laughing just now."
"It *was* I," she said with a comical look,
"I was laughing at something contained in this book."
Then lifting her eyes, "Will you sit down," asked she,
"'Tis my favorite seat beneath this oak tree."
Then Castle sat down with his usual grace,
And stealing a glance into her sweet face
Said: "Helen, my darling, at last I must speak,
I love you!" There fluttered a blush to her cheek.
"Ah! shy little darling, you love me, I know,
Then whisper me 'yes,' for you cannot say no."
She drew herself up, with her haughtiest air,
And looked at the man, as he sat waiting there.
"You honor me more than I ever expected,
But consider, dear sir, your love is rejected,
And pray don't forget—" and her voice had a ring—
"That *one* woman lives *who could do no such a thing!*"
Poor Jack stared aghast. "What—what do you mean?"
With the most puzzled countenance ever was seen.
When out from the bushes, with a soft whistle "whew!"
Stepped Mr. St. Maur, "Jack, how do you do?"
Then Helen looked up, while a smile and blush blended,
"Allow me, dear sir, to present my intended,
I *had* to accept him, when he did propose,
For *poor girls*, you know, *don't have many beaux*."
With a half muttered curse, then away Castle sprang,
But he heard Helen's laugh as it through the woods rang.
With a smile Helen said: "His pride's had a full,
But don't you think, Rob, he deserved it all?"
Rob put his arm round her, while his eyes sparkled bright.
"Yes, Helen, my own one, you served him just right!"

WILLY.

THE SWORD AND THE PLOW.

THERE was once a count, so I've heard it said,
Who felt that his end drew near;
And he called his sons before his bed,
To part them his goods and gear.

He called for his plow, he called for his sword,
That gallant, good and brave;
They brought him both at their father's word,
And thus he his blessing gave:

"My first-born son, my pride and might,
Do thou my sword retain;
My castle on the lordly hight,
And all my broad domain."

"On thee, my well-loved younger boy,
My plow I here bestow;
A peaceful life shalt thou enjoy
In the quiet vale below."

Contented sank the sire to rest,
Now all was given away;
The sons held true his last behest,
Each to his dying day.

Now tell us what came of the steel of flame,
Of the castle and its knight;
And tell us what came of the vale so tame,
And the humble peasant wight?

Oh, ask not of me what the end may be!
Ask of the country round!
The castle is dust, the sword is rust,
The hight is but desert ground.

But the vale spreads wide in the golden pride
Of the autumn sunlight now;
It teems and it ripens far and wide,
And the honor abides with the plow!

Cannon Ball Tree.

Among the plants of Guinea one of the most curious is the cannon ball tree. It grows to the hight of sixty feet, and its flowers are remarkable for beauty and fragrance, and contradictory qualities. Its blossoms are of a delicate crimson, appearing in large bunches, and exhaling a rich perfume. The fruit resembles enormous cannon balls, hence the name. However, some say it has been so called because of the noise which the ball makes in bursting. From the shell domestic utensils are made, and the contents contain several kinds of acids, besides sugar and gum, and furnish the material for making an excellent drink in sickness. But, singular as it may appear, this pulp, when in a perfectly ripe state, is very filthy, and the odor from it is exceedingly unpleasant.

HOWARD PAYNE.

At the unveiling of the statue of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," in Brooklyn, the following poem was read by its author, JOHN G. SAXE:

I.

To him who sang of "Home, sweet home,"
In strains so sweet the gentle lay
Has thrilled a million hearts, we come
A nation's grateful debt to pay.
Yet, not for him the bust we raise;
Ah, no! can lifeless lips prolong
Fame's trumpet voice? The poet's praise
Lives in the music of his song.

II.

The noble dead we fondly seek
To honor with applauding breath;
Unheeded fall the words we speak
Upon "the dull, cold ear of death."
Yet, not in vain the spoken word;
Nor vain the monument we raise;
With quicker throbs our hearts are stirred
To catch the nobleness we praise!

III.

Columbia's sons—we share his fame;
'Tis for ourselves the bust we rear,
That they who mark the graven name
May know that name to us is dear;
Dear as the home the exile sees—
The fairest spot beneath the sky—
Where, first—upon a mother's knees—
He slept, and where he yearns to die.

IV.

But not alone the lyric fire
Was his; the Drama's muse can tell
His genius could a Kean inspire;
A Kemble owned his magic spell;
A Kean, to "Brutus," self so true
(As true to Art and Nature's laws),
He secfned the man the poet drew,
And shared with him the town's applause.

V.

Kind hearts and brave, with truth severe
He, drew unconscious from his own;
O nature rare! But pilgrims here
Will oft'nest say, in pensive tone,
With reverent face and lifted hand,
"'Twas he by Fortune forced to roam—
Who, homeless in a foreign land,
So sweetly sang the joys of home!"

CURIOUS ANTIPATHIES.—It seems certain that, in some cases, the dislike to particular objects, and even sounds, which we are wont to ascribe to affectation, are very genuine and deep-seated. A certain clergyman, we are soberly informed, always fainted when he heard a particular verse in Jeremiah read; and another case was even still more unfortunate, being that of an officer who could not stand the beating of a drum, and eventually died of it; one man would fall down at the smell of mutton as though deprived of life; another could not eat a single strawberry, and another's head became frightfully swollen if he touched the smallest particle of hare. Orfila speaks of a painter, named Vincent, who was seized with vertigo whenever there were roses in the room. Hippocrates instances one Nicanor who swooned whenever he heard the flute. Boyle himself, in spite of his philosophy, fell into a syncope whenever he heard the splashing of water. The Duke d'Epernay swooned at seeing a leveret, though a hare took no effect upon him, which is as much as to say that he was frightened at a pony, but not at a horse. Tycho Brahe fainted at the sight of a fox, Henry III. at a cat, and Marshal d'Albret at a pig.

ON what a brittle thread hangs everlasting woe! A colored preacher remarked, "When God made de fust man He set him up agin de fence to dry." "Who made de fence?" interrupted an eager listener. "Put dat man out!" exclaimed the colored preacher, "such questions as dat'd destroy all de theology in de world."

CALIFORNIA.

BY HECTOR A. STUART.

When on the western verge
The glimmering sunlight rests,
And tips with crimson fire
The billows' foaming crests,

The slowly fading beam
Glows on a beetling shore,
Where ever-toiling seas
In solemn murmurs roar;

And tints the mountain-tops,
Those beacons of the skies,
Beneath whose rifted brows
Fair California lies.

There, on the sea-beat marge,
She spreads her fertile meads,
And all her sister train
In bright progression leads.

The favored land of gold,
Of wonders most profound,
Of fruitful vales and plains
With teeming harvests crowned;

Where many-nationed throngs,
In genial friendship blent,
The paths of peace pursue,
And fatten on content.

Nor long the hour when all
Her wonders buried lay,
In dark Oblivion's urn
Lock'd secretly away;

When the rude canyon heard
The arrow's whistling breath,
As from the sounding bow
It bore the feathered death;

And grand Yosemite
Her marvels held unknown;
When vanished races shook
At Merced's endless moan;

And trees, within whose bark
Ten thousand navies sleep,
Stood sentries o'er the land
Wrapt in seclusion deep;

Till the oblivious pall,
By ages hallowed made,
Fell broken by a touch
Of Marshall's busy spade!

When from its firm impact
He turned the clasping soil,
And saw the golden ore
Reward his ardent toil,

The wondrous tidings spread
Throughout the wondering world,
And thousands from afar
Their venturous flags unfurled.

From every clime they rushed,
To seek the precious grain,
Nor dread of ills untold
Their footsteps could restrain.

They on this distant shore
The light of Progress shed,
And the resistless march
Of Christian Empire led.

The barren wild they caused
To blossom as the rose,
And mountains bowed their heads
Beneath their sturdy blows.

From every secret place
They tore the radiant gold,
And it in plenteous streams
To every nation rolled.

They mighty cities reared,
'Mid toils and perils great,
And laid the corner-stone
Of this distinguished State.

Adventurous men! your fame
Shall like a trump resound;
With never-dying wreaths
Your shining deeds be crowned.

And when, like those who once
With you the conflict shared,
You sink into the tomb
For all of earth prepared,

The pilgrim at your shrines
In pensive thought shall weep,
And your illustrious names
In proud remembrance keep.

ness.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work—work—work,
While the cock is crowing aloof
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof
It's oh! to be a slave,
Along with the barbarous Turk
Where woman has never a soul to save
If this is Christian work.

"Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim,
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep
And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh! men with sisters dear,
Oh, men with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you're wearing out
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape
It seems so like my own.
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labor never flags
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags,
That shattered roof, and this naked floor,
A table—a broken chair,
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumb'd
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work!
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright,
When underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet.
With the sky above my head
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal

"Oh! but for one short hour,
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope
But only time for grief.
A little weeping would ease my heart
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt.
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the rich.

INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

"Tell me, O mother! when I grow old,
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
Grow gray as the old man's, weak and poor,
Who asked for alms at our pillared door?
Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow,
As he, when he told us his tale of woe?
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?
Tell me, O mother! will I grow like him?

"He said—but I knew not what he meant—
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent.
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest;
And he told how his kindred there were laid
And the friends with whom in his youth he played;
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!

"He spoke of a home, where, in childhood's glee,
He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee;
And followed afar, with a heart as light
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight;
And pulled young flowers, where they grew neath'
the beams
Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams;—
Yet he left all these through the earth to roam!
Why, O mother! did he leave his home?"

"Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child!
The fancies of youth and age are beguiled;—
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn
gray,
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!
There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek;
But in joy they live, fair boy! like thee—
It was there the old man longed to be!

"For he knew that those with whom he had played,
In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage shade—
Whose love he shared, when their songs and mirth
Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth—
Whose names from our world had passed away,
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day—
He knew that they, with all suffering done,
Encircled the throne of the Holy One!

"Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,
Where want with his pale train never may come,
Oh! scorn not the poor, with the scorner's jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;
For he who hath made them poor may soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild!
Oh! soften the griefs of the poor, my child!"

THE FARMER FEEDETH ALL.

My lord rides through his palace gate,
My lord he sweeps along in state,
The sage thinks long on many a thing,
And the maiden muses on marrying;
The minstrel harpeth merrily,
The sailor plows the foaming sea,
The huntsman kills the good red deer,
And the soldier was without e'en fear,
But fall to each whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Smith hammereth cherry red the sword,
Priest preacheth pure the Holy Word,
Dame Alice worketh broidery well,
Clerk Richard tales of love can tell,
The tap wife sells her foaming beer,
Dan Fisher fisheth in the mere,
And courtiers ruffle, strut and shine,
While pages bring the gascon wine.
But fall to each whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Man builds his castles fair and high,
Wherever river runneth by,
Great cities rise in every land,
Great churches show the builder's hand,
Great arches, monuments and towers,
Fair palaces and pleasing bowers.
Great work is done, be it here or there,
And well man worketh everywhere,
But work or rest, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Protect Home Industry.—A young lady recently remarked, "Some men are always talking about the glory of their own town—always harping on the duty of assisting it—and yet they go abroad to get married. I do hope that some of these men who marry outsiders, will get cheated.

THE ENGAGED RING.

And so they say that I shall be
Belle of the coming ball,
Where all are bright and fair to see—
The loveliest of all.

For this they loop my costly dress,
And braid and deck my hair;
Bright flowers in the service press,
And jewels rich and rare.

Many will turn when I appear,
The vision fair to see—
Low praise be whispered in my ear,
Warm glances thrown at me.

Yet memory with a sudden pain
Comes, better thoughts to bring!
I need to look on thee again,
Thou simple little ring.

Ah! little hoop of gold and blue,
Given by Frank to me,
Meet emblem of that heart so true,
Now far beyond the sea;

And in the deep depths of my heart
A casket sure shall be,
Where gems he'll prize are kept apart—
Love, Faith and Constancy.

LITTLE GERTY.

I've a sweetheart blithe and gay,
Fairer far than fabled fay,
Light and airy,
She is bright and debonnaire,
Softly falls her golden hair;
I all other loves forswear,
Little fairy!

Little Gerty swears she's true,
Gives me kisses not a few,
Do I doubt her?
Hearts are often bought and sold;
Is it glitter? Is it gold?
Half my grief could not be told,
Were I without her.

Gerty scolds me if I roam,
Wonders what I want from home,
With sly glances—
Looks that seem to me to say,
"I have waited all the day;
You were very wrong to stray,
Naughty Francis."

If I whisper, "We must part,"
Gerty, sighing, breaks her heart;
Awkward, very.
When I say that I'll remain,
All her smiles return again;
Like warm sunshine after rain,
We are merry.

If my sweetheart knows her mind,
Love is mad as well as blind.
Little Gerty
Says she means to marry me:
She is only six; you see;
I—alas, that it should be!—
At two and thirty.

S. B.—Your Nursery Rhymes are good, but, with the exception of the following, are a little too late:

There was a little Coroner,
Whose waist was but a span,
Who bought a little buggy-robe
Of a little peddler man.

This Coroner he grew very stout
And saucy, people said,
From picking little perquisites
Belonging to the dead.

And people who are tired of life
Have grown so very shy,
They go their way across the Bay
Whene'er they want to die.

THE OLD MAN GOES TO THE FAIR.

I'm very dusty and tired, wife! I've just come home from the fair;
So give me my pipe and tobacco, and I'll smoke in my easy chair;
It's tiresome work a playin' for feeble old men like me;
It's tiresome work a seein' where every one wishes to see.

Our fairs are a runnin' down; they are not like the fairs of old,
Where you took the prizes for bread, and butter as yellow as gold;
There were hundreds of useful things that were well worth seein' then;
Now dozens of racin' horses and hundreds of bettin' men.

What all this sportin' will lead to is more than I now can tell:
But somehow, it seems to me like the downward road to — well
I may be a little harsh, but I'm speakin' the simple truth,
For bettin', racin' and drinkin' are the foes of our noble youth.

We shall come to a nation of gamblers, if matters keep on this way;
Why, what do you think? a youngster accused me of bettin' to-day;
When I laid my hand on the head—that hasn't seen ten years yet—
And called him a fine little fellow—he answered me back, "You bet!"

"Tut tut! little man," said I, "that thing I have never done;
Come, stand by granpa's knee; let me reason with you my son."
He straightened up his clothes and said, with a look so queer,
"I don't come here for preachin'; old man, walk off on your ear."

We never heard talk like that whon, you and I were young;
My father and mother—bless 'em—put a bridle upon my tongue.
I'm old, and I'm gettin' blind, but a difference I can see,
'Twixt the boys of eighteen hundred and eighteen seventy-three.

How is it about the girls? They, too, from the path have strayed;
I don't see one a showin' the butter her own hands had made;
They stood in their pony phaetons, with woman's ease and grace,
And shouted as loud as any when a favorite won a race.

All eyes were watchin' the track; the race was every man's theme;
And I said to myself, "Is this a fair, or is it only a dream?"
I saw 'bout a dozen boys lookin' round at the sheep and swine,
And the frosts of seventy winters had silvered their heads like mine.

Why on airth don't they change the name, when the wrong name it has got?
No longer call it a fair, but an agricultural trot;
Then men won't be takin' things for sensible folks to see,
With nobody to see 'em but crippled old men like me.

There, take my pipe and tobacco! I'll sleep in my easy chair;
It's tiresome work a talkin' about a degenerate fair.
You needn't disturb me, wife, till the bells of the evening chime,
For I may go back in my dreams to the fairs of the olden time.

—*Ohio Farmer.*

"THAT man," said a wag, "came to Louisville forty years ago, purchased a basket, and commenced gathering rags. How much do you suppose he is worth now? It was a conundrum we could not answer. "Nothing," he continued after a pause, "and he owes for the basket."

"TATOES!" cried a darkey pedlar in Richmond. "Hush dat racket—you distracts the whole neighborhood," came from a colored woman in a doorway. "You kin hear me, kin you?" "Hear you! I kin hear you a mile." "Tank Heaben for dat—I'se hollowin' to be heard. 'Tatoes!"

AN exchange wanting to compliment a live stock journal, says it is edited by a man whose head is chuck full of live stock. Doubtful compliment.

ERA.

[illegible] finds unfa[illegible]
[illegible] of the year, while [illegible]
[illegible] of the child in his [illegible]
As with joy we behold, and its [illegible]

And the warmth of Love's sun with a [illegible] face,
As it nurtures, develops each sweet, genial grace;
And the heavens are cloudless, the deep azure skies
Are reflected again from smiling blue eyes.

And the little mind grows more and more every day,
Under tears that Love showers, while rainbows display
In their rose-colored hues the bright promise of joy,
As the mind of the babe becomes that of the boy.

And the trees break in blossoms as May, tripping past,
Sees the youth with his books to the school-house fast,
And the voice of the lad with a merry peal rings;
The glad time of the year—when the boys gaily sings.

And now June, all effulgent, adorned as a bride,
Thou art welcomed with warmth and a joy-giving pride;
There's no rose-bud so lovely, nor lily so meek,
As the glance of thine eye and the blush on thy cheek.

And the young man of heart with the prize of a wife,
Nerves himself for the heat and the battle of life;
Like the horse clothed with thunder, his eyes flashing fire,
He delights in his strength, while he curbs fiercer desire.

But at last comes July, like a hot fever pest,
As the spark of Ambition flames up in his breast;
There are clouds that are rising, with low thunder's din,
Clouding heavens without, and the heaven within.

Soon it darkens, and gloom like a pall overspread,
Now descends like a type of despair and of dread;
In his bosom there wages a fiercer campaign
Than the war of the elements, thunder and rain.

But the torrents of feeling and doubt will subside,
For as Time speeds along there's an ebb in the tide;
And the voice of the Victor will sing a new song,
As the days of September come gilding along.

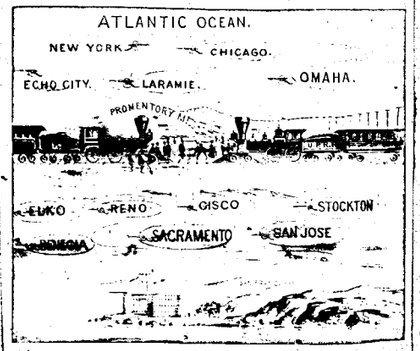
Rich and varied are now the thoughts that transpire,
Like the leaves of the forest in Autumn attire;
And the stillness of Indian Summer's calm sleep
Does but herald the truth that "still waters run deep."

Now the fruits of the great Tree of Life are in store,
For the Winter's approaching, with wafts from Death's door;
And the leaves are all drooping, the air waxes chill,
And the blood does but feebly its office fulfill.

Aye, the snows are now whit'ning December's last page,
As the hairs of the veteran are silvered with age;
And the fierce northern blast, with its icy-cold breath,
Sweeps along, neither sparing destruction nor death.

And yet Nature but sleepeth; not dead are the trees,
For within there's a life that no mortal eye sees,
And the shadowy "Valley of Death" 's but the door
That shall open to view blooming Spring evermore.

"EXCUSE haste and a bad pen," as the pig said when he broke out.



APROPOS of the Tyndall-Darwin theories comes in one of Gen Schenck's latest stories that he told to the wife of a British Cabinet officer, who assured him that "England made America all that she is." "Pardon me, madame," said the General; "you remind me of the answer of an Ohio lad in his teens, who, attending Sunday school for the first time, was asked by his teacher, 'Who made you?' 'Made me?' 'Yes.' 'Why, God made me about so long (holding his hands about ten inches apart) but I growedthe rest.'"

Strike the lute, Sir, if you like—
Prythee strike the lute.
Every body's now on strike,
Why not [illegible]?

Strike, by all means, the guitar,
Strike, besides, the zitter:
Strike them often, if you are
Such a frequent hitter.

But—you'll pardon the reminder
From a humble bard?—
Strike, oh, strike the organ-grinder,
Strike him very hard!

THRILLING.—The following conversation is reported to have occurred between a British tourist and a steamboat pilot: "That is Black Mountain?" "Yes, Sir; the highest mountain above Lake George." "Any story or legend connected with that mountain?" "Lots of 'em. Two lovers went up that mountain once and never came back again." "Indeed! Why? What became of them?" "Went down on the other side."

IRONICAL.—A witness, in describing a certain event, said, "The person I saw at the head of the stairs was a man with one eye named Wilkins." "What was the name of his other eye?" spitefully asked the opposing counsel. The witness was disgusted with the levity of the audience.

AN UNSPOKEN QUESTION.

I thought I must be dreaming
The day you whispered low,
And told me the sweet secret
That I alone must know.

I listened quite in silence,
Perhaps you thought me cold;
My heart was overflowing
With tenderness untold.

Just for one fleeting moment,
One only, did you stay.
Were you and I both dreaming
That happy Summer's day?

The subject of kissing being always in order, we are sure the readers of the ERA will relish the following with a "smack of the lips:"

When Othello is dying at the bedside of smothered Desdemona, he gasps:

I kissed thee ere I killed thee; no way but this,
Killing myself to die upon a kiss!

And then that bold Shakespearian wooer, "Sick-thoughted Venus," who, seeking the love of "rose-cheeked Adonis," thus invites him:

Here come and sit, where serpent never hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses:
And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty;
A Summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport!

Or to rare old Robert Herrick, who thus quaintly sings:

Among thy fancies tell me this:
What is the thing we call a kiss?

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips all cherry red,
By love and warm desires fed—
And makes more soft the bridal bed.

It is an active flame that flies,
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies—
And stills the bride, too, when she cries.

Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks and flies now here, now there;
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near,
And here and there and everywhere.
"Has it a speaking virtue?" "Yes."
"How speaks, it say?" "Do you but this:
Part your joined lips, then speak your kiss,
And this Love's sweetest language is!"

Gone with a Handsomer Man.

BY W. M. CARLETON.

John.

I've worked in the field all day, a-plowin the "stony streak;"
I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse; I've tramped till my legs are weak;
I've choked a dozen swears (so's not to tell Jane fibs)
When the plow-pint struck a stone and the handles punched my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their sweaty coats;
I've fed 'em a heap of hay and half a bushel of oats;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin' feel,
And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

Well said! the door is locked! but there she's left the key,
Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell-mell;
But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!
The letter it says, "Good-by, for I'm a-going away;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much to say;
There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'some kind;
But a *lovin'er* man than I was I guess she'll never find.

Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses wings!
May the words of love I've spoke be changed to scorpion stings!
Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart of doubt,
And now, with a scratch of a pen, she lets my heart's blood out!

Curse her! curse her! say I, she'll sometime rue this day;
She'll come to learn that hate is a game that two can play;
And long before she dies, she'll grieve she ever was born;
And I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it down to scorn!

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time when she
Will read the devilish heart of that handsomer man than me;
And there'll be a time when he will find, as others do,
That she who is false to one, can be the same with two.

And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her, and she is tired of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep, will wake up in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left behind;
And may-be she will sometimes long for me—for me—but no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was something or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;
And she loved me a little, I think, although it didn't last;
But I mustn't think of these things—I've buried them in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter worse;
She'll have trouble enough; she shall not have my curse;
But I'll live a life so square—and I well know that I can—
That she always will sorry be that she went with that han'somer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor eyes blur;
It seems, whea I look at that, as if 'twas holdin' her.
And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her week-day hat,
And yonder's her weddin'-gown—I wonder she didn't take that.

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called me her "dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here,
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell.

Good-by! I wish that death had severed us two apart,
You've lost a worshiper here—you've crushed a lovin' heart.
I'll worship no woman again; but I guess I'll learn to pray,
And kneel as *you* used to kneel before you run away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on heaven to bear,
And if I thought I had some little influence there,
I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
As happy and gay as I was half an hour ago.

Jane (entering).

Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown things all around!
Come, what's the matter now? and what 've you lost or found?
And here's my father here, a-waitin' for supper, too;
I've been a-riding with him—he's that han'somer man than you.

How It Happened.

[BY JOHN HAY.]

I pray you pardon me, Elsie,
And smile that frown away
That dims the light of your lovely face
As a thunder-cloud the day.
I really could not help it—
Before I thought, 'twas done—
And those great gray eyes flashed bright and cold,
Like an icicle in the sun.

I was thinking of the summers
When we were boys and girls,
And wandered in the blossoming woods,
And the gay winds romped with your curls.
And you seemed to me the same little girl
I kissed in the alder-path,
I kissed the little girl's lips, and alas!
I have roused a woman's wrath.

There is not much to pardon—
For why were your lips so red?
The blonde hair fell in a shower of gold
From the proud, provoking head.
And the beauty that flashed from the splendid eyes,
And played round the tender mouth,
Rushed over my soul like a warm sweet wind
That blows from the fragrant south.

And where, after all, is the harm done?
I believe we were made to be gay,
And all of youth not given to love
Is vainly squandered away.
And strewn through life's low labors,
Like gold in the desert sands,
Are love's swift kisses and sighs and vows
And the clasp of clinging hands.

And when you are old and lonely,
In Memory's magic shine
You will see on your thin and wasting hands,
Like gems, these kisses of mine.
And when you muse at evening
At the sound of some vanished name,
The ghost of my kisses shall touch your lips
And kindle your heart to flame.

THE CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me good night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of Heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past.
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones must go.
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
Oh, there is nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh! those truants from home and from Heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild!
And I know how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones
All radiant as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
When I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse the threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street,
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed.

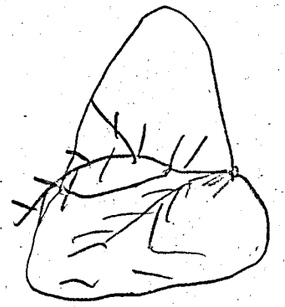
APPROPRIATE NAMES.—The following names are, indeed, appropriate for the uses mentioned:

For an auctioneer's wife—Bid-dy.
For a general's wife—Sally.
For a sporting man's wife—Bet-ty.
For a Fisherman's wife—Net-ty.
For a shoemaker's wife—Peg-gy.
For a teamster's wife—Car-rie.
For a lawyer's wife—Sue.
For a printer's wife—Em.
For a druggist's wife—Ann Eliz
For a carpetman's wife—Matti.

WOMEN AND TIME.—Fontenelle thus daintily compliments the sex, when he compares women and clocks:

"The latter serve to point out the hours, the former to make us forget them."

ness.



THE LEGEND OF THE LADY GINEVRA.

AMONG many queer tales I have read in my time,
In musty old pages, in prose and in rhyme;
'Mong the many wild legends and stories of eld,
Of knights and fair damsels by demons impelled,
That in endless profusion lie scattered about,
And from tomes of diablerie grimly stare out,
There is one that occurs to my memory to-night,
Which my infantine bosom oft filled with afright.
List awhile, I implore you, fair mistress or maid,
To this eerie old legend of Hazelwood Glade.

Secluded from view, standing grim and alone,
'Mid a rock-haunted grove, is a mansion of stone.
Its gables are quaint, and its turrets are gray;
And its ivy-clad walls are fast going to decay.
A desolate spot, and an ancient withal;
And its turrets and gables and ivy-clad wall,
And the ravens that build 'mong its lime-trees so tall,
Seem to whisper weird legends of days that are gone,
When the mansion in splendor and opulence shone;
When its ceilings re-echoed with revel and glee,
To welcome Sir Geoffrey from far Galilee—
Who, shoulder to shoulder, with Richard the Strong,
Bravely mounted the breaches at famed Ascalon;
When the music resounded through turret and stair,
And King Harry the Bluff held high carnival there;
When Surrey's young Earl at the banquet was seen,
And, seated beside him, the Fair Geraldine;
When the young Virgin-Queen, in her heyday of bloom,
With her presence that spacious old hall did illume;
When King James from his palace at London came down
(Unmindful the while of his sceptre and crown)
To follow the hounds in the maddening chase,
And to knight the Sir-Loin as a prelude to grace;
Aud when, lastly, old Rowley, with fair Lady Maud,
Tripped the stately lavolta upon the green sward.

But those revels and feastings have long passed away;
And nought to recall them remains at this day;
Save the turreted mansion so battered and gray.
The broad acres have passed to the gold-lending Jews,
And the baron has nought but his title to lose.
He is moody and stern, and the fire in his eye
Warns all who approach him that danger is nigh.
The minion is luckless who crosses his path,
Or stands in his way, in the hour of his wrath;
And luckless the sportsman who chances to stray,
O'er the woodland adjoining, by night or by day.
If the baron's dark spell be upon him, they say.

For, at times, a gloom deeper than nature bestows,
Hangs around and about him wherever he goes.
Then his glances are fierce, and his words they are high;
And the servants all know that a tempest is nigh.

But to *one* of that household, whatever his mind,
His demeanor was ever complacent and kind.
No matter how threatening his aspect might be
To others, no matter how dreadful to see,
His gestures and bearing to friend or to foe,
To the Lady Ginevra he always spoke low,
And gently, and sweetly, as when he first made
Her his bride and the mistress of Hazelwood Glade.

Ah, Lady Ginevra! I see, as I write,
Thine eyes of azure, and thy tresses so bright,
That anon o'er thy neck and thy bosom of snow,
Gently fanned by soft breezes, bewitchingly flow;
That ravishing smile, that no printer could catch;
And that bust, that Praxiteles scarcely could match.
It were useless and vain to attempt to portray
That creation transcendent, but this let me say:
Just imagine a form of perfection divine—
'Twill be far more suggestive than language of mine.

Have grown dim from the tears that in torrents have flown
Down those cheeks that of yore so resplendently shone.
The smile that once gladdened the heart to behold,
Is now supercilious and frigidly cold.
That bright, glorious hair is besprinkled with gray;
And that form, once so perfect, has wasted away.
Her step that of old was elastic and light,
Has grown nervous and trembling; and when, in the night,
She strays forth 'neath the lime trees, dejected and lone,
And stares up at that old-fashioned turret of stone,
She convulsively shudders, and turning away,
Re-enters the mansion so battered and gray.

But the changes, though great, as the legend has shown,
Are by no means confined to my lady alone.
Lord Richard himself, though austere as of old,
To others, to her is repulsively cold.
He no longer speaks low when he utters her name;
When he speaks it at all, 'tis with eyeballs of flame.
His manner, which once to herself was so mild,
Is almost ferocious, so startling and wild.
When her glance meets his own, she withdraws it in fright;
For it seems to consume her, so glittering and bright.
He never stirs out—save, perhaps for an hour
In the twilight, when demons and larvæ have power;
But their power, if exerted at all, is in vain
To dispel the dark fancies that madden his brain.
He returns grim and silent, and seems to steal in,
As though bent on surprising some mischief within.

Would you ask, curious reader, the reason of this
Great revulsion of feeling—this hatred of his?
Would you ask why this lady, once lively and gay,
Is now gloomy and wretched by night and by day?
Why a few fleeting seasons such havoc have made,
And cast gloom and despair over Hazelwood Glade?

List awhile to the story my muse will unfold,
And confess 'tis the strangest that ever was told.

Once, returned from the chase in the neighboring park,
Lord Richard ascended the staircase so dark,
That leads to his lady's own chamber of rest,
Impatient to fold her once more to his breast.
He entered the chamber with mirth in his eyes,
Expecting to cause her a pleasant surprise.
The chamber was vacant, but traces were there
That the Lady Ginevra, so loving and fair,
Had but recently left it; and from a recess,
Screened by curtains of velvet and hangings of lace,
A soft, whispering voice, and an accent that jarred
On the ear of Lord Richard, distinctly was heard.
He stamped with his foot, and pronounced his wife's name,
Who shrieked when she heard it, but instantly came
From behind those rich curtains and hangings of lace,
And dismay and confusion was seen in her face.

Her lord stood before her, with riveted gaze—
His nostrils expanding, his eyes all ablaze—
And stared down in her countenance lost in amaze.

Ah, yes! she was startled—his sudden return
Had surprised her—ay, *that* he could plainly discern;
But that *voice* and that *accent*: what meant *they?* and why
Did she tremble, and shiver, and piteously cry?

These questions, and like them a multitude more,
When his tongue allowed speech, he poured in her ear;

For a moment he paused, with his hand on his brow.
He had ne'er hesitated to kiss her till now; 26
But that accent and voice with persistence came back,
Bringing hatred, and frenzy, and hell in their track.

One moment he stood, as though mute with surprise—
Then the red fiend of murder shone forth from his eyes,
And he spurned her away in her piteous distress,
And stepped forward as if to explore the recess.
But she sprang to his side, and, impeding his course,
Implored him, in accents discordant and hoarse,
His design to forego, to remain by her side,
And in her most sacred assurance confide
That the recess was vacant—that no one was there—
That his entrance had merely disturbed her at prayer;
And that if he persisted in doubting her now,
She abjured from that moment his name and her vow.

Lord Richard stopped short. "Take that crosslet," he said,
"From the place where it hangs by the side of your bed;
And swear by your hopes of perpetual bliss,
That you do not attempt to deceive me in this—
That there is not at this moment a lover concealed
Within yonder recess, and my purpose I yield."

Even while he was speaking, she took from its place
That symbol to man of unmerited grace.
She held in her hand that bright crucifix there,
While it glittered with diamonds and jewels so rare.

"I swear by my hopes of salvation," she cried,
"May the direst misfortune my future betide;
May I live to be scorned by the crowd passing by;
May my lineage be cursed—may I wither and die—
And when from this body my soul takes its flight,
May it wing its swift course to the regions of night,
If the words that my lips have just uttered be aught
But the sacredest truth."

Then with fervor she caught
That bediamonded crosslet between the fair tips
Of her fingers, and pressed it in haste to her lips.
Then a start and a shudder that moment was heard,
From within that recess; but no accent or word
Passed the lips of Lord Richard, who, frightfully calm,
Stood silently pressing his brow with his palm.
Then he turned, with a countenance livid and white
As the pale, sheeted ghost that stalks forth in the night,
And summoned a servant, in whose listening ear,
He whispered commands that he only could hear.

The servant departed. Lord Richard sat down,
And took Lady Ginevra's white hand in his own.
The Lady Ginevra sat silent and still—
Her breathing came fast, but her heart it grew chill;
While the time glided on, and the moments flew by,
And Lord Richard sat calmly and silently nigh.

Hark! what mean those echoing sounds on the stair!
The chamber door opens—a figure is there!
Then the voice of Lord Richard sounds out in the gloom,
Sepulchral and low, like a voice from the tomb—

"Bring here to this chamber the tools of thy trade—
Bring mortar, and bricks, and a trowel," he said,
"Put in swift requisition thy deftest address,
And wall up the entrance to yonder recess."

over

over

over

Such *was* Lady Ginevra; what *is* she? Ah, me!
Father Time's ruthless traces are painful to see.
Sombre days have passed o'er her, imprinting their sign
On that countenance once so surpassingly fine.
Those eyes whose bright lustre once rivalled the stars,
And sent Talbot's young lord in despair to the wars,

White she, trembling, and pale as the death
She so ardently longed for, with laboring breath,
Seemed terrified, maddened, distraught if you will;
But continued with ceaseless persistency still,
Assuring, protesting that nought was amiss;
And she held up her cheek for Lord Richard to kiss.

The figure bowed low, and descended the stair;
While the lady's wild glance showed the dread that was there.

The mason returning, without more ado,
Executed the task he gave him to do.
Ere midnight had sounded the wall was complete;
And Lord Richard smiled grim, as he rose from his seat.

His lady sat down, and implored him in vain—
Her terror had rendered her almost insane—
To raze to the floor the brick wall he had built;
And she partly confessed, in confusion, her guilt.
But Lord Richard gazed down with those glittering eyes,
And expressed the profoundest, intensest surprise;
And his harsh, bitter laugh sounded close to her ear—
"What mean you, my lady? What ill do you fear?
Why rave you so wildly? Why rend you your hair?
You have sworn on that cross that there is NO ONE *there!*"

Throughout that long night, and throughout the next day,
And throughout the next month, so the servants all say,
Lord Richard ne'er left for a moment that room—
At the end of which time, like a ghost from the tomb,
He emerged from his solitude, listless and pale;
But ere long he returned to his self-imposed gaol.
And from that day to this it is seldom and rare
That his visage, now furrowed with hate and despair,
Is seen in the park or outside of the door;
And his temper is even more fierce than of yore.

For days and for nights the most heart-piercing groans,
Succeeded by wailings and dismallest moans,
From that recess re-echoed; and day after day
Did that lady importune and ceaselessly pray
To her lord to demolish the wall he had made,
And to thrust her forever from Hazelwood Glade.
But he, looking down with that basilisk gaze,
With the laugh of a fiend, and affecting amaze,
Would persist in inquiring the cause of her prayer—
"*You have sworn on that cross that there is* NO ONE *there!*"

Great excitement prevails at De Montfort's old hall,
And the courier's swift steed is led forth from his stall.
His rider in haste scours the country all round,
But the missing Lord Edward can nowhere be found.
No token or trace can the courier descry;
Not the least indication encounters his eye.
His lord was last seen walking out all alone
In the neighboring woodland, just three days agone.

Days, weeks, months, and years, in their turn, pass away;
But no news of Lord Edward is heard to this day.

Though the time has rolled on, and the years have flown by,
And the *fons lachrymarum* has long since run dry
At the mansion of Hazelwood, blackest despair
On the brow of its lady sits hovering there.
And until the last trump of the dread Judgment Day
Shall be heard in that mansion, so battered and gray,
The dark mystery that hangs like a funeral pall
O'er that dark upper room and that modern built wall
Will ne'er be revealed; and the tragical fate
Of Lord Edward will not be made known till too late
For humanity's vengeance or mortal redress;
For his skeleton moulders in yonder recess.

The servants, 'tis said, at the dead hour of night,
Hear wailing, and groaning, and shrieks of affright,
And there is not among them a soul that would dare
To mount unattended that wide-spreading stair.

"**The kindest** and happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive." [*Cowper.*

MY CASTLES IN SPAIN.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

I HAVE castles and castles in Spain,
Stately with turrets, and tall;
And I go, with a gallant train,
Right royal, to visit them all.
When I come to the outer gate,
I blow on my horn a blast,
And straight! the noble and great,
Throng up from the mighty Past.

At the summons, from East and from West,
From North and from South they start—
King Godfrey, with cross on breast,
And Richard the Lion-Heart;
Great Alfred, with Saxon glaive;
And William, with Norman mace;
St. Louis and Bayard the brave;
And Sidney, the last of the race.

All the heroes of olden romance—
The Cid, on his war-horse again;
The Kaisar, from ages of trance;
The peers of the weird Charlemagne;
King Arthur; the Round-Table Knights;
And Launcelot, flower of all—
With music, and splendor, and lights,
They greet me in bower and hall.

For beautiful women are there,
From the magical realms of old—
Pale Sapphо; and Helen the fair;
Cleopatra, barbaric with gold;
The lovely and lost Guinivere;
Clorinda, crusader and knight;
Sweet Una; and Rosalind dear;
And Beatrice walking in light!

The bards of the Vikings they sing,
And the minstrels they chaunt their lays,
'Till the oaken rafters ring
To the deeds of the grand old days.
Oh! there's never a sorrow or care,
But flies from the heart or brain,
When I visit my castles in air,
My beautiful castles in Spain.

"Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear)
Thou merry laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)
Light as the singing-bird that wings the air
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore a-fire!)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life
(He's got a knife!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the South!
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star!
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove!
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)"

THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
The wide-spreading pond, and the well that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure,
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness; it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

MIRKWOOD MERE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LATE, when the autumn evening fell
On Mirkwood Mere's romantic dell;
The lake returned, in chasten'd gleam,
The purple cloud, the golden beam;
Reflected in the crystal pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool,
The weather-tinted rock and tower,
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
As if they lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care—
A world than earthly world more fair.
But distant winds began to wake,
And roused the Genius of the Lake!
He heard the groaning of the oak,
And donn'd at once his sable cloak,
As warrior at the battle cry
Invests him with his panoply;
Then, as the whirlwind nearer press'd,
Began to shake his foamy crest
O'er furrow'd brow and blacken'd cheek,
And bade his surge in thunder speak.
In wild and broken eddies whirl'd,
Flitted that fond ideal world;
And to the shore in tumult tost,
The realms of fairy bliss were lost.
Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
I saw the spirit-stirring change!
As warr'd the wind with wave and wood,
Upon the ruin'd tower I stood,
And felt my heart more strangely bound,
Responsive to the lofty sound.
While joying in the mighty roar,
I mourn'd that tranquil scene no more.
So, on the idle dreams of youth
Breaks the loud trumpet-call of TRUTH,
Bids each fair vision pass away,
Like landscape on the lake that lay;
As fair, as flitting, and as frail,
As that which fled the autumn gale;
Forever dead to Fancy's eye
Be each fair form that glided by;
While dreams of love, and lady's charms,
Give place to honor and to arms!

He sat in a railway car. His head was thickly covered with a mass of red hair. Behind him in a seat sat a man with hardly any hair on his head. He said to him: "I guess you wasn't around when they dealt out hair." "Oh, yes, I was," replied baldhead, "but they offered me a lot of red hair, and I told them to throw it into the ash bin."

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently, and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently—kindly—
Smoothe and compose them—
And her eyes, close them
Staring so blindly!

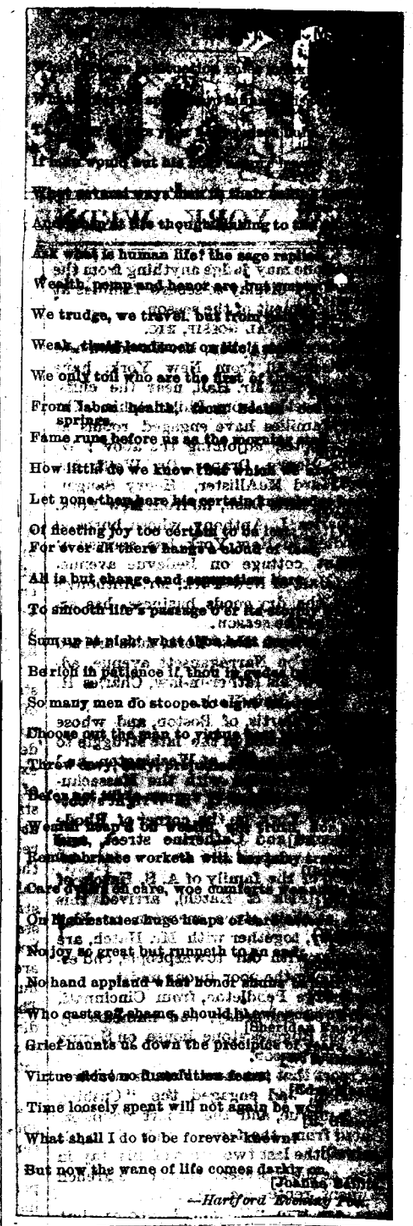
Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

—*Thomas Hood.*

APPROPRIATE PRESENTS.—A subscriber to a paper died a few days ago, leaving four years subscriptions unpaid. The editor appeared at the grave when the lid was being screwed down the last time and put in the coffin a palm-leaf-fan, a linen coat, and a thermometer, which is only used in warm climates.



Ask what is human life? the sage replies
Wealth, pomp and honor are but empty
We trudge, we travel, but from
Weak, timid landmarks on side
We only toil who are the first of
From labor health, from
springs
Fame runs before us as the
How little do we know that which
Let none then
Of fleeting joy too
For ever on there hangs a cloud
All is but change and
To smooth life's passage o'er
Sum up at night what
Be rich in patience if thou
So many men do stoop to
Choose out the
There
Be
Care
Our
No joy so great but runneth to an
No hand applause
Who casts off
Grief haunts us down the
Virtue
Time loosely spent will not again be
What shall I do to be forever
But now the wane of life comes darkly on.

—*Hartford Evening*

THE fireman of the steam heating apparatus at the Central depot yesterday found a penny as he was raking over the hot ashes in the furnace, and he took it up with the tongs and placed it on a bench outside to cool off. It had hardly commenced to cool when a heavy man named Johnson, living in Saginaw, came along. He was talking business with his friend, and as he came to the bench he parted his coat tails and sat down on the penny, remarking: "As I was say, you can have forty acres for—whoop! Thunder and blazes—ouch—dash it—gosh to whoop!" He galloped around in wild amazement, the hot penny sticking to him like a brother, and it was two or three minutes before any one found out whether he had dropped down on a track or been bitten by a dog. There was a heavy aroma of burning cloth and blistered meat, and Mr. Johnson stretched forth his arm and exclaimed that he should devote the remainder of his life to hunting down the fiend who thus planned to waylay him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Concepcion De Arguello.

(PRESIDIO DE SAN FRANCISCO.—YEAR 1800.)

Looking seaward, o'er the sandhills, stands the fortress, old and quaint,
By the San Francisco friars lifted to their patron saint—
Sponsor to that wondrous city, now apostate to the creed,
On whose youthful walls the Padre saw the angel's golden reed;
All its trophies long since scattered, all its blazon brushed away,
And the flag that flies above it but a triumph of to-day.
Never scar of siege or battle challenges the wandering eye—
Never breach of warlike onset holds the curious passer-by;
Only one sweet human fancy interweaves its threads of gold
With the plain and homespun present, and a love that ne'er grows old;
Only one thing holds its crumbling walls above the meaner dust:
Listen to the simple story of a woman's love and trust.

Count von Resanoff, the Russian, envoy of the mighty Czar,
Stood beside the deep embrasures where the brazen cannon are.
He with grave provincial magnates long had held serene debate
On the Treaty of Alliance and the high affairs of State;
He, from grave provincial magnates, oft had turned to talk apart
With the Comandante's daughter, on the questions of the heart,
Until points of gravest import yielded slowly, one by one,
And by love was consummated what diplomacy begun;
Till beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are,
He received the two-fold contract for approval of the Czar;
Till beside the brazen cannon the betrothed bade adieu,
And, from sally port and gateway, north the Russian eagles flew.

Long beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are,
Did they wait the promised bridegroom and the answer of the Czar;
Day by day on wall and bastion beat the hollow empty breeze—
Day by day the sunlight glittered on the vacant, smiling seas;
Week by week the near hills whitened in their dusty leather cloaks—
Week by week the far hills darkened from the fringing plain of oaks;
Till the rain came, and far-breaking, on the fierce southwester tost,
Dashed the whole long coast with color, and then vanished and were lost.
So each year the seasons shifted; wet and warm and drear and dry;
Half a year of clouds and flowers—half a year of dust and sky.
Still it brought no ship nor message—brought no tidings ill or meet
For the statesman-like commander, for the daughter fair and sweet.
Yet she heard the varying message, voiceless to all ears beside:
"He will come," the flowers whispered; "come no more" the dry hills sighed.
Still she found him with the waters lifted by the morning breeze—
Still she lo-t him with the folding of the great white-tented seas;
Until hollows chased the dimples from her cheeks of olive brown,
And at times a swift, shy moisture dragged the long sweet lashes down;
Or the small mouth curved and quivered as for some denied caress,
And the fair young brow was knitted in an infantile distress.
Then the grim commander, pacing where the brazen cannon are,
Comforted the maid with proverbs—wisdom gathered from afar;
Bits of ancient observation by his fathers garnered, each
As a pebble worn and polished in the current of his speech:
"'Those who wait the coming rider travel twice as far as he;'
'Tired wench and coming butter never did in time agree.'
"'He that getteth himself honey, though a clown, he shall have flies;'
'In the end God grinds the miller;' 'In the dark the mole has eyes.'
"'He whose father is Alcalde, of his trial hath no fear,'
And be sure the count has reasons that will make his conduct clear."
Then the voice sententious faltered, and the wisdom it would teach
Lost itself in fondest trifles of his soft Castilian speech;
And on "Concha," "Conchitita," and "Conchita" he would dwell
With the fond reiteration which the Spaniard knows so well.
So with proverbs and caresses, half in faith and half in doubt,
Every day some hope was kindled, flickered, faded, and went out.

Yearly, down the hillside sweeping, came the stately cavalcade,
Bringing revel to vaquero, joy and comfort to each maid;
Bringing days of formal visit, social feast and rustic sport;
Of bull-baiting on the plaza, of love-making in the court.
Vainly then at Concha's lattice—vainly as the idle wind
Rose the thin high Spanish tenor that bespoke the youth too kind;
Vainly, leaning from their saddles, caballeros, bold and fleet,
Plucked for her the buried chicken from beneath their mustang's feet;
So in vain the barren hillsides with their gay serapes blazed—
Blazed and vanished in the dust-cloud that their flying hoofs had raised.
Then the drum called from the rampart, and once more with patient mien
The commander and his daughter each took up the dull routine—
Each took up the petty duties of a life apart and lone,
Till the slow years wrought a music in its dreary monotone.

Forty years on wall and bastion swept the hollow idle breeze,
Since the Russian eagle fluttered from the Californian seas.
Forty years on wall and bastion wrought its slow but sure decay;
And St. George's cross was lifted in the port of Monterey.
And the citadel was lighted, and the hall was gaily drest,
All to honor Sir George Simpson, famous traveler and guest.
Far and near the people gathered to the costly banquet set,
And exchanged congratulations with the English baronet;
Till the formal speeches ended, and amidst the laugh and wine
Some one spoke of Concha's lover—heedless of the warning sign.
Quickly cried Sir George Simpson: "Speak no ill of him, I pray,
He is dead. He died, poor fellow, forty years ago this day.
"Died while speeding home to Russia, falling from a fractious horse,
Left a sweetheart too, they tell me. Married, I suppose, of course!"
"Lives she yet?" A death-like silence fell on banquet, guests and hall,
And a trembling figure rising fixed the awe-struck gaze of all.
Two black eyes in darkened orbits gleamed beneath the nun's white hood;
Black serge hid the wasted figure, bowed and stricken where it stood.
"Lives she yet?" Sir George repeated. All were hushed as Concha drew
Closer yet her nun's attire. "Senor, pardon, she died too!"

—*Bret Harte, in Atlantic Monthly.*

WHAT IS THE USE?

What is the use of trimming a lamp,
If you never intend to light it?
What is the use of grappling a wrong,
If you never intend to right it?

What is the use of removing your hat.
If you do not intend to tarry?
What is the use of wooing a maid,
If you never intend to marry?

What is the use of buying a coat,
If you do not intend to wear it?
What is the use of a house for two,
If you never intend to share it?

What is the use of buying a book,
If you do not intend to read it?
What is the use of a cradle to you,
If you never intend to need it?

THE CRICKET AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A LITTLE black cricket sat moping, one day,
Alone in his woody retreat;
When a wandering Butterfly, coming that way,
Alighted almost at his feet.

"Most beautiful, sure, of all beautiful things!
And, see! how coquettish and bold!
Was ever such color! Just look at his wings,
All azure, and purple, and gold!

"Ye gods! what a life! to be passing the hours
In roaming about at his will:
Just sipping the sweets of the daintiest flowers,
And of luxury taking his fill!

"Ah me! what a different fortune is mine!
How partial Dame Nature must be,
Who gives to the Butterfly everything fine,
And nothing, worth having, to me!"

While thus the Cricket lamented his fate,
And counted his Maker to blame,
Into the meadow, with mischief elate,
A bevy of children came.

And straight at the Butterfly every one goes,
With bonnet, or kerchief, or cap:
Too late he struggles to fly from his foes;
He's caught in a treacherous trap!

Poor fellow!—the battle is barely begun;
Each furious enemy plies
His hands and nails—for every one
Is eager to win the prize.

Off comes a leg in the terrible strife;
And now he has lost a wing;
And now another; and now, his life;
Poor little mangled thing!

"Sure merciful heaven is kind to me!"
Was the Cricket's penitent moan;
"There are greater griefs than mine, I see,
And each must suffer his own.

"A poor little Cricket, so homely and shy,
From envy has nothing to fear;
While beauty—like that of the Butterfly—
May cost a deal too dear!"

THE IRISH HOSTLER.—A gentleman was once traveling in a one-horse vehicle, when he stopped at a tavern to get dinner. Riding up to the front of the place, he jumped out of his carriage, and handing the reins to the Irish hostler, he said:

"Here, my good fellow, take my horse out and bait him well."

"So I will, yer honor," said Pat, leading the horse in the direction of the barn, while the owner entered the house.

After dinner, the gentleman wished to continue his journey, and so ordered his horse to be driven up to the door.

He was feeling much better himself from having a good meal, and he confidently believed that his four-footed friend would be in an equally improved condition.

But when the horse was brought before him, he was surprised to see that he was looking rough, lank, and was unaccountably nervous.

"Why, what's the matter with my horse?" he asked. "What have you been doing with him?"

"Only what yees tould me, sur," replied the hostler.

"Why, he doesn't look as though he had eaten anything.

"Is it ate yer say, sur?"

"Certainly; he doesn't look as though he had had a mouthful."

"No more he has, thin."

"What do you mean?"

"Was it ate yer honor said?"

"To be sure; I told you to bait him well."

"And so I bate him, sure. I tuck the harness off and bate him until I was tired, so I did!"

The indignant traveler returned the compliment, and beat the stupid hostler soundly.

"Murther!" cried he. "Will yees be aisy?"

"No, I won't; I'll learn you to beat my horse."

"Faith, didn't yees tell me ter bate him? If yees had tould me ter ate him I'd done it."

A JUNIOR asked a young lady the following conundrum:

"If small girls are waifs, are larger ones waifers?"

"Certainly," she replied. "At any rate, the boys are in the habit of applying them to their lips in sealing their vows."

KISSING.

The Curiosities of Osculation—Serious and Facetious Views of the Subject.

"Well kissed! an excellent courtesy."
—*Othello*, ii., 1.

A kiss! Can you define it?

Shakespeare calls kisses "seals of love." Gerald Massey likens a kiss to the "golden sunshine." Miss Nellie Marshall thought it "the fragrant breath of summer flowers." Coleridge calls them "nectar-breathing." Sidney says they "tie together souls." Saxe says:

As for kissing—kisses live
Only when we take and give!

Some anonymous poet has left us this definition:

Speaking silence, dumb confession
Passion's birth and infant's play,
Dove-like fondness, chaste impression,
Open dawn of brightest day.

A kiss! Can you describe it?

Shakespeare calls kisses holy, lovely, loving, gentle, jealous, soft, sovereign, warm, and righteous. He has over 250 allusions to kisses and kissing in his plays, and in the second part of *Henry VI.* he speaks of "twenty-thousand kisses." In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* he calls lips "those kissing treasures." But in all his writings we find no full description of a kiss. It was a subject too vast even for Shakespeare's mighty mind. He was apparently as much puzzled as is Charles Godfrey Leland in his poem,

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

What is a kiss? pray tell 't to mee.
A daring, dainty fantasie:
A brace of birdes whych chirpe, "Wee would,"
And pyping answer, "If wee could!

* * * * * * *

What is a kiss! Alacke! at worst,
A single dropp to quenche a thirst,
Tho' oft it prooves in happie hours
The first swete dropp of one long showre.

On taking the necessary step for the sublime, we have the description by a lady of her feelings on being kissed for the first time. She felt like a tub of butter swimming in honey, cologne, nutmegs, and cranberries, and as though something was running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little Cupids in chariots drawn by angels, shaded with honeysuckles, and the whole spread with melted rainbows! Another lady, a French author, said that a kiss gives more pleasure than anything else in the world; to which an irreverent scoffer, a far-western editor, responded: "That writer had evidently never experienced the childish rapture of descending the stairs by sliding down the banisters."

Many years agone, that jovial divine, Robert Herrick, had asked the same question as did Leland, and had also essayed to answer it:

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, all cherry red.

* * * * * *

It is an active flame that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,

* * * * * *

Then to the cheek, the chin, the ear,
It frisks and flies—now here, now there;
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near,
And here and there and everywhere.

An anonymous poet of Herrick's day thus philosophizes on a kiss:

Philosophers pretend to tell
How like a hermit in his cell
The soul within the brain does dwell.
But I, who am not half so wise;
Think I have seen 't in Chloe's eyes;
Down to her lips from thence it stole
And there I kiss'd her very soul.

I suppose all of us who have been children remember the classical ballad describing the wedding of our simian ancestor. The epic poet declares:

The monkey married the baboon's sister,
Smacked his lips, and then he kissed her—
Kissed so hard he raised a blister—

after which the veracious chronicler asserts that

She set up a yell.

As we grew older, and went to college, we sang "Lauriger," with the dear old chorus:

Ubi sunt, o pocula!
Dulciora melle,
Rix et pax, et oscula
Rubentis puellæ.

During the late unpleasantness somebody drew up the following system of osculatory tictacs:

TO KISS, IN THREE MOTIONS.

Recruit is placed in front of the piece.

First motion: Bend the right knee, straighten the left, bring the head on a line with the face of the piece; at the same time extend the arms and clasp the cheeks of the piece firmly in both hands.

Second motion: Bend the body slightly forward, pucker the mouth slightly, and apply the lips smartly to the muzzle-mouldings.

Third motion: Break off promptly in both legs to escape the jarring or injury should the piece recoil.

The London *Fun*, under the heading, "Mind Your Oown Buss-ines," gave this extract from the dictionary of osculation:

Buss, a kiss.
Rebus, to kiss again.
Pluribus, to kiss irrespective of sex.
Syllabus, to kiss the hand instead of the lip.
Blunderbuss, to kiss the wrong person.
Omnibus, to kiss all promiscuously.
Erebus, to kiss in the dark.
Incubus, to have to kiss some one you don't like.
Harquebus, to kiss with a loud smack.

Suggested probably by the whimsical definition of "syllabus." Some one seeing two ladies kiss said it was a waste of raw material. And similar in purport to this is the anonymous quatrain:

Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce will kiss a brother:
Women often want to kiss so much,
They smack and kiss each other.

But although men may scorn to kiss each other, some of them like to kiss each other's wives. Only a few days ago a man was brought into the Court of Oyer and Terminer charged with an assault. But the District Attorney did not press a conviction when he learned that the plaintiff had kissed the defendant's wife against her will, and Judge Brady told the jury that the defendant was justified in using a weapon to protect his wife at home. An English magistrate recently fined a man 10 shillings for kissing another man's wife. The defendant thought this more than the kiss was worth. Not so the husband of the injured (?) lady. He did not think that punishment sufficient, and consequently thrashed the offender after his discharge. Whereupon the kisser caused the arrest of the husband of the kissee on a charge of assault and battery. There the matter rests. But a few days ago a grass widow and a gay young bachelor were fined $5 each for kissing each other while riding through the streets of Prairie du Chien on Sunday. So a kiss appears to cost 10 shillings in Great Britain and $10 in Greater Britain.

The "History of Kisses and Kissing," a work as yet unwritten, would be both amusing and instructive. It would be linked sweetness long drawn out, for kissing is undoubtedly of ancient origin. Adam and Eve probably kissed. The patriarch's certainly did. In Charles Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth*, that wonderful reproduction of mediæval men and manners, there is a short dissertation on some curious kissing customs. Fra Colonna, enamored of the Pagan days, overwhelms Brother Jerome with copious quotations, showing the antiquity and Pagan origin of many modern ecclesiastical customs. "Kissing of images and the Pope's toe is Eastern Paganism," said Fra Colonna. "The Egyptians had it of the Assyrians, the Greeks of the Egyptians, and we of the Romans, whose Pontifex Maximus had his toe kissed under the Empire. The Druids kissed their High Priest's toe a thousand years B. C. The Mussulmans, who, like you, profess to abhor heathenism, kiss the stone of the Caaba—a pagan practice. The priests of Baal kissed their idols, also.

"Tully tells us of a fair image of Hercules at Agrigentum whose chin was worn by kissing. The lower parts of the statues we call Peter are Jupiter. The toe is sore worn, but not all by Christian mouths. The heathen vulgar laid their lips there first for many a year, and ours have followed them as monkeys their masters. And that is why, down with the poor heathen! *Pereant qui ante nos nostra fecerint.*"

In No. 67 of the *Spectator*, disparaging remarks are made against the kissing dance, which appears to have been some sort of country dance, rather too frolicsome and loose in character to be encouraged. Perhaps, however, in these modern days a kissing figure could be introduced to advantage into the German. Should this ever be done the music for it is ready, for has not Arditi composed *Il Bacio*, and is there not a kiss waltz in Herr Offenbach's *Barbe Bleue*?

Later in life we may apostrophize the kiss as does Sir Philip Sydney in *Astrophel and Stella*:

O kiss! which dost those ruddy gems impart;
Or gems, or fruits, of new-found paradise;
Breathing all bliss and sweet'ning to the heart;
Teaching dumb bliss a nobler exercise.

Later still, when the privilege of osculation has been acquired by the solemn betrothal, we may cry with Eayton:

These poor half kisses kill me quite,
Was ever man so served?
Amidst an ocean of delight
For pleasure to be starved.

And if, some day, when our race is nearly run, we can, like Leigh Hunt, be the bearer of good news to a charming woman, we may like him be able to sing:

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put *that* in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old; but add,
Jennie kissed me.

Finally, we may say with Ben Johnson:

It should be my wishing
That I might die kissing!

The writers of comic songs have devoted their energy to the production of osculatory lyrics. We have "Comin' thro' the Rye," "Come and Kiss Me!" "Kissing on the Sly!" and besides others, the excruciating London "serio-comic" song, the chorus of which is:

I saw Esau kissing Kate;
The fact is we all three saw;
For I saw Esau, he saw me,
And she saw I saw Esau!

There is, of course, a facetious way of looking at kisses and kissing and kissers. Messrs. Deery and Dion and Umbassy might think that kissing goes by favor except in billiards. A Western paper recently said a young lady in Oshkosh had broken her engagement for a week in order to eat onions! And another Western journal speaks of another young lady who has been so well brought up that she knocks down every man who kisses her, and she is so pretty that half the married and all the single men in town have black eyes. Two old conundrums informed us that a muff is a thing that holds a lady's hand without squeezing it, and a spoon a thing that touches a lady's lips without kissing them. Although nowadays that would scarcely do for a definition of spooning.

Christmas and kisses go hand in hand with holly and mistletoe. Not that we may not kiss in other seasons, but Christmas and its customs encourage the home manufacture. "When gorse is out of blossom, kissing is out of favor," says the quaint old proverb; and gorse blossoms always, year in and year out. What says the poet?

If of their due my lips you chizzle,
Then on her toe Miss Mistletoe may mizzle!

Eight kinds of kisses are mentioned in Holy Writ: Affection, Adoration, Approbation, Salutation, Subjection, Reconciliation, Valediction, and Treachery.

The poets, mounting to Parnassus on Pegasus, have absolutely reveled in kisses and kissing. Even miserable rhymesters know that kiss and bliss will jingle as effectively as part and heart and love and dove. Shelely, in *Love's Philosophy*, says:

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven.
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea.
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?

Algernon Charles Swinburne, in a lovely little lyric called *A Match*, has this delicious stanza:

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

THERE has been much in the papers of late, mainly from the witness stand, on the pleasant custom and not unpleasant sensation of kissing. On the whole, the Scotch view of that exercise is about the best:

Oh, if it wasna lawful,
Lawyers wadna allow it;
If it wasna holy,
Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
Maidens wadna take it;
If it wasna plenty,
Poor folk couldna get it.

Mortimer Collins, the gastronomic novelst, has this dainty little song in one of his works:

Droop, droop, soft little eyelids!
Droop over eyes of weird wild blue!
Under the fringe of those tremulous shy lids
Glances of fun and of love peep through.

Sing, sing, sweetest of maidens!
Carol away with thy white little throat!
Echo awakes to the exquisite cadence
Here on the magical mere afloat.

Dream, dream, heart of my own love!
Sweet is the wind from the odorous South—
Sweet is the island we sail to alone, love—
Sweet is a kiss from thy ruddy young mouth.

Voltaire quoted and extolled this little epigrammatic gem by Dufresny:

Phyllis, greedier far than kind,
When Sylvander pray'd for this,
Required of her faithful hind
Thirty sheep for one short kiss.

The morrow, and the shepherd thought
Phyllis kind—the bargain cheap;
For from the shepherdess he bought
Thirty kisses for one sheep.

The morrow, Phyllis, far more tender,
Trembling she would lose the bliss,
Was very happy to surrender
Thirty sheep for one short kiss.

The morrow Phyllis nearly mad,
Found her flock a bribe too small
To buy the kiss the fickle lad
Gave Lizette for naught at all.

Charles Sibley's *Kiss* one of the neatest of all osculatory poems, appeared a short time ago in the *Galaxy*, but it is certainly worth reproduction now:

Upon one stormy Sunday,
Coming adoon the lane,
Were a score of bonnie lassies—
And the sweetest, I maintain,
Was Caddie,
That I took unneath my pladdie,
To shield her from the rain.

She said that the daises blushed
For the kiss that I had ta'en.
I wadna hae thought the lassie
Wad sae of a kiss complain.
"Now, laddie,
I winna stay under your pladdie,
If I gang home in the rain."

But on an after Sunday,
When cloud there was not ane,
This self-same winsome lassie—
We chanced to meet in the lane—
Said: "Laddie,
Why dinna ye wear your pladdie?
Wha kens but it may rain?"

An anacreonitic, anonymous but very pretty, went the rounds of the press a year or two ago. It was probably from some English paper:

Oh, if my love offended me
And we had words together,
To show her I would master be,
I'd whip her with a feather!

If then she, like a naughty girl,
Would tyranny declare it,
I'd give my love a cross of pearl
And make her always bear it!

If still she tried to sulk and sigh
And throw away my posies,
I'd catch my darling on the sly
And smother her with roses!

And if she dared her lips to pout,
Like many pert young misses,
I'd wind my arm her waist about,
And punish her with kisses!

Charles Godfrey Leland's short and spirited poem, *Manuela*, contains a poetic disquisition on osculation:

Red the lips of Manuela—
How the lady loves to kiss!

Ah, when Manuela kisses,
First she kisses with her glances!
Then her red lips kiss each other,
Practicing for warm encounters.

Then she kisses with her eyelids,
Kisses with her arching eyebrows,
With her soft cheek softly rubbing,
With her chin and hands and fingers

All the frame of Manuela,
All her blood and all her spirit,
All melt down to burning kisses—
All she feeds on is their sugar.
Oh, thou sun above is flying!
Breeze from land to land still roaming,
Saw ye ever yet a lady
Half so fair or fond of kissing?

Red the lips of Manuela—
How the lady loves to kiss!

Walter Herries Pollock recently pulished the following suggestive verses:

Just one kiss—two faces met,
But the brows were knit and the cheeks were wet;
Just one kiss—then up and away;
But its mark will last for many a day.

Just one kiss and just one word,
Softly spoken and hardly heard;
Just one word that was said through tears,
And told the story of all the years.

Just one look from the deep, dark eyes,
Just one grasp at a glorious prize;
Just one kiss—then up and away;
But ah! such a heavy debt to pay.

William Strode, a minor poet of the earlier part of the seventeenth century, worked out a pretty conceit in the following lines:

My love and I for kisses play'd,
She would keep stakes, I was content;
But when I won she would be paid;
This made me ask her what she meant.
Nay, since I see (quoth she) you wrangle in vain,
Take your own kisses, give me mine again.

The same idea has been frequently used since then, but, as quoted Fra Colonna, "Pereant qui ante nos nostra fecerint."

John Wolcot also devised a quaint conceit, and addressed these lines "To a Kiss:"

Soft child of Love, thou balmy bliss,
Inform me, O delicious Kiss!
Why thou so suddenly art gone,
Lost in the moment thou art won?
Yet, go—for wherefore should I sigh?
On Delia's blushing lip I see
A thousand full as sweet as thee!

—*Galaxy for August.*

The Hon. Mrs. McFlinn.

Hurrah! for the time is comin'
Whin the ladies shall vote wid the min;
Och, won't the polls be a bloomin'
Wid fithers and crinoline thin!
Election day thin, I am thinkin',
Will be the grand day of the year,
Whin the lasses and lads will be drinkin'
Togither the candidates' beer.

What's the use to wrangle wid Biddy,
About who the livin' shall make?
And sure, I will plaze her, I'm riddy,
To give up the nod for her sake.
An' by stayin' all day at the shanty,
To tind to domestic affairs,
A boilin' the baif and the praties,
And mindin' the tips of the tears.

Thin, whin election day approaches,
An' the lasses around shin' the strate,
Wid big bands of music an' torches,
An' Biddy is standin' the trate,
I'll be ——
For my——
Wid a child in my arms and drawin'
A cab wid milthery——

An' when she is makin' her spaches,
Before the great min of the land,
Sure thin I will look——
An' sit by her side on the shtand;
An' after she's done wid her talkin'
An' the people are cheerin' like mad,
Thin off to the polls we'll be walkin'
An' votin' for Biddy, bedad.

An' whin all the votin' is over,
An' Biddy elected, sure thin
I'll——
Wid Hon. Mrs. McFlinn.
The shanty I'll quickly be laivin'
An' livin' wid illigant taste,
Wid a horse and a shay for me thravin'
An' a nagur to wait on the baste.

It's never a lie I am spakin';
But thrue every word that I say;
It's meself that would niver be takin'
The rights of the ladies away.
If a lassie, thinkin' it prather,
Should shoulder the mop and the brish,
Bad luck to the man that would stop her,
I'd black his two eyes pretty quish.

AN Englishman dining in a Chinese village was greatly enjoying a savory dish, and would have expressed his pleasure to the waiter, who, however, understood nothing of English, nor could our friend utter a word of Chinese. The smacking of lips indicated satisfaction; and then came the question, ingeniously put. Pointing at the portion of meat in the dish, and which he supposed to be duck, the Englishman, with an inquiring look, said, "Quack, quack, quack?" The waiter, gravely shaking his head, as much as to say "No," replied, "Bow, wow, wow!"

TWO VALENTINES.

TO A LADY.

AS a lass loves to be trim,
As a lawyer loves to sign,
As a duck in ponds to swim,
So I love my Valentine.

As the master loves to teach,
As the dandy to be fine,
As the Methodist to preach,
So I love my Valentine.

As the miser loves his pelf,
As the glutton loves to dine,
As Narcissus loved himself,
So I love my Valentine.

As the Jews love cent. per cent.,
As the bard in fame to shine,
As the landlord loves his rent,
So I love my Valentine.

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

As the master hates a clod,
Ministers hate to resign,
As the children hate a rod,
So I hate your Valentine.

As the miser hates to lend,
As the borrower to sign,
As the servant to offend,
So I hate your Valentine.

As the schoolboy hates his books,
As the robber hates a line,
As the lover, angry looks,
So I hate my Valentine.

As the debtor hates a dun,
Whist-players the number nine,
As the serious hate a pun,
So I hate your Valentine.

HELPING HIS FATHER.—Says the Detroit *Free Press*: A boy about twelve years old, whose father was in the Central Station for drunkenness, called and asked permission to "see dad." When the father came to the grated door the son exclaimed: "Didn't I advise ye and warned ye to let whiskey alone?" The father made no reply, and the boy conued: "Remember, now, this is the last time I'll keep you from going up. Here's ten dollars and I'll be down in the morning and see if the judge won't square up that."

A B C UPON A BALL.

The following poetical alphabet, which, for unlabored wit and happiness of rhyme, eclipses all other poetical productions in its line, was written by Mr. Cavelry, of London, whose Fly-Leaves have been lately attracting much attention:

A is an Angel of blushing eighteen;
B is the Ball where the angel was seen;
C is the Chaperon who cheated at cards;
D is the Deuxtemps with Frank of the Guards;
E is the Eye which those dark lashes cover;
F is the Fan it peeped wickedly over;
G is the Glove of superlative kid;
H is the Hand it spitefully hid;
I is the Kerchief a rare work of art;
L is the Lace which composed its chief part;
M is the old Maid who watched the girl dance;
N is the Nose she turned up at each glance;
O is the Olga (just then in its prime;
P is the Partner who wouldn't keep time;
Q is a Quadrille put instead of the Lancers;
R is the Remonstrances made by the dancers;
S is the Supper where all met in pairs;
T is the Twaddle they talked on the stairs;
U is the Uncle who "thought we'd be going;"
V is the voice which his niece replied "No" in
W is the Waiter who sat up too late;
X is his Exit not rigidly straight;
Y is the Yawning fit caused by the ball;
Z stands for Zero, or nothing at all.

A competitive examination was lately held for the purpose of appointing fit persons to some of the government offices in England. One of the candidates inadvertently spelled the word Venice with two *n*'s, thus, Vennice. The examiner, a clever man, but not always a correct speaker, sternly inquired, "Do you not know, Sir, that there is but one *hen* in Venice?" "Then eggs must be very scarce there," was the ready reply. The candidate passed.

Why is the world like a piano?—Because it is full sharps and flats.

[illegible] the city's thoroughfare
[illegible] Old Gal with manly air,
Stood on amid the noisy crowd,
Tooting her horn both shrill and loud:
Till far above the city's roar,
Above its din and discord—o'er
All was heard, "Ye tyrants, fear!
The dawn of freedom is drawing near—
Woman's Rights and Suffrage!"

The suburb farmer, trading came,
With loads of produce, hay and grain;
The tinman's cart was left to stare,
Applied for weights at the doors,
The sound-mad cats had fast their fun
Around the door mats growling;
Yet high above the city's roar borne
The notes from the old fish-horn—
"Woman's Rights and Suffrage!"

The flying mosquito vainly came;
One hoarsely roared, 'a wild game, wild game,
A Tyrol warbler scroll'd a chantin,
And painful warbled "Oh! Susanna!"
While up the street with hideous bray
A fellow bawl'd, "Sass, rags, to-day!"
Yet high above his notes forlorn,
Rang shrill and clear the Old Gal's horn—
"Woman's Rights and Suffrage!"

A citizen from Yarmeny
Who heard her from the brewery,
Sung out, "Old voman! I'll hop dot shouet;
Dot horn of yours I dink vos crack't;
Drink beer, und get a beau, you bet!
Or voman, you'll be happy yet—
With Woman's Rights and Suffrage!"

The demagogue, in buncome loud,
Howl'd patriotism to the crowd;
The crowd at each effective pause,
Burst forth in thunders of applause;
The rockets spread the evening sky,
The Dutch band played, "Shoo-fly, Shoo-fly!"
But all grew hush'd as Sabbath morn,
To hear the Old Gal toot her horn—
"Woman's Rights and Suffrage!"

Alarm bells their warning knell'd,
Flame and confusion sudden dwell'd;
Quick, through the streets with wild desire,
A motly crowd sped to the fire.
Men, horses, women rushed pell-mell,
Mid firemen's whoop and hoodlum's yell,
While through the falling sparks and soot
A horn was heard to toot and toot—
"Woman's Rights and Suffrage!"

From near and far, throughout the land,
Progressive females swell'd her band;
While lowly matrons left their lords,
And struck for better "beds and boards."
The higher joined the strange melee,
And shrieked for their "affinity;"
While shriller rung her bugle strain—
"Vive la Commune and Francis Train,
Woman's Rights and Suffrage!"

A meek old man, in accents wild,
Cried, "Sal, come back, and nurse our child!
She bent on him a with'ring look,
Her bony fists at him she shook,
And screech'd, "Ye brute! ye think I'm flat,
To mend your tears and nurse your brat?
Nurse it yourself; I'll change the plan
When I am made a Congressman—
Woman's Rights and Suffrage!"

Then on her heel she turn'd and strode,
In dudgeon high upon the road;
O'er Sucker Flat she pass'd at eve,
Tooting her horn as she did leave;
Through Sharpers' Gulch, nor took in sail,
Through Dog-Tooth Canyon, hill and dale;
And as each settlement she pass'd,
She blew that strange, unearthly blast—
"Woman's Rights and Suffrage!"

QUEER NAMES.—An English writer contributes to *Notes and Queries* a list of strange names which he has compiled from London sign-boards. Among them are Mr. Allchin and Mr. Appleyard; Mr. By the Sea and Mr. By the Way—probably a forgetful gentleman—with Messrs. Baby, Barefoot, Butter, Bellhanger, Christmas, Coppernile, Curbush, a florist; Cobbledick, who should be a shoemaker; Death, Deadman, Draw-water, Drinkwater, members of the temperance society, and Drinkall, who believes in Anacreon, Eyes, Eatwater, Gosling, Gray, Goose, Gotobed, Ghost, Handsomebody, Hollowbread, Mackerel, Oysters, Punch and Pigeon.

"WHIP BEHIND!"

I leaned from out my two-pair back—
The afternoon was mild—
A cab passed by, and on its track
A little dirty child.

Cabby drives calmly through the slush,
With all-unconscious mind;
The dirty child comes with a rush,
And clambers up behind.

His mates had looked with careless eye
On all his efforts vain,
But, now he's landed high and dry,
They burn with envious pain.

And as he sits between the wheels,
As happy as a lord,
"Hi! whip behind!" with hoots and squeals,
They yell with one accord.

The driver turns and plies the lash,
The child falls in the dirt,
And in a puddle rolls ker-splash—
I think he must be hurt!

He turns away—that ragged boy—
He's any thing but gay;
His little friends they jump for joy,
And go on with their play!

I shook my head despondingly—
"Ah, such is life, I guess!"
A man meets little sympathy
While struggling for success.

And when the back of Fortune's car
He's clutched, you'll always find
How ready all his best friends are
To bellow, "Whip behind!"

Curious old Prophecy.

In the Harleian manuscripts the following quaint lines of prophecy occur.

If Christmas day on Monday be,
A great Winter that year 'twill be,
And full of winds both loud and shrill.
But in Summer, truth to tell,
High winds shall there be and strong,
Fall of tempests, lasting long;
While battles thou shalt multiply,
And great plenty of beasts shall die.
They that be born that day, I ween,
They shall be strong each one and keen;
He shall be found that stealest aught—
Tho' thou be sick thou diest not.

A PLANTER in Virginia, being dressed for some special occasion, said to Uncle Ben, an old family servant: "Uncle Ben, how do I look?" "Why, you look splendid, marster, splendid. Why, you looks as bold as a lion." "What do you know about a lion? You never saw one." "Why, yes, I did, marster; I'se offen seed a lion, offen." "Where, Uncle Ben?" "Why, down on Marster Johnson's plantation; they's got a lion, and you seed him, too. I know you has." "Why, you old goose, that is not a lion: it is a jackass, and they have named him Lion." "Well, I don't care about dat, marster—I don't care for dat. You looks jes' like *him*!"

——There are eyes whose spell entrances, though their shade be light or dark; much there is in tender glances. Here 'tis love betrays his mark. Dark eyes are not always grieving; tears become them less than smiles; but such eyes e'en when deceiving, seem to scorn all tricks and wiles. Brown eyes beam with sudden splendor, gray eyes hide but mystery; take them all—the bright, the tender, blue eyes dearer are to me. There's a soul within them sleeping, can I bid the trembler rise? Ah, but safety lies in keeping watch upon such potent eyes.

"MY hand is not a lemon, nor my lips deer meat," as the young lady said to her escort when they parted at the door the other night. Why did she speak thusly?

A CELEBRATED RIDDLE.

The following riddle, written about fifty years ago, and attributed at the time to Lord Byron, puzzled Europe for a time, but was solved in this country.

'Twas whispered in Heaven, and muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed;
'Twill be found in the sphere, when 'tis riven asunder,
'Tis seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder;
'Twas allotted to man from his earliest breath,
It lasts at his birth, and attends him at death;
Presides o'er his happiness, honor and health,
'Tis the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth;
In the heap of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir;
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
It prays with the hermit with monarchs is crowned;
Without it the seaman and soldier may roam,
But woe to the wretch that expels it from home;
In the whispers of conscience 'tis sure to be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion is drowned;
'Twill soften the heart, and though deaf to entreaty,
'Twill make it acutely and constantly hear;
But in short let it rest; like a beautiful flower,
(Oh! I breathe on it softly), it dies in an hour.

Victoria Gray.

A giddy young girl was Victoria Gray,
One proud and determined to have her own way,
And rather than bend
She would lose her best friend—
She was one upon whom you could never depend.

That she thought herself charming was plain to be seen
By her confident manner and satisfied mien;
She was one of that kind
That one often will find,
With a small, selfish heart and diminutive mind.

Victoria Gray had a passion for dress,
Though good taste and good judgment she did not possess;
On the street she would flirt,
And sweep through the dirt,
With thirty-six yards of light silk in her skirt.

She had many lovers, it may be a score—
She had promised to marry a dozen or more;
All felt happy and gay
At the confident way
They were treated and loved by Victoria Gray.

Augustus Van Quirk was her fortunate flame
(Victoria loved his euphonious name),
A weak little fellow,
Whose whiskers were yellow,
With little white hands and a voice rather mellow.

He took her to operas, dances, and plays;
He courted and wooed her in various ways—
He whispered a store
Of affectionate lore
That blighted the hopes of a dozen or more.

They were married at last; 'twas a most famous affair,
Made brilliant by presents of real plated ware—
'Twas a transient display,
The talk of a day,
And this was the end of Victoria Gray.

Five years have passed by, and Augustus Van Quirk
Has never been guilty of going to work;
Just over the way
Is a small sign to-day:
"Boarding—by Mrs. Van Quirk" (*nee* Victoria Gray).

——We find the following sweet and pathetic poem in the Oregon "Statesman," for which paper it was originally written:

BESSIE AND I.

You Moon! Have you got any God in the sky?
That we should be scorned by passers-by,
And left in the street to starve and die—
Bessie and I?

We've been thrust away from many a door,
And we only asked the alms of the poor,
A crust of bread and a bed on the floor—
Bessie and I.

We're hungry and tired, and sore are our feet,
From treading so long up and down the street,
Through the blinding storm of snow and sleet—
Bessie and I.

I guess I'll make us a bed in the snow,
For Sissy's so tired, and then you must know
In all this city we've nowhere to go—
Bessie and I.

We'd go to Heaven, if it wasn't so high,
But maybe angels will come, by-and-by,
And carry us up to the bright, blue sky—
Bessie and I.

THE BAR-TENDER'S STORY.

I.

When I knowed him at first there was suthin'—
A sort of a general air—
That was very particular pleasin',
And what you might call debonair.
I'm aware that expression is Frenchy,
And ruther high daddy, perhaps;
Which accounts that I have the acquaintance
Of several quality chaps.

II.

And such is the way they converses—
But, speakin' of this here young man,
Apparently natur' had shaped him
On a sort of a liberal plan;
Had guv him good looks and good language,
And manners expressin' with vim
His belief in hisself, and that others
Was just as good fellers as him.

III.

I hev noticed (I'm rather observin')
That them that is cheerfulest here
Is the sort that is seldomest given
To indulgin' theirselves in the fear
That they a'n't bein' thought of sufficient,
Whatever's the company by,
Or that somebody, somehow or other,
Is toppin' of 'em onto the sly.

IV.

But this chap that I mentioned was pleasin',
And neither stuck up nor stuck down,
And was thought to be jolly agreeable
Whenever he went around town.
He used to come in for his beverage
Quite regular every night;
And I took a considerable interest
In mixin' the thing about right.

V.

But he got to increasin' his doses,
And took 'em more often, he did;
And it growed on him faster and faster,
Till inter a bummer he slid.
I was grieved to observe this here feller
A-shovin' hisself down the grade,
And I lectured him onto it sometimes
At the risk of its spilin' the trade.

VI.

At last he got thunderin' seedy,
And he lost his respect for hisself,
And all his high notions of honor
Was bundled away on the shelf.
But at times he was dreadful remorseful,
Whenever he'd stop for to think;
And he'd swear to reform hisself frequent,
And end it by taking a drink.

VII.

What saved that young feller? A woman!
She done it in the singlerest way.
He come into the bar-room one evenin'
(He hadn't been drinkin' that day),
And sot hisself down to a table
With a terribly sorrowful face,
And he sot there a groanin' repeated
And callin' hisself a gone case.

VIII.

He was thinkin' and thinkin' and thinkin'
And cussin' hisself and his fate,
And ended his thinkin' as usual
By orderin' a Bourbon straight.
He was holdin' the glass in his fingers,
When into the place from the street
There came a young gal like a spirit,
With a face that was powerful sweet.

IX.

And she glided right up to the table
And took the glass gently away,
And says she to him, "George, it is over;
I am only a woman to-day!
I rejected you once in my anger,
But I come to you lowly and meek,
For I can't live without you, my darling;
I thought I was strong, but I'm weak.

X.

"You are bound in a terrible bondage,
And I come, love, to share it with you;
Is there shame in the deed? I can bear it,
For at last to my love I am true;
I have turned from the home of my childhood,
And I have come to lover and friend,
Leaving comfort, contentment and honor;
And I'll stay to the terrible end.

XI.

"Is there hunger and want in the future?
I will share them with you and not shrink!
And together we'll join in the pleasures,
The woes and the dangers of drink."
Then she raised up the glass firm and steady,
But her face was as pale as the dead—
"Here's to wine and the joy of carousals,
The songs and the laughter," she said.

XII.

Then he riz up, his face like a tempest,
And took the glass out of her hand,
And slung it away stern and savage—
And I tell you his manner was grand!
And he says, "I have done with it, Nelly,
And I'll turn from the ways I have trod,
And I'll live to be worthy of you, dear,
So help me a merciful God!

XIII.

"You have saved me, my love and my darling,
On a noble and womanly plan;
Go back to your home till I seek you
In the garb and the strength of a man!"

* * * * *

I seen that same feller last Monday,
Lookin' nobby and handsome and game;
He was wheelin' a vehicle, gen'lemen,
And a baby was into the same.—[Graphic.

The First English Song Set to Music.

The London "Musical World" is authority for the statement that the following is the first song in the English language that was set to music. It was written about the year 1300, and was discovered among the Harleian manuscripts now in the British Museum:

Summer is i-comen in,
Shude sing cuccu.
Groweth fed, and bloweth med,
And springeth the wde nu.
Sing cuccu.

Awe bleteth after lamb,
Shouth after calve cu;
Bullue sterteth, buck verteth;
Mure sing cuccu;
Cuccu, cuccu:

Wel singes the cuccu,
Ne swik thou nawer nu.
Sing cuccu nu,
Sing cuccu.

A literal prose version, modernized, runs thus: Summer is coming. Loudly sing, cuckoo; groweth feed, and bloweth mead, and springeth the wood now. Ewe bleateth after lamb, loweth cow after calf; bullock starteth, buck verteth,—i. e., harboreth among the ferns; merrily sing, cuckoo. Well singest thou, cuckoo, nor cease to sing now. Sing, cuckoo, now; sing, cuckoo.

A Wife's Soliloquy.

Ah me! Is this never to end—
This drudgery, toil and strife?
And this comes of leaving one's ease
To be a poor artizan's wife!

This dish-washing's driving me mad;
It makes my poor weak stomach whirl;
My hands in warm water to bathe
I never could bear when a girl.

The dish-cloth is greasy, and—bah!
It's flavor's not *eau de Cologne*!
Oh! love in a cottage, I ask:
Where, where has your rose-fragrance flown?

Now, dinners are pleasant affairs
With dining-rooms airy and sweet;
But cooking them means something more:
Red faces, sore hands, and tired feet.

These kettles are heavy, and—and—oh!
Does Will, while he dines at his ease,
E'er think what it costs my good looks
To stew his loved turtle and peas?

But dinner must quickly be on—
Here's green corn, tomatoes and squash!
Oh, dear! I must hurry it through,
And finish that shirt for the wash.

Will's shirt! Darling Will! Now I mind
How tender he's been, and how good!
I really don't think, after all,
I'd change my poor lot if I could.

The clock's striking twelve! Well, 'tis strange
I never can hear his light tread
Approaching the door, but my heart
Forgets the harsh things it has said.

The dishes, the kettles, the pans,
The cookery, washing and all,
Are phantoms, whose shadows are laid
When Will's step is heard in the hall.

A DARK SURPRISE.—Some weeks since, when Lucretia Borgia was being done with slow murder at an Eastern theater, the death-like silence which prevailed was suddenly interrupted by the sobbings of some tender-hearted female, whose sympathetic soul was keenly alive to the unfortunate condition of the aforesaid victims. A modest young man began to be interested in discovering the female whose heart, like his own, was so susceptible to human feeling. While the young Romeo was looking round from the parquet, and scanning the countenances of the fair ones, he thought he experienced a sensation as if something was upon his head. Raising his hand, he found, to his delight, that some young lady had accidently dropped her cambrick handkerchief from the box above. Our young Romeo soon began to discover that there was an opportunity for him to display his gallantry; he arose, and, after privately pressing the cambric to his lips, extended it, delicately secured between his fingers, for the fair claimant to take possession of. At this moment a head protruded over the gallery above, and cried in a low, but distinct tone, "Chuck it up, sah!" The young man suddenly raised his eyes, and beheld the blackest woman that ever white man looked upon. It is needless to add that he dropped almost lifeless into his seat, and a favored few who chanced to witness this ludicrous scene, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

A Gentle Rebuke.

A LADY, riding in a car on the New York Central Railroad, was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen occupying the seat just before her. One of them seemed to be a student of some college on his way home for a vacation.

He used much profane language, greatly to the annoyance of the lady.

She thought she would rebuke him, and, on begging pardon for interrupting them, asked the young student if he had studied the languages?

"Yes, madam; I have mastered the languages quite well."

"Do you read and speak Hebrew?"

"Quite fluently."

"Will you be so kind as to do me a small favor?"

"With great pleasure, I am at your service."

"Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?"

We may well suppose the lady was not annoyed any more by the ungentlemanly language of this would-be gentleman.

Blunders of Bashfulness.

If there is any defect more striking than another, in the American character, it is bashfulness. Young America, in particular, is painfully affected by it. An incident is mentioned by a correspondent, who was desired by his aunt to go to the neighbor, Shaw's, and see if he had for sale any straw suitable for filling beds.

Mr. Shaw, says our informant, was blessed with a goodly number of Misses Shaw, and I therefore felt a little timid at encountering them. To make the matter worse, I arrived just as the family was seated for dinner. Stopping at the doorway, hat in hand, I stammered out,—"Mr. Straw, can you spare enough shaw to fill a couple of beds?"

"Well," replied the old gentleman, glancing around at his large family, and enjoying my mistake, "I don't know but what I can, how many will you need!"

Before I could recover, those hateful girls burst into a chorus of laughter, and I broke for home in a cold sweat.

Yankee Shrewdness.

A Kentuckian and a Yankee were once riding through the woods, the former on a fine black horse, and the Yankee on an inferior animal. The latter wanted to make a "swap," but he did not see how he was to do it. At last he thought of a plan. His horse had been taught to sit down like a dog whenever he was touched by the spurs. Seeing a wild turkey, the Yankee made his horse perform the trick, and asserted that he was pointing his game, as was his custom. The Kentuckian rode in the direction indicated by the horse's nose, and up rose a turkey. That settled the matter; the trade was made, and saddles and horses were changed.

After a time they came to a deep and rapid stream, over which the black horse carried his rider with ease. But the Kentuckian, on the Yankee's old beast, found great difficulty in getting over, and when he reached the middle of the stream he was afraid the horse would allow himself to be carried away, and so endeavored to spur him up to more vigorous action. Down sat the horse on his haunches.

"Look a here!" shouted the enraged and partially submerged Kentuckian to the Yankee on the other side of the stream, "what does this mean?"

"I want you to know, stranger," cried the Yankee, preparing to ride away, "that that there hoss will p'int fish just as well as he will fowl."

WORSE STILL.—A Professor went out for a sail. When the boat was some distance from the land he said to the boatman. "Do you know anything about history?"

"No," replied the boatman.

"Then," replied the professor, "half your life is lost."

After a little while he asked, "Do you understand mathematics?"

"No," replied the sailor.

"Well, then, three quarters of your life are lost."

Just as he spoke a puff of wind upset the boat, and capsized professor and boatman in the water. The latter cried, "Do you understand swimming?"

"No," grasped the professor.

"Then," replied the boatman, "all your life is lost."

Happy Daddy.

We are not obliged to tell how the following funny letter fell into our hands; all the reader has to do is to read it and laugh at it. We congratulate the new made pa-ri-ent, and hope he will get over his confusion of ideas shortly, so as to be able to tell his baby from his horse.

DEAR SISTER EMMA:—I now take my seat and sit down to take this opportunity to inform you that I am a "daddy" at last; that is, I suppose I am, for Addie has got a nice, fat baby as ever made up faces. We hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same great blessing. Now this is to be strictly a business letter. Firstly, as I said before, Addie has got a nice baby. Nextly, I have swopped away Old John, and I think I have got a pretty nice horse, it is a girl and weighs nine pounds—I mean the baby—it is just as fat as butter, and has a good strong pair of lungs. She is red and has a bob-tail—the horse I mean—and white stripe in her face, and is a good driver; she has got blue eyes and a dimple in her chin—I mean the baby—and just the prettiest mouth that ever opened to receive pap; judging from her teeth, I should think she was about six years old—I mean the horse now—she is sound, smooth and kind—I mean the horse or baby either, now—and the doctor says she is the fairest he ever saw, without exception—he meant the baby—I got twenty-five dollars to boot—not on the baby though, for in its case the boot is on the other foot and two or three sizes larger, as near as I can find out. I am going to harness the horse now, and go after mother, she was born last night as twenty minutes past nine—I hope you don't think I mean mother or the horse, I mean the baby. She is as hearty as a pig; can eat an egg, a biscuit, and drink three cups of tea—I mean Addie—she is getting along nicely, and if she don't have any bad luck she will get along first-rate. She is subject to disorders of the stomach, and they say that is a sign of colic—I mean the baby—I hope it is, for the nurse says colicy babies never die. She talks about her nose as she takes snuff—I mean the nurse. I am going to name it Ediema—I mean the baby. There, I've been reading this over, and I see plainly that I ain't fit to write. The amount of it is, I am flustrated. I am a happy daddy, and that accounts for it, so you must excuse me this time.

Awl kinds of bores are a nusance, but it iz better to be bored with a two inch orger than a gimblet.

It is sed "that a hoss don't know hiz strength" and i don't really suppose that a skunk does nuther.

"Be sure you are right, and then go ahead," but in kase ov dout go ahead enny wa.

Sekts and creeds of religion are like poket commpasses, good enuff tu pinte the direcshun, but the naarer the pole yu git the wuss the work.

Men aint apt tu git kicked out ov good society for being rich.

The rode tew ruin is alwus kept in good repair, and the travelers pay the expense ov it.

If a man begins life bi being a fust Lutenant in his familee, he need never look for promushun.

The only profit in keeping moar than one dorg iz what you kan make on the board.

I havent got as much money az some folks, but i have got az much impudence as enny ov them and that iz the next thing to munny.

It aint often that a man's reputation outlasts his money.

The man who kant git ahed, without pulling others back, is a limited cuss.

Woman will sometimes confess her sins, but i never knu one to confess her faults.

Oh! what a wurld this iz tew liv in for the soul that iz afrade of dirt and deviltree.

Young man study defference, it iz the best in the pack.

THAT was a bright little child who inquired, "Ma, when cows die do they go to the milky way?"

Horseback Exercise.

The stories of the wit of the late Colonel Isaac O. Barnes are numerous; but to be fully appreciated, need the Colonel's peculiar voice and dry manner, familiar to those who used to know him. The following anecdote we do not remember to have ever seen in print:

The Colonel, it seems, had been recommended to take horseback exercise for the benefit of his health by his physician, and accordingly applied at a well-known stable for the animal.

"I want a regular trotting horse to ride for my health, this afternoon."

"Certainly, Colonel," said the proprietor, and judging from the customer's physic and "a horse to ride for health," gave him one of the hardest trotting horses in the establishment, upon which Barnes mounted and lumped off toward the country.

In about three hours he returned, covered with dust and perspiration, and with the assistance of one of the hostlers, slowly and painfully descended from his steed. Limping into the stable office, and holding on to the lower part of his back with one hand, he looked into the stable-keeper's inquiring face, and ejaculated simply:

"How much?

"Three dollars, Colonel," was the reply.

He slowly drew his wale, and laid down the required sum.

"No; I shan't want him to-morrow."

"Perhaps the day after to-morrow?

"No; I shan't want him any more at all."

"Indeed," said the stable-keeper, with a sly twinkle in his eye, as he noted Barnes holding on to his lacerated body. Perhaps the horse don't suit you?

"Oh, yes," said Barnes, quickly; "there's nothing the matter with the horse—he's all right. It's the price I object to."

"Price!" said the stable-keeper; "why, I only charged you three dollars, Colonel, which we consider cheap for the horse's services all the afternoon."

"Well, I don't," squealed Barnes, rubbing his aching body, "for whenever I want anything of this kind again, I know an Irishman who will kick me there all day for half the money.

As some lady visitors were recently going through a penitentiary, under the escort of the superintendent, they came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me!" one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for." "Because they have no other home. This is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the Superintendent.

Lastly—i am violently oposed tew ardent speerits as a beveridge, but for manufacturing purposes i think a leetle ov it tastes good.

It is highly important that when a man makes up his mind tew bekum a rascal, that he should examine hisself clusly, and see if he ain't better konstructed for a phool.

I argy in this way, if a man iz right, he can't be tu radical; if he is rong, he kant be tu konsarvatiff.

When you pra, pra right at the bull's i.

"Tell the truth and shame the devil;" i kno lots of people who kan shame the devil easy enuff but tother thing bothers them.

It iz a very delikate job to forgive a man without lowering him in his own estimashun, and yures to.

Az a general thing, when a woman wares the britches, she has a good rite tu them.

It is admitted now by everybody, that the man ho can get fat on berlony sassage has a good deal of dog in him.

I am poor, and i am glad that i am, for i find that wealth makes poor people meaner than it does generous.

Woman's influoence is powerful—espeshila when she wants anything.

Sticking up yure nose don't prove anything, for a soap biler when he iz away from hiz hum smells everything.

No man luvs to git beat, but tiz better to git beat than to be rong.

Josh Billings on Babies.—Babys i luv with all mi heart, they are my sweetmeats; they warm up mi blood like a gin sling; they krawl into me and nestle by the side of mi soul, like a kitten under a cook-stove.

I hav raized babys miself, and kno what i am talking about.

I hav got grandchildren, and they are wuss than the fust krop, tew riot amung the feelings.

If i could have mi way, i would change all the human beings now on the face ov the earth, back into babys at once, and keep them thare, and make this footstool one grand nursery; but what i would do for wet nusses i don't kno, nor i don't care.

I would like tew hav fifteen babys now on mi lap, and mi lap ain't the handyest lap in the world for babys, neither.

Mi lap iz long enuff, but not the widest kind uv a lap.

I am a good deal ov a man, but i konsist of length principally, and when i make a lap ov miself, it iz not a mattrass, but more like a couple ov rails with a jint in them.

I can hold more babys in mi lap at once than any man in Amerika, without spilling one, but it hurts the babys.

I never saw a baby in mi life that i didn't want tew kiss; i am wuss than an old maid in this respeckt.

I hav seen babys that i hav refused tew kiss until they had been washt; but the baby want tew blame for this, neither was i.

Thare are folks in this world who say they don't luv babys, but you kan depend upon it, when they war babys, sumboddy luved them.

Babys luv me, too. I kan take them out of their mother's arms just az easy as i kan an unfledged bird out of hiz nest. They luv me because i luv them.

And here let me say, for the comfort and consolation ov all mothers, that whenever they see me on the cars or on the steamboats out ov a job, they needn't hesitate a minute tew drop a clean fat baby into my lap; i will hold it and kiss it, and be thankful besides.

Perhaps there iz people who don't envy me all this, but it iz one ov the sharp-cut, well-defined joys of mi life, mi luv for babys, and their luv for me.

Perhaps there is people who will call it a weakness. i don't care what they call it, bring on the babys. Unkle Josh haz always a kind word and a kiss for the babys.

I luv babys for the truth there iz in them, i ain't afraid there kiss will betray me, their iz no frauds, ded beats nor counterfeits amung them.

I wish i was a baby (not only once more) but forevermore.

A little girl was holding a kitten in her arms when suddenly she let it drop, saying: "Oh, dear me, she 's got pins in her toes."

The boy whose Mother cuts His Hair.

You can always tell a boy whose mother cuts his hair. Not because the edges of it look as if it had been chewed off by an absent minded horse, but you tell it by the way he stops on the street and wiggles his shoulders. When a fond mother has to cut her boy's hair, she is careful to guard against any annoyance and muss by laying a sheet on the carpet. It has never yet occurred to her to set him over a bare floor and put the sheet around his neck. Then she draws the front hair over his eyes and leaves it there while she cuts that which is at the back. The hair which lies over his eyes appears to be surcharged with electric needles, and that which is silently dropping down under his shirt-band appears to be on fire. She has unconsciously continued to push his head forward until his nose presses his breast, and is too busily engaged to notice the snuffing sound that is becoming alarmingly frequent. In the meantime he is seized with an irresistable desire to blow his nose, but recollects that his handkerchief is in the other room. Then a fly lights on his nose, and does it so unexpectedly that he involuntarily dodges, and catches the point of the shears in his left year. At this he commences to cry and wishes he was a man. But his mother doesn't notice him. She merely hits him on the other ear to inspire him with confidence, and goes on with the work. When she is through she holds his jacket collar back from his neck and with her mouth blows the short bits of hair from the top of his head down his back. He call. her attention to this fact, but she looks for a new place on his head and hits him there, and asks him why he didn't use his handkerchief. Then he takes his awfully disfigured head to the mirror and looks at it, and, young as he is, shudders as he thinks of what the boys on the street will say.—*Danbury News.*

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it—at the cost of permanent blind-

Jack Frigon, an old man, Fa

"I BEGIN to understand your language better," said my French friend, Mr. Arcourt, to me; "but your verbs trouble me still, you mix them so with your prepositions." "I am sorry you find them troublesome," was all I could say. "I saw your friend, Mrs. James, just now," continued he. "She says she intends to break *down* housekeeping. Am I right there?" "Break *up* housekeeping, she must have said." "Oh, yes, I remember. Break *up* housekeeping." "Why does she do that?" I asked. "Because her health is so broken into. "Broken *down*, you should say." "Broken *down*, oh, yes. And indeed, since the small-pox has broken up in your city——" "Broken *out*." "She thinks she will leave for a week." "Indeed! And will she close her house?" "No; she is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do I say that?" "Broken *into*." "Certainly, it is what I meant to say." "Is her son to be married soon?" "No; that engagement is broken—broken—" "Broken *off*." "Ah! I had not heard that. She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week? Am I right? I am so anxious to speak the English well." "He merely *broke* the news; no preposition this time." "It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine fellow; a breaker, I think." "A *broker*, and a very fine fellow. Good-day." "So much," thought I, "for the verb 'to break.'"

A FARMER and his wife called at a Detroit photograph gallery last week to order some photographs of the latter, and while the operator was getting ready, the husband gave his wife a little advice as to how she must act: "Fasten your mind on something," he said, "or else you will laugh and spile the job. Think about early days—how your father got in jail, and your mother was an old scolder, and what you'd have been if I hadn't pitied you! Jest fasten your mind on to that!" She didn't have any photograph taken.

A MOTHER'S TROUBLES.

OH, Johnny, hush!—be quiet, do!
The noise you're making, child,
Is, without the least thing else, I'm sure,
Enough to drive one wild!

Now, Pollie, leave the cat alone,
She's scratched you! Served you right!
You oughtn't to have pulled her tail,
Or held her half so tight.

Finished your hemming, Susan?
I'll look at it by and by.
Put it down now; run quickly—
I heard the baby cry.

There's Willie fallen and hurt his head
Against that old tin can.
Hush, hush, my pet! There, there, get up!
Don't cry now, mother's man.

Well, Pollie, is your arm got well?
Don't illuse puss again;
Had you not teased and hurt her,
She would not have caused you pain.

Where are you going, Willie?
Come back and close the door,
You shan't go out again to play;
Last night your clothes you tore.

Two hours this morn it took me
Your things to darn and mend.
There were holes, and rents, and zigzag tears,
It seemed, without an end.

As if I'd not enough to do,
To scrub, clean, cook and sew;
But you must get in mischief,
And make me more work too.

Stop here and play with Johnny—
Yonder's your box of bricks—
And—— Oh, la! can I believe my ears?
The clock is striking six.

Here's your father coming in to tea,
And the kettle not yet on,
And—oh, dear! oh, dear! I do declare,
Quite out the fire has gone!

The Battle in the Channel.

THE RETROSPECTION OF A JACK.

I served a gunner's mate
When I was twenty-eight,
That's fifty anno dominis ago,
And our ship, which was *The Spanker*,
Were a riding at her anchor, [know.
One Sunday night in August you must
I were chewin' of a quid,
Which I ordinary did
O' Sundays, for I think it's sort o' right,
When our gunner—Ben's his name—
Did quite suddenly exclaim: [tight!"
And his exclamation were "Blow me
Says he, "My jolly mates,
This here Lloyd's paper states,
As we're goin' to fight them German
Whereupon, we tars in spite [furineers!"
Of its bein' Sunday night, [cheers.
Stood up and gave three hearty British
Well, we sailed away to meet
This famous German fleet— [of jaw;
Consarnin' which there'd been no end
For in six weeks they had planned,
And built, and launched, and manned
The finest fleet a nation ever saw.

We had cruised about on Sunday,
But about six bells on Monday, [water,
When, as smooth as any mirror was the
Right out on the horizon,
Rose a cloud as black as pison: [quarter.
'Twas the foe a steamin' down upon our
'Twas all as still as death,
There was not a single breath, [cheek;
But our Adm'ral wore a smile upon his
The foe was on our larboard,
But right away out starboard
Was a werry little tiny narrer streak.

A chucklin' werry sly,
And a winking of his eye,
Our Admiral gave orders for to run;
And the enemy gave chase,
For the Germans, as a race,
Have a preference for fighting ten to one,

At seven we felt a whiff;
At eight it blowed right stiff;
At nine it was blowing half a gale;
But at ten the waves ran higher
Than St. Paul's Cathedral's spire, [fail.
And my language to describe the same do
We kept a 'lectric light
A burning all the night; [thr e,
But on Tuesday in the morning about
My gunner up and spoke,
"Darn me if any smoke [says he.
Is a comin' from their chimley pots,"
Just then we heerd a shout,
And our Admiral sang out— [close!"
"Send the signal up to wear about, and
Then fore and aft we ran,
To his post stood every man, [arose.
And louder than the storm our cheers
We neared them, and took aim:
And the word to Fire came; [roared,
And our volley down the line of battle
But the German answered not—
Not a solitary shot, [board.
But her ensign fluttered down by the
We were speechless pretty nigh,
As we couldn't make out for why
The sponge they should so quickly up'ards
Till Bismarck was espied [chuck it.
Hangin' pallid o'er the side,
And Moltke sitting down beside a bucket.
All their gunners, all their stokers,
Lay as flat as kitchen pokers, [soul;
All a groaning from the bottom of their
For all their precious crew.
Unaccustomed to the Blue,
Invalided when the ships began to roll.

And thus the battle ended,
And the broken peace was mended; [be,
And William when at last he ceased to
Died a sadder and a wiser,
A more circumspect old kaiser,
And a member of the Peace Societee.

—*London Society.*

Is a taper and a quart of whisky were left together, which would be drunk first?

Pat and the Pig.

A countryman having killed a pig, and not wishing to divide with his neighbors, as was the custom in that country, said to his man (who, by-the-way, was a son of the Emerald Isle):

"Pat, if I give the neighbors, who have given to me, a piece of my pork, I'll have none left for myself. Can you tell me what I am to do?

"Bedad, sir," said Pat, "It 's myself that can do that same thing."

"Good," says the countryman, rubbing his hands, and looking at Pat. "Now tell me what I can do."

"Faith, sir," said Pat, "sure and when the craythur is claned, just be after hanging it against the door, where ivery mother's son of them will see it, and early in the morning, before any one is out, get up and take your pig in, and hide it away. Thin, when your neighbors come, just be after telling them the pig was sthole."

"Capital idea, Pat!" exclaimed the countryman. "I'll do it, by George."

So when the pig was cleaned, it was hung up outside the door, so that the neighbors might see it. The countryman anxiously waited the approaching night, and at last retired to bed, but not to sleep. Pat, under cover of the darkness of the night, crept round the house, and stole the pig.

What was the astonishment of the countryman, when at early dawn he rose to hide away his pig, but found no pig there, can be better imagined than described. Pat came in with his "top o' the mornin' to ye, sir," and giving him a knowing wink, said:

"Masther, how about the pig?"

"Well, Pat, the pig was stolen in reality."

"Faith, and that sounds just as natural as if you lost your pig," said Pat, with another knowing wink.

"But, you blockhead, I tell you the pig was stolen."

"Faith, and be gorry, masther, the sorra a bit o' me thought you could act so well. Just stick to that; it's as natural as life."

"By George," roared the now irate countryman, "I tell you the pig was stolen!"

"Och! be jabbers," says Pat, "stick to it, and yer neighbors will belave you, and sorra a bit o' it they'll get. Faith, I did n't think you could do so well."

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ness.

Literal Answers.

A lady noticed a boy sprinkling salt on the sidewalk to take off the ice, and remarked to a friend, pointing to the salt:

"Now, that's benevolence."

"No, it ain't," said the boy, somewhat indignant, "it's salt."

So when a lady asked her servant girl if the hired man cleaned off the snow with alacrity, she replied:

"No, ma'am, he used a shovel."

The same literal turn of mind which we have been illustrating is sometimes used intentionally and perhaps a little maliciously, and thus becomes the property of wit instead of blunder. Thus we hear of a very polite and impressive gentleman, who said to a youth in the street:

"Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?"

"Certainly, sir," said the boy very respectfully.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?"

"I have not the least idea, your honor," said the urchin.

One day at Lake George, a party of gentlemen trolling among the beautiful islands on the lake, with bad luck, espied a little fellow with red shirt and straw hat dangling a line over the side of a boat:

"Hallo, boy," said one of them, "what are you doing?"

"Fishing," came the answer.

"Well, of course," said the gentleman; but what do you catch?"

"Fish, you fool; what do you suppose?

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" inquired teacher of an infant class.

"I have," exclaimed one.

"Where?" asked the teacher.

"On the elephant," said the boy, laughing.

Sometimes this kind of wit degenerates or arises, as the case may be, into punning, as when Flora pointed pensively to the heavy masses of clouds in the sky, saying:

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" and her brother replied:

"I think they are going to thunder."

Also the following dialogue:

"Hallo, there! how do you sell your wood?"

"By the cord."

"How long has it been cut?"

"Four feet."

"I mean how long has it been since you cut it?"

"No longer than it was then."

And also when Patrick O'Flynn was seen with his collar and bosom sadly begrimed, and was indignantly asked by his officer:

"Patrick O'Flynn, how long do you wear a shirt?"

"Twenty-eight inches, sir."

This reminds one of an instance which is said to have occurred recently in Chatham street, New York, where a countryman was clamorously besieged by a shop keeper.

"Have you any fine shirts?" said the countryman.

"A splendid assortment. Step in, sir. Every price and every style. The cheapest in the market, sir."

"Are they clean?",

"To be sure, sir."

"Then," said the countryman, with great gravity, "you had better put on one, you need it."

SEVERAL conceited young men were assembled on a street corner when a poor Dutchman approached. One of them said to his companions:

"Boys, I'm going to have some fun; just watch me fool this Dutchy."

He went up to the German, to whom he said:

"Kaiser, don't you want to buy a dog?"

The person thus addressed quickly responded: "Y-a-a-s, I yust want to buy a leetle puppy about your size. Are you for sale?"

The puppy struck off, the laughter of his comrades making him purple with rage.

A YANKEE editor, referring to the air-tight coffins, says:

"No person having once tried one of these coffins will ever use any other."

it—at the cost of permanent blindness.

Where Did the Rich Man Go?

Little Johnny was preparing for Sunday school, situated some distance away, when his mother saw one of his neighbors approaching in his vehicle. This neighbor, by the way, was called "the rich man," being both wealthy and kind-hearted; also, liberal to the poor. Johnny ran out, and the rich man took him into his vehicle, as he passed by the Sunday-school. It was a very hot day, and so Johnny took off his shoes and stockings to keep himself cool. When they arrived, the exercises had already begun, and as the man was going to church about a mile beyond, and had agreed to call for Johnny on his return, he concluded not to put on his shoes and stockings again, but leave them in the vehicle. So he tripped lightly into school, and the man drove away toward the church.

His teacher was just hearing the lesson, which, by the way, Johnny was not acquainted with, which was the fate of the rich man and poor Lazarus. Soon after Johnny took his seat it came to his turn to answer a question.

"Johnny, can you tell me where the rich man went?"

"He went to the Baptist meeting, sir," replied the little lad, thinking only of his late companion.

"No no, my son, the rich man went to hell," said the teacher, with great impressiveness, while the other scholars were tittering with laughter.

"Did he?" exclaimed the boy in all honesty, "Then he has taken my shoes and stockings with him," and up he jumped, and seizing his hat, he put out of the school-room and down the road to recover his property.

A PARENT writes to us that he is annoyed and pained by his son staying out nights, and asks us if we can present a remedy for this rapidly growing evil. There are several remedies. The boy's spine can be broken with an axe, or he can be nailed to the floor with a red hot railroad spike, driven through his abdomen, but the most effectual way is to compel him to wear patched clothing.—*Danbury News.*

A FARMER told a friend of his, who had come from town for a few days' shooting, that he once had a wonderful gun that went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged.

"Wonderful gun, indeed," said the sportsman; "but how the deuce did it happen—must have been an Irish gun?"

"Not at all," said the farmer, "the thief and it went off together, and before I had time to charge him with it."

A TALE OF LOVE.—One quiet day in leafy June, when bees and birds were all in tune, two lovers walked beneath the moon. The night was fair so was the maid; they walked and talked beneath the shade, with none to harm or make afraid.

Her name was Sal and his was Jim, and he was fat and she was slim; he took to her and she took to him. Says Jim to Sal "By all the snakes that squirm among the brush and brakes, I love you better 'n buckwheat cakes."

Says she to Jim, "Since you've begun it, and and gone and done it. I love you next to a new bonnet." Says Jim to Sal, "My heart you 've busted, but I have always gals mistrusted." Says Sal to Jim, "I will be true, if you love me as I love you, no knife can cut our love in two." Says Jim to Sal, "Through thick and thin, for your true lover count me in, I 'll court no other gal agin."

Jim leaned to Sal; Sal leaned to Jim, his nose just touched above her chin, four lips met—went—ahem—ahem—ahem! And then—and then—and then. Oh, gals! beware of men in June, and underneath the silvery moon, when frogs and June bugs are in tune, lest you get your name in the paper soon.

A sweet little boy, only eight years old—bless his little heart—walked into the scene of a teachers' examination at Oswego, and bawled out, "Annie, your feller is down to the house!"

A SEA-CAPTAIN, invited to meet the committee of a Society for the Evangelization of Africa, when asked:

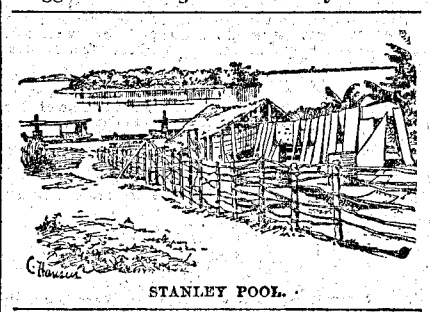
"Do the subjects of King Dahomey keep Sunday?" replied:

"Yes, and everything else they can lay their hands on."

first detachment was conveyed across the river.

Every man was safely over by evening; branches were cut, linen cloths strung from them tent-like, and all around us an encampment sprung up as if by magic, where the Zanzibaris ensconced themselves for the night.

At daybreak the camp was raised, tents were struck, loads redistributed to their carriers, and by 6 o'clock A. M. not a soul remained among the sticks and impromptu huts of the Zanzibar encampment. Every one was streaming along in the wake of Stanley on his white donkey. Soudanese soldiers, weakened by fever contracted since their arrival in the damp air of Congo, dragged their long limbs wearily over the



STANLEY POOL.

unequal path; sick Zanzibaris struggled to keep up with their stronger companions, or despairingly threw themselves down by the bank of some stream, and, in answer to the appeals of their comrades only shook their heads or despairingly looked at the thin, narrow strip of road winding over some hill-top in front, dipping into the recesses of a wooded valley, only to reappear a mile further on, where the leaders of the column were now beginning to emerge.

On the third day of this weary march we reached the Luila river, having kept close behind Stanley's march each day, amid the ruck of native carriers with ammunition loads and straggling or sick members of the expedition.

The Luila was in flood, and it was found necessary to put the boat together to cross this stream, ordinarily only knee-deep, a proceeding which delayed the march almost an entire day.

IN CAMP AT LEOPOLDVILLE.

We camped on the far side on a grassy stretch, and next morning we continued our

E HEAD OF HIS CARAVAN.

journey, Jephson, Barttelot and I following the main party.

The next day Stanley reached the Pool and camped on the hill above Leopoldville station, where I found him on my arriving the subsequent evening with the Egyptian flag floating near his tent.

He pointed to it and said: "You see we are an Egyptian expedition, going to relieve an officer of the Khedive's Government."—and then some native chiefs, old friends from Ngalyiema's village, near by, came to greet their well-remembered Bula Matadi and see how he looked after four years' absence from the Congo in Mputu—the white man's land.

On the morrow I continued my journey to Kinchasa, where I found the hull of the Florida ready for launching, only requiring the engines to be fitted in her.

Stanley had, however, requisitioned her as she stood from the chief of the Sanford expedition, for the entire flotilla of steamers on Stanley Pool were incapable of holding all the men and loads of the relief expedition, and he wished to use the shell of the Florida as a barge, to fill her with men and loads and tow her alongside the State steamer Stanley. Even then he would be forced to leave several hundred loads behind in charge of J. Rose Troup, an officer of the expedition, to follow by a second

"GOOD-BY, SNARLEY!"

much struck and amused by the torn and disreputable appearance of poor Paddy. After regarding him for some time he turned to me with a twinkle in his eye and said:

"Well, Mr. Casement, there's no accounting for tastes, but you certainly have the strangest taste in dogs I ever came across. Why don't you get some zinc ointment or vaseline and medicate the poor brute's eyes?"

But poor Paddy's condition called for more serious remedies than eye salve, for the poisonous fangs of the native dogs had inflicted wounds which swelled rapidly, and in a few days I was compelled to consign him to the care of a medical missionary at Leopoldville, who effected his restoration to health and normal proportions.

On the following morning Stanley appeared with about 200 Zanzibaris, and accompanied by Stairs, Nelson and Jephson, and after some tremendous shoving and hauling the Florida commenced to move down the slip. Redoubling our exertions, all of us white men lending a hand wherever we could get in an arm or a shoulder to shove, while Stanley stood on the bank and urged on his men by words of encouragement, we at length got the steamer on the run; and, while the beams cracked and bent and the logs sank into the mud as she slid over them, the Florida shot gracefully into the waters of the Congo, where the Stanley speedily took her in tow down to where the expedition loads were being embarked at the Baptist mission station.

One of our few bottles of champagne was produced, and while we drank the health of the newly launched Florida ("Let it be very *little* health," urged Mr. Stanley as we were filling the glasses) the Zanzibaris, who had successfully effected it, drew up in front of the veranda to listen to a speech in Ki-Swahili from Stanley, who assured them in forcible terms that if they damaged the steamer of his friend Swinburne (the chief of the Sanford expedition) or stamped heavily on her thin iron decks while traveling up to the Aruwimi on her he would play a different tune on their heads with his stick.

All cheeringly assented to the proposal as they broke up and hastened back to the mission station to complete the preparations for embarking.

On the 30th of April everything was ready. Swinburne, Troup and I walked down to the mission grounds, about a mile off, to bid good-by to the members of the expedition and watch their departure for the Aruwimi and the unknown lands which lay beyond it.

CUTTING ADRIFT.

At last everything was complete; the donkeys had with difficulty been got on board the steamship Stanley and her companion, the Florida; the men, Zanzibaris, Soudanese and Somaulis, were all in their places on each of the little steamers of the fleet. Steam was hissing from the funnels; the Captains were only awaiting the word to let go the ropes, and one by one, as Stanley issued the orders, the vessels were cut adrift, and their stern wheels slowly revolving threw up sheets of foam and spray behind them as their prows shot into the current and they began their long journey against the strong waters of the Congo, up to the distant forests and swamps that lay around Yambuya.

Cheer after cheer broke from those on board, white and black alike, as they moved off from the bank on which we were standing, doing our best to look smiling and gay, as we responded to the farewells which we feared (the majority of us there remaining) would prove farewells forever.

Stanley was the last to leave, accompanied by Herbert Ward, in the little Baptist steamer Peace, the only screwboat then on the Pool, and bidding each of us good-by as he grasped our hands he stepped on board and waved his cap ere he set his face up river resolutely to think of the great task which lay before him.

Swinburne, Troup and I returned to Kinchasa half an hour later, wondering if we should ever see any of the men again we had parted from that morning.

On reaching Kinchasa what was our astonishment to find the black crew of the Peace and many Zanzibaris about the station, while we could see the little steamer herself alongside our beach. Hurrying to our dining-room we found Stanley giving some instructions to the engineer of the steamer, and in answer to our:

"Why, Mr. Stanley, how is this? We thought you were a couple of miles up the Pool." He replied:

"So we ought to have been, but when we just got opposite the station here in the bad water off the islands something broke and the rudder wouldn't act. We were at the mercy of the stream and almost drifted on the rocks of the island there.

"I thought we would have to swim for it, and turned to Ward, saying it was time to jump, but luckily we escaped the rocks and were able to get into your beach, Swinburne, and so here we are until to-morrow, I fear.

"The engineers will have to work all night at repairing damage."

We did not share Mr. Stanley's chagrin at the delay, for it gave us the pleasure of his company that evening to dinner, Swinburne turning out of his room with a feeling of thankfulness that he had a room to offer his old leader and friend.

A PLEASANT EXPERIENCE.

Our little dinner of that night was one of the pleasantest of my experiences during my five years in Africa. How well I remember Stanley's bright, agreeable conversation during the meal, how active our little black servant boys were to attend upon the feast, the real—the *true* Bula Matadi—none of your spurious imitations, but the genuine beings who had thrashed their chiefs in many a fight and then made "blood-brothers" with them who had journeyed in lands far up the great river, where fabled dwarfs with top-heavy heads dwelt; or who, in his own land, the distant Mputu, whence the white men came far across the sea, was the King and father of them all! Ah! well, poor little chaps, they were accustomed to hear us talk of Bula Matada as our leader and settler of our disagreements on the Congo as to how our work should be done, and they naturally thought we must owe allegiance in our own and to this big white chief.

Dinner over, during our coffee and cigars (for we sometimes possess these luxuries down on Stanley Pool), Stanley most graphically described his descent of the great cataract below the Pool—how he had dragged his camels two miles nearly over an island at the mouth of the Gordon Bennett tributary to avoid the Livingstone rapids, which raged and howled outside the island.

"I wandered for two days along the north bank seeking a place to descend," he said, "but all was a hideous roar of waters tossing their huge waves up 100 feet from

but did not succeed." Then I saw a smile stealing round the corners of his mouth as he continued.

"You might perform the journey from Matadi to the Pool on stilts, Mr. Casement, and I have no doubt you could accomplish the remainder of the distance on your head, if you liked to devote enough time to it, but what good you would derive from it, or any one else, when you emerged at Zanzibar I don't really know."

With this parting shot Stanley left us for the night, telling Ward to be up early for the morning start.

Next day we were up before the sun, and the repairs on the Peace having been executed during the night, all was once more ready for a start, and by the time we had finished our coffee Ward had marshaled the Zanzibaris, distributed their rations to them through their headmen and they were getting on board the Peace.

Her whistle blew, the engineer came up to say they were waiting for him, and Mr. Stanley rose to say good-by, and I accompanied him down the steps of the verandah to the path which led to the river.

Again shaking our hands, he walked some paces toward the steamer, then, as if suddenly remembering something, he turned round, and, shooting a sly glance at me, bowed to my bulldog, Paddy, who was blinking on the steps, and holding out his hand to him said:

"And good-by, too, Snarleyow!"

A moment or two later the Peace was shooting out through the rapids round Kinchasa islands, and every quick swirl of her propeller through the water carried the little steamer further and further away out onto the calm, placid expanse of the Pool, whence soon only a thin wreath of smoke served to mark the spot where she struggled to overtake her consorts now steaming with a full day's start up the broad bosom of the Congo.

As the smoke slowly faded away on the horizon we turned away from the beach and were soon busily employed, Swinburne and I, arranging for our coming journey to the upper waters of the Congo, getting rifles and cartridges ready against the return of the Florida, that we might be fully prepared for any dangers likely to lurk amid the swampy forests of the wild Balolo, up the almost entirely unknown waters of the Malinga river.

I waited at Kinchasa until an opportunity offered of traveling up to the Equator Station, some 350 miles beyond the Pool, where I took up my quarters while awaiting the arrival of the steamer in which I hoped to be able to penetrate the tributaries of the Congo lying above that point, of which strange stories almost daily reached me of cannibal orgies and raiding tribes who signalized each fresh triumph over their enemies by feasting on the bodies of the prisoners they had captured in the fight.

ROGER CASEMENT.

(Copyright, 1890.)

WOMAN'S PAINTED FACE.

It Was Seen in Nineveh, and It Costs a Pile in America To-Day.

From the Berliner Boersen Courier.

The art of beautifying the complexion by artificial means is very old. The women of gray antiquity knew how to give their cheeks the rosy hue which nature had denied them. In Nineveh the practice of enameling was quite common. The skin was made smooth and clean with pumice stone and then covered with a layer of white chemical preparations. A toilet case found in the ruins of Thebes contained a whole arsenal of little bottles full of perfumeries and complexion medicines. The women of Athens painted themselves with white lead and vermilion. The poet Ovid describes various paints which were used by the Roman matrons, and complained that the women tried to imitate with cosmetics the rosy complexions which health alone could give. He also spoke of the deceitful pallor lent to their cheeks by white lead, and of curious methods they had of beautifying their eyes. Again he mentions that a pale face was a necessity for every woman who aspired to be "good form." Pliny speaks of a concoction of flour of peas and barley, eggs, hartshorn, etc., which fashionable women in Rome wore on their faces all night and part of the day for the purpose of clearing their skins.

The custom of painting the face was brought to Gaul and Germany by the Romans. A few centuries later 100 different salves for the complexion were sold in the German market. In modern times France has been the great manufacturer and consumer of cosmetics. In England, too, the use of them has been general. In 1779 the English Parliament found it expedient to consider a bill to the effect that "all women, without distinction as to age or rank, maidens as well as widows, who should deceive the male subjects of his Majesty and mislead them into marriage by means of paint, salve, beauty water, false teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, corsets, or padded hips, should be punished under the provisions of the law against sorcery, and the marriage should be declared null."

A German statistician, who has accurate data concerning the use of cosmetics throughout the civilized world, estimates that the money which American women pay for cosmetics would pay for the painting of 37,000 houses at an expense of $75 per house.

Prepared for Contingencies,

From New York Sun.

"There are several champion mean men in this county," said the circus agent, "but my champion mean man lives in a town in Indiana. If any other State can match him I'll let 1,000 orphans into our show for nothing."

"Give us the particulars," remarked one of the group.

"Well, when our advertising car got along there last season the men wanted one side of a cooper shop to display some of our finest pictures. The owner wanted $25 in cash and ten free tickets for the privilege, but we refused to be robbed. He finally came down to $20, then to $55, and we offered him $10. He said he would take an hour to think it over, and at the end of that time I went to get his answer.

"'What do you estimate the tickets worth?' he asked.

"'Fifty cents apiece.'

"'And I can sell mine!'

"'If you wish.'

"'Well, you see how it is. My wife is very sick and liable to die. If she lives we can use two of the tickets to go to the circus. If she dies I can use one, but I'll have to give the other to my sister-in-law for helping at the funeral. That's what

THE APACHE FIENDS.

A Startling List of Killings and Other Outrages Committed by Them.

THOUSANDS OF MURDERS.

Unknown and Unburied Dead in the Arizona Mountains.

WOMEN AND YOUNG CHILDREN TORTURED.

Some of the Acts of the Indians That General Crook Wants to Bring Back to the Indian Territory—General Miles Says There Would Be Nothing to Prevent Them From Getting Into the Mountains of New Mexico From Fort Sill to Re-enact Their Bloody History—What the Captive Chiefs Themselves Say About Their Prison Home in the Alabama Pine Forests.

General Crook's proposition to bring Geronimo and the other Apaches from their exile in Alabama to Fort Sill in Indian Territory has aroused a storm of protests from the inhabitants of the Southwest, who declare that they would be within striking distance of the country that has been so often traversed by their bloody trails.

Until Geronimo's band was taken East not a spring came but had its Apache outbreak.

Within the past few weeks even a band of eleven Apaches have left the San Carlos Reservation and they have committed at least one murder. They doubtless calculated on returning to the reservation, feeling sure that they would not be punished.

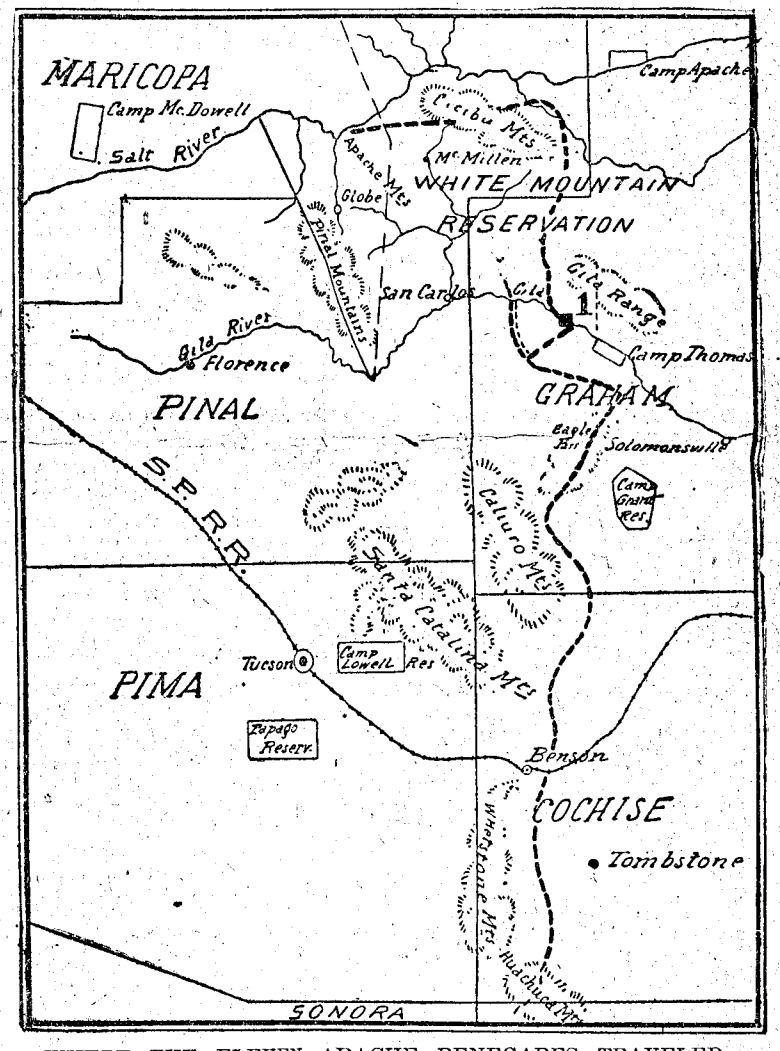
Six of this band have already reached Mexico. They are known to have run off a lot of horses and burned some ranch houses, but no murders have been reported from them.

The other five of the band last Sunday intercepted a freighter named Herbert on the road to trail diverged to the southward and westward, and on the 6th they were to the northward of McMillen, headed down Salt river, with the military only twenty miles behind them. Yesterday the soldiers overtook them, killed two and captured the other three about thirty miles north of Globe, on Salt river.

TUCSON (Arizona), February 5.—A history of the Indian depredations in this Territory would be but a part of the entire history of Arizona. As long as the white man has found a resting-place within its borders, so long has the terrible war-cry of the Apache sent a thrill of horror through his veins, and the bloody trail and the scalped victim mark the ceaseless ravages of this most fiendish and cruel of all races. What is generally known as the Apache Indians

CHATTO.

consists of at least ten different tribes or those having tribal relations. The ones that have been the most bloodthirsty and inhuman are the Chiricahuas. They are restless under restraint and know no common or neutral ground. They have no homes, yet show an attachment for their native land, and there can be no doubt that if Geronimo and the others now confined in Florida are sent to Fort Sill, they will in a short time be back on the San Carlos Reservation and will soon dig up the bloody hatchet which General Miles so forcibly compelled them to bury. Since shortly after the establishment of the Butterfield mail route in 1857, the Chiricahuas have been, except at short intervals, on the warpath and although repeatedly induced to accept the hospitality of the United States Government, were never known to observe treaty obligations, and changed their residence oftener than they did their shirts. They are not even social fiends; always diligent when on the trail; their cry has ever been war! even to the knife. Where in all Southern and Western Arizona has not their power been felt? Seventy miles to them is but a day's journey. And even as far south as Sinaloa, in Mexico, the inhabitants have cause to tremble at their name.



WHERE THE ELEVEN APACHE RENEGADES TRAVELED.

[*The dotted lines indicate the route of the Indians. The eleven struck off the reservation together. Near Camp Thomas they divided, six going south to Mexico and the others north. On the Gila (at the spot marked 1 on the map) the north-bound band met Freighter Herbert and murdered him. After following the river a short distance they continued north till in the vicinity of Camp Apache. Then they went west. They were overtaken by the soldiers on Salt river where the trail on the map ends.*]

THE DEATH ROLL.

The following sworn statements, a few of which I take from a memorial and affidavits showing outrages perpetrated by the Apache Indians in the Territory of Arizona during the years 1869 and 1870, show that this ever-dreaded tribe know no such word as mercy, sparing neither woman nor child. W. A. Smith, a farmer living at the Cienega, in Pima county, says: "In January, 1869, the mail-carrier's horse was shot from under him and the United States mail was taken and

holes. In the same year Thomas Vonday was murdered while standing in the door of his house and the house robbed. In the same year six United States soldiers were attacked by sixty Indians and one soldier killed. In the same year (June, 1870) David Holland was murdered in his field, and a small boy made captive and four horses taken. Also during the year 1870 Thomas Venerable and two other men were murdered on the road from Tucson to Camp Crittenden; two wagon loads of goods and twelve mules were taken; twenty-five United States soldiers and three citizens followed the Indians, overtook them and were repulsed.

MURDERED AND BURNED.

"Charles A. Shibell says that in August, 1870, while coming from Camp Goodwin to Tucson, on the Rio Grande mail road, he found the mail coach destroyed and the following persons murdered and mutilated: John Collins, William Burns and two United States soldiers. They were scalped and partially burned, and another with his eyes gouged out. Isaac Goldberg testified that he had met with losses by the Apache Indians during 1870; had men killed while in his employ. In March Julian Grijalba was killed between Camp McDowell and Phœnix, while carrying United States mail, horse and mail taken; that his ox team was attacked and his wagon-master, Angel Ortiz, was killed; that Paymaster Robert Marron, U. S. A., was attacked at the same time. Mattias Romero, a farmer, testified to the killing of Juan Saize by Apache Indians. He also saw two Mexicans four miles southwest of Tucson, after they had been killed by Indians. In November, 1869, saw two men who had been murdered by the Indians near the boundary line of Sonora. George Wesley, who resides sixty miles east of Tucson, on the San Pedro, says that in July, 1869, William Johnson was killed on his farm, while at work in the field; on the same day two other men, named McMurry and McDonnell were murdered and their mules taken; on January 7, 1870, Samuel Brown and John F. Sims were murdered about three miles from their house. All of these murders were committed in my immediate neighborhood and were done by Apache Indians. The witness helped to bury all of the foregoing murdered men, and they were all mutilated in a horrible manner.

Francisco Grijalba in his sworn statement says: In the spring of 1869 a man by the name of Juan Llepes was murdered near Camp Whipple. Two weeks later a party of three men were attacked between Camp Whipple and Camp Lincoln, murdered and their animals captured. Witness says that he speaks the Apache language and was informed by the Apache Indians at Camp Thomas that the arms and ammunition issued by Colonel Guin to the so-called friendly Indians are loaned to the other Indians, who are deadly hostile to the whites, and that the Indians on the Camp Thomas reservation have numerous greenbacks of the denomination of $10 up to $50, which they say were given them by "pinal Apaches" for powder and cotton cloth. The friendly Indians procure ammunition of the commanding officers on pretense of hunting and afterwards dispose of it to hostile Indians; that the friendly Indians are in the habit of leaving the reservation for the purpose of stealing stock on the line of Sonora, and the Indians at Camp Thomas only consider themselves at peace with the whites that live at that place. Witness says he was captured by the Indians when he was twelve years old, and lived with them four years. Charles A. Shibell, who is the present Recorder of Pima county, said:

MORE MASSACRES.

"The facts I now relate will sound to a stranger's ear as a sample of death roll, whose names will have no more significance than those engraved on the headstones of any ordinary graveyard; but to those who are familiar with the history of those times, who were and are now pioneers of Arizona, each familiar name will bring up scenes and recollections of early life, and present vivid pictures before each mind of scenes it would be impossible for me to depict in words. In those days we were a band of brothers. The strife for honor, position and wealth carried little weight with us, and friendship meant all the word implied. In the latter part of June, 1864, I went to Cerro Colorado mine. During my sojourn there a number of murders were perpetrated by the Apache Indians; the names of most of the murdered it is impossible for me to recollect. I recall among the murdered William Wrightson, the manager of the Salero Mining Company, and Francis A. Hopkins, who was a member from Pima county in the first Arizona Legislature; also a Mexican, name unknown, their servant, killed in the latter part of 1864 at a point of rocks near old Fort Buchanan, now known as Camp Crittenden. Edward Stevens and J. S. Mills were killed near Patagonia in the early part of the year. William Rainey was my partner in ranching, and during the year 1865 the ranch was attacked three times, each time the Indians succeeded in running off all our stock. Indian murders were very numerous that year, principally among the Mexicans, whose names I cannot recall. In April, 1866, they attacked the ranch, and, although they did not succeed in killing any one, captured all our working animals and killed some of the cattle. Before making the attack on us they had attacked the Huababi ranch, killing a Mexican, a woman, two children, one three the other five years old, and the owner, Gabriel Saavedra. The circumstances under which Gabriel Saavedra was killed showed the nerve and heroic mold in which pioneers were cast. The Indians had set fire to all the outbuildings and huts near the main house in which were Saavedra and his family, who could have protected themselves against the attack. The Indians had captacked and Smith, a partner of John Miller, made a desperate fight. Shortly afterwards a soldier by the name of Hogan was killed while standing in the door of the station, and on August 17, 1870, the stage was taken in about four miles this side of the forks of the Tres Alamos road. William Burns, John Collins and two soldiers were killed and burned. The mail rider who carried the mail on horseback was killed about the same time beyond the forks of the Tres Alamos road. During the same year the valley of the San Pedro was almost depopulated by the Indians. Samuel Brown, J. Sims and Jackson were killed and the balance of the settlers came to town. The Sonoita valley was raided several times. Dave Holland was killed and Captain Deons severely wounded, and the stock of Thomas Gardiner, William Morgan and the other settlers run off. In 1871 the depredations continued in the settlements. On March 10th William Cook of Lieutenant Ross' company was killed at Hughes' ranch on the Sonoita. March 21st, attacked the Bosqui ranch and killed L. B. Wooster and Trinidad Iguera, a woman. The same band swept down on the Santa Pedro settlements, killing Alex McKenzie, H. C. Long, Edgar Water and Owry Chapin, April 18, 1871. May 6, 1871—Lieutenant H. B. Cushing, Third Cavalry, Citizen Wm. H. Simpson and Private Gurn, Third Cavalry, were killed in an ambuscade in the Whetstone mountains; May 23d—Two Mexicans were killed on the Upper Santa Cruz, near the Sonora line; May 21st—J. B. Blanchard and George Saunders were killed near the Calabasas on the Lower San Pedro; June 7th—Charles McKinney was killed by Eskimenzen gang; on January 17th a son of Peter Kitchen of this city was killed at Potrero, aged eleven years; W. H. Harris was killed July 18th near Cienega; D. McDougall, a butcher at Camp Bowie, was killed September 13th; Tiburcio Satello, mail rider, was killed on the other side of Jimmie Lee Mill. During the year innumerable other murders were committed in other parts of the Territory, among them being the Loring massacre, west of Wickenburgh, at Sol's wash, in which six were killed and two wounded. These names, when read by the many old Arizonians yet in the Territory, and those in other States and Territories, will recall scenes and incidents to their minds in which actions as noble as the world's history can show were performed by men who, unknown to fame, sleep in unmarked graves.

"I have before me a list of 176 men, women and children who were murdered during the years 1869 to 1870. The number killed in the years 1856 to

GERONIMO, HIS SON AND TWO PICKED BRAVES.

rushed out from the corral, succeeded in extricating Buckalew, and carried him into the building. His life was saved at the expense of his leg. Richard Dorce was wounded at the same time from the effects of which he became demented and wandering off was never found. In August, Charles Hadsell, known as 'Tennessee,' and two soldiers were killed on the road, near Bowie. About the same time Lieutenant C. C. Carroll and John Slater were killed near Bowie. From July, 1867, until the close of 1871, up to which time I will carry this record, I resided in Tucson, although my business carried me frequently into the country. During this time murders by the Indians were numerous; of those killed I recall the following: E. G. Pennington, his son, Green Pennington, on the Sonoita, during the month of July, 1868; Narboes' cattle, some 660 head, were taken near Pictou, one man killed and two wounded. Although every effort was made to recover these cattle the Indians succeeded in getting away with them. January 1, 1869, Joaquin Tapie and Captain Catterson were killed and Joseph Goethil wounded; July 15th, of the same year, Joseph Carroll was killed; July 22d same year John Rothemell was killed. In August old man Boyd was killed. During the same year Charles Cooper and Scott Young were killed at the Cienega. October 5, 1869, Colonel John F. Stone, Joseph Kaylor and four soldiers were killed at Dragoon Pass; at the same time the Indians jumped a band of cattle, killing one man and wounding another at Sulphur Springs and run off over 400 head of stock. Lieutenant W. H. Winters of Captain Reuben Bernard's company, First Cavalry, made a gallant ride after these Indians and after a running fight for miles recovered all the property taken.

SOLDIERS SHOT FROM AMBUSH.

"In August, 1870, Thomas Venerable, known as Curly, and two Mexicans were killed and their horses, eighteen head, taken in Davidson canyon. About this time Cienega Station was at-

Solomonville, county seat of Graham county, June 13th, I find the following:

"'WHEREAS, It is a well-known fact that General Crook had timely warning of the recent outbreak of the Chiricahua Indians, also of the raid into this Territory from Mexico in the spring of 1883 by these same Indians, and that he failed to take advantage of these warnings; and

"'WHEREAS, We condemn the policy pursued by General Crook for the past two years and especially condemn him for refusing to allow the civil authorities to arrest Indians under his charge known to have committed murders and against whom warrants of arrest were issued; and

"'WHEREAS, It is rumored that assaults are to be made by armed parties on the Indians now at peace on the San Carlos Reservation; therefore be it

"'*Resolved*, That in the event of the Chiricahua Indians being brought back to Arizona we demand that their chief and head men be turned over to the civil authorities that they may be punished for their many crimes, and the remainder of the said Chiricahua Indians be removed to the Indian Territory.

"'*Resolved*, That it is the sense of this meeting that General Crook has outlived his usefulness as a commander in an Indian country, and we, therefore, ask for his removal from the command of this department.'"

Meetings were held at almost every settlement, and resolutions were adopted urging the removal of these Indians from the Territory. During the outbreak which was ended by the capture of Geronimo by General Miles, beginning in April, 1885, and ending June 3, 1886, there is a record of the killing of seventy-six white men, women and children. Why General Crook has changed his mind regarding the character of these Indians (and he has changed as will appear hereafter) cannot be accounted for.

CROOK ON THE APACHES.

From an interview held by Mr. Herbert Brown of the Tucson *Citizen* with General Crook March 1, 1886, it would appear that he at that time, when on the field and close to the renegades, used the following language: "I have come in contact with almost every tribe of Indians, but have never seen the equals of the Apaches, especially the Chiricahuas. They are absolutely indefatigable and don't seem to tire. They live on food that we would starve on. When they go into camp they will leave scouts and outposts six or seven miles behind. They will travel a hundred miles a day over the roughest country imaginable. The country is so immense that if they are caught it will be the merest accident. A million men cannot take them. Their little camp at Funnel canyon could not be captured by a thousand men. When I left Omaha I knew what the task was before me. Formerly, when the Indians were poorly armed, they were more easily subdued, but now they have breech-loading guns, and every rock is a fortress, and ten men would be killed in trying to kill one Indian. This was Custer's great mistake. He failed to calculate the difference in the arms with which the Indians were supplied. No one can form any conception of the roughness of the country. From some points the Indians can see for forty or fifty miles, and with a glass watch operations. A little cloud of dust will engage their attention until they determine its cause."

General Crook knows how treacherous Geronimo was, for did he not make his escape after traveling for days under a military escort? He says in this same interview with Mr. Brown, when asked if Geronimo really escaped, that it was on the second night out, when Geronimo, Natches, twenty bucks and thirteen squaws left, and were not missed until next morning. They left their horses, saddles and all their stock, but took their arms. Provisions? No; an Indian would rather leave his mouth behind than his arms. Natches is a son of old Cachise, and is the head of the Chiricahuas. He was at the time of the last outbreak twenty-seven or twenty eight years old. He stands five feet ten inches high and weighs about 160 pounds. He is rather a negative character—a lazy sort of a fellow. Chiricahua is a sub-chief, or the influential man of Natches. He is about forty-five or forty-six years old.

GERONIMO'S HISTORY.

Geronimo is not a hereditary chief, but is the leading spirit among them, and is what he has made himself. He is vindictive, cruel and crafty. Geronimo was not known until 1876. He was one of the three famous chiefs belonging to the Chiricahua branch of the southern Apaches which had for many years made their home in the Dragoon and Chiricahua mountains. This last outbreak was begun in April, 1885, and up to the time that Geronimo surrendered and escaped from General Crook, a little more than ten months from the time they left the reservation on their murderous raid through the rich valleys of Arizona, they killed everything human in their path and committed such fiendish barbarities and outrages upon helpless women and unprotected children that a recital of their details would appal the stoutest heart. They swept through like a besom of destruction, striking here and there, never resting and always going, watching by day from commanding peaks the movements of the military and flying by night to far distant points and surprising every one. The raid struck terror to the heart of every resident of Arizona, and it paralyzed all stock and mining industries. Chatto, the brave and valorous scout, so applauded by General Crook at this time, was not always so docile as at the present moment. The appended statement, published for the first time this week, shows this brave fellow up in his true colors. This is from the pen of S. L. Sanders,

GERONIMO AND NATCHES MOUNTED, NATCHES WITH HAT ON; SON OF GERONEMO STANDING BY HIS SIDE.

now living in the Pioneer mining district in this Territory, and can be depended upon as

growing by the roadside, and hac
elder bushes. It was behind a
these walnut trees, about twent
from the road, on the right-han
Judge McComas was traveling,
saintly Chatto and his band of tw
Indians lay in wait.

"When the Judge and family wer
opposite them the Indians fired a
down the off-wheeler of the te
wounded the Judge. He ran abou
yards before he fell. The red devi
gave a wild whoop and a rush and Mr
Comas and her son were made captive
blood boils even at this late day at th
rible scene that followed and my pen
not detail the vile conduct of
wretches, human only in form.
person of this unfortunate lady
violated in the most brutal man
her clothes were dragged from
body, which was torn and scrat
most horribly. When her life was
most tortured out they beat the back of her
head until her brains oozed out, and then to
exhibit still further proof of their inhumanity, they broke off branches of the elder
bushes and thrust them deep into her body,
as many as they could.

"The Judge's body was riddled with bullets and not a stitch of clothing was left
upon it. Little Charley was never heard
of afterward.

"Has General Crook ever heard of this
deed of his brave and dear friend Chatto?
If not, let him know the facts, and likewise
all those sentimentalists of the East who
love the Indians."

From these statements, made by those who were on the scene at the time, and from these sworn statements made by eye witnesses to the atrocious acts of cruelty, can there be any wonder that the people of Arizona look with indignation and horror upon the attempts of the so-called Indian societies to thrust back upon them these inhuman wretches, fiends incarnate? The Territory has enjoyed three years of unbroken peace and prosperity; happy homes have sprung up; farms cultivated and crops peacefully harvested; foreign capital flowing within her borders to develop her boundless resources; the soldier lazily whiling away his time within his barracks; and all because there how lives in exile those who have caused so much unhappiness. The milestones of progress we remarked a few short years ago by the newly-made grave of the Apache's victim; to-day they are marked by happy homes and prosperous camps, showing business and unalloyed security. Would that the entire press of the whole United States rise up in their might and set the seal of condemnation on this unholy move. Do not let the President of these United States be ever guided in his treatment of hostile Indians by religious sentimentalists and romantic emotionalists who have derived their knowledge of Indian character from a perusal of the novels of Fenimore Cooper and other hypochondriac fictionists, and who believe that the Bible done up in a wrapper of kindness and sweetmeats is the only instrument which should be used in the subjugation of the "savage, but noble red man of the forest."

The following is a list of citizens killed by Geronimo during his last raid in Arizona, as compiled by the Society of Pioneers of Arizona:

W. A. Daniels, Peter McMurrin, Fred Huntington, Peter Palm, Charles Thielman, June 19, 1885, three soldiers; Andrew Lopic, E. Rioz, M. Gullian, Lew Washeim, F. M. Peterson, Brady Pollock, Avaristo Allytor, Martin McKim, George Hoon and two sons, Mr. Gardiner, Michael Keating and unknown American, September 11, 1885; M. McGowan, Mike Noonan, October 14, 1885; three unknown Americans and one soldier, John Yeager, Mrs. John Yeager, George Hay, Jacob Hatting, William Johnson, Master Clark, Seth Wright, Lorenzo Wright, Dick Hays, December 3, 1885; unknown Americans, W. H. Harrison, W. O. Waldo, George Kenney, Charles Clark, R. P. Windham, A. G. Snow, Mr. Lily, Mr. Friar, Surgeon Maddox, Private Gibson, Private McMillen, Mrs. A. T. Peck and daughter and niece, Charles Owen, Charles Murray, two sons of Captain Adrade, Frederic Luthy, F. P. Whimple, Mr. McGinley, E. Van Hagan, Thomas Hunt, Private Collins, Private Hutton, John Sheedy, J. Shanahan, Thomas Shaw, Robert Lloyd, George Creech, Dr. C. H. Davis, M. Goldbaum, Henry Barton.

J. M. ORMSBY.

THE CAPTIVE INDIANS.

Why General Miles Does Not Want Them Sent to Fort Sill.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—On a sand ridge in the midst of a pine forest near Mobile, Alabama, is located Mount Vernon Barracks, the prison home of the Apache Indians who were removed from the White Mountain Reservation, Arizona, after committing the most awful depredations ever known in the Southwest. Among the band are Natchez, Chihuahua, Ku-Nay and other demons hailing from Chihuahua, where their names are written in blood in the history of the Rio Grande country.

They are no longer the wild and savage men they were of yore. The bucks are depressed and apparently heart-broken. Disease has depleted their ranks and their women and children are passing away with fearful rapidity. Consumption is the medium of death. It is of course superinduced by the change of climate from the dry air of the mountains of New Mexico to the damp breezes of the Atlantic Coast. The captive Indians were first confined at Fort Pickens, near Pensacola, Florida, and Fort Marion, near St. Augustine, Florida. They remained at these points from the spring and summer of 1886 until May, 1888, when all were brought together at Mount Vernon Barracks. From time to time 112 youths have been sent to the Indian school at Carlisle, Penn. Of these 30 died, 12 have been retained in the prison home of their parents because of their failing health, leaving 70 for the Government to display its abilities as an educator and civilizer upon. Of the Indians remaining in the South 18 died at St. Augustine in 1886, 31 at St. Augustine, Fort Pickens and Mount Vernon Barracks in 1887, 14 at Mount Vernon Barracks in 1888, and up to November 30th of last year, 26. Thus it will be seen that in three and one-half years 119 of the Apaches have answered the last summons. In all 498 redskins, of whom 99 were men and 399 women and children, were received as prisoners of war from Arizona. According to the report of Lieutenant Guy Howard, made to the Secretary of War at the beginning of the year, there are now at Mount Vernon Barracks 79 men, 167 women and 142 children, a total of 388. Two more are undergoing punishment at Governor's

mortality he believes is attributpart to this fact. Chihuahua, one of ncipal captives, is reported as saying k and his interpreter on the 2d of nuary:

am getting so my limbs feel as if they asleep. I would like to have some betplace than this. I would like to have a e where I could have a farm and go at to work, so that my children can have nty to eat, and I would like to have tools go right to work with."

as r Objecting to the location of the post in a d pine forest surrounded by swamps, Chifte huahua said:

"There are trees all about. I would like to go where I can see."

The captives are, beyond question, treated as well as possible under the circumstances. They are well clothed and well fed. Although nothing is paid them for work done about the post, they manage to obtain small amounts of money by the sale of trinkets. Although liquor is sold by white traders who own property on the borders of the reservation, it is reported by Lieutenant Howard that the freedom of the Indians from its use is phenomenal. This, the official claims, is attributable partly to the small sums of coin in their possession, but mainly to the earnest desire of the prisoners to behave well, with a hope of getting homes of their own.

Two missionary lady teachers have established at the camp a day school for the Indian youngsters and several bucks have ventured to make an effort toward educating themselves.

HOW THEY WERE INDUCED TO GO.

Without exception the Apache leaders believe that they have been badly treated and maintain that those friendly to the Government when Geronimo was on the warpath were tricked and deceived. In the summer of 1886 Chatto, Kahxe-Te-Na and others were summoned to Washington. The last named Indian complained bitterly to the Board of Officers, comprising Major-General Crook, Lieutenant L. W. G. Kennon, Major William I. Kellogg and Second Lieutenant Arthur B. Fister, who visited them a few weeks ago. He said:

"General Miles told me to go and see a farm that was talked about. He deceived me. He told me it was about a day's journey away. We started to see the farm, and got on the train and stayed on four days and went to Washington. We were there eighteen days. When we talked to the President Cleveland he talked good. He said we had heard of the Great Father, and said he was the Great Father of us all, and was very glad to see us. We got about two days' travel from home, and went in to get something to eat. The train passed out and left us. Then we went back to the post, and were there for two months. They told us we were going to have a reservation near the Rio Grande, about a day's travel from Fort Leavenworth. We were told we would be scouts and draw pay. Then I was taken to St. Augustine."

Chatto, taking from his breast an Arthur medal that had been presented to him by President Cleveland when he visited Washington, said:

"Why did they give me that? To wear in the guardhouse? I thought something would come to me when they gave me that, but I have been in confinement ever since I have had it."

The question as to whether or not these Apaches would go on the warpath if placed on the reservation near Fort Sill, Indian Territory, is receiving serious consideration. The general appreciation of the wily and treacherous nature of the band causes a feeling of doubt as to the sincerity of their protestations that they are weary of blood shed and only desire an opportunity to work and secure homes. General O. O. Howard, commanding the Division of the Atlantic, favors their removal and indorses the report of Lieutenant Guy Howard recommending their transfer to some other point. He says:

"When they first came on the feeling was so strong against the leaders and their depredating followers, that at Fort Marion and subsequently at Fort Pickens they were subjected to imprisonment, in which the women and children shared. The innocent have suffered with the guilty, and I see no other possible way of relieving the situation than by adopting the course recommended, and I hope in the interest of justice, as well as of humanity, that speedy action may be taken. Should a school be set in operation it could be permanently used for educating the children of the vast Southwest."

A proposition which is under serious consideration at present and may meet with general approval, is to set aside certain lands in the mountainous portion of North Carolina. The land is reported to be fairly well adapted to the needs of the Indians, the country being mountainous and woody. It would, in the opinion of General Crook, who has visited it, require 60,000 acres, or about 500 acres to each family to enable the Indians to make a living.

SAMPLE TORTURES.

General Miles, whose splendid record in Indian warfare entitles his opinion to more weight, perhaps, than any other living soldier, expressed himself candidly to the EXAMINER representative on the matter. He said:

"The Chiricahua Apaches are the lowest, most brutal and cruel of all the Indian savages on this continent. They kill for the pleasure of killing and they take fiendish delight in the most cruel tortures, burying men, all except their heads, over great ant hills to have the flesh slowly eaten off until death relieves their excruciating agonies. Hanging little girls by the under jaw on a great meat hook to suffer a slow death, and men by their feet with their faces over a slow fire is a congenial pastime to them. In morals they are degraded. They are in awful physical condition and this more than anything else is the cause of so many deaths at Mount Vernon barracks and the Carlisle school. They will not work. The commanding officer at Fort Apache, where they were located, wired me in response to a query that the Chiricahua and Warm Spring Indians had under cultivation in 1886 only 100 acres of land and that one Mexican did most of the plowing, for the squaws did nearly all the work. When a certain number of them came here to Washington they were treated more like heroes than criminals. I knew if they were allowed to go back nothing would be accomplished, and I wired the department that there would be outbreaks for twenty years if they returned. On that they were stopped at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and finally sent to Florida. It is now urged that they should be returned west of the Missouri river because of their continued ill-health. Why, the report to the Surgeon-General of the army shows that Fort Sill is one of the worst places in the country.

WHY FORT SILL WILL NOT DO.

At one time it was my purpose to have them sent to the Indian Territory, but since then the hostiles have been with those not really on the warpath, and they feel that an injustice has been done them. There would

ONE FOR WIDOWS.—A man who married a widow has invented a device to cure her of "eternally" praising her former husband. Whenever she begins to descant on his noble qualities, this ingenious No. 2 merely says, "Poor, dear man! how I wish he hadn't died!" and the lady immediately thinks of something else to talk about.

CONSOLATION.—A father, in consoling his daughter, who had lost her husband, said:

"I don't wonder you grieve for him, my child; you will never find his equal."

"I don't know that I can," responded the sobbing widow, "but I'll do my best."

"I SAY, Jim, which would you rather, that a lion tore you in pieces or a tiger?"

"Why, you goose, of course I'd rather a lion tore a tiger in pieces."

THE PRESCRIPTION.—"Have you no pen and ink?" said a doctor to a poor woman whose child he was attending.

"No," said the poor woman.

"Well, I have lost my pencil; give me a piece of chalk."

And the doctor chalked a prescription on the door, telling her to give it to her son when he awoke.

"Take it, my boy, take it," said the old woman, lifting the door from its hinges, and carrying it to the poor boy when he opened his eyes. "I don't know how you are to do it, I am sure; but the doctor says it is good, and you had better try it."

CHILDISH CANDOR.—"Patty," a lady called to a little girl who was in the parlor, "did you tell your mother that I was here?"

"Yes'm," answered Patty, demurely.

"And what did she say?"

"She said, 'Oh, my, that dreadful woman here again!'"

CLEVERNESS REWARDED.—A very smart boy, on his return from college, attempted to prove that two were equal to three. Pointing to a roasted chicken on the table, he said:

"Is not that one?" Then, pointing to another, "Is not that two? and do not one and two make three?"

Whereupon the father said:

"Wife, you take one and I'll take the other, and our smart boy can have the third for his dinner."

MORE "REVENGE FOR THE UNION."—Saxon Tourist (at Irish railway-station):

"What time does the half-past eleven train start, Paddy?"

Porter: "At thrutty minutes to twilve, sharrup, sor."

Tourist retires, discomfited.

RARE.—An artist, showing his pictures to a customer, received the following short retort:

"Well, I don't think much of this," holding up the picture before him.

"Don't think much of it! Why, that's a very rare print—very rare print, indeed, sir."

"Rare! I've no doubt it is *rare*. It certainly is not *well done!*"

A MAN, praising porter, said that it was so excellent a beverage that, taken in great quantities, it made him fat.

"I have seen the time," said another, "when it made you lean."

"When, I should like to know?" said the eulogist.

"Why, no longer ago than last night—against a wall."

VERY LIKE.—An old gentleman of eighty married a young wife, and in due course of time was presented with a son. On the day of christening, the nurse handed young master about, with the usual exclamation that he was "the very image of his papa."

"Very like, indeed," said a lady; "he has no teeth."

THE PRAYER OF THE PROFESSOR.—A gentleman gave a letter of introduction to a student of music about to visit Leipsic, who wished to put himself under the instruction of Professor ——, a famous teacher of music in the latter city. Upon the student's return home, the gentleman asked:

"How did you like Professor ——?"

"Oh, wonderfully! He gave me fine lessons; but he is a very singular man. He kept praying all the time he was teaching me."

"Praying! Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, while I was playing, he clasped his hands, lifted his eyes to the ceiling, and kept saying, 'Good Lord, what sin have I committed to deserve this punishment?'"

"You are as ugly as Cain," said a man to his wife. "Well," she replied, "you are certainly Abel to bear it."

LOOKING FOR A BERTH.—While the boat was lying at Cincinnati, just ready to start for Louisville, a young man came on board leading a blushing damsel by the hand, and approaching the clerk:—

"I say," he exclaimed, "me and my wife has just got married, and I'm looking for accommodations."

"Looking for a berth?" hastily inquired the clerk, passing tickets out to another passenger.

"A birth? thunder and lightning, no!" grasped the young man, "we ain't but just got married! we want a place to stay all night, you know, and—a bed."

AN Irishwoman at a loss for a word, went into a chemist's, and looking much puzzled, said she had come for medicine; yet the name had slipped her mind "intirely," but sounded like "Paddy in the garret." The druggist being anxious to make a sale, tried to think what it could be, and hit upon paregoric.

"Indade, thin, that's it," said she, and obtaining the medicine, went away delighted that she had come so near the right word.

A DIG AT THE DOCTORS.—A wag said: "When my wife was very ill I called an Allopathic physician; she got no better. I then called a Homeopath, and she 'mended' a little. One day he broke his leg, and couldn't come at all; then she got well!"

"WELL, Sambo, how do you like your new place?"

"Oh, berry well, massa."

"What did you have for breakfast this morning?"

"Why, you see, missis biled tree eggs for herself, and gib me de brorf."

FILING.—A client remarked to his solicitor, "You are writing my bill on very rough paper, sir."

"Never mind," was the reply of the latter; "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

How a Bad Practice is Fostered.

There is a good deal said in censure of the custom of jumping off and on cars when in motion. It is righteous condemnation, but is not consistent when coming from railroad companies. If they truly desire a reform, they must begin at home, for as long as employees will jump on a train when in motion, and persist in doing it as gracefully as they do, an imitative public will be the sufferers. People don't jump on a train before it stops because they are in a hurry, but because they have seen a brakesman or conductor do it, and have a terrible dread of being surpassed. Now, at the station the other day, Conductor Phillips, of the Eastern train, after giving the word to start, waited until the last car reached him, and then, raising one hand to the rail, and one foot gently from the earth, he swung majestically around, and was at once firmly on the cars. Mr. Phillips weighs 200 pounds, but there was such grace and poetry in his motion, that he seemed to blend with the car. First, there was yellow paint, and then gold-leaf and maroon, and Phillips. There was an elderly person who saw Phillips do this, and his eyes glistened with anticipation. He was going on the Western train, and when it came along he waited until a fine rate of speed was gained, and then, raising his hand and leg just as he had seen Phillips do, and looking carelessly away, just as Phillips did, he reached out for the rail, and the next instant was trying to push his head through the platform planks, and fighting the air with his heels, and madly pawing around with his hands, and swearing and praying at an awful rate. They stood him up on his feet, and rubbed his head with some snow, but it was a long while before they could convince him that the locomotive had not exploded.—*Danbury News.*

A superintendent of police made once an entry, from which the following is an extract: "The prisoner set upon me, called me an ass, a precious dolt, a scarecrow, ragamuffin, and idiot—all of which I certify to be true."

"Madam, why were you not here before?" "I could not come, sir." "Were you not subpœnaed, madam?" "Yes, sir, but I was sick." "What was the matter, madam?" "I had an awful boil, sir." "Upon your honor, madam?" "No, sir, upon my arm."

WANTED, a needle to sew a patch on the pants of a tired dog.

THE man who failed to "put in an appearance" was a conscientious man. He remembered the proverb which teaches that "appearances are deceitful."

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

In the other years, when Maine was a district of Massachusetts, Ezekiel Whitman was among the chosen to represent the district in the Massachusetts Legislature. He was an eccentric man, and one of the best lawyers of his time. In those days Whitman owned a farm, and did much work upon his land; and it so happened that when the time came for him to set out for Boston his best clothes were a suit of homespun. His wife objected to his going in that garb, but he did not care. "I will get a nice, fashionable suit made as soon as I reach Boston," he said.

Reaching his destination, Whitman found...

THE CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL.

FESTIVAL EXTRA.

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CINCINNATI MUSIC HALL.

Cincinnati is the first city in this country to obtain a grand hall to be held in perpetuity by its citizens for musical festivals and entertainments. London alone of the cities of Europe is as favorably situated in regard to the musical wants and aspirations of the community. That Cincinnati, yet to celebrate the first centenary of its settlement, should be thus far advanced in the cultivation of one of the most refined of arts, has been observed with general surprise in the older cities. They have no $300,000 music halls, and no apparent means to acquire them. Naturally they ask how has this admirable result been accomplished.

In the first place, it would be impossible to frame an answer without immediate reference to a philanthropist of this city, Mr. Reuben R. Springer, whose direct contributions to the hall, first and last, amount to the large sum of $185,000. The remainder was subscribed by many citizens of Cincinnati, the list of contributing firms and individuals being so long that it may well be called representative. Mr. Springer is a retired merchant, a practical man of the most marked probity and purity of character, walking in quiet, upright ways, and avoiding all public demonstration. His gift is due a well-matured desire to benefit his fellowmen in a manner likely to be of permanent importance, and to tend to their elevation and refining social enjoyment. It was a noble thought, and has been nobly executed.

The idea of a Music Hall was not, however, the suggestion of any individual. A chain of events led up to it. The first of these events was the assembling in Cincinnati, ten years ago, of the Saengerfest, or national convention of German singing societies. A large building of wood was erected for the occasion on the site of the present hall. It was necessarily somewhat crude in construction, but, nevertheless, lacked neither graceful lines, nor a spacious, cheerful interior. In acoustics it was remarkably fortunate. The building was permitted to stand when the Saengerfest ended. In 1869 an exhibition of textile fabrics was held on Vine Street, proving a notable success, and leading, the following year, to the first Cincinnati Exposition in Saengerfest Hall and wings that were added to it. The Expositions were continued until 1873, attracting an attention throughout the United States that need not be reverted to here. They were the highly encouraging beginning of what is destined to be a regular annual event in the development of the city and the great central region of which it is the metropolis. The first Cincinnati Musical Festival was held in the main (or Saengerfest) Exposition Hall in 1873. Theodore Thomas led the army of musicians, and eminent soloists were engaged at home and abroad. Its results were far beyond expectation. The triumph was so complete, indeed, that it was clear future festivals must necessarily follow. The second festival (1875), in the same hall, and again under the leadership of Theodore Thomas, with a distinguished galaxy of soloists, was simply a sweeping and magnificent success. The large chorus, composed of home musical volunteers, working for love of music and the common good, held the center of the line at both festivals, and acquitted themselves in a style that can not be too warmly acknowledged. From out the general furore of the second festival came Mr. Springer's offer. He saw the opportunity, and with the surest liberality, made it a golden one.

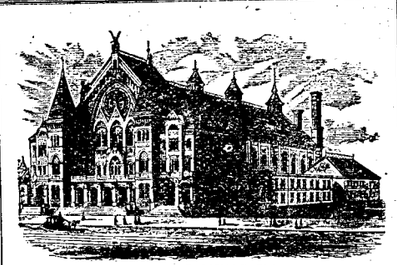
His proposition, quietly communicated to the public a few days after the close of the festival of 1875, was to give $125,000 if the citizens would raise $103,000 to build a music hall, which should also be used for the expositions. Five months later (Nov. 27, 1875) Mr. Springer was notified that the subscription of citizens amounted to $106,031. As the building progressed, however, the outlay was unexpectedly heavy, and Mr. Springer came to the rescue repeatedly, adding no less than $20,000 to his original gift, making in all $185,000. So it must be fairly admitted that if the older cities want to know how to build a great music hall they must first find a citizen like Mr. R. R. Springer. Then if the citizens have the public spirit to come forward by hundreds to help on the good work, and the city will give the ground—there you are!

One portion of Mr. Springer's munificent offer is still in abeyance, though a strong hope is felt that it will not be suffered to fall to the ground. His proposition is to give $50,000 for wings to Music Hall if the people will subscribe $100,000 for the same purpose—the plan being to use all the buildings every fall for an Exposition. This project, securing so many perpetual advantages to the city, is now on foot. The wings are also to serve for Art Halls and Natural History Museum, with a Machinery Hall.

To return to the Music Hall: The money subscriptions having reached the necessary amount, the subscribers, on Dec. 18, 1875, filed a deed of association to build a Music and Exposition Hall for musical festivals, concerts, expositions of art and industry, fairs, conventions, and public meetings. The management was conferred upon a board of trustees under carefully framed conditions. No trustee can be paid for his services, and no stockholder can receive a dividend or profit. The lot given by the city for the music hall and wings is 360x400, fronts on Washington Park, is in the center of the city, and is worth $300,000. The city further agrees to levy no tax nor assessment on Music Hall and its proposed extension.

The plan of Music Hall is a combination from numerous leading architects in the United States.

The foundation was begun just one year ago. The trustees have watched over the erection of the hall with vigilance and the best economy, and have pushed it forward with an energy that has few parallels.



CINCINNATI MUSIC HALL.

THE BUILDING.

Music Hall, as it stands, with its rich facade, bold yet graceful towers and great length and width, is one of the most imposing structures in the city, and one of the most striking objects in the bird's-eye view from the surrounding hills. The width of the building is 178 feet 4 inches, length 235 feet, and depth of the front division 46 feet. It occupies the middle of the lot, facing east. The first gable—the highest point—is 150 feet above the level of the street. The front is of cherry-red pressed brick, with sunken joints and black mortar, the back of common brick with yellow mortar. The approaches are of cut-stone. This facade is an immense brick arch, with two towers as buttresses and a narrow wing on each side. The arch is 150 feet high, and will be adorned at the apex by a statute of the Genius of Music. The ornaments of the front are made by projecting or retreating brick for variety in form, by stone cornice, and black brick for contrasts in color. The corbels of the cornice of the arch are separated by lines of black brick. The large rose window below the corbels is marked by a second outlined arch in alternate black and red bricks. Below are three windows with Gothic points, and then a broad stone balcony over the outer entrances. The wings, sixty feet high, display arched windows. The outer platform at the main entrance is 12 feet wide and 113 feet long. Ten steps lead up to it. The sidewalk has been widened to 24 feet.

The number of brick in the building is 3,858,000.

In combination, variety, and color the front is novel, animated, and impressive.

THE INTERIOR.

The roof in reality covers several buildings united in one. The length—293 feet—is divided into two portions: first, the vestibule and a small hall above it; then the grand auditorium. The building can be emptied by many large doorways, with no cross currents to impede the way. The safety of an assemblage has been a first consideration. The main floor is but a few feet above the ground, and is surrounded by wide corridors, and an immense vestibule 113 feet long, 46 feet wide

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And he left them feeling about as small and cheap as it is possible for full-grown people to feel.

HENRY the IV. was being addressed by several deputies, when an ass began to bray "Softly, softly, gentlemen, one at a time, if you please."

WHAT'S in a name? Col. Gabe Bouck, of Oshkosh, is a candidate for Congress in Wisconsin. His opponent is Gen. Stagg Shooter of Outagamie.

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A MAN who chews tobacco finds difficulty when he comes to choose a wife.

[Brunswicker.]

THE story of the Prodigal Son, as told by one of the Brunswick "bhoys:"

"Yer see, fellers, a good ways back—a long time before jografy was discovered—there lived an old farmer by the name of Prodigal, and he had two sons. He was pretty solid—the old man was—had several quarter sections of land, and cattle and sheep and hogs, until you couldn't rest. There warn't no politics in them days, and so old Prodigal didn't get any fool notion in his head of running for Governor. He just stuck to agricultooral business, and when the boys come of age, and the old man he'd take his part and it would be a 'coming down into the barril, hand of the ranch pegged right away, and go off on his own hook. Old Prod. he had, and the Smart Alec of the lot by the first thing. He and the cappers spotted and landed. They got him into faro, and bunko, and he reached the bottom round on the soup-houses for a while, but he got right back to the rock pile for more. Then he struck out, the durned sneak he was, for another stake. Old Prodigal he stayed at home and got up a barbecue, and he did it generally. The other son, he stayed at home all the time with the old man. It 'peared to be a square deal. And it was. It was like his Durham calf, that he killed for the fair, and made veal of, and which he got on his ear and liked it. Then old Prodigal he says to him—'There is more joy in heaven over sinners which return than over ninety and nine just men which never went off.' That's Scripture, and it's as true to-day as when it was first written. Yer see, he was a blamed snoozer, and he got bounced off the farm."

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[From the Detroit Free Press.]

Mr. Brasser, who lives on Ninth avenue, has a son about twelve years old named Claudius, and the other evening this boy received permission to allow a neighbor's boy to stay all night with him. The old people sleep down stairs in the sitting-room, and the boys were put into a room directly above. When they went up to bed Claudius left the clothes-line under his coat, and the neighbor boy had a mask in his pocket. They didn't undress and say their prayers like good boys, but as soon as the door was locked the Brasser boy remarked:

"You'll see more fun around here to-night than would lie on a ten-acre lot!"

From a closet they brought out a cast-off suit of Brasser's clothes, stuffed them with whatever came handy, tied the mask and an old straw hat on for a head, and while one boy was carefully raising the window the other was tying the clothes-line around the "man." The image was lowered down in front of the sitting-room window, lifted up and down once or twice, and old Brasser was heard to leap out of bed with a great jar. He was just beginning to doze when he heard sounds under his window, and his wife suggested that it was a cow in the yard. He got up, pulled the curtain away, and as he beheld a man standing there he shouted out:

"Great bottles! but it's a robber!" and he jumped into bed.

"Theodorius Brassar, are you a fool?" screamed the wife as he monopolized all the bed-clothes to cover up his head.

"Be quiet, you old jade, you!" he whispered; "perhaps he'll go away!"

"Don't you call me a jade!" she replied, reaching over and trying to find his hair. "Get up and git the gun and blow his head off!"

"O! you do it!"

"Git up, you old coward," she snapped. "I'll never live with you another day if you don't do it!"

Brasser turned up the lamp, sat up in bed and cried out:

"Is that you, boys?"

"Mercy on me! git up!" yelled the wife, as the straw man was knocked against the window.

"I'll blow his head off as clean as milk!" said Brasser in a loud voice as he got up. He struck the stove three or four times, upset a chair and reached behind the foot of the bed and drew out an old army musket.

"Now, then, for blood!" he continued as he advanced to the window and lifted the curtain.

The man was there, face close to the glass, and he had such a malignant expression of countenance that Brasser jumped back with a cry of alarm.

"Kill him! Shoot him down, you old noodle-head!" screamed the wife.

"I will—by thunder! I will!" replied Brasser and he blazed away and tore out nearly all the lower sash.

The boys up stairs uttered a yell and a groan, and Brasser jumped for the window to see if the man was down. He wasn't. He stood right there, and he made a leap at Brasser.

"He's coming in—perlice—boys—ho! perlice!" roared the old man.

The tattered curtain permitted Mrs. Brasser to catch sight of a man jumping up and down, and she yelled:

"Theodorus, I'm going to faint!"

"Faint and be darned—boys—perlice!" he replied, walloping the sheet-iron stove with the poker.

"Don't you dare talk that way to me!" shrieked the old woman, recovering from her desire to faint.

"Po-leece! Po-leece!" now came from the boys up stairs, and while one continued to shout the other drew the man up, tore him limb from limb and secreted the pieces.

Several neighbors were aroused, an officer came up from the station, and a search of the premises was made. Not so much as a track in the snow was found, and the officer put on an injured look and said to Mr. Brasser:

"A guilty conscience needs no accuser."

"That's so!" chorused the indignant neighbors, as they departed.

As Mr. Brasser hung a quilt before the shattered window, he remarked to his wife:

"Now, see what an old cundurango you have made of yourself."

"Don't fling any insults at me, or I'll choke the attenuated life out of you," she replied.

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"I'd rather be a boy than be President!"

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In the heavens to stoop so low?"
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Thou wilt surely aid us now."

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They fell in a silver shower,
They filled the stream, they nourish'd the grain,
They kissed the drooping flower.

Now, through the lanes with their golden sheaves
The thankful reapers come,
And angels smile, for the little fair Cloud
Has brought the Harvest Home. —*People's*

Heliotype Printing Co., Boston, Mass.

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

IN the other years, when Maine was a district of Massachusetts, Ezekiel Whitman was among the chosen to represent the district in the Massachusetts Legislature. He was an eccentric man, and one of the best lawyers of his time. In those days Whitman owned a farm, and did much work upon his land; and it so happened that when the time came for him to set out for Boston his best clothes were a suit of homespun. His wife objected to his going in that garb, but he did not care. "I will get a nice, fashionable suit made as soon as I reach Boston," he said.

Reaching his destination, Whitman found rest at Doolittle's City Tavern. Let it be understood that he was a graduate of Harvard, and that at this tavern he was at home.

As he entered the parlor of the house he found that several ladies and two or three gentlemen were there assembled, and he heard a remark from one of them, "Ah, here comes a countryman of the real homespun genus. Here's fun." Whitman stared at the company, and then sat down.

"Say, my friend, you are from the country," remarked one of the gentlemen.

"Ya-as," answered Ezekiel, with a ludicrous twist of the face.

The ladies tittered.

"And what do you think of our city?"

"It's a pooty thick settled place, anyhow. It's got the sweepin' sight o' housin in it."

"And a good many people, too."

"Ya-as, I should reckon so."

"Many people where you come from?"

"Wal, some."

"Plenty of ladies, I suppose?"

"Ya-as, a fair sprinklin."

"And I don't doubt that you are quite a beau among them."

"Ya-as, I beaus 'em home—tew meetin' an' singing schewl."

"Perhaps the gentleman from the country will take a glass of wine?"

"Thank-ee. Don't keer if I do."

The wine was brought.

"You must drink a toast."

"Oh, git eout! I eats toast—never heard o' sich a thing as drinkin' it. But I kin give ye a sentiment."

The ladies clapped their hands; but what was their surprise when the stranger, rising, spoke calmly and clearly, in tones ornate and dignified, as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every blessing earth can afford; and may you grow better and wiser with advancing years, bearing ever in mind that outward appearances are often deceitful. You mistook me, from my dress, for a country booby, while I, from the same superficial cause, thought you were ladies and gentlemen. The mistake has been mutual."

He had just spoken when Caleb Strong, the Governor of the State, entered and inquired for Mr. Whitman.

"Ah—here I am, Governor. Glad to see you." Then turning to the dumbfounded company—"I wish you a very good evening."

And he left them feeling about as small and cheap as it is possible for full-grown people to feel.

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SOME men are born to misfortune. At a picnic a Covington chap got his eye punched for speaking to another fellow's girl, and when he tearfully explained that he'd "knowed her these thirty-five years," he got his hair pulled out.

A Little Fair Cloud.

A fair Cloud sailed through the summer sky,
Afar in the crystal blue,
And down on the parch'd and thirsty land
Its tender shade it threw.

"O, little fair Cloud," cried the weary Earth,
"Shall the year's glad promise fade?
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THE BEST KNOWN INDIAN Chief Two-Guns White Calf, whose profile is seen on "buffalo" nickels.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

Translated from the German of Ludwig Uhlan,

BY Y. E. A.

In ancient days hero towering stood a beetling castle grand,
Whose gray stones glistened in the sun, far over sea and land;
An odorous garden wreathed its sweets in blooming plenty round,
Where fountains gushed in rainbow hues upon the pebbly ground.

A haughty king, with wide domain and subjects as the sand,
Ruled here and made his reigning felt, with ruthless, iron hand.
Madness gleamed from out his eyes in pale and sullen flood,
And when he spake the scourge was raised, and when he signed flowed blood.

One day toward the castle came two minstrels, strange to see,
One old and gray, one young and blithe, and golden locks had he.
A gay-decked palfrey bore the aged, while lightly by his side
The youth his tireless step did bend with firm and springy stride.

The old man spoke with trembling voice: "Be now prepared, my son;
Think in thy heart for some sweet song that welcome may be won.
Call to thine aid the various powers that sorrow and mirth impart,
For we must this day move and melt our Monarch's stony heart.

The minstrels gained the castle hall, where seated in his chair,
The Monarch rests, and by his side the Queen—a royal pair;
The King in fearful splendor, like the glare of the Northern light,
The Queen as sweetly smiling as the moon smiles down at night.

The hoary minstrel swept his harp with wondrous skillful hand,
And richer, ever richer, swelled the music wild and grand.
Then soft began the youthful bard with heavenly voice and clear,
The elder's tones then blending like a spirits muffled choir.

They sing of youth and youthful love—sweet, happy, golden dreams:
Of Freedom, Valor, and of Truth, and all that holy seems—
Of joys that to the troubled breast a soothing calm impart—
And then of all sublimer hopes that animate the heart.

The thronging courtiers at the strain forgot their princely scorn,
The King's own warriors trembled, and then to God do turn;
The beauteous Queen, dissolved in tears of joy and sorrow sweet,
Took from her breast a blushing rose and cast it at their feet.

The King sprang up in trembling rage and to the twain was come:
"Thy whining songs my Queen have spoiled, my warriors overcome!"
Like a lightning gleam he thrust his sword through the youthful minstrel's breast,
And blood flowed now whence golden songs had come at the behest.

As leaves are scattered by the storm, the listeners fall away.
While dead within his master's arms the luckless youth does lay,
Who wrapped him in his mantle folds and sat him on the horse
And bound upright upon the steed departs the gloomy corse.

But in the turning castle gate, the gray-haired minstrels stays,
And grasps his harp—a costly prize, full swept with thousand lays—
And against a marble column dashed its soul of music out,
Then turning, with an awful voice, does to the castle shout:

Woe to thy haughty walls!—no sweetest tones of minstrel song
Or harp shall ever echo more thy spacious halls among.
Naught but the fearful steps of slaves that die in groans away
Shall e'er be heard till time has stamped thy battlements in decay!

Woe to thee, blooming gardens! in the sunny May-day light!
I show you this dead face that ye may wither in its sight—
That every willing fount may cease its silver-sparkling flow—
That where ye bloom, in after years there may be naught but woe!

Woe to thee, godless murderer! I curse thee in thy shame!
In vain be all thy striving after wreaths of bloody fame!
Thy name shall die, its memory plunged in infamy's last hell,
Where prayers fall as that dying groan in vacant breezes fell!

The curse fell on the king and hall—'twas not unheard by Heaven—
The walls lie low, with ruins piled as if with lightning riven,
But one fair column stands to mark the almost vanished site,
Yet broken now, its tapering shafts may tumble in the night.

A barren heath now stretches where the gardens smiled so bland.
No trees dispense a grateful shade, no founts gush o'er the sand;
The Monarch's name no scrolls or song in honored words disperse,
But sunk in deep forgetfulness—such is the Minstrel's curse.

A TEN THOUSAND-DOLLAR DAUGHTER.—On a certain day, on a Pennsylvania railroad, a belle of a thriving Pennsylvania town, the daughter of a wealthy lumber merchant, was traveling in the same car with a shrewd old citizen of her native town, and an agreeable gentleman from the West, who tells the story.

The latter had been talking to the belle, but as the night drew on and the young lady grew drowsy, he gave up his seat to her and placed himself beside the somewhat cynical Pennsylvanian. The latter began the conversation by pointing to a high mountain past which they were whirling, and said: "You see that mountain? Six or eight years ago it was covered with as fine a forest as ever grew, and was worth $10,000 and upward. Now without a tree and covered with stumps, the land is scarcely worth a continental. The net produce of that mountain lies over there in that seat," and he pointed to the recumbent belle; "that is my calculation. It has just absorbed all of that lumber, which her father owned, to raise and educate, pay for her clothes and jewelry, bring her out in society, and maintain her there. Some of you young men, if you were given your choice between the mountain yonder, as it now stands, and the net produce on that seat, would take the net produce, but as for me, give me the stumps."

The Tartar who Caught a Tartar.

A HUNGARIAN LEGEND.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

There's trouble in Hungary now, alas!
There's trouble on every hand!
For that terrible man,
The Tartar Khan,
Is ravaging all the land.

II.

He is riding forth with his ugly men,
To rob and ravish and slay;
For deeds like those,
You may well suppose,
Are quite in the Tartar-way.

III.

And now he comes, that terrible chief,
To a mansion, grand and old;
And he peers about,
Within and without,
And what do his eyes behold?

IV.

A thousand cattle in field and fold,
And sheep all over the plain;
And noble steeds
Of rarest breeds,
And beautiful crops of grain.

V.

But finer still is the hoarded wealth
That his ravished eyes behold—
In silver plate
Of wondrous weight,
And jewels of pearl and gold.

VI.

A nobleman owns this fine estate;
And when the robber he sees,
'Tis not very queer,
He quakes with fear,
And trembles a bit in the knees.

VII.

He trembles in fear of his precious life,
And scarce repressing a groan,
"Good Tartar," says he,
"Whatever you see
Be pleased to reckon your own."

VIII.

The Khan looked round in a leisurely way,
As one who is puzzled to choose:
When cocking his ear,
He chanced to hear
The creak of feminine shoes!

IX.

The Tartar smiled a villainous smile—
When like a lily in bloom,
A lady fair
With golden hair
Came gliding into the room.

X.

The robber stared with amorous eyes—
Was ever so winning a face?
And long he gazed,
As one amazed,
To see such beauty and grace.

XI.

A moment more and the lawless man
Had seized his struggling prey,
Without remorse,
And—taking horse—
He bore the lady away.

XII.

"Now Heaven be praised!" the nobleman c
"For many a mercy to me!
I bow me still
Unto His will"—
"But God pity that Tartar!" said he.

"Now," said a citizen of Raw
Wyoming Territory, at a recent d
"you see that heifer in a red
that's my wife; an' of yer dance
her more'n two times, pard, I'll
the hull top uv yer hed off. W
yer drink?"

TION 2
Francisco's
Daily; Founded 1856

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL
AN INDEPENDENT AND POST NEWSPAPER

SAN FRANCISCO, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1922

KEFIELD DUE FRIDAY IN LO

MINE WIDOWS, ORPHANS BENEFIT PLANS SPEEDED, MONSTER PROGRAM SHAPED

Participants in Argonaut mine families benefit: Top row, left to right, Giulia Donati, Mary Lovedale, Mrs. N. Bullus and Mrs. Frances Thoreson. Front row, Elisa Rinaldi, Maria Ricci, Lina Gastoni, Maria Molinari, Lillian Ruggiero. Seated, Livia Maggiora Marracci (Madame Butterfly). Portrait, upper right, Pilar Randon. Lower, Mrs. Frances Donovan (left) and Mrs. Florence Roberts.—Call cameraman photos.

[illegible] of us doubt-
[illegible] how many penman have expended their labor, and perchance, at the same time ruined their eyesight, in an effort to crowd the greatest number of words into the smallest possible space. Several such instances are alluded to in a recent article in Chamber's Journal.

Peter Bale, some time clerk of the chancery, wrote the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Commandment, a couple of prayers, his own name and official position, with the date of the year, month, and queen's reign, in such small characters that he was able to enclose the paper bearing them in "the head of a ring." This odd piece of work Master Peter presented to Queen Elizabeth together with "an excellent spectacle, by him devised, for the easier reading thereof," wherewith the queen read all that was written.

Another adept at microscopic penmanship contrived to get the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the whole of the Commandments, and his name within the compass of a penny; and a Liverpool rival wrote Goldsmith's "Travel" containing 438 lines, in a square of three and a half inches; the entire book of "Malachi," in a sort of pyramid, the size of an ordinary little finger, while a circle, three sixteenths of an inch in diameter gave him room enough for the Lord's Prayer. Pliny affirms the existence of a copy of the Iliad, which could be kept in a nut-shell, which perhaps, accounts for Professor Schreiber taking the trouble to procure a sterographic copy of a German translation of Homer's famous work, filling 600 pages, but so diminutive that a nut-shell sufficed to hold it—an achievment surpassed by the Toledo printer's edition of "Don Quixote," occupying only fifty-one cigarette papers.

It has been gravely recorded that an artist of the sixteenth century contrived to delineate a city on such a minute scale that a fly would cover the entire painting. We believe that story just as much as we believe in the Dutch woman's landscape, the size of a grain of corn, in which those with eyes to see could plainly discern a mill with its sails bent, and the miller toiling up the stairs with a sack, a horse drawing a cart, and several persons trudging along in the country road.

Father Johannes Baptissa Forranius made twenty-five wooden canon, all properly furnished, far his peppercorn, and then was obliged to manufacture thirty wooden cups ere he could pronounce the casket full. Tradescant's ark, as the museum of Charles I's gardener was called, boasted the possession of a peppercorn containing a set of chessman. Hadrianus Junius, a [illegible] at Mechlin, a cherry-stone [illegible] which were fourteen pair of dice, the [illegible] them easily discernible by

[illegible] cherry-
[illegible] plainly
[illegible] with the aid of a microscope.

In 1775, continues the writer in Chambers' Journal, admirers of little wonders could see plenty such marvels in London. At one shop was exhibited a common Barcelona nut-shell, holding a tea-table, a tea-board, a dozen cups and saucers, with sugar dish and slop basin, a bottle, a funnel, fifteen drinking glasses, five punch bowls, ten rummets, a pestle and mortar, and two sets of nine-pins—all of polished ivory, exquisitely fashioned, and to be easily seen without the help of glasses. The ingenious artist, we are told, was a poor, poetical, penurious mortal, who being, by the cruel destiny of the planets, driven to the laws of destruction, had hit upon this method of saving himself. His little exhibition was, however, outdone by a watchmaker named Boverick, dwelling near the new exchange hard by. For the charge of one shilling he showed his visitors half a cherry-stone, from which he took a quadrille table, twelve chairs with skeleton backs, a looking-glass, two dozen plates, six dishes, twelve spoons, a dozen knives and forks, two salts, and a lady and gentleman sitting down at a table and waited upon by a footman.

Boverick also produced a camel that could pass through the eye of a middle-sized needle, and a pair of steel scissors, warranted to cut a large horse-hair of such dimensions that six pair might be wrapped in the wing of a fly.

In 1771 the nobility, gentry, and curious of all classes were invited to the great room in Exeter 'Change to behold the result of twenty years close application—a piece of mechanism some four and a half feet square, representing a gentleman's country-seat, with buildings, temples, alcoves, grottoes, summer houses, ponds, and cascades, all complete, enlivened above by a hundred moving figures, employed in brick-laying, carpentering, plumbing, mason's work, joining, and turning. Deer ran about the park, ladies promenaded the garden, round which a six-horse chariot, a pair-horse phaeton, and a one-chaise duly progressed, with attitudes and motions as natural, if we may take the exhibitor's word that although the figures were none of them more than two inches high, they appeared like life itself.

THE DEACON'S SON.—"O, Lord, thou knowest," prayed a Connecticut deacon, "that I am afflicted with a most impious and depraved son. Thou knowest that he will swear and lie, and steal, and do all sinful things. Thou knowest that on last Sabbath day he was seen walking down the principal street in the village, with his hands in his pockets, whistling the following ungodly tune"—and the congregation was astounded to hear "Yankee Doodle" flow melodiously from the deacon's pursed lips.

HOW TO CARRY AN OX TO MARKET.

This from a correspondent at Riviere du Loup, Canada:

When the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada was completed, in 1850, many of the farmers had never heard of, much less seen, a railway but it soon got reported around that passengers could travel by it, and even cattle. A backwoodsman who was indebted to a country merchant, was pushed by the latter for payment of the amount due, and the only means of liquidating the debt was by taking a fat ox to the Quebec market. For this purpose he tied his ox to the back of his cart and drove to the railway station, a distance of nine miles. On surveying the train and seeing an iron railing around the platform of the hind car, he concluded that that was the place to tie his ox, which he accordingly did, taking a place in a second-class car himself forward. Presently the train began to move off slowly. The speed increased; quicker and quicker it went. The poor man got very fidgety, the speed still increasing, until large drops of sweat became visible on his brow. By this time the conductor had reached his car to collect the tickets. Nearly out of breath, the man ran to him, exclaiming:

"My dear conductor, my ox will never be able to keep up to this pace; it is not possible."

"Your ox! Keep up to this pace! What do you mean? I don't understand you. Have you oxen on board?"

"Not on board, of course. I tied him to the railing of the hind car."

"You tied your ox to the railing of the hind car? Who told you to do so?"

"No one; but that is the way we always do in the country."

Of course the conductor could not stop his train before reaching the next station, when, needless to say, on looking for the ox, they found attached to the rope a pair of horns, with a small portion of the neck.

Mr. Bergh could scarcely call this cruelty to animals, as it was not intended.

The humane conductor made a collection among the passengers on the spot, realizing a larger amount than the ox would have brought at market, which he presented to the crest-fallen farmer, who immediately returned home, vowing he would never have oxen taken to market by railway again. He has kept his word, and to this day leads his ox to market behind his own cart.

THE WAYFARER.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Before and behind, all white with snow,
The dim path under the moonlight shines,
Begirt by hedges, ragged in row,
Or the forest, grim with its frosted pines;
Yet still the Wayfarer toils along,
Shifting his bundle to and fro,
And humming the air of an old love-song
Whose rhythm was sweet in the long-ago.

Years have gone since he crossed the wave,
Fortune to seek in far-off lands;
And his cheek is brown, and his young brow gra
And the rivers that roll through golden sand
Have ingots yielded and shining ore,
In spite of his air and his homely dress;
Yet mind and heart are troubled and sore
As his weary feet the old pathway press.

One by one—and his heart beats quick—
Around him rise, as he nears the farm,
Orchard and wheat-field, barn and rick,
With many a hint of the hearthstone warm.
But she, ah! she, for whose fair, white hand
He wandered and toiled in the fields afar;
Does her love for him still steadfast stand
Through the long dark years his guiding sta

With the deep snow crusting its time-worn th
The old house stands in its withered vines.
His strong hand shakes as it lifts the latch
Of the gate; a light at the window shines.
But his wavering knock at the door is heard;
He moves to the group at the bright fire-pla
They gaze at him strangely, without a word,
At his tattered garb and his bearded face.

The farmer and wife look up from their meal,
And eye him askance, with a curious stare,
And the fair-haired girl at the spinning-wheel
Pauses and looks with a troubled air;
Till the stranger speaks, and, with one wild c
The fair bright girl is upon his breast,
And farmer and wife are hovering nigh,
And the Wayfarer hath his reward and rest.

Gold on the table in glittering heaps—
Wrung from the earth by years of toil
And into his palm a soft hand creeps
Better and dearer than golden spoil.
Winter without and summer within,
With true love still shining, a steadfast sta
And joy that a prince might sigh to win,
Form the Wayfarer's welcome from lands a

LAST SUMMER.

"We've met before?" I won't deny it;
Yes, I was fool enough to try it;
For I was young and she was fair—
The same old tale—no matter where
Or when, or how, man's youth is spent,
It leaves him something to repent.
Mine has not much, you think, no doubt;
Light up again—your pipe is out;
And learn from disappointment's school,
That woman's false, and man's a fool.

Last Summer—not so long ago—
I spent in idleness, you know;
The devil sent enough to do,
For she, of course, was idle, too.
Oh, yes, I know 'tis wrong to speak
Of woman rudely—woman's weak,
Soft and angelic—something sent
From heaven to earth to teach content;
Too good, too pure for man's desire,
But, oh! a most consummate liar!
Ah, I forgot—you haven't heard
My story yet: forgive the word.

Well, 'twas last Summer, as I said,
I met her first—those days are dead;
And to recall the joys they brought
Seems sacrilege—it matters naught;
Within our hearts their graves are found—
It is not consecrated ground!
I loved her, and she must have known it,
Seeing my heart, where I had thrown it,
Beneath her feet. Would God that she
Had spurned it from her back to me!
I should have had no hope to die,
And she would have been spared a lie!
Which matters least to her, I wonder,
Now that our lives are torn asunder?
But in her eyes I looked with care,
And Love sat smiling welcome there,
In each sweet breath his vows I heard,
And music came with every word.
And, though my brain's not oft unsteady,
I deemed our soul's were one already.
Her memories, her hopes and fears,
Her smiles, her sorrows, and her tears;
The friends she fancied were the dearest,
The ties that knit her heart the nearest,
The books she loved to read and keep,
The songs she murmured in her sleep,
The colors that would best become her,
I knew them all by heart—last Summer!

"She must have loved me?"—So I thought;
At any rate, I knew she *ought;*
And never doubted (God forbid!)
Deeming her perfect, that she *did.*
I told her what you know, I fear—
That I was poor, and Love was dear;
She shaped her lips to laugh the while,
And I found riches in her smile.
"Oh, love," she said, "the years are long
But Hope is longer, Truth as strong."
I should as soon have doubted Heaven,
Had it declared my sins forgiven.
The Summer ended, and we parted.
Of course we both were broken-hearted,
Of course we swore that never yet
Were souls less likely to forget,
That poverty should never fetter a
Love so divine as ours—etcetera.
Well—mortal or divine, it came
To less than nothing, all the same.
"She threw me over?" Yes, my friend,
That's just the way such follies, end,
Unless they meet a heavier curse,
And lose themselves in something worse.
It might be worse for me or you,
Perhaps, to find a woman true!
But three short months, and she had met
What made it easy to forget.
You saw him with her: I'll not blame him,

In one brief line she condescended
To tell me that my dream was ended.
Hinted at friendship, talked of time
(As though my life were pantomime)!
But thought "it might be less unpleasant,"
Well—not to correspond at present!

"Happy?"—I will not wish her less—
Reluctantly, I must confess—
Yet still I fancied as we pass'd
A shade upon her brow was cast.
I did not seem that Love had brought
All the enchantment that it ought;
And in her eyes I thought I saw
A cloud I never found before;
She had a smile for each new-comer.
And I was one of them—last Summer!

In School Days.

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road—
A ragged beggar sunning—
Around it still the sumachs grow
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its walls,
Its doors, worn sill, betraying
The feet that creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a Winter's sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown-eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left he lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the trembling of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child's face is showing;
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

—*John G. Whittier.*

He Wasn't Ready.

Old Isaac was, or rather believed himself to be, a very devout Christian, "wrestled" much in prayer, and it was his custom at night, when his work was over, to retire to his cabin, and devote himself to worship until bedtime. These exercises were carried in in so loud a tone as to be heard by all the persons on the farm, white and black, and old Isaac's earnest and frequent announcements that he was always ready to meet hes "Lawd" had been so often heard that somo rascally boys concluded to have a little fun, and at the same time test Isaac's faith. One night, therefore, while old Isaac was under full headway in his exercises:

"O Lawd! we know dy long suf'rin fur dis beni'ted sinner, but we feel, O Lawd! dat in dy love we will be spahed dy vengins and raf. We are always reddy, Lawd, at dy biddin' to cum to dee, and to meet dy angel Gabr'el. Send him, O Lawd! wid his shinin' trumpit, his robes ov glory, and his crown ov life, and toke dy poh sahvant into dy vineyard——"

"Is-a-ac! Is-a-ac!" came in a deep, sopulchral tone down the chimney.

"Amen!" softly said Isaac, closing his prayer abruptly, and rising with fear and trembling.

"Is-a-ac! Is-a-ac!" came the still dreadful tones.

"Who-ho-ho's dat?" stammered the awe-stricken negro.

"The—angel—of—the—Lord—has—come—for—Isaac!" came in slow, solemn tones, with the measured emphasis, from the darkness outside.

Isaac hesitated, and then, with a show of enforced courage, it came:

"De Lawd bless you, dat old nigger hain't been heah fur a week!"

A Shrewd Dandy.—This is the way an impecunious Parisian dandy managed: He kept at his residence a costume of a groom. When offering an attention to the fair sex he used to say: "Permit me to send you a bouquet by my black servant." He then repaired to his garret, took his blacking bottle, polished his face and hands, put on his livery, and knocked at the lady's door. "Here," said he, "are some flowers from master to madame." He had spent his last franc in the purchase. Madame was so delighted with the present that she presented the bearer with a louis. This is a clever pocketing of three dollars, and a lady's favor into the bargain.

Superstitions Attached to Gems.—The following is a list of precious stones which superstition has assigned to the months, and regarded as significant or ominous in the senses enumerated: January, jacinth or garnet; constancy and fidelity in every engagement. February, amethyst; this month and stone preserve mortals from strong passions, and insure their peace of mind. March, bloodstone; courage and success in dangers and hazardous enterprises. April, sapphire and diamond; repentance and innocence. May, emerald; success in love. June, agate; long life and health. July, cornelian or ruby; the forgetfulness, or the cure of evils springing from friendship or love. August, sardonyx; conjugal felicity. September, chrysolite; preserves from or cures folly. October, aqua-marine or opal; misfortune and hope. November, topaz; fidelity and friendship. December, turquoise or malachite; the most brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life. The turquoise has also the property of securing friendly regard, as the old saying that "he who possesses a turquoise will be always sure of friends."

Oh! Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?

[Following is the poem so much admired by President Lincoln when alive. Mr. Carpenter reproduced it for the press, saying: The circumstances under which this copy was written are these: I was with the President alone one evening in his room, during the time I was painting my picture at the White House. He presently threw aside his pen and papers, and began to talk to me of Shakspeare. He sent little "Tad," his son, to the library to bring a copy of the plays, and then read to me several of his favorite passages, showing genuine appreciation of the great poet. Relapsing into a sadder strain, he laid the book aside, and leaning back in his chair, said: "There is a poem which has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown to me when a young man by a friend, and which I afterwards saw and cut from a newspaper and learned by heart. I would," he continued, "give a great deal to know who wrote it, but I have never been able to ascertain." Then, half closing his eyes, he repeated to me the lines. Mr. Carpenter copied it as uttered from the lips of Mr. Lincoln.]

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast dying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passed from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman who climbed with his goat up the steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread;
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower of the field,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink,
To the life we are clinging they also would cling,
But it speeds for us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died; we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yes, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain;
We mingle together in sunshine or rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draft of a breath;
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

BOUND TO BE IN FASHION.—During the great collapse of 1857, a gentleman of color kept a bank in a Western city. His institution was apparently in a sound condition, but to be in fashion with the white folks, he concluded to fail. Next morning a man came and shook the door, but a voice inside responded that "de bank is closed." But the man replied that he had left a new pair of boots there the day before, and wanted them. The sable financier opened the door softly, and throwing out one boot, remarked, "We is only paying fifty cents on de dollar."

Somebody's Lovers.

ALICE CARY.

Too meek by half was he who came
A-wooing me one morn,
For he thought so little of himself
I learned to share his scorn.

At night I had a suitor, vain
As the vainest in the land;
Almost he seemed to condescend
In the offer of his hand.

In one who pressed his suit, I missed
Courage and manly pride;
And how could I think of such a one
As a leader and a guide?

And then there came a worshipper,
With such undoubting trust,
That when he knelt he seemed not worth
Upraising from the dust.

The next was never in the wrong,
Was not too smooth nor rough;
So faultless and so good was he,
That that was fault enough.

But one, the last of all who came,
I know not how to paint;
No angel do I seem to him—
He scarcely calls me saint!

He hath such sins and weaknesses
As mortal man befall;
He hath a thousand faults, and yet
I love him with them all.

He never asked me yea nor nay,
Nor knelt to me one hour;
But he took my heart and holds my heart
With a lover's tender power.

And I bow, as needs I must, and say,
In proud humility,
Love's might is right, and I yield at last
To manhood's royalty.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

Nay, do not blame me, darling,
'Tis not my choice, but fate;
To go or stay is not my will—
Your love has come too late.
An earlier word of kindness
Might have won me to your arms;
But my life has lost its promise,
And your love has lost its charms.

Is it well for manhood's glory
Thus to rail at woman's pride?
It is yours to brave the storm-cloud,
And to shield us by your side.
But sometimes the frailest flowers
Blossom on the sterile plain,
And I have dared life's storms alone,
And can, and will again.

"Woman's pride and independence!"
Oh! how scornful sounds your tone,
As you bitterly upbraid me
That I dare to stand alone.
On the rock where you have hurled me—
Icy rock of woman's pride,
Whence you never can beguile me;
Yet—would to God that I had died!

Better to have laid me gently
In the quiet, restful grave,
Than with cruelty to wound me,
And deny the peace I crave.
Better death than life and parting,
Better nothingness than woe;
But farewell, loved, lost one, darling,
Though it breaks my heart to go.

THE NEW YEAR.—This year will be a great year for this American nation. It is leap year, Presidential election year, and the centennial anniversary of our independence, and for the purpose of giving us a rest during so much excitement there will be one extra Sunday, or fifty-three in all.

Pat and the Pig.

We have read of a Pat so financially flat
That he had neither money nor meat,
And when hungry and thin, it was whispered by sin
That he ought to steal something to eat.

So he went to the sty of a widow near by,
And he gazed on the tenant—poor soul!
"Arrah now," said he, "what a trate that'll be,"
And the pig of the widow he stole.

In a feast he joined; then he went to the judge;
For, in spite of the pork and the lard,
There was something within that was sharp as a pin,
For his conscience was pricking him hard.

And he said with a tear, "Will your reverence hear
What I have in sorrow to say?"
Then the story he told, and the tale did unfold
Of the pig he had taken away.

And the judge to him said, "Ere you go to bed,
You must pay for the pig you have taken;
For 'tis thus, by my soul, you'll be saving your soul,
And will also be saving your bacon."

"Oh, be jabers," said Pat, "I can niver do that—
Not the ghost of a hap'orth have I—
And I'm wretched indade if a penny it nade
Any pace for me conscience to buy."

Then in sorrow he cried, and the judge replied
"Only think how you'll tremble with fear
When the Judge you shall meet at the great judgment seat
And the widow you plundered while here."

"Will the widow be there?" whispered Pat, with a stare,
"And the pig? by me sowl, is it thrue?"
"They will surely be there," said the judge, "I declare,
And, oh Paddy! what then will you do?"

"Many thanks," answered Pat, "for your tellin' me that;
May the blessings upon you be big!
On that sittlement day to the widow I'll say,
'Mrs. Flannegan, here is your pig!'"

PEEPING THROUGH THE BLINDS.

In place of books, or work, or play,
Some ladies spend the live-long day
In scanning every passer-by,
And many a wonder they descry!
They find among the motley crowd
That some are gay and some are proud,
That some are short and some are tall—
They get their information all
By peeping through the blinds!

You walk the streets (at common pace);
You catch the outline of a face.
The face seems strange; again you look,
Dear sir! she knows you like a book!
She knows the color of your hair,
The very style of clothes you wear.
She knows your business, I'll be bound,
And all your friends the country round,
By peeping through the blinds!

She knows the Smiths across the way,
And what they dine on every day;
And thinks that Miss Matilda Jane
Is growing very proud and vain;
She knows the Browns at Number Four,
Just opposite her very door;
Folks quite as poor as they can be;
For don't they sit and sew while she
Is peeping through the blinds?

Dear ladies, if you don't succeed
In gaining knowledge that you need,
Then at your window take your seat,
And gaze into the busy street;
Full soon you'll read your neighbors well,
And can their tastes and habits tell,
And know their business to a T.
Much better than your own, you see,
By peeping through the blinds.

2349 Irving street, and Jack Trigoni, an old man, Pa

[From Harper's Monthly, for August.]

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.*

By Henry W. Longfellow.

Tempora labuntur, Tacitisque senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.
—OVID, *Pastorum*, Lib. iv.

"O Cæsar, we who are about to die
Salute you!" was the gladiators' cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace.

O ye familiar scenes—ye groves of pine,
That once was mine and are no longer mine,—
Thou river, widening through the meadows green
To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen—
Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose
And vanished,—we who are about to die
Salute you; earth and air and sea and sky,
And the Imperial Sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendors upon grove and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear!
We are forgotten; and in your austere
And calm indifference, ye little care
Whether we come or go, or whence or where.
What passing generations fill these halls,
What passing voices echo from these walls,
Ye heed not; we are only as the blast,
A moment heard, and then forever past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze;
They answer us,—alas! what have I said!
What greetings come there from the voiceless dead!
What salutation, welcome, or reply?
What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie!
They are no longer here; they all are gone
Into the land of shadows,—all save one.
Honor and reverence, and the good repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him, whom living we salute.
The great Italian poet, when he made
His dreadful journey to the realms of shade,
Met there the old instructor of his youth,
And cried in tones of pity and of ruth:
"O, never from the memory of my heart
Your dear, paternal image shall depart,
Who while on earth, ere yet by death surprised,
Taught me how mortals are immortalized;
How grateful am I for that patient care
All my life long my language shall declare."

To-day we make the poet's words our own,
And utter them in plaintive undertone;
Nor to the living only be they said,
But to the other living called the dead,
Whose dear, paternal images appear
Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in sunshine here;
Whose simple lives, complete and without flaw,
Were part and parcel of great Nature's law;
Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid,
"Here is thy talent in a napkin laid,"
But labored in their sphere, as those who live
In the delight that work alone can give.
Peace be to them; eternal peace and rest,
And the fulfillment of the great behest:
"Ye have been faithful over a few things,
Over ten cities shall ye reign as kings."

And ye who fill the places we once filled,
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,
Young men, whose generous hearts are beating high,
We who are old, and are about to die,
Salute you; hail you; take your hands in ours,
And crown you with our welcome as with flowers!

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!
Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse,
That holds the treasures of the universe!
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
"Be thou removed!" it to the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!
As ancient Priam at the Scæan gate
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state
With the old men, too old and weak to fight,
Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight
To see the embattled hosts, with spear and shield,
Of Trojans and Achaians in the field;
So from the snowy summits of our years
We see you in the plain, as each appears,
And question of you: asking, "Who is he
That towers above the others? Which may be
Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,
Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus?"
Let him not boast who puts his armor on
As he who puts it off, the battle done.
Study yourselves; and, most of all, note well
Wherein kind Nature meant you to excel.
Not every blossom ripens into fruit;
Minerva, the inventress of the flute,
Flung it aside, when she her face surveyed
Distorted in a fountain as she played;
The unlucky Marsyas found it, and his fate
Was one to make the bravest hesitate.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! be bold! and everywhere be bold;
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

Ah, many are shipwrecks; ye remaining few
That number not the half of those we knew,
Ye, against whose familiar names not yet
The fatal asterisk of death is set,
Ye I salute! The horologe of Time
Strikes the half-century with a solemn chime,
And summons us together once again,
The joy of meeting not unmixed with pain.

Where are the others? Voices from the deep
Caverns of darkness answer me: "They sleep!"
I name no names; instinctively I feel
Each at some well remembered grave will kneel,
And from the inscription wipe the weeds and moss,
For every heart best knoweth its own loss.
I see the scattered gravestones gleaming white
Through the pale dusk of the impending night;
O'er all alike the impartial sunset throws
Its golden lilies mingled with the rose;
We give to all a tender thought, and pass
Out of the grave-yards with their tangled grass,
Unto these scenes frequented by our feet
When we were young, and life was fresh and sweet.

What shall I say to you? What can I say
Better than silence is? When I survey
This throng of faces turned to meet my own,
Friendly and fair, and yet to me unknown,
Transformed the very landscape seems to be;
It is the same, yet not the same to me.
So many memories crowd upon my brain,
So many ghosts are in the wooded plain,
I fain would steal away, with noiseless tread,
As from a house where some one lieth dead.

I can not go; I pause—I hesitate;
My feet reluctant linger at the gate;
As one who struggles in a troubled dream
To speak and can not, to myself I seem.

Vanish the dream! Vanish the idle fears!
Vanish the rolling mists of fifty years!
Whatever time or space may intervene,
I will not be a stranger in this scene.
Here every doubt, all indecision ends;
Hail, my companions, comrades, classmates, friends!

Ah me! the fifty years since last we met
Seem to me fifty folios bound and set
By Time, the great transcriber, on his shelves,
Wherein are written the histories of ourselves.
What tragedies, what comedies, are there;
What joy and grief, what rapture and despair!
What chronicles of triumph and defeat,
Of struggle and temptation, and retreat!
What records of regrets, and doubts, and fears!
What pages blotted, blistered by our tears!
What lovely landscapes on the margin shine,
What sweet, angelic faces, what divine
And holy images of love and trust,
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by damp or dust!
Whose hand shall dare to open and explore
These volumes, closed and clasped for evermore!
Not mine. With reverential feet I pass;
I hear a voice that cries, "Alas! alas!
Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee.
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be."

As children frightened by a thunder-cloud
Are reassured if some one reads aloud
A tale of wonder, with enchantment fraught,
Or wild adventure that diverts their thought,
Let me endeavor with a tale to chase
The gathering shadows of the time and place,
And banish what we all too deeply feel
Wholly to say, or wholly to conceal.

In medieval Rome, I know not where,
There stood an image with its arm in air,
And on its lifted finger, shining clear,
A golden ring with the device, "Strike here!"
Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed
The meaning that these words but half expressed,
Until a learned clerk, who at noonday
With downcast eyes was passing on his way,
Paused, and observed the spot, and marked it well,
Whereon the shadow of the finger fell;
And, coming back at midnight, delved and found
A secret stairway leading under ground.
Down this he passed into a spacious hall,
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall;
And opposite a brazen statue stood
With bow and shaft in threatening attitude.
Upon its forehead, like a comet,
Were these mysterious words of menace set:
"That which I am, I am; my fatal aim
None can escape, not even you luminous flame!"
Midway the hall was a fair table placed,
With cloth of gold, and golden cups enchased
With rubies, and the plates and knives were gold,
And gold the bread and viands manifold.
Around it, silent, motionless and sad,
Were seated gallant knights in armor clad,
And ladies beautiful with plume and zone,
But they were stone, their hearts within were stone;
And the vast hall was filled in every part
With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.
Long at the scene, bewildered and amazed
The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed;
Then from the table, by his greed made bold,
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,
And suddenly from their seats the guests upsprang,
The vaulted ceiling with loud clamors rang.
The archer sped his arrow at their call,
Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall,
And all was dark around and overhead;—
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead!

The writer of this legend then recorde
Its ghostly application in these words:
The image is the Adversary old,
Whose beckoning finger points to realms of go
Our lusts and passions are the downward sta
That leads the soul from a diviner air;
The archer, Death; the flaming jewel, Life;
Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the knife;
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bo
By avarice have been hardened into stone;
The clerk, the scholar whom the love of pelf
Tempts from his books and from his nobler se
The scholar and the world! The endless strif
The discord in the harmonies of life!
The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books;
The market-place, the eager love of gain,
Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is pain!

But why, you ask me, should this tale be told
To men grown old, or who are growing old?
It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Œdipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his competers,
When each had numbered more than fourscor
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his Characters of Men.
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales;
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years were pas
These are indeed exceptions; but they show
How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flo

Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where life clas than life itself survives.

As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the weather w
So something in us, as old age draws near,
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
The hunting mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air;
The telltale blood in artery and vein
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;
Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon;
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,
But its surcease; not the fierce heat of fire,
The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still discern
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not qui
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;
Not Œdipus Colonous or Greek Ode,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,
But other something, would we but begin;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

*Poem for the fiftieth anniversary of the cl
In Bowdoin College. Published, by arrango
the author, exclusively in Harper's Magazin

A LESSON IN ADJECTIVES.

"Well, my son, you have got into
mar, have you?" said a proud sire t
thickest chip the other night. "Let m
you compare some adjectives."

Chip—"All right. Little, less, least
bigger, best; now, more, most—

Proud Sire—"Hold on, sir; that's
right; you—

Chip—"Toe, tore, toast; snow, s
snort; go, gore, gout; row, roar, rout.

Proud Sire—"Stop. I say; those adj

Chip—"Drink, drank, drunk; c
chank, chunk; wink, wank, wunk, t
thank, thunk—"

Proud Sire—You infernal little fool!
in thunder—"

Chip—"Good, better, best; wood, w
west; bad, wusser, wust; bile, biler,
sew, sewer, soup; pew, poor, pup—o-u
oh, geminently, dad! Oh-o-o!"

The outraged parent had broken int
recitation with a boot-jack.

THE NAME OF GOD IN FORTY-EIGHT LANGUAGES.

Hebrew, *Elohim or Eloah.*
Chaldiac, *Elah.*
Assyrian, *Elah.*
Syriac and Turkish, *Alah.*
Malay, *Alla.*
Arabic, *Allah.*
Language of the Magi, *Orsi.*
Old Egyptian, *Teut.*
Armorian, *Teuti.*
Modern Egyptian, *Tenn.*
Greek, *Theos.*
Cretan, *Thios.*
Æolian and Doric, *Ilos.*
Latin, *Deus.*
Low Latin, *Diex.*
Celtic and Gallic, *Diu.*
French, *Dieu.*
Spanish, *Dios.*
Portugese, *Deos.*
Old German, *Dict.*
Provencal, *Diou.*
Low Breton, *Doue.*
Italian, *Dio.*
Irish, *Die.*
Olala tongue, *D*
German and Swiss, *Gott.*
Flemish, *Goed.*
Dutch, *Godt.*
English and Old Saxon, *God.*
Teutonic, *Goth.*
Danish and Swedish, *Gut.*
Norwegian, *Gud.*
Slavic, *Buch.*
Polish, *Bog.*
Poltacca, *Bung.*
Lapp, *Jubinal.*
Finnish, *Jumala.*
Runic, *As.*
Pannonian, *Istu.*
Zemolian, *Felizo.*
Hindostanee, *Rain.*
Coromandel *Brama.*
Tartar, *Magatal.*
Persian, *Sire.*
Chinese, *Pussa.*
Japanese, *Gozzur.*
Madagascar, *Zannar.*
Peruvian, *Puchocamae.*

GENIUS AND TRADE.

THE following is a list of eminent persons who have been connected with trades. It may be of some service to the general reader, as well as encouraging to aspirants for note and fame. It is only in the night that comets can be seen to advantage:

Akenside, the son of a butcher.
Bloomfield, a shoemaker.
Bonner (Bishop), a peasant.
Bunyan, a tinker.
Burns, a plowman.
Butler, son of a farmer.
Cervantes, a common soldier.
Chaucer, son of a merchant.
Columbus, a wool stapler.
Cromwell, son of a brewer.
De Foe, son of a butcher.
Demosthenes, swordmaker's son.
Euripides, son of a green grocer.
Fox, George, a shoemaker.
Franklin, a journeyman printer.
Gray, son of a scrivener.
Howard, apprentice to a grocer.
Hume, a merchant's clerk.
Johnson, S., son of a bookseller.
Jonson, Ben, a bricklayer.
Luther, Martin, a miner.
Mahomet, a camel driver.
Milton, son of a scrivener.
Moliere, son of a tapestry maker.
Murat, son of an inn-keeper.
Rosseau, son of a cobbler.
Shakspeare, son of a wool stapler.
Tamerlane, son of a shepherd.
Tillotson, son of a weaver.
Virgil, son of a peddler.
Watts, son of a shoemaker.
Wolsey, son of a butcher.

Young man, why may not you become "e'en as one of these?" Many, in fact the major part of the brighter lights of this country, were of humble birth, and by honesty and industry made themselves great. Go thou and and do likewise.

A Grand Turkish Wedding.

The Constantinople correspondent of the London *Echo*, writing on Dec. 28, says: "I have already mentioned the marriage of the Princess Nazié, daughter of Mustapha Pacha, to Khalil-Pacha. Your readers may be interested on knowing that on the arrival of the bride at her husband's palace she was attired in a French bridal costume of white silk, trimmed with orange flowers. Her wreath of the same blossoms was surmounted by a diadem of brilliants, and a long vail of tulle illusion fell partly before and partly behind her head. It was her own choice to be dressed in this fashion; Turkish brides always wearing a rose-colored dress, embroidered with gold. Another strange innovation on established custom was that Khalil-Pacha gave his arm to the princess. She came in a carriage, with closed white satin curtains; the coachman and English footmen wore white wedding favors on their breasts; two Mamelouks on horseback preceded the cortege, and eunuchs rode beside the windows. The relations and the suite of the bride followed in forty coaches, also accompanied by Mamelouks and eunuchs. At noon a table of one hundred covers was placed for the assembled guests. The princess retired into her boudoir and changed her Parisian costume for a Turkish dress of pink velvet, almost covered with gold embroidery, but still wearing her wreath of orange flowers, and diadem of brilliants. The ladies honored by admission to her presence describe her as dazzling them with her youth and beauty, remarkable for her elegance and refinement, and sparkling with priceless jewels. Let us hope the gradual upsetting of silly old prejudices among the Turks, and the adoption of some European customs will lead to the better education and greater freedom of Eastern ladies."

In one of the old graveyards in Boston, under the shadow of Park-street Church, on Tremont street, Boston, in the most busy part of the city, lies the dust of three of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—Hancock, Adams and Paine; of seven Massachusetts governors—Hancock, Adams, Bowdoin, Sumner, Sullivan, Love, and Eustis; and not far distant, under a larch tree, close to the iron fence, the ashes of the victims of the Boston massacre. Among other noted persons buried here were John Hull, mint-master in 1652; Judge Samuel Sewell, of noted memory; Peter Faneul, Gen. Joseph Warren, Colonel Paul Revere, and Richard Bellingham, a Colonial governor.

"Survey the globe through every zone,
From Jersey to Japan
In lineaments of light 'tis shown
That *culture* makes the man.
All that man has, hopes, can have,
Past, future, or possessed,
Are fruits that *culture* gives—or gave—

THE WILL OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.—[Translation.]

"THIS IS MY WILL.

I Commend My Son and My Wife to the high constituted authorities of the State (*aux grands corps de l'Etat*), to the people, and the army. The Empress Eugénie possesses all the qualities requisite for conducting the Regency well, and my son displays a disposition and judgment which will render him worthy of his high destinies. Let him never forget the motto of the head of our family: 'All for the French people.' Let him fix in his mind the writings of the prisoner of St. Helena, let him study the Emperor's deeds and correspondence, in order that he may remember that, when circumstances so permit, the cause of the people is the cause of France. Power is a heavy burden, because we cannot always do all the good we could wish, and because our contemporaries seldom render us justice; so that, in order to fulfill our mission, we must have in ourselves faith and the consciousness of our duty. It is necessary to consider that, from Heaven above, those whom you have loved regard and protect you. It is the spirit of my great uncle that has always inspired and sustained me. It will be thus with my son, for he will always be worthy of his name. I leave to the Empress Eugénie all my private property. It is my desire that, on the majority of my son, she shall inhabit the Elysée and Biarritz. I trust that my memory will be dear to her, and that after my death she will forget the griefs I may have caused her. With regard to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal I used to wear attached to my watch, and which comes from my mother; let him carefully preserve everything that comes to me from the Emperor my uncle, and let him be convinced that my heart and my spirit remain with him. I make no mention of my faithful servants. I am convinced that the Empress and my son will never abandon them. I shall die in the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, which my son will always honor by his piety.

(Signed) NAPOLEON.

Done, written, and signed with my hand, at the Palace of the Tuileries, the twenty-fourth April, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

(Signed) NAPOLEON."

Political Changes in France.

The New York *World* summarizes the political changes in France for the last eighty years as follows:

"In 1792, the great French Revolution was inaugurated. Louis XVI. was deposed, and all the monarchies of Europe declared war against the young republic. France was without finances, without troops.

"In 1795 the republic had been triumphant everywhere against the monarchical government and had established internal order.

"In 1799 Bonaparte was chosen First Consul.

"1804—Bonaparte Emperor.

"1815—Waterloo and St. Helena, and the restoration of the Bourbons in the person of Louis XVIII.

"1830—The revolution and expulsion of Charles X. for general disregard of constitutional government, and in particular for Polignac decrees against the press. Louis Philippe ascends the throne.

"1848—Louis Philippe abdicates; popular dissatisfaction at peace policy abroad; tampering with elections at home and limiting the powers of the press; and Louis Napoleon elected President.

"1851—Louis Napoleon President for ten years by 7,839,216 votes.

"1852—The Second Empire by a vote of 7,824,129 citizens."

It can now add: 1870—A Republic, initiated during a foreign war, with a Provisional Government, by the unanimous voice of the people. Recognized promptly by the Government of the United States, and launched on its career with the fervent good wishes and sympathies of all lovers of Republican institutions everywhere.

The following anecdote, illustrative of absolute power, is related of the Emperor Paul of Russia. One day when the Czar was driving in his carriage, he passed a stalwart young soldier, and the following conversation ensued:

"Step into my carriage, lieutenant."

"I am only a private, sire."

"The emperor never makes a mistake, captain."

"I obey, sire."

"Very well, major, sit down beside me. Splendid weather, is it not?"

"Sire, if I dared—"

"What is it, colonel?"

Unluckily for the imperial favorite, his patron was compelled by an appointment to return early to the palace. If the drive had lasted a few minutes longer, he would have risen to be field-marshal. As it was, he had to content himself with the rank of major-general. Perhaps it mattered the less in that at a subsequent interview with the emperor a few days later he descended step by step during the short space of half an hour from the grade of major-general to that of

Something About London, [illegible]

From the detailed tables of the British census, just published, we are nished with a mass of interesting inf ation about the English capital. I pears that the population of Lond 3,888,992, which is more than the c bined population of New York, Phil phia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Chicago, timore, Cincinnati, Boston, New Orle San Francisco, Buffalo and Allegh City, Pa. To lodge this vast multit 777,000 dwellings are required; and people consume annually about 4,48 barrels of flour, 420,000 bullocks, 2, 000 sheep, 49,000 calves, 61,250 hogs; one market alone supplies annually 7,(750 head of game. This, together 5,200,000 salmon, besides other fish flesh, is washed down by 75,600,000 lons of ale and porter, 3,500,000 gal of spirits, and 113,750 pipes of w 22,750 cows are required to supply daily consumption of milk. The str of the metropolis are about 2,90 number, and if put together would tend about 4,000 miles. They are lig by 630,000 lamps, consuming e twenty-four hours, 22,270,000 cubic of gas. The water system supplies 670,824 gallons daily, while the se system carries off 16,639,770 cubic fee refuse matter. A fleet of 1,800 sa employed, irrespective of railroads bringing annually 5,250,000 tons of Bituminous coal is exclusively used, the smoke arising from this imm quantity is said to be so dense that it be seen thirty-five miles from the city clothe the inhabitants requires 4 tailors, 50,400 boot and shoe makers, nearly 70,000 dressmakers and millin Berlin, according to the recent cen has a population of 826,013; Par 1867, the year of the Exposition Uni selle, 1,889,462, and Constantinopl 1864, 1,075,000.

"Children," asked a Fa country minister, addressin Sunday-school, "why are we flowers? What do we have flowers have?" And a small in the infant class, whose br smelled of vermifuge rose up made reply, "Worms." And minister crept under the pu

FRIDAY.

FROM TIME immemorial, Friday has been frowned upon as a day of ill omen. And though this prejudice is less prevalent now than it has been in days of yore, when superstition had general sway, yet there are many, even in this matter of fact age of ours, who would hesitate on a day so inauspicious, to begin an undertaking of momentous import. And how many brave mariners, whose hearts unquailed could meet the wildest fury of their ocean home, would blanch to even bend their sails on Friday. But to show with how much reason this feeling is indulged, let us examine the following important facts in connection with our own settlement and greatness as a nation; and we will see how little cause we Americans have to dread this fatal day.

On Friday, Aug. 3d, 1492, CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS sailed on his great voyage of discovery.

On Friday, Oct. 12th, 1492, he first discovered land.

On Friday, Jan. 4th, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he had not reached in safety, the happy result which led to the settlement of this vast continent would never have been known.

On Friday, Mar. 15th, 1493, he arrived safe at Palos.

On Friday, Nov. 22d, 1493, he arrived at Hispanolia in his second voyage to America.

On Friday, June 13th, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America.

On Friday, Mar. 5th, 1496, HENRY VII., of England, gave to JOHN CABOT his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American state paper of England.

On Friday, Sept. 7th, 1585, MELENDEZ founded Saint Augustine, the oldest settlement in the United States, by more than forty years.

On Friday, Nov. 10th, 1620, the May Flower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown; and on the same day was signed that august compact, the forerunner of our present glorious Constitution.

On Friday Dec. 22d, 1650, the Pilgrims made their final landing on Plymouth Rock.

On Friday, Feb. 22d, 1732, GEORGE WASHINGTON, the father of American freedom, was born.

On Friday, June 16th, 1775, Bunker Hill was siezed and fortified.

On Friday, Oct. 7th, 1777, the surrender at Saratoga was made, which had such powerful influence in inducing France to declare for our cause.

On Friday, Sept. 22d, 1780, the treason of ARNOLD was laid bare, which saved us from destruction.

On Friday, Oct. 19th, 1781, occurred the surrender at Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms.

On Friday, June 7th, 1777, in Congress, a motion was made by JOHN ADAMS, seconded by RICHARD HENRY LEE, that the United Colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

Thus by numerous examples we see, that however it may be with other nations, Americans need never dread to begin any undertaking on Friday, however momentous or important it may be.

THE THRONE OF SOLOMON.

THE following account of this remarkable piece of mechanism purports to be taken from the Persian manuscript, called "The History of Jerualem:"

The sides of it were of pure gold, the feet of emeralds and rubies intermixed with pearls, each of which were as large as an ostrich's egg. On each side were delineated orchards full of trees, the branches of which were of precious stones, representing fruit, ripe and unripe; on the tops of the trees were to be seen figures of plumage birds, particularly the peacock, etnah, and karges. All these birds were hollowed within artificially, so as to occasionally utter melodious sounds, such as the ear of mortal never heard. On the first step were delineated branches of the vine, having bunches of grapes, composed of precious stones of various kinds, fashioned in such a manner as to represent the various colors of purple, violet, green and red, so as to render the appearance of real fruit. On the second step, on each side of the throne, were two lions of terrible aspect, large as life, and formed of cast gold.

The nature of this remarkable throne was such that when SOLOMON placed his foot on the first step, the birds spread their wings and made a fluttering noise in the air. On his reaching the third step, the whole assemblage of demons, and fairies, and men, repeated the praises of the Deity. When he arrived at the fourth step, voices were heard addressing him in the following manner: "Son of DAVID, be thankful for the blessings which the Almighty has bestowed upon us." The same was repeated on his reaching the fifth step. On his reaching the sixth, all of the children of Israel joined them; and on his arrival at the seventh, all the birds and animals became in motion, and ceased not until he had placed himself on the royal seat, when the birds, lions and other animals, by secret springs, discharged a shower of the most precious perfumes on SOLOMON, after which two of the karges descended and placed the golden crown upon his head.

Before the throne was a column of burnished gold, on the top of which was a golden dove, which held in its beak a volume bound in silver. In this book were written the Psalms of DAVID, and the dove having presented the book to the king, he read aloud a portion of it to the children of Israel. It is further related that on the approach of evil persons to the throne, the lions were wont to set up a terrible roar, and to lash their tails with violence; the birds also, and the demons and genii to utter horrid cries; so, for fear of them, not one dared be guilty of a falsehood, but all confessed their crimes. Such was the throne of SOLOMON, the son of DAVID.

TRUE.—The other day a policeman, in making out a charge against an arrested party, wrote:

"The prisoner set upon me disorderly, and called me an ass, and a precious ruffian, and an idiot—all of which I certify to be true."

NOT RIGHT.—Thompson is not going to do anything more in conundrums. He recently asked his wife the difference between his head and a hogshead, and she said there was none. He says that is not the right answer.

HOT ON THE YOUNGSTER.—"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" cried a celebrated tragedian.

"Would a jackass do as well?" inquired an affected young man, rising in his seat.

"Yes," triumphantly exclaimed the actor; "just step up this way, sir."

The young man sat down.

LISPING.—A country fellow who lisped, having bought some pigs, asked a neighbor for the use of a pen for a few days. Said he:

"I have jutht been purchathin thome thwine—two thowth and pigth. I want to put them in your pen till I can get a place for them."

"Two thousand pigs!" exclaimed the neighbor; "why, my pen will hardly hold a dozen."

"You don't understand me, Mr. Bent; I don't thay two thouthand pigths, but two thowth and pigth."

"I hear you,' said Mr. Bent—"two thousand pigs. Why, you must be crazy!"

"I tell you again," exclaimed the man, angrily, "I mean not two thouthhand pigth, but two thowth and two pigth."

"Oh, that is what you mean, eh? Well, the pen is at your service."

TARTARIC.—It is said that the Duchess of Edinburgh speaks with a slight Tartar accent. To her fond husband that accent must seem the very cream of Tartar.

TO YOUNG LADIES.—"I have found," says Addison, "that the men who are really the most fond of the ladies, who cherish for them the highest respect, are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of great assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliments in the room of sentiment, are their favorites. A due respect for woman leads to respectful action towards them; and respect is mistaken by them for neglect or want of interest.

Men born blind can't be carpenters, because they never saw.

A green grocer—one who trusts.

People who are behind the times should be fed on ketchup.

Little fish have a proper idea of business. Not being able to do better they start on a small scale.

Why is a soldier who attempts to bayonet a ghost an unprincipled fellow? Because he sticks at nothing.

THE origin of the word muff, applied to a fool, is said to be that a muff holds a woman's hand without squeezing it.

THE man whose hair turned white in a single night is surpassed by the girl who lost hers completely in one dance.

For a Walk.

Last Words of Great Men.

BY COREY S. PONDENT.

It is one of the sententious sayings of Dr. Johnson that "the gist of a story *lies* in its truth."

Historians and biographers afford us evidence of the startling significance attending the "last words" of our once great men—interlarded with such trite sayings as really seemed most appropriate to them.

These writers have even been prolific in invention.

The heroic and melo-dramatic speech put into the mouth of Cambronne at Waterloo—"The guard dies; but never surrenders!"—is a palpable and striking instance of what these gutta-percha historians will occasionally sacrifice for truth.

What Cambronne *did* say—when summoned to surrender to the beef-eating Englishmen—was, probably, uttered in a strain of frozen contempt, and was really to the effect that: "The enemy lies; and so does Mrs. Johnson!"

The last hours and parting words of our truly great men afford a topic of perennial interest, and perhaps this may help to account, to a degree, for the unusual number of striking sentences and sententious sayings attributed to the dying.

Inasmuch as it is possible we may all have to "shuffle off this mortal coil" one of these pleasant days, it becomes us in a propitious hour—when we have the time—to calmly and deliberately reconstruct our "last words"—because somehow we know we shall get our name "in print," and it is only a matter of equal justice that when we *do* float off into to etherial space, we should leave—if nothing else—at least, a "good impression" behind us.

Cast your benevolent eye over the following, gentle reader, which I can safely commend as samples of about the right kind of article you might stand in need of, when you feel called upon to make your final ex-hit:

"It's four o'clock, boys, and school is out, and you may all go home, except Patsey Bolivar!" said Doctor Adams, rector of the High School of Edenburgh, while passing felicitously away.

"I'm a jumpist; I can lay over Sam Patch on the bounce!" cried Hobbe, the deist, and "out" went the soul of Hobbe, on the "first base."

"Pay you in a few days; in God we trust!" exclaimed President Edwards, as his grip loosened on a "twenty."

"I've crossed the Yuba!" said Byron, and Goethe, turning from his wife, managed to "get in" *his* "last words"—"Mud! more mud!" and Goethe got right up and "dusted."

"Shake her up lively, boys, when Kirby dies!" exclaimed Charley the Second, who "run" with Liberty Hose and "bunked" with "Five's boys."

"The artery ceases to beat; the artery is a *dead beet!*" were the last words of Haller, while feeling his own pulse.

"I *leaser* behind me—Time!" cried Ike Newton, who was winding his watch, when ushered into the life that hath no end.

"Be serious—be Night Blooming Cereus!" exclaimed Grotius, the learned; and the "jig was up" with Grotius.

"I'm here, like a pig's foot, staunch and true!" said Webster, with precision. (These words were Daniel's last and most memorable ones; and it is a highly fact, and a source of consolation to his legion of friends, to say that he was "always there," whenever he was wanted.)

"Give me time—three days grace!" and Canning relinquished his "best hold" with marvelous submission.

Schlegel, they say, died with the simple and expressive word, "abero," on his lips; but it is a matter for discussion whether he really intended to Have-'er there or not. (Copyright secured.)

Pitt's heart was shattered at Austerlitz, and what think you Pittsy said? Why, "Save the pieces!"

"Life is a conundrum!" exclaimed Locke, and Locke incontinently "gave it up."

Let us gaze with rapturous envy on what John Adams said: "I've got a king full!" and it is a matter of local history how John "drew out" when he found himself "busted!"

Henry VIII, of England, being given over to the care of his physicians, naturally exclaimed: "I am lost, I am lost!" and corked their phials, at once, by expiring.

Gassendi said considerable before he died—in fact, Gas had devoted the better portion of his invaluable life in ringing the changes on "last words." But Gas was hardly equal to the emergency when he exclaimed, in gurgling tones: "I know what brought me *into* the world; but it has always been a profound mystery to know what good it ever *did* in my remaining there!"

The last words of great soldiers are often quoted erroneously.

Those of Wolfe at Quebec, on hearing in his last moments the exclamation: "See, how they run!" were: "I 'see it' with a 'flush'—what have you got?" and the General secured "the coin."

Montcalm, the antagonist of Wolfe, having lost all his "chips," merely exclaimed, "Dead broke!" and died without a murmur.

The last words of Nelson were: "Thank God! I've paid the duty!" and the Custom House gave him his "clearance."

Napoleon, at St. Helena, where he had every opportunity to "study up" last words, hardly did himself justice, when he exclaimed: "Head of the army!" instead of head and tail of the *corps*—which wouldn't have individualized any portion of the army.

Here is glowing proof that best last words are not always said on reflection, but oftener on the "spur of the moment."

The Earl of Chesterfield was too polite to draw his breath "in company," and so his last words were never recorded.

Smith said—but never mind what Smith said; Smith has said too much, already.

Many other great men have said fair things *in transitu*, but were either ashamed of them, and said them so low that nobody could hear them, or they were not of that sufficient importance to warrant me in divulging to a discriminating public.

Let us, therefore, take courage in these assuring evidences in the lives of the "good and great," who have gone before us, and when we have figured the thing down to a mathematical nicety, let us lay ourselves down tranquilly, at peace with the world, and then disgorge ourselves maliciously and deliberately of our linguistic cargo.

Tell me, ye winged birds, that round my pathway roar, Do ye not know some spot where women fret no more? Some lone and pleasant dell, some "holler" in the ground, Where babies never yell, and cradles are not found! The cloud wind blew the snow into my face, and calmly answered—"There is no such place."

WISHING AND HAVING.

If to wish and to have were one, my dear,
You would be sitting now
With not a care in your tender heart,
Not a wrinkle upon your brow;
The clock of time would go back with you
All the years you have been my wife,
Till its golden hands had pointed out
The happiest hour of your life:
I would stop them at that immortal hour;
The clock should no longer run:
You could not be sad and sick and old—
If to wish and to have were one.

You are not here in the winter, my love,
The snow is not whirling down;
You are in the heart of the summer woods,
In your dear old sea-side town;
A patter of little feet in the leaves,
A beautiful boy at your side;
He is gathering flowers in the shady nooks—
It was but a dream that he died!
Keep hold of his hands, and sing to him:
No mother under the sun
Has such a seraphic child as yours—
If to wish and to have are one.

Methinks I am with you there, dear wife,
In that old house by the sea;
I have flown to you as the bluebird flies
To his mate in the poplar-tree.
A sailor's hammock hangs at the door,
You swing in it, book in hand;
A boat is standing in for the beach,
Its keel now grates on the sand:
Your brothers are coming—two manly men,
Whose lives have only begun:
Their days will be long in the land, dear heart—
If to wish and to have are one.

If to wish and to have were one, ah me!
I would not be old and poor,
But a young and prosperous gentleman,
With never a dun at the door;
There would be no past to bewail, my love,
There would be no future to dread;
Your brothers would be live men again,
And my boy would not be dead.
Perhaps it will all come right at last;
It may be, when all is done,
We shall be together in some good world,
Where to wish and to have are one.

R. H. STODDARD.

ONE day Dr. Whately was walking with a young officer of artillery who was allied to him by blood, when the latter propounded the following riddle: "What is the difference between a donkey and an archbishop?" Whately gave it up and received the following reply:—"The one carries his cross behind and the other before," referring to the marks of the cross on the back of the domestic ass and on the apron of an archbishop! "Very good indeed," laughed Whately. "And now can you tell me the difference between a donkey and a captain of artillery?" "No, indeed I cannot," replied the officer. "There is none whatever," rejoined the archbishop.

DOCTORS AND QUACKS.—Dr. Jenner once sent a couple of ducks to a patient with the accompanying epigram:

"I've dispatched, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter,
To say that Miss Lucy is very much better;
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
And therefore, I've sent her a couple of quacks."

Impromptu, in answer to the foregoing:

"Yes, 'twas polite, truly, my very good friend,
Thus 'a couple of quacks' to your patient to send;
Since there's nothing so likely as 'quacks—it is plain—
To make work for 'a regular doctor' again.

...and Jack Trigoni, an old man, Pau...

THE JOSH BILLINGS SPICE-BOX.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

Dear Montrose:

In yure friendly letter ov Aug 25th, yu request me to giv yu an opinyun ov mi leading failins, which after all, iz just what enny man luvs to do, no matter how mutch he may deny it, for to talk ov ourselfs, iz the chief end ov human kritters.

In order to reduse the subjikt matter to an eazy form I hav arranged miself alfabetikally, and will only add, that you kan depend upon the following treatiss az just about the thing.

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Animosityz I hav menny, but they are all short-lived; like the hornet, I only hate for a minnit, and allwuss suffer more from mi anger than the other party duz.

I am free to admit that I dispize miself, and the whole human rase, but I do it for our vices, not our failings.

A genuine good hater iz generally a square man, and would mutch rather luv, than find fault.

B

Buty waz either dredphull skarse just about the time I waz born, or waz left out on purpose.

I am just about as ugly-looking az it iz safe to make a man, and yet when I look into a mirror, I fansy I kan see how I mite hav lookt wuss.

I don't suppoze thare haz ever bin a human being bilt yet, never mind how ugly the pattern waz, but what haz spent more time in front ov a looking-glass, than he ever did in front ov the Bible.

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Currage—I think I hav more moral than fisikal, but don't think I hav got enuff ov either to ever be a martyr in enny cauze.

Thare probably iz nothing that a man dreads more than to be kalled a koward, and I don't serpoze thare iz enny thing he iz more guilty ov.

Thare aint a man living on the face ov the earth but what iz a koward in sum way.

I never hav bin able to find out which thare iz the most ov laying around loose, lieing or kowardice; but it iz hard work to separate theze things, for all kowards are liars, and all liars are kowards.

Upon the whole, currage iz sumthing like chastity, it don't do to brag on either ov them.

I never hav had mi moral nor mi fisikal currage put to their utmost test yet, and hope I never may hav, for I mi got phaith enuff in either ov them to bet heavy on them.

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Deceit enters largely into the combinashun ov every human lump, and the best phaze ov it iz sanktified bi the name ov prudence. The wickedest iz open fraud, and the weakest iz cunning.

Which one ov theze departments I belong in I kant fully tell, but dont think it iz the last one, for I never underlook to do ennything cunning yet but what I got ketched immejiately at it.

E

Eating haz been the way I hav got mi living thus far; but what I eat, provided it aint tuff, makes but little difrence to me.

If I kant git a beef stake and onions, I kan git along with a lam chop, and if that aint handy, ham and egg will do; if they aint to be had, rare roast beef or roast lam will answer; if theze aint to be found, quail on toast, baked salmon, or a saddle rok roast are better than nothing; and I hav even made a good meal on a saddle ov venson and grape jelly.

So yu see, mi dear Montrose, I aint difikult about mi nourishment.

F

Fun ov all kinds, from playing a good game ov marbles klear up to the top round ov boisterous humor, iz one ov the strongest delites ov mi natur.

Thare aint a day passes over mi hed but what I am tickled klean thru about sumthing, and I often laff all over without showing a single sign ov it in mi face.

It wouldn't take a very smart man to change mi politikal opinyuns, I find every day sum one whoze judgement I yield readily to, I am even reddy to swop religion with enny man who haz got a decent artikle, but mi fun aint in market, it may be all foolishness to others but to me it iz not only the joy but the wisdum ov mi life.

A good, pure joke iz az mutch a duty in mi eyes az one ov the ten commandments.

G

Gin never waz an epidemick with me. Mi studdy haz been to see how temperate I could be and not spile, not how abstinet and then spile.

But we aint all bilt alike, sum men kant tutch a thing without taking it, theze kind ov pholks must handkuff themselfs.

I am willing to admit that the mule and the hornet kant allways kontroul themselfs, the heels ov the one and the tale ov the other iz too sudden for their branes.

If mans pashuns are forever stronger than hiz reazon, he aint an ackountable being, and our religious kreed iz a blunder.

But I dont beleaf this, only in the case ov natral phools and lunaticks.

H

Humility in me iz just about the same az it iz in my nabors, the most prominent when I git beat.

When a man finds that hiz little game iz played out then he puts on humility.

Thare iz no kind ov harness so bekuming az tru humility, and none so skarse.

I

Inkredulity, I am willing to admit, iz one ov mi favorite weaknesses, and it iz the result ov having found out, bi aktual kount, that thare iz just one hundred and 94 thousand lies in market to one truth.

Thare iz grate danger in suspecting all things, no doubt, but I don't kno ov hardly ennything that haz been the kause ov more mortifikashun and sorrow than in blindly beleaving all things.

J

Jealousy never haz robbed me ov a single nite's sleep yet; I hav seen pholks who couldn't even look at a peakok sunning hiz tale in a barn-yard without feeling jelous ov the useless bird.

I hav generally bin too bizzy and haven't had the time to be jelous ov ennything.

K

Kontentment iz not one ov mi strong holts. I never am kontented unless I am fast asleep.

If I could hav mi choice to be thoroly kontented with things az I find them in this world, or be a rockaway klam, I think now I would be the klam.

L

Luv iz a game for yung folks to pla at, but when a man gits az old and az homely az I am and takes a hand at it he iz sure to git ukered.

If ten iz the game, Cupid kan giv an old phellow seven points and then beat him handy.

M

Milk-punch iz a fluid that I do luv extrornary well, and aint ashamed to own it.

But whether it iz the milk in it or the punch in it that suits me so well, I aint obliged to tell.

Human natur iz weak, yu kno, and needs a leetle bracing, espeshily in a hot day.

N

Nonsense is one ov mi principal weaknesses, I luv, it in enny shape, but as quails on toast improve the quails and dont hurt the toast, so I prefer to hav mi nousense based on sense.

Good nonsense iz one ov the rareest artikles in the literary bazar, and allways commands admirashun, and fetches a good price.

O

Onnesty iz so rare that I konsider it rather more ov a sentiment than a principle.

I never hav hunted for an onnest man yet, I haint had the time to spare.

Adam and Eve waz onnest enuff untill they was tempted, and then they giv rite in.

I dont pretend to say but what thare may be countless millyuns ov perfektly onnest people on the face ov the earth, but I dont think I am one of the lot.

I am dredphull sorry for this, for I had rather kno that I was strikly onnest than to be the author ov the Illiad.

P

Patriotism iz what every man brags about, and probably thare iz nothing that mankind generally luv more than their natiff land.

Next to the mother who bore us, in our affeckshuns, stands the soil on which we first trod.

But army rashuns, and 8 dollars a month, iz a hard test on most mens patriotism.

Q

Quidnunkery, I am sorry to relate, iz a weak spot in mi bild.

I have allwuss, from the first time I smelt ov a piece of bar sope, and even tasted it, to see if it wasn't maple sugar, bin too mutch in the habit ov sticking mi noze into things.

Sticking yure noze into things iz generally the result ov mere kuriosity, and mere kuriosity never learnt a man enny thing yet that waz very valuable to him.

After a man haz found out how hot a cook stove iz bi setting down on it, and that a snapping turtle haz a good deal ov jaw bi holding hiz finger too near hiz mouth, and a fu more sutch philosophical experiments az theze hav been gone thru, it iz time to quit being kurious, and studdy things more for the truth than the novelty that iz in them.

R

Religious kreed I have none.

I hav tended a Presbeterian, and hard shell Baptiss church the same day, morning and afternoon, and in the evening gone to the Methodiss, and kant tell to this day the respective plans ov either to reach Heaven.

But, Mr. Montrose, I hav grate venerashun, and not only dont number, but wont number, amung mi assoshiates, enny man who iz a skoffer at pious things.

OVER of "Marriages" for the news of the *weak*.

The following toast was given at a recent banquet: "The rights of women; if she cannot be captain of a ship, may she always command a *smack*."

A Mission street belle is so modest that she got up and left the table because the salad wasn't dressed.

"Are you the mate of the ship?" asked an emigrant of the co... was an Irishman. "No, sir," was the reply, "I am the man wi... the mate."

COUNTRY BILLIARDS

One summer morning as I strayed
To "angle" in a brook,
I spied a charming country maid—
How lovely she did look!

She archly smiled and waved her ha...
I took my "cue" to "follow,"
Across the rustic bridge that spanne...
The trout-brook's pleasant hollow.

Soon as she saw me doing this
She "gathered for a run."
I "made a break" then for the "mis...
And thus the game begun.

I "cornered" her upon the "bank,"
And "coaxed" her for a "kiss,"
"Not so!" she cried, so sweetly frank
"A 'scratch' you mean; take this!"

I caught her hand, she backward "d...
As "playing for position;"
But on her lips I soon "scored two,"
"Finessing" for addition.

O blissful day! She's now my wife!
For better or for worse,
She's mine and only mine for life,
And Lord! how she can "nurse."

UNDER THE LINDENS.

Under the lindens lately sat
A couple, and no more, in chat;
I wondered what they would be at
Under the lindens.

I saw four eyes and four lips meet;
I heard the words, "How sweet! How swe...
Had thus the fairies given a treat
Under the lindens?

I pondered long, and could not tell
What dainty pleased them both so well;
Bees! bees! was it your hydromel
Under the lindens?

—[Walter S. Lan...

MAID OF FASHION.

Maid of Fashion! ere I elope,
You'll return my heart, I hope.
It's been rose'ine long enough
In pas'ime's flame to cook it tough.
Bend thy head and list to me:
My love, fair maid, is not for thee.

By those tresses so galore,
Wov'd by exiles from the shore;
By the "Bloom of Youth" you use
To give thy wan cheek rosy hues;
By thy glass eye, thou must see
My love, fair maid, is not for thee.

By thy "palpitators" chaste;
By thy next to nothing waist;
By all thy make up, done so well
That it might e'en a rail'ner sell;
By my heart, so light and free,
My love, fair maid, is not for thee.

Maid of Fashion! I'll away;
'Twill not do to longer play.
Try thy charms on other men;
If thou winnest one, why then
I'll vow upon my wanded knee
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PHILO

San Francisco, November 2, 1874.

THE JOSH BILLINGS SPICE-BOX.

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G

Gin never waz an e[illegible]mick with me. Mi studdy haz been to see how tempera[illegible] could be and not spile, not how abstinet and then spile.

But we aint all bilt alike, sum men kant tutch a thing without taking it, theze kind ov pholks must handkuff themselfs.

I am willing to admit that the mule and the hornet kant allways kontrout themselfs, the heels ov the one and the tale ov the other iz too sudden for their branes.

If mans pashuns are forever stronger than hiz reazon, he aint an ackountable being, and our religious kreed iz a blunder.

But I dont beleaf this, only in the case ov natral phools and lunaticks.

H

Humility in me iz just about the same az it iz in my nabors, the most prominent when i git beat.

When a man finds that his little game iz played out then he puts on humility.

Thare iz no kind ov harness so bekuming az tru humility, and none so skarse.

I

Inkredulity, I am willing to admit, iz one ov mi favorite weaknesses, and it iz the result ev having found out, bi aktual kount, that thare iz just one hundred and 94 thousand lies in market to one truth.

Thare iz grate danger in suspecting all things, no doubt, but I don't kno ov hardly ennything that haz been the kause ov more mortifikashun and sorrow than in blindly beleaving all things.

J

Jealousy never haz robbed me ov a single nite's sleep yet; I hav seen pholks who couldn't even look at a peakok sunning hiz tale in a barn-yard without feeling jelous ov the useless bird.

I hav generally bin too bizzy and haven't had the time to be jelous ov ennything.

K

Kontentment iz not one ov mi strong holts. I never am kontented unless I am fast asleep.

If I could hav mi choice to be thoroly kontented with things az I find them in this world, or be a rockaway klam, I think now I would be the klam.

L

Luv iz a game for yung folks to pla at, but when a man gits az old and az homely az I am and takes a hand at it he iz sure to git ukered.

If ten iz the game, Cupid kan giv an old phellow seven points and then beat him handy.

M

Milk-punch iz a fluid that I do luv extrornary well, and aint ashamed to own it.

But whether it iz the milk in it or the punch in it that suits me so well, I aint obilged to tell.

Human natur iz weak, yu kno, and needs a leetle bracing, espesilly in a hot day.

N

Nonsense is one ov mi principal weaknesses, I luv, it in enny shape, but as qualls on toast improve the qualls and dont hurt the toast, so I prefer to hav mi nonsense based on sense.

Good nonsense iz one ov the rareest artikles in the literary bazar, and allways commands admirashun, and fetches a good price.

O

Onnesty iz so rare that I konsider it rather more ov a sentiment than a principle.

I never hav hunted for an onnest man yet, I haint had the time to spare.

Adam and Eve waz onnest enuff untill they was tempted, and then they giv rite in.

I dont pretend to say but what thare may be countless millyuns ov perfektly onnest people on the face ov the earth, but I dont think I am one of the lot.

I am dredphull sorry for this, for I had rather kno that I was strikly onnest than to be the author ov the Iliad.

P

Patriotism iz what every man brags about, and probably thare iz nothing that mankind generally luvs more than their natiff land.

Next to the mother who bore us, in our affeckshuns, stands the soil on which we first trod.

But army rashuns, and 8 dollars a month, iz a hard test on most mens patriotism.

Q

Quidnunkery, I am sorry to relate, iz a weak spot in mi bild.

I have allwuss, from the first time I smelt ov a piece of bar sope, and even tasted it, to see if it wasn't maple sugar, bin too mutch in the habit ov sticking mi noze into things.

Sticking yure noze into things iz generally the result ov mere kuriosity, and mere kuriosity never learnt a man enny thing yet that waz very valuable to him.

After a man haz found out how hot a cook stove iz bi setting down on it, and that a snapping turtle haz a good deal ov jaw bi holding hiz fluger too near hiz mouth, and a fu more sutch philosophical experiments az theze hav been gone thru, it iz time to quit being kurious, and studdy things more for the truth than the novelty that iz in them.

R

Religious kreed I have none.

I hav tended a Presbeterian, and hard shell Baptiss church the same day, morning and afternoon, and in the evening gone to the Methodiss, and kant tell to this day the respective plans ov either to reach Heaven.

But, Mr. Montrose, I hav grate venerashun, and not only dont number, but wont number, among mi assoshiates, enny man who iz a skoffer at pious things.

The following toast was given at a recent banquet: "The rights of women; if she cannot be captain of a ship, may she always command a *smack*."

COUNTRY BILLIARDS.

One summer morning as I strayed
To "angle" in a brook,
I spied a charming country maid—
How lovely she did look!

She archly smiled and waved her hand;
I took my "cue" to "follow,"
Across the rustic bridge that spanned
The trout-brook's pleasant hollow.

Soon as she saw me doing this
She "gathered for a run."
I "made a break" then for the "miss,"
And thus the game begun.

I "cornered" her upon the "bank,"
And "coaxed" her for a "kiss,"
"Not so!" she cried, so sweetly frank,
"A 'scratch' you mean; take this!"

I caught her hand, she backward "drew,"
As "playing for position;"
But on her lips I soon "scored two,"
"Finessing" for addition.

O blissful day! She's now my wife!
For better or for worse,
She's mine and only mine for life,
And Lord! how she can "nurse."

UNDER THE LINDENS.

Under the lindens lately sat
A couple, and no more, in chat;
I wondered what they would be at
Under the lindens.

I saw four eyes and four lips meet;
I heard the words, "How sweet! How sweet!"
Had thus the fairies given a treat
Under the lindens?

I pondered long, and could not tell
What dainty pleased them both so well;
Bees! bees! was it your hydromel
Under the linuens?

—[Walter S. Landor.

MAID OF FASHION.

Maid of Fashion! ere I elope,
You'll return my heart, I hope.
It's been rose-like long enough
In passion's flame to cook it tough.
Bend thy head and list to me:
My love, fair maid, is not for thee.

By those tresses so galore,
Won'd by eagles from the store;
By the "Bloom of Youth" you use,
To give thy wan cheek rosy hues;
By thy glass eye, thou must see,
My love, fair maid, is not for thee.

By thy "palpitators" chaste;
By thy rent to nothing waist;
By all thy make up, dare so well
That it might e'en a mildner sell;
By my heart, so light and free,
My love, fair maid, is not for thee.

Maid of Fashion! I'll away;
It will not do to longer stay.
Try thy charms on other men;
If thou winnest one, why then
I'll vow upon my bended knee,
My love, fair maid, was ne'er for thee.

PHILO FANE.

San Francisco, November 2, 1874.

A vinegar-headed old bachelor says he always looks under the h[illegible]

OVER of "Marriages" for the news of the *weak*.

A Mission street belle is so modest that she got up and left the table because the salad wasn't dressed.

"Are you the mate of the ship?" asked an emigrant of the cook, w[illegible] was an Irishman. "No, sir," was the reply, "I am the man who coo[illegible] the mate."

S

haz bin kultivated bi me so mutch az it

too mutch in the habit ov talking, just az a yung duz, simply on ackount ov the size ov hiz mouth.

I don't think thare iz any wisdum in silence, but thare iz a good deal ov silence in wisdum.

We may perhaps all ov us reckolect when we could hav sed sumthing that would hav been an advantage to us, but we certainly never shall forgit that we hav often spoken when it would hav been mutch better to hav held our tungs.

T

Temper I think I hav got more ov than I hav courage, and this makes me think I must be a good deal ov a koward.

It iz the little things that wont pay to hit back that makes the most ov us angry. I had rather be abuzed by a giant than a muskeeter.

Pashunce and curage I guess are what I hav got a small stok ov.

U

Unktion, or a disposishun to deal in soft sope, iz not eminently a feature in mi make, but I had mutch rather flatter a man than abuze him.

It haz allwuss bin mi sentiment that grease waz better than grit to make things slip eazy, and whenever I could oil a spot konsistently, I hav did it.

V

Vanity I plead gilty to; I hav a heap more ov it than I wish I had, and so haz the folks I am familiar with.

Vanity iz the weakest, and at the same time the most plentiful mixtur in humanity.

If I should cum akrost a man without enny vanity, I should watch that man dredphull cluss to diskivver whare hiz weakness did lie.

W

Wisdum iz what I hav allwuss longed for, and hav got but little ov.

Next to virtew, cums wisdum.

I allwuss envyed the wisdum ov Soloman more than I did the number of hiz wimmin, and wives.

Learning iz good, but wisdom allmost makes a man more than human.

X

Xamples hav interested me more than precepts.

Sinners kan allwuss talk like saints, but they kant long ackt like them.

Precepts, at best, are but silver, but good examples are gold unalloyed.

The world iz full ov precepts, menny ov which will do to follow, but xamples worthy ov imitashun are az skarse az six-toed chickens.

Y

Yewker iz a game that I wont play, not if I know it, it will demoralize enny man faster than eating salt pork, and bullheds for brekfast.

Whist iz the only game that will elevate thoze who indulge in kards, but I have known people to play even this game so mutch to excess that they would skold their partners in their sleep for making a wrong play.

Enny kind ov a game indulged in too mutch unfits a man for sawing wood, and other aktive dutys ov life.

Z

Zeal, if we hav got too mutch ov it, iz just az bad az apathy.

All the bigots in this world commenced bi being zealots.

I like a live man, but I don't like to see him mistake zeal for energy.

A New Year's Diary.

A large number of the young men of Detroit will to-day purchase diaries for 1876, and to-morrow they will take up their pencils with a firm determination to keep track of every day in the year. Every young man should keep a diary. When he is old and gray his grandchildren will fish it out of the ragbag and find it more valuable than gold or silver. There is no set style of jotting down the events and events, but perhaps it may be well to have the record of 1875 as taken from the pocket diary of an average young man:

"January 1—Went to see my girl. Shall leave off drinking, euchre, smoking, chewing, being out late, [illegible] my girl. Lost a box of cigars somewhere."

"January 7—Went to see my girl. Shall leave off swearing, [illegible] betting, going to the opera, and shall try to save [illegible] my girl. Lost a box of cigars somewhere."

"February 1—Won $25 betting on a dog fight. That's the way to scoop 'em. Am trying along on fifteen cigars per day. Went to see girl. She says I shouldn't swear."

"April 20—Went to see my girl. Nothing new."

"July 4—This is the glorious Fourth."

"September 1—Went to see my girl."

"November 11—Glorious weather. Went to see my girl."

"December 1—This is the first of December."

"December 25—This is Christmas."

"December 31—This is the last day of the year. I must commence to-morrow to save money and break off my bad habits. Went to see my girl last night, and made her happy by telling her that I was going to save $10,000 next year."—[De-

AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers—like souls at rest;
The stars shining gloriously—and all,
Save me, is blest.

Mother!—I love thy grave!
The violet, with the blossom blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower—yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow,
Dear mother—'tis thine emblem—dust
Is on thy brow!

And I could love to die—
To leave untasted life's dark bitter streams;
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes of childhood dear
With bitter tears?

Aye—must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee?

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim, blue wave,
I stray to hear the night-winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there—
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come—while here I press
My brow upon thy grave—and, in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child!
And o'er thy urn—religion's holiest shrine—
Oh, give his spirit undefiled
To blend with thine.

A LESSON.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

"Wail your wild notes over and over,
Bonnie bright bird in the sycamore tree;
For long, too long, like an unloved lover,
Has the wind been teasing and torturing me!
I'm a-weary of working and weeping;
Sing me to quiet and sing me to sleeping;
Let your low numbers float lightly to me,
Bonnie bright bird in the sycamore tree!"

Thus, in the shadows, prayed a lone maiden,
Leaning her face from the bosom of care,
While the wind, sweetly and heavily laden,
Braided his heather-breath in with her hair.
Lost were the light from her life that was dreary;
Lost were the smiles from her eyes that were teary;
Never a true thing to treasure had she—
The fair maiden under the sycamore tree.

Down from the dark boughs fluttered the robin,
Furling his wings on the folds of her vest;
"Kindred are we, dear," murmured she, sobbing;
Over a death-wound she found in his breast.
Still, in his agony, singing and singing,
Never his wild way again to be winging,
Seeming as happy as happy could be,
Died the bright bird 'neath the sycamore tree.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember, those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone;
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from *that* point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide;
Some may have faults—and who have not?—
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And one that works full well;
I try my own defects to cure,
Before of others' tell;
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know;
Remember curses, sometimes, like
Our chickens, "roost at home;"
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the Chicago Evening Journal says:—May I, as an old-time patron, ask a place in your paper for a few lines on wedding anniversaries? The marriage anniversary celebrations are given as follows:

First anniversary—Iron.
Fifth anniversary—Wooden.
Tenth anniversary—Tin.
Fifteenth anniversary—Crystal.
Twentieth anniversary—China.
Twenty-fifth anniversary—Silver.
Thirtieth anniversary—Cotton.
Thirty-fifth anniversary—Linen.
Fortieth anniversary—Woolen.
Forty-fifth anniversary—Silk.
Fiftieth anniversary—Golden.
Seventy-fifth anniversary—Diamond.

In this connection, says the Journal, our correspondent will not object to our giving the following "fresh list of wedding anniversaries," which we find in the New York Commercial Advertiser:

A fresh list of weddings is called for, so how are these for hy-meneal?

Sugar wedding—A marriage with an attendant suite.

Wooden wedding—Marrying a lumberman.

Tin wedding—One that "pans out" well.

Crystal wedding—Marrying one addicted to the glass.

Silver wedding—Marrying a graybeard.

Golden wedding—When the groom is a minor and the bride a little vain.

Diamond wedding—When the "washings" are large.

And here are some others:

Sugar wedding—Marrying a "candid man."
Wooden wedding—Marrying a "perfect stick."
Tin wedding—One amid the pansies.
Crystal wedding—The Glasgow ceremony.
Silver wedding—An end of "spooning."
Golden wedding—One of the species we like.
Diamond wedding—Jem's marriage.

A suit for maintenance, instituted by the wife, was dismissed for want of prosecution. The parties were married in London, England, April 4, 1876.

Judge Lawler has granted Eugene Zachau a divorce from Albertina Zachau on the ground of extreme cruelty.

The default of the defendant in the divorce suit of James Pepin against Margaret Pepin was entered by order of Judge Lawler yesterday, and the cause referred to Court Commissioner Mone for the taking of testimony.

THE OLDEST OIL FIELD.

A Place Where It Was Found Over a Century Ago.

New York Sun.

"The oldest practical petroleum producers in the world are the Le Bel family of Alsace," said ex-Senator Lewis Emery Jr., the fighting anti-Standard oil producer of Bradford, Pa. "Strange as it may seem, they began to produce petroleum more than 130 years before Colonel Drake sank his pioneer well in Pennsylvania, and yet the history of oil production is dated from Drake's successful venture near Titusville. No one in this country ever heard of the ancient Alsatian oil field until 1880. In that year I was making a tour of investigation among the Russian and other alleged foreign oil countries, and territory. I was surprised to [illegible] Le Bel it was only fifty miles from Strasburg, and that a railroad ran within three miles of it to a place called Sultzunter'm-Wald.

"I took a trip to the district and met the owner, M. Jacques Le Bel, an ancestor of whose, as he told me, had discovered the oil in 1735, found that it made an excellent lubricator, and purchased for a song 91,000 meters square of the land in the region, and went to mining the oil. M. Le Bel also told me that I was the first foreigner who had ever visited the field.

"I found it a most curious oil region, and when I told Le Bel that I was an oil operator myself from the greatest oil country in the world he was surprised, for he knew nothing about any other oil country beside his own primitive field, which had been owned and worked by the descendants of its discoverer for 130 years. After satisfying him of the truth of my statements—except the one as to the manner in which oil wells were put down and operated in America, which he could not bring himself to believe—he consented to show me the way he put down and operated his wells, at the same time assuring me that I was the first outsider who had ever been permitted to examine the works. After seeing the way they produced the oil in Alsace I was not surprised that M. Le Bel was incredulous about the Pennsylvania methods.

"The sinking of an Alsatian oil well is more like the operation of opening a coal mine than tapping the oil vein as understood and practiced in our fields. When t[illegible] oil operator in Alsace sets out to [illegible]t down an oil well he first erects a bu[illegible]ding 80x100 feet for his engine and t[illegible]iler. Near by an excavation twenty [illegible]et deep and fourteen feet square is made in the ground. This is filled with solid stone masonry. Upon this foundation is erected a chimney 100 feet high, octagonal in shape and fourteen feet in diameter. The work of digging the well is begun beneath the engine-house. As the well is to consist of a shaft and numerous drifts and galleries its plan is first carefully laid out by an engineer. The shaft is excavated entirely by workmen with pick and shovel. The work goes on night and day, there being three sets of hands, three in a set, who work eight hours a day each. The shaft is fourteen feet one way and six feet the other.

"When it reaches a depth from which it is impossible to throw the dirt out with shovels a windlass, with buckets attached, is put in position, connected with the engine. The bottoms of these buckets are hung on hinges, and after being hoisted, filled with dirt, they are swung over a small tramcar and the bottom opened. When the car is full it is trundled away and dumped. Of course all these operations are of modern adoption, and very modern, too, for up to within a comparatively short time before my visit steam power and the tramcar had not been in use, their respective labor being done by lusty Alsatian peasants and beasts of burden. With all these improvements, however, it required seventeen men to put down a well, who worked seven months in doing it; but the combined daily pay of these seventeen men was [illegible]y $9 05—about what two men would [illegible]t in the Pennsylvania oil regions. [illegible]orers in the shaft commanded [illegible]t pay, and received 55 cents [illegible]engineer, fireman and tub-[illegible]40 cents and worked [illegible]y."

[illegible] of England.

[illegible] Miss A. R. Church, Miss Clara Dolliver, Miss Ellen R. Dolliver, Miss Lena Church, Miss Pauline Hart, Mrs. Phelps, Miss Lillian Dolliver, and Messrs. W. F. Falls, R. H. Webster and Sewall Dolliver.

A THEATER PARTY.

A pleasant theater party was given last Saturday evening by Mrs. James Service, wife of the ex-Premier of Victoria, Australia. It was held in the Alcazar, and among those present were James Service, wife and two daughters; J. D. Webb and wife of Liverpool England; James Greig, T. D. McKay and others. Following the party Mr. Service and his wife entertained the company at their rooms in the Palace Hotel.

CITY NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Interesting Items of Information About Individuals.

W. F. Falls will spend his vacation at Bowlder creek.

Miss Lillian Dolliver, recently graduated at Mills Seminary, will visit Miss Emma Sharp of Stockton.

Miss Ella Ciprico, Principal of the Moulder School, and her sister, Mrs. C. E. Danielwitz, will leave shortly for a visit to Victoria, B. C.

Miss May Holtmeir will visit Mrs. A. McDonald in San Jose about the 1st of August.

Miss Genievive Rixford, who has been visiting friends at Calistoga, has returned to the city.

T. Alsberg will shortly leave the city for the East to join his daughter, Miss Celia Alsberg the young California tragedienne.

Miss Jennie Waller, who has been visiting friends in New York for the last four months, has returned to this city.

Miss Nettie Schmiedell has returned from a visit to Mrs. Kohler of Fresno.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton will spend the Summer at Monterey.

Miss Ida Stealey of this city returned home Wednesday from an extended visit to Mrs. Walter Johnson of Hollister.

Mrs. Fred Bennett of this city is home from a visit to San Jose.

Miss Aggie Childs will leave for the East soon.

P. Zamansky has returned home from a trip to Portland.

Colonel Smedberg and family will go to Blithedale for the Summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker and Miss Hattie Crocker will spend part of the Summer at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shay and Annie Stone [illegible] city will spend the Summer at Paradise Cottage, Santa Cruz.

Mrs. J. Bandmann, Miss Bandmann and Miss Carrie Platt will leave for the City of Mexico shortly. After staying there several weeks they will visit New Orleans, Boston and other Eastern cities.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne will spend most of the Summer in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Flanigan, nee Fogarty, will spend part of the coming month in the Yosemite valley.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Spreckels and family have engaged one of the Tamalpais cottages at San Rafael for the Summer.

Mrs Charles G. Scott and her grandson, Charles Willis, will spend the month of June in Saucelito.

Allen Bowen was the guest of Mrs. Sharon, at Belmont, on Sunday of week.

Captain J. N. Knowles and I. W.

GENERAL R. E. LEE.

REVIEW OF THE ARTICLE IN THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

An English Opinion of Our Great Soldier's Merits.

We take the following review of an article upon Gen. R. E. Lee, long announced in advance to appear in the Edinburgh *Review*, from the London *Standard* of the 26th April. It is a noble tribute to our great chieftain, and will be read with the deepest interest not only by Virginians, but by the admirers of true greatness wherever the English tongue is spoken and the manly virtues held in respect. The *Standard* says:

"The most interesting, perhaps, of the articles of an unusually lively author of the *Edinburgh Review* is one reviewing what is, as yet, about the best life of the great Confederate commander, and the best account of the war in Virginia, that has been published, and sketching the later career and the character of General Lee. That career was, in a military point of view, so glorious, so full of brilliant achievement and of merit more solid than striking, so grand a lesson in the art of war and in the qualities of soldiership; that character is, from every point of view, so admirable in its moral grandeur, its perfect simplicity, its close approach to the highest ideal of the Christian soldier and gentleman, that they command an interest which does not fade with the fading memory of the keen excitement and often passionate sympathies of ten years ago. In the story of the Confederate war we read lessons of the highest political moment and of the profoundest military significance; in the character of the Virginian leader we have a model of all that a hero of an enlightened and Christian age should be, than which no nobler example can be set before the youth entering on the temptations of military life, or the trials and perplexities of a great public career.

We have also an historical question of considerable importance practically solved, for all those who are not too prejudiced to accept a solution which does not suit their fore judged conclusions, by the conduct of such men as General Lee at the outset of the war. No one can read the story of the secession movement in the documents of the time without seeing that, though slavery was the open sore that kept the passions of North and South in constant irritation, and afforded occasion for the violent collisions of Kansas and Harper's Ferry, which precipitated the issue and made its decision by any other arbitration than that of the sword impossible, it was not the issue itself. Slavery had no place in the counsels which hurried State after State out of the Union; for slavery was the interest of the few, and it was by the many that secession was precipitated. The Southern people resented Northern dictation, Northern assertions of superiority, Northern pretentions to an exclusive right in their territories, Northern intermeddling, and Northern invasions, as the most furious of English Dissenters would resent the interposition of the Roman Catholic Powers in the question of Church Establishment in England. When the seven Southern States had withdrawn, the Border States, which were most deeply concerned in the Northern attacks on slavery, still clung to the Union; Virginia, despite the piratical invasion of her territory and the midnight robbery and murder passionately sanctioned by her New England sisters, still refused to secede; and only when the treacherous attempt of the Federal Government to reinforce the fort it had promised to evacuate, and surprise Charleston with an armed fleet, precipitated the reluctant sections into war, and when Mr. Lincoln forced upon her the choice between fighting for Southern freedom and State rights, or Northern ascendancy and Federal despotism, did she throw in her lot with the Confederates. Slavery, then, was not her determining motive. Slavery makes no appearance in the private letters of the men who, one after another, went with their States. It is a remarkable fact, that while scores of leading Northern men denounced the war, not a single Southerner of high character, education and influence, deserted the cause of the South. They universally held that their allegiance was due to their native States; and on that ground alone they threw up career, fortune, fame, and placed themselves at the disposal of those who claimed their fealty. It is absurd to call such men rebels; they were loyalists to all that they had been taught to obey, to all the principles recognized up to that moment, by three Americans in four. To General Lee the Federal service offered everything that ambition could desire. He was its foremost man; he was the favorite of General Scott; he might have had the chief command as the price of treason to Virginia. His feelings were divided; his interests were all on the Federal side; but, as his letters now published show, he was convinced that his duty was to Virginia, and he decided accordingly. With him went Stonewall Jackson, the two Johnstons, every Southern soldier in high or low command. The cause so espoused, and by such men, cannot have been what English ranters and Radicals call it. Good or bad in essence, it was so strong in apparent justice that not one man of character and weight whose allegiance it pretended to claim, declined to support it. Its failure had nothing to do with its alleged demerits. The South was crushed, by weight, not broken by weakness. Three things determined the fate of the war—the closing of her ports, the superior wealth, and far above all, the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. The North was a corn growing and manufacturing country, and had open to her the markets of Europe; she had unlimited command of all the resources of the civilized world. The South was subject to the disadvantages both of an agricultural and of a non-agricultural country. She had no manufactures, and yet she lived by manufactures and not by agriculture; by producing clothing, not by producing food. Her wealth was at once annihilated by the blockade, which prevented her from selling her cotton and tobacco and sugar; her supplies were cut off, and she had a bare sufficiency of food; and a total want of every other necessary of life and war. She obtained powder and arms from the enemy; boots and clothes and blankets she had to want. Her finances broke down at once; for her exports were her wealth, and exports had ceased. But, above all, she was crushed by numbers; the North could recruit at home four men for one, and could hire the off-scourings of Europe. And it was this alone that decided the issue. The Edinburgh *Reviewer* adds the want of discipline; but we believe that in the essentials of military discipline, the Southerners were always superior to their foes, and that if the troops of Grant and McClellan had been tried as Lee's were tried, they would have melted like snow or died like rotten sheep. Lee won almost every battle he fought, and against odds of from two to one to four to one. What destroyed him was Grant's cold, cruel policy, which only a Yankee, a Napoleon or a Prussian could have deliberately adopted—of sacrificing men without stint, whom he could replace, to wear out an enemy who could not recruit. Under different circumstances such a process might last longer. But a general who can afford to sacrifice three men to kill one must always end by leaving his enemy without soldiers; and therefore greatly superior numbers, thus used, must prevail in the long run. It is no longer possible in wars between civilized nations for prowess to prevail against numerical odds of great weight. And this terrible lesson a state like England will do well to lay to heart. This, and this alone, was the cause of the fall of the Confederacy; this is the dark and painful moral of the Virginian campaigns. Against everything but sheer "attrition" Lee was victorious.

Great as he was in war—and surely no captain of any age ever accomplished greater things against an enemy of the same race, better armed, better provided, and outnumbering him by two or three to one on every battle-field—General Lee shone greater still in disaster, defeat, and ruin. The retreat from Richmond was a masterpiece of moral power and soldierly skill; the surrender was elevated by its circumstances and its spirit into one of the grandest and most pathetic scenes in history. Lee was surrounded by tenfold numbers, all was lost; but his men were staunch to the last; and the temptation "to ride along the lines, and give the word, and end it all" was strong indeed. He conquered it; he "did his best" for the men who had loved and trusted him so long; and he and his soldiers went back to their desolate homes the ruined citizens of a ruined and enslaved country. How cruelly they were wronged—how shamefully every pledge given at every stage of the war, on which virtually the Confederates had surrendered, has been violated—our readers know. The Republican party clamored for a violation of the military capitulations—for the blood of the general who had spared in war to punish murder by reprisals and devastation by requisitions. General Grant—it is his one title to honour—put down this demand with a high hand. But he allowed the Southern people to be wronged, oppressed, insulted, pillaged, by negro voters and Northern adventurers, as never nation was oppressed and pillaged before. Perhaps till he became President he had little power to prevent it; at all events, he did not try. Lee saw all this, and yet, with a breaking heart, exerted himself to keep his people quiet. He had lost fortune and home in the war, by pillage and wanton destruction; he was proscribed; he declined to draw vengeance on his State by taking open part in her politics; the commander in chief of a national army condescended to the control of a military school, and to a life of silence and obscurity. But all Southern eyes were fixed on him, and his influence was used to keep them calm and patient, and to reattach them to the Union which had conquered and was crushing them. Even while their wrongs and miseries were wearing out his life he checked every utterance of resentment, every expression of hope for a future deliverance. "We are all Americans now." He would allow no toasts to the Lost Cause, no honors to the Fallen Banner. He bore his burden with simple, unaffected, patient heroism. Other men may have approached him in war and in achievement; none capable of deeds like his ever rivaled him in endurance and submission under hopeless defeat. A Cato would have fallen on his sword; a Brutus might have conspired; a Hannibal endured only in the hope of revenge and retrieval. But Gen. Lee not only endured, but submitted, and that without suffering his country to entertain even the wish to renew the struggle. He had to endure for some weary years, and then the release came. The overwrought nerves suddenly gave way; he sank at once from perfect self-possession and apparent health into collapse and speechlessness, and died as literally "of a broken heart" as ever did despairing patriot or defeated soldier—more truly, far than most "broken-hearted" victims of private grief. So he passed away from the country he could neither save by his sword nor restore to happiness by his counsels, but which he had crowned with glory in war, and rescued in defeat from useless struggles, and deeper misery. He has left behind him no rival in her love, no object of equal pride and reverence. Nor is his fame confined to the South. Wherever the English tongue is spoken his name is revered and honored—a name to which history furnishes few equals in military renown, none in moral grandeur; the name of one who realized in actual life the dreams of ideal chivalry; so great in victory that none ever surpassed, so much greater in defeat that none ever approached him; the patriot without a thought of self, the hero without a shade of affectation or display; the man who would neither despair of his country nor conspire against her conquerors; ideal soldier and perfect citizen, a Christian without pretension, and a gentleman without flaw.

SLASH HER IN.—There arrived at the Atkin House on Tuesday a lively specimen of the "mountain boomer" from Scott county, Va., on his way to San Francisco in search of a fortune. He was dressed very neatly, wore a red woollen comforter around his neck, and gave other evidences of belonging to the F. F. V's. It was his first trip on a railroad, and the first time he had ever seen a city. Seeing the Atkin House sign, he walked into the hotel and opened out with the clerk as follows:

Boomer: Is Mr. Atkin in?

Clerk: No, sir.

Boomer: Then, by gosh, send for him durned quick; I've got seventy-five dollars here, and I want to leave it in his care 'fore I'm robbed.

Clerk: Please register your name here before going into dinner.

Boomer: No, sir; you don't come that game on this chicken; I'm posted on them tricks; you don't get me into any scrape.

Clerk: Very well, sir; walk into the dining-room; dinner is ready.

Boomer: All right, boss; send that nigger in first with my duds. They don't get out'n this chickens's sight.

With his "duds" piled up around him, the regular meal of substantials proceeded. The waiter approached with the sugar-bowl, and asked, have sugar?

Boomer: Yes, durn it, slash her in.

Waiter: Have your plate changed?

Boomer: Change the d——l; no. I want some of that pie.

And so on to the great amusement of the town fellows. At night he demanded a room to himself, and had all his "duds" brought up in sight, and at breakfast had them carried with him to the dining-room and piled up where he could keep his eye upon 'em.

Yesterday, after having it up and down with the ticket agents, he left in search of El Dorado.—*Knoxville Herald.*

Dreaming of Me.

My love she lay in slumber light,
Though morn was in the sky,
And so I dropped the curtain white,
And took a seat near by.

"She dreams of me, my darling wife,"
I cried, as o'er her face
Dimples and smiles alternately,
In merry play gave chase.

I Watched her quivering eyelids move,
So like a lily's cup,
Till, starting from her trance of love,
My darling one woke up.

"Oh, such a dream I've had," cried she.
"Of angels?" queried I.
"Better than that; more dear to me
Than angel ministry!"

"Dreaming of me," my vain heart cried,
"Of me, her all in all;"
But soon the bright illusion died,
And *heart* had *such* a fall.

"I thought a fairy came," she said,
"And spread before my eyes
Such lovely satins, silks and shawls,
As filled me with surprise.

"And as for jewels, why, my dear,
Each bright and dazzling gem
That shone so beautiful, might grace
Almonarch's diadem.

"And all were mine." In saddened tone
I stopped her utterance free;
"And so, my darling, when you slept
You had no dream of me?"

She threw her arms about my neck,
All of her own sweet will—
"Yes, precious one, I'm sure I had;
I dreamed you paid the bill!"

Home.

The following, which I found among some business and miscellaneous papers that recently came into my possession as an attorney, seems to me worthy of ranking, in some respects, with that beautiful heart effusion of Florence Percy's, "Rock me to Sleep, Mother." It expresses the experience of not a few disappointed hearts, and, if published, will be treasured up by many of your readers. B.

Back again after so many long years,
Into the home of my childhood once more,
Under the veil that will cover my tears,
Back through a welcome and wide open door.
Over its threshold I long ago crossed,
To launch my frail bark on an ocean of pain.
Like a leaf on the wild waters here and there tossed,
I have drifted at last to its shelter again.

Home of my childhood, within thy dear walls
Bright hopes had dawning, though mingled with tears;
But lightly I chased in life's morn through thy halls
Short sorrows, so lengthened in subsequent years.
Though the storms and the surge, spray of time have swept o'er
My cheek till the roses begin to decay,
As I sit in my old home the same as of yore,
I almost forget that I've wandered away.

Back again, weary and heart-worn I come,
To rest 'neath a roof that will shield me and cheer,
But vain were the dreamings to clasp in my home
The loved mates that once made my happiness here!
They too are scattered, or gone to their rest—
Life has for all its bereavements and pain.
But she who bore me and loves me the best,
She with her loving heart still doth remain.

Though in my wanderings I ofttimes have erred,
Steered far away from the dutiful track,
Weary and lone like the storm-driven bird,
To the old home nest she welcomes me back.
O, in my sad hours how I have yearned,
On her dear bosom once more to be pressed!
Mother! dear mother! your child has returned
Home to your love and its sheltering rest.

Though every other prove harsh and untrue,
And leave me a torrent of censure to stem,
You can be nothing but faithfulness—you
Never can falsify, taunt and condemn.
So I come back to the old home once more,
Back to your love after weary long years,
Through an inviting and wide open door,
Under the veil that will cover my tears.

WHAT SORT OF KISSES DIFFERENT WOMEN LIKE.

Our Northern and our Southern misses
Lip-service love, and coat on kisses;
A stolen kiss the first will capture,
The second ones embrace with rapture.
A Russian lass her lover clips,
And seems to grow upon his lips;
Circassian maids (their pleasure heightning)
Electric kisses choose like lightning,
While Turkish fair ones kiss and toy
And linger to prolong their joy.
Italian virgins, who are vainer,
Are fond of hunting like Diana,
Until o'ertaken out of breath,
They're ready to be kissed to death.
A Spanish Senorita ever
Appears so loth her lips to sever
From him she worships—they entwine
Like two fond branches of a vine.
German, Swiss or Dutch adorers
Kiss slow and sure, resembling Flora,
Who kisses every fruit tree slowly,
Producing blossoms sweet and holy.
French belles, who lure us with their eyes,
All dearly love to tantalize;
And British damsels, rather stilly,
Appear at first extremely chilly;
Yet all the while their hearts, like fruit,
Grow ripe for every kiss takes root
Upon their nervous lips—a rover
Might then be kissing them all over.
A Welsh girl likes an amorous fight,
And while you kiss her, she will bite,
Convulsed, delirious with delight.
A Scottish lassie would ye court?
Salute her, for she loves the sport.
And frolic with the winsome fairly,
As Burns once wooed his Highland Mary.
And O the Shalabi-Eyin houris
(We do not mean Hibernian fairies),
But Irish beauties—mind the rumor,
To kiss them "when they're in the humor."
Between trunettes and blondes, the art
Of kissing soon is learned by heart;
One likes it slow, the other quick,
Some like to pant and play a trick;
Nor give their vital spirits vent,
Like past endurance, when they swoon!
While many, full of devilment,
Will prematurely crave a boon.
Thus women may be caught like fishes,
If we have bait to meet their wishes.
Man feels a thrilling titillation,
Electrified in every nation,
To kiss the girls by inspiration.

Two Pictures.

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

My Maggie, my beautiful darling,
Creep into my arms, my sweet,
Let me fold you again to my bosom,
So close I can hear your heart beat.
What! these little fingers been sewing?
One's been pricked by the needles, I see.
These hands shall be kept from such labor
When once they are given to me.

All mine, little pet, I will shield you
From trouble, and labor and care,
I will robe you like some fairy princess,
And jewels shall gleam in your hair;
Those slippers you gave me are perfect,
That dressing gown fits to a T—
My darling, I wonder that heaven
Should give such a treasure to me.

Eight—nine—ten—eleven! my precious,
Time flies so when I am with you,
It seems but a moment I've been here,
And now, must I say it?—Adieu!

AFTER MARRIAGE.

Oh, Meg! you are heavy—I'm tired;
Go sit in the rocker, I pray;
Your weight seems a hundred and ninety,
When you plump down in that sort of way.
You had better be mending my coat sleeve;
I've spoken about it before,
And I want to finish this novel,
And look over those bills from the store.

This dressing gown sets like the d—l;
These slippers run down at the heel;
Strange, anything can never look decent;
I wish you could know how they feel.
What's this bill from Morgans? Why, surely
It's not for another new dress?
Look here! I'll be bankrupt ere New Year,
Or your store bills will have to grow less.

Eight o'clock? Meg, sew on this button
As soon as you finish that sleeve,
Heigh ho! I'm so deucedly sleepy,
I'll pile off to bed, I believe.

THE SPELLING SCHOOL.

His name was Ephraim Blodgett; not specially renowned,
Except as champion speller in all the country round.
Orthographical aspirants were apt to fare quite slim,
At any spelling-match where they encountered Ephraim.

The spelling-book he had by heart, and ate the dictionary,
And science, at his tongue's end, laid its queer vocabulary.
The dubious monosyllable he'd floor with perfect ease,
And go through words sesquipedal like lightning through a cheese.

You couldn't weave a spell with any common alphabet,
By which to capture Ephraim, or put him in a sweat;
And his admirers frequently remarked of Ephe, that
He
Could spell the China-glyphics off from a chest of tea.

The people ceased to find, in spelling-schools, their wonted fun.
What show was there against this orthographic Gatling-gun,
That mowed down all before it, with a rat-tat-tat fusillade
Of consonants and vowels punctiliously arrayed?

Just at the culmination of Ephraim's renown
He took part in a spelling-school in an adjoining town;
Full soon the sole survivors of that orthographic war
Were Ephraim and a school-girl, his sole competitor.

With equal ardor, 'twixt those two, raged the uncertain fight,
Where victory might perch at last was quite indefinite.
With equal nerve they came to time, and accurately placed
The insidious silent letter and the diphthong Janus-faced.

In vain the weird and mystic spells upon that girl were cast,
The cabalistic letters dropped from her lips so fast.
Vain likewise for a long time was the effort to suppress
Ephe's "airy tongue that syllabled" tough words with such success.

The audience was excited. "Stick to him, Sis!" some cried.
And "Go it, Ephe!" his partisans defiantly replied.
But Ephraim was the hero of a hundred spelling-schools
And on the whole, his prestige made him favorite in the pools.

In fact, though, they were laying for Ephraim. He got
The word at last that dropped him as if he had been shot;
The word that choked the Welshman when mortar from a trowel
Confused his tongue at Babel. A word without a vowel.

An ashen hue crept o'er his face when Ephraim heard her spell:
"D-i-p-h-t-h-o-n-g-k-l."
"Spell-bound upon a ragged edge of consonants!" gasped Ephe.
They buried him with his spelling-book and a feeling of relief.

Plighted Promise.

"In a soft-complexioned sky,
Fleeting rose and kindling grey,
Have you seen Aurora fly
At the break of day?
So my maiden, so my plighted may,*
Blushing cheek and gleaming eye
Lifts to look my way.

Where the inmost leaf is stirred
With the heart-beat of the grove,
Have you heard a hidden bird
Cast her note above?
So my lady, so my lovely love,
Echoing Cupid's prompted word
Makes a tune thereof.

Have you seen, at heaven's mid-height,
In the noon-rack's ebb and tide,
Venus leap forth burning white
Dian pale and hide?
So my bright breast-jewel, so my bride,
One sweet night, when fear takes flight,
Shall leap against my side."

Modern Matrimonial Wisdom.

I'd offer thee this hand of mine,
If thou but hadst the dimes;
But purses short and slim as thine
Won't do for these hard times.
I leave thee in thy wretchedness,
As one too poor to mate;
For love, you know, can only bless,
When based on real estate.

THE FRESNO BEE

Social News From Fresno And Valley

SOCIAL NE

L. 7 FRESNO, CAL., SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 29, 1925

ABOY-HOUGHTON BETHROTHAL TOLD AT ELABORATE TEA

T a delightfully appointed tea presided over yesterday afternoon by Mrs. Ralph Robinson the betrothal of ss Mary Gertrude McAboy to ilip H. Houghton was told to the ends of the bride-elect.

The living rooms of the home esented a dainty picture with the asses of flowers and potted plants hich were used in adornment. A lor scheme of orchid and white as observed throughout every de- il.

The guests were met at the door Dorothy Louise Davis, daughter Mrs. H. H. Davis of this city and cousin of Houghton, who pre- nted each one with a betrothal rd disclosing the news. The cards ere held in a dainty basket.

During the afternoon Miss Eloise cAboy, cousin of the bride-elect, ang Love's Old Sweet Song and onest and Truly. Other numbers ncluded a reading by Alicia Lewis, carf dance by Lucille Perry and ovelty dance by Alicia Lewis, both irected by Miss Dorothea Kearns nd Charleen Purdy.

The grandmothers of the young ouple, Mrs. Annabelle Stevens of Berkeley and Mrs. Rebecca McAboy, ssisted Mrs. Robinson and her aughter in receiving their guests, s did Mrs. Clara Houghton, mother f the prospective groom.

Tea was served in buffet fashion, ach of the trays bearing a cor- sage bouquet of violets. Miss Maurine McAboy and Miss Margaret Burdett presided in the dining room.

Miss McAboy was graduated rom the local schools, also at- tending the Fresno State College. She has made her home in Fresno and has taken a prominent part in social functions here.

Houghton formerly made his home in Fresno, leaving during his school days for Santa Cruz and returning later to take up business here. He is now connected with the Standard Oil Company in Strathmore and the new home will be established in Lindsay after the wedding, which will occur next Spring.

Among those who shared the news yesterday were Mesdames Earl Martin, Al Feuerstein, John Q. Hoey, Ward Hance, Monroe Condit, H. H. Davis, W. W. McAboy, A. K. Dick, Ed Fitzgerald, R. Langworthy, E. J. McAboy, J. R. Jones, R. D. Chittenden, O. B. Richardson of Berkeley, G. A. Houghton of Berkeley, James H. Smith of Oakland, John A. Lacey of Los Angeles, Annabelle Stevens of Berkeley, C. M. French of Merced, Misses Violet Smith, Vera Langworthy, Maurine McAboy, Dorothy Davis, Margaret Burdett, Helen Langworthy, Eloise McAboy, Cathryn Chittenden, Hazel Shattuck, Doris Paul, Emma Cribb, Florence Gunn, Frances Freeman, Lois Langworthy, Dolly McKay, Mary Sue Peake, Marjorie Maul, Myra Smith, Geraldine Osmund, Barbara Enderlein, Catherine Purdy, Inga Jacobsen, Amy Gunn, Charleen Purdy, Emily Burnham, Gertrude Giffen, Emma Maxwell, Nadine Renivich of Los Angeles, Clarice Renivich of Los Angeles, Ruth Lang of Corcoran, Miriam Wilkinson of Madera and Dorothy Dodd of San Francisco.

LEFT, Miss Mary Gertrude McAboy, whose betrothal to Phillip H. Houghton was announced yesterday;

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

A Woman Fatally Burned in Nevada.

Indian Outrages on the Border.

Several of Baldwin's Best Mares Dead—The Landslide at Weaverville.

Mrs. Edward Boyle was using coal oil at Virginia, Nev., yesterday morning, when her clothing caught fire, and she was burned to death.

The Apaches on the Sonora line are known to have killed two others.

Several of E. J. Baldwin's most valuable mares have died from exposure on his ranch in the late storm.

John and James Sowden were killed by a landslide near Weaverville, which swept away two reservoirs of the Trinity Gold Mining Company last Friday.

Special Dispatches to the CHRONICLE.

BURNED TO DEATH.

Frightful Accident to a Virginia Woman.

VIRGINIA (Nev.), March 11.—Mrs. Edward Boyle, residing at the north end of Gold Hill, near the Imperial mine hoisting works, was burned to death this morning. She was bathing her breast with coal oil for a cold and the fluid, dropping on her clothing, was ignited by the flame of a lamp. She ran shrieking into the street with her person enveloped in fire, which was extinguished by two passing miners. A physician was summoned, who found no pulse.

The woman's flesh, from the loins to the top of her head, was roasted to a depth of a quarter of an inch. Her hair was all burned from her scalp and her eyes were almost sightless. Notwithstanding her frightful injuries she could converse intelligibly and gave the above explanation of how the accident occurred. She survived nearly ten hours after the accident.

The deceased's husband is a miner and did not reach home until two hours after the accident. No one but the victim was on the premises when it occurred. The deceased's husband is not related to E. D. Boyle, superintendent of the Alta mine.

MORE APACHE MURDERS.

The Band of Murderers Have Their Families With Them.

TOMBSTONE (A. T.), March 11.—Two more victims of Apache deviltry were found yesterday morning near the Sonora line. Both had been robbed of arms, animals and ammunition. One was a Mexican and the nationality of the other is unknown. The news of the killing was brought in to the San Pedro Custom-house, and a posse of customs guards started at once for the scene. The killing was done by the band of Apaches who have been raiding along the line. No effort has been made to stop them by the military on either side. Great indignation is expressed by Americans against the apathy of the American authorities.

B. A. Packard, a cattleman, reports that his vaqueros were fired on last Friday by Indians near the scene of the killing. A squaw camp was also discovered in the San Jose mountains in the same vicinity by some cowboys. Fears are expressed that many prospectors have been murdered.

VALUABLE MARES LOST.

A Number Die From Exposure on E. J. Baldwin's Ranch.

LOS ANGELES, March 11.—"Lucky" Baldwin is experiencing a streak of what is not his proverbial fortune. During the recent co[ld] his valuable brood [mares] have been turned out [on the] Santa Anita ranch, [and] of them have been [lost] gestion of the [lungs]. Fallen Leaf and [Ramona] died. Maggie En[glish], the finest pedigre[ed] McCarthy, is in

[Ex]pected to [foal] The Lad[y] a day. [Yes]terday [morn]ing [she] twelve hours a [day].

KINDLY WORDS.

A Message of Congratulation from Queen Victoria.

LONDON, June 2.—The Queen sent the following cable message to President Cleveland:

"Pray accept my sincere congratulations on your marriage and my best wishes for your happiness."

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

A Graphic Pen Picture of the First Lady of the Land.

WASHINGTON, June 2.—Mrs. Lucy M. Hooper, in her Paris letter to the Philadelphia *Times*, says: Miss Frances Folsom, the young lady who of all American ladies in the world just

now occupies the greatest share of public attention, is tall and slender, with a complexion whose roscate paleness tells of perfect health. Her features are fine, brow broad and well formed and shaded by thick loose waves of chestnut hair; her lips disclosing [teeth] small and full, red white, transparent and even; her eyes [are] of dark transparent sapphire blue, that look almost black under the shadow of the thick, large eyebrows and lashes; a great attraction to her face is the delicate arch of the eyebrows, which are as dark and perfectly defined as though drawn in India ink. Miss Folsom's countenance is remarkable for its blending of refined sweetness with its intellectual charm. There are elements in it of nobility and intelligence that will make it most striking when the girlish delicacy gives place to womanly strength and full development. Her manners are exquisitely natural and winning and her tact is unerring.

Dreaming of Me.

My love she lay in slumber light,
Though morn was in the sky,
And so I dropped the curtain white,
And took a seat near by.

"She dreams of me, my darling wife,"
I cried, as o'er her face
Dimples and smiles alternately,
In merry play gave chase.

I Watched her quivering eyelids move,
So like a lily's cup,
Till, starting from her trance of love,
My darling one woke up.

"Oh, such a dream I've had," cried she.
"Of angels?" queried I.
"Better than that; more dear to me
Than angel ministry!"

"Dreaming of me," my vain heart cried,
"Of me, her all in all;"
But soon the bright illusion died,
And *heart* had *such* a fall.

"I thought a fairy came," she said,
"And spread before my eyes
Such lovely satins, silks and shawls,
As filled me with surprise.

"And as for jewels, why, my dear,
Each bright and dazzling gem
That shone so beautiful, might grace
A monarch's diadem.

"And all were mine." In saddened tone
I stopped her utterance free;
"And so, my darling, when you slept
You had no dream of me?"

She threw her arms about my neck,
All of her own sweet will—
"Yes, precious one, I'm sure I had;
I dreamed you paid the bill!"

Home.

The following, which I found among some business and miscellaneous papers that recently came into my possession as an attorney, seems to me worthy of ranking, in some respects, with that beautiful heart effusion of Florence Percy's, "Rock me to Sleep, Mother." It expresses the experience of not a few disappointed hearts, and, if published, will be treasured up by many of your readers. B.

Back again after so many long years,
Into the home of my childhood once more,
Under the veil that will cover my tears,
Back through a welcome and wide open door.
Over its threshold I long ago crossed,
To launch my frail bark on an ocean of pain.
Like a leaf on the wild waters here and there tossed,
I have drifted at last to its shelter again.

Home of my childhood, within thy dear walls
Bright hopes had dawning, though mingled with tears;
But lightly I chased in life's morn through thy halls
Short sorrows, so lengthened in subsequent years.
Though the storms and the surge, spray of time have swept o'er
My cheek till the roses begin to decay,
As I sit in my old home the same as of yore,
I almost forget that I've wandered away.

Back again, weary and heart-worn I come,
To rest 'neath a roof that will shield me and cheer,
But vain were the dreamings to clasp in my home
The loved mates that once made my happiness here!
They too are scattered, or gone to their rest—
Life has for all its bereavements and pain.
But she who bore me and loves me the best,
She with her loving heart still doth remain.

Though in my wanderings I ofttimes have erred,
Steered far away from the dutiful track,
Weary and lone like the storm-driven bird,
To the old home nest she welcomes me back.
O, in my sad hours how I have yearned,
On her dear bosom once more to be pressed!
Mother! dear mother! your child has returned
Home to your love and its sheltering rest.

Though every other prove harsh and untrue,
And leave me a torrent of censure to stem,
You can be nothing but faithfulness—you
Never can falsify, taunt and condemn.
So I come back to the old home once more,
Back to your love after weary long years,
Through an inviting and wide open door,
Under the veil that will cover my tears.

WHAT SORT OF KISSES DIFFERENT WOMEN LIKE.

Our Northern and our Southern misses
Lip-service love, and cost on kisses;
A stolen kiss the first will capture,
The second ones embrace with rapture.
A Russian lass her lover clips,
And seems to grow upon his lips;
Circassian maids (their pleasure heightning)
Electric kisses choose like lightning,
While Turkish fair ones kiss and toy
And linger to prolong their joy.
Italian virgins, who are vainer,
Are fond of hunting like Diana,
Until o'ertaken out of breath,
They're ready to be kissed to death.
A Spanish Senorobe ever
Appears so loth her lips to sever
From him she worships—they entwine
Like two fond branches of a vine.
German, Swiss or Dutch adorers
Kiss slow and sure, resembling Flora,
Who kisses every fruit tree slowly,
Producing blossoms sweet and holy.
French belles, who lure us with their eyes,
All dearly love to tantalize;
And British damsels, rather silly,
Appear at first extremely chilly;
Yet all the while their hearts, like fruit,
Grow ripe for every kiss takes root
Upon their nervous lips—a rover
Might then be kissing them all over.
A Welsh girl likes an amorous fight,
And while you kiss her, she will bite,
Convulsed, delirious with delight.
A Scottish lassie would ye court?
Salute her, for she loves the sport.
And frolic with the winsome fairly
As Burns once wooed his Highland Mary.
And O the Shelahs of Erin's hourls
(We do not mean Hibernian fairies),
But Irish beauties—mind the rumor,
To kiss them "when they're in the humor."
Between brunettes and blondes, the art
Of kissing soon is learned by heart;
One likes it slow, the other quick,
Some like to pause and play a trick;
Nor give their vital spirits bent,
Like past endurance, when they swoon!
While many, full of devilment,
Will prematurely cave a boon.
Thus women may be caught like fishes,
If we have baits to meet their wishes.
Man feels a thrilling titillation,
Electrified in every nation,
To kiss the girls by inspiration.

Two Pictures.

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

My Maggie, my beautiful darling,
Creep into my arms, my sweet,
Let me fold you again to my bosom,
So close I can hear your heart beat.
What! these little fingers been sewing?
One's been pricked by the needles, I see.
These hands shall be kept from such labor
When once they are given to me.

All mine, little pet, I will shield you
From trouble, and labor and care,
I will robe you like some fairy princess,
And jewels shall gleam in your hair;
Those slippers you gave me are perfect,
That dressing gown fits to a T—
My darling, I wonder that heaven
Should give such a treasure to me.

Eight—nine—ten—eleven! my precious,
Time flies so when I am with you,
It seems but a moment I've been here,
And now, must I say it?—Adieu!

AFTER MARRIAGE.

Oh, Meg! you are heavy—I'm tired;
Go sit in the rocker, I pray;
Your weight seems a hundred and ninety,
When you plump down in that sort of way.
You had better be mending my coat sleeve;
I've spoken about it before,
And I want to finish this novel,
And look over those bills from the store.

This dressing gown sets like the d—l;
These slippers run down at the heel;
Strange, anything can never look decent;
I wish you could know how they feel.
What's this bill from Morgans? Why, surely
It's not for another new dress?
Look here! I'll be bankrupt ere New Year,
Or your store bills will have to grow less.

Eight o'clock? Meg, sew on this button
As soon as you finish that sleeve,
Heigh ho! I'm so deucedly sleepy,
I'll pile off to bed, I believe.

THE SPELLING SCHOOL.

His name was Ephraim Blodgett;—not specially renowned,
Except as champion speller in all the country round.
Orthographical aspirants were apt to fare quite slim,
At any spelling-match where they encountered Ephraim.

The spelling-book he had by heart, and ate the dictionary,
And science, at his tongue's end, laid its queer vocabulary.
The dubious monosyllable he'd floor with perfect ease,
And go through words sesquipedal like lightning through a cheese.

You couldn't weave a spell, with any common alphabet,
By which to capture Ephraim, or put him in a sweat;
And his admirers frequently remarked of Ephe., that
He could spell the China-glyphics off from a chest of tea.

The people ceased to find, in spelling-schools, their wonted fun.
What show was there against this orthographic Gatling-gun,
That mowed down all before it, with a rattling fusillade
Of consonants and vowels punctiliously arrayed?

Just at the culmination of Ephraim's renown
He took part in a spelling-school in an adjoining town;
Full soon the sole survivors of that orthographic war
Were Ephraim and a school-girl, his sole competitor.

With equal ardor, 'twixt those two, raged the uncertain fight,
Where victory might perch at last was quite indefinite.
With equal nerve they came to time and accurately placed
The insidious silent letter and the diphthong Janus-faced.

In vain the weird and mystic spells upon that girl were cast,
The cabalistic letters dropped from her lips so fast.
Vain, likewise for a long time was the effort to suppress
Ephe's "airy tongue that syllabled" tough words with such success.

The audience was excited. "Stick to him, Sis!" some cried,
And "Go it, Ephe!" his partisans defiantly replied.
But Ephraim was the hero of a hundred spelling-schools
And on the whole, his prestige made him favorite in the pools.

In fact, though, they were laying for Ephraim. He got
The word at last that dropped him as if he had been shot.
The word that choked the Welshman when mortar from a trowel
Confused his tongue at Babel. A word without a vowel.

An ashen hue crept o'er his face when Ephraim heard her spell:
"D-m-n-n-k-s-m-c-k-l!"
"Spell bound upon a ragged edge of consonants!" gasped Ephe.
They buried him with his spelling-book and a feeling of relief.

Plighted Promise.

"In a soft-complexioned sky,
Fleeting rose and kindling grey,
Have you seen Aurora fly
At the break of day?
So my maiden, so my plighted may,
Blushing cheek and gleaming eye
Lifts to look my way.

Where the inmost leaf is stirred
With the heart-beat of the grove,
Have you heard a hidden bird
Cast her note above?
So my lady, so my lovely love,
Echoing Cupid's prompted word
Makes a tune thereof.

Have you seen, at heaven's mid-height,
In the noon-rack's ebb and tide,
Venus leap forth burning white
Dian pale and hide?
So my bright breast-jewel, so my bride,
One sweet night, when fear takes flight,
Shall leap against my side."

Modern Matrimonial Wisdom.

I'd offer thee this hand of mine,
If thou but hadst the dimes;
But purses short and slim as thine
Won't do for these hard times.
I leave thee in thy wretchedness,
As one too poor to mate;
For love, you know, can only bless,
When based on real estate.

VALLEJO, April 9, 1875.

Dear News Letter:—The Rev. Hammond arrived in Vallejo last evening, and gave an entertainment in one of the halls here. It was really a God send to us poor devils in Vallejo, we have so few amusements. My reason for writing is to relate a little conversation which took place near me last evening between Rev. Hammond and a Vallejo belle of many admirers:

REV. H.—"Miss, do you love Christ?"

BELLE OF MANY ADMIRERS.—"Why do you ask me such a question?"

REV. H.—"Because he loves you and died for you."

BELLE OF MANY ADMIRERS.—"Did he? Well, now; that's another feather in my hat." Yours, until conversion, A. DEVIL.

Finn, the comedian, issued the following morceau upon the announcement of his benefit at the Tremont Theatre, Boston:—

Like a *grate full* of coals I burn,
A *great, full* house to see;
And if I should not *grate/ul* prove,
A *great fool* I should be.

NOT HIS FAULT.—A contemporary says: It is not our fault that we are red-headed and small, and the next time one of those overgrown rural roosters in a ball-room reaches down for our head, and suggests that some fellow has lost a rosebud out of his button-hole, there will be trouble.

A THRILLING POEM.

A NUMBER of British officers were stationed at an outpost in India during the prevalence of a pestilence. Many of their companions had fallen victims; all the chances of escape were cut off, and death stared them in the face. Under these circumstances, and meeting together probably for the last time, the following lines, which were written by one of their number, was sung. The author was the first to fall a victim to the grim destroyer:

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare,
As they echo the peels of laughter
It seems that the dead are there;
But stand to your glasses steady,
We drink to our comrades' eyes,
Here 's a cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets flowing;
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold, as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses steady,
And soon shall your pulses rise,
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles!
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We 'll fall 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles
As mute as the wine we drink!
So stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis in this that our respite lies,
One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned at others;
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers,
Who hope to see them again.
No, stand to your glasses steady,
The thoughtless are here—the wise;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There 's many a hand that 's shaking—
There 's many a cheek that 's sunk—
But soon, though our hearts are beating,
They 'll burn with the wine we 've drunk.

An engineer on the Western North Carolina Railroad shouted to a crowd of rustics who had gathered to see the first train of cars come in, "Put down your umbrellas, you'll scare the engine off the track!" The umbrellas were lowered at once.

"Is Mike McClosky in the ranks?" asked the commander-in-chief, as the army stood in line of battle. "Here, Gineral," said Mike, stepping to the front. "Then, let the engagement begin," said the general. This is the way Mike tells the story.

"Don't get above your business!" as the lady said to the shoemaker who was measuring above her ankle in order to ascertain the size of her foot.

A FAIR LETTER.—The following letter was received by a young lady at the post-office of a Fair held for the benefit of a church:—

Fairest of the Fair. When such *fair* beings as you have the *fair*-ness to honor our *Fair* with your *fair* presence, it is perfectly *fair* that you should receive good *fare* from the *fair* conductors of this *Fair*, and indeed it would be very un-*fair* if you should not *fare* well, since it is the endeavor of those whose wel-*fare* depends upon the success of this *Fair*, to treat all who come *fair*-ly, but to treat with especial *fair*-ness those who are as *fair* as yourself. We are engaged in a *fair* cause, a sacred war-*fare*; that is, to speak without un-*fair*-ness, a war-*fare*, not against the *fair* sex, but against the pockets of their beaux. We therefore hope, gentle reader, "still *fair*-est found where all is *fair*," that you will use all *fair* exertions in behalf of the praiseworthy af-*fair* which we have *fair*-ly undertaken. If you take sufficient interest in our wel-*fare* to lend your *fair* aid, you will appear *fair*-er than ever in our sight; we will never treat you un-*fair*-ly and when you withdraw the light of your *fair* countenance from our *Fair*, we will bid you a kind *Fare*-well.

SPIRITUAL.

A wag decides—

That whisky is the key by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and alms-houses.

That brandy brands the noses on all who cannot govern their appetites.

That wine causes many a man to take a winding way home.

That punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.

That ale causes many ailings, while beer brings many to the bier.

That Champagne is the source of many a real pain.

That gin-slings have "slewed" more than the slings of old.

That the reputation of being fond of cocktails is not a feather in any man's cap.

That the money spent for port that is supplied by portly gents would support many a poor family.

That porter is a weak supporter for those who are weak in body.

ITERATIVE.—A clerical gentleman of Hartford, who once attended the House of Representatives to read prayers, being politely requested to remain seated near the speaker during the debate, found himself the spectator of an *unmarrying* process, so alien to his own vocation, and so characteristic of the readiness of the Legislature of Connecticut to grant divorces, that the result was the following *impromptu*:—

For *cut*-ting all *connect*-ions famed,
Connect-i cut is fairly named;
I twain *connect* in one, but you
Cut those whom *I connect* in two.
Each legislator seems to say,
What you *connect I cut* away.

A PUN-GENT CHAPTER.—At one time there was a general strike among the workingmen of Paris, and Theodore Hook gave the following amusing account of the affair:—"The bakers, being ambitious to extend their *do*-mains, declared that a revolution was *needed*, and though not exactly *bred* up to arms, soon reduced their *crusty* masters to terms. The tailors called a council of the *board* to see what *measures* should be taken, and, looking upon the bakers as the *flower* of chivalry, decided to follow *suit*; the consequence of which was, that a *cereous* insurrection was *lighted up* among the candle-makers, which, however *wick*-ed it might appear in the eyes of some persons, developed traits of character not unworthy of ancient *Greece*."

HIS FEELING REPLY.—One of Kokomo's prominent citizens, on being asked why he didn't attend his wife's funeral, feelingly replied, with tears trickling down his weather-beaten countenance, "Wal, you see, boys, I hed no idee they wus goin' to plant Hanner so soon; didn't know nuthin' of it till this undertaker came lopin' round the corner with that black dead animal wagon of hisn, an' then 'twas too late fur me to find the blackin' brush, an' I thort I'd let Jim take my chance for a free ride, anyhow. Got a match, Bill?"

What must be done to conduct a newspaper right?—Write.
What is necessary for a farmer to assist him?—System.
What would give a blind man the greatest delight?—Light.
What is the best counsel given by a justice of the peace?—Peace.
Who commit the greatest abominations?—Nations.
What cry is the greatest terrifier?—Fire.
What are some women's chief exercise?—Sighs.

A cleryman who had united in marriage a couple whose Christian names were Benjamin and Annie, on being asked by a mutual friend how they appeared during the ceremony, replied that they appeared both *annie*-mated and *bene*-fitted.

Why should no man starve on the deserts of Arabia?
Because of the *sand which* is there.
How came the sandwiches there?
The tribe of *Ham* was *bred* there, and *mustered*.

Judge Peters, formerly of the Philadelphia Bench, observed to a friend, during a trial that was going on, that one of the witnesses had a *vegetable* head. "How so?" was the inquiry. "He has *carroty* hair, *reddish* cheeks, a *turnup* nose, and a *sage* look."

Twenty-ninth avenue, ... Trigoni, ... an old man, Paul

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER HILL BATTLE.

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELFRY.

[Memorial Poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes]

'Tis like stirring living embers, when, at eighty, one remembers
All the achings and the quakings of "the times that tried men's souls;"
When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when I tell the *Rebel* story,
To you the words are ashes, but to me they're burning coals.

I had heard the muskets' rattle of the April running battle;
Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red coats still;
But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms up before me,
When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of Bunker Hill.

'Twas a peaceful Summer's morning, when the first thing gave us warning
Was the booming of the cannon from the river and the shore;
"Child," says grandma, "what's the matter, what is all this noise and clatter?
Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder us once more?"

Poor old soul! my sides were shaking in the midst of all my quaking,
To hear her talk of Indians when the guns began to roar;
She had seen the burning village, and the slaughter and the pillage,
When the Mohawks killed her father with their bullets through his door.

Then I said: "Now, dear old granny, don't you fret and worry any,
For I'll soon come back and tell you whether this is work or play;
There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone a minute"—
For a minute then I started. I was gone the livelong day.

No time for bodice lacing or for looking glass grimacing;
Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling half way to my heels;
God forbid your ever knowing, when there's blood around her flowing,
How the lonely, helpless daughter of a quiet household feels!

In the street I heard a thumping; and I knew it was the stumping
Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on that wooden leg he wore,
With a knot of women round him—it was lucky I had found him,
So I followed with the others, and the Corporal marched before.

They were making for the steeple,—the old soldier and his people:
The pigeons circled round us as we climbed the creaking stair.
Just across the narrow river—oh, so close it made me shiver!
Stood a fortress on the hill top that but yesterday was bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it; well we knew who stood behind it,
Though the earth-work hid them from us, and the stubborn walls were dumb:
Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking wild upon each other,
And their lips were white with terror as they said, THE HOUR HAS COME!

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel had we tasted,
And our heads were almost splitting with the cannon's deafening thrill,
When a figure tall and stately round the rampart strode sedately;
It was PRESCOTT, one since told me; he commanded on the hill.

Every woman's heart grew bigger when we saw his manly figure,
With the banyan buckled round it, standing up so straight and tall;
Like a gentleman of leisure who is strolling out for pleasure,
Through the storm of shells and cannon shot he walked around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for the redcoats' ranks were forming;
At noon in marching order they were moving to the piers;
How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we looked far down and listened
To the trampling and the drumbeat of the belted grenadiers.

At length the men have started, with a cheer, it seemed faint hearted
In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks on their backs,
And the reddening, rippling water, as after a sea fight's slaughter,
Round the barges gliding onward blushed like blood along their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and again they formed in order;
And the boats came back for soldiers, came for soldiers, soldiers still;
The time seemed everlasting to us women faint and fasting—
At last they're moving, marching, marching proudly up the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all along the lines advancing—
Now the front rank fires a volley—they have thrown away their shot;
For behind their earthwork lying, all the balls above them flying,
Our people need not hurry; so they wait and answer not.

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he would swear sometimes and tipple)—
He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old French war) before—
Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were hearing—
And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dustry belfry floor:—

"Oh! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George's shillin's,
But ye'll waste a ton of powder before a rebel falls;
You may bang the dirt and welcome, they're as safe as Dan'l Malcolm
Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you've splintered with your balls!"

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and trepidation
Of the dread approaching moment, we are well nigh breathless all;
Though the rotten bars are failing on the rickety belfry railing,
We were crowding up against them like the waves against a wall.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are nearer—nearer—nearer,
When a flash—a curling smoke wreath—then a crash—the steeple shakes—
The deadly truce is ended; the tempest's shroud is rended;
Like a morning mist it gathered, like a thunder cloud it breaks!

Oh the sight our eyes discover as the blue black smoke blows over!
The red coats stretched in windrows as a mower rakes his hay;
Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a headlong crowd is flying
Like a billow that has broken and is shivered into spray.

Then we cried, "The troops are routed! They are beat—it can't be doubted!
God be thanked, the fight is over!" Ah! the grim old soldier's smile!
"Tell us, tell us why you look so?" (we could hardly speak, we shook so)
"Are they beaten? *Are* they beaten? ARE they beaten?" "Wait a while."

Oh the trembling and the terror! for too soon we saw our error:
They are baffled, not defeated; we have driven them back in vain;
And the columns that were scattered, round the colors that were tattered,
Toward the sullen silent fortress turn their belted breasts again.

All at once, as we are gazing, lo the roofs of Charlestown blazing!
They have fired the harmless village; in an hour it will be down!
The Lord in heaven confound them, rain his fire and brimstone round them—
The robbing, murdering red coats, that would burn a peaceful town!

They are marching, stern and solemn; we can see each massive column
As they near the naked earthmound with the slanting walls so steep.
Have our soldiers got faint hearted, and in noiseless haste departed?
Are they panic struck and helpless? Are they palsied or asleep?

Now! the walls they're almost under! scarce a rod the foes asunder!
Not a firelock flashed against them! up the earthwork they will swarm!
But the words have scarce been spoken, when the ominous calm is broken,
And a bellowing crash has emptied all the vengeance of the storm!

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted backwards to the water,
Fly Pigot's running heroes and the frightened braves of Howe;
And we shout: "At last they're done for, it's their barges they have run for;
They are beaten, beaten, beaten; and the battle's over now!"

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on the rough old soldier's features,
Our lips afraid to question, but he knew what we would ask:
"Not sure," he said; "keep quiet—once more, I guess, they'll try it—
Here's damnation to the cut-throats!"—then he handed me his flask,

Saying: "Gal, you're looking shaky; have a drop of old Jamaiky;
I'm afeared there'll be more trouble afore the job is done;"
So I took one scorching swallow; dreadful faint I felt and hollow,
Standing there from early morning when the firing was begun.

All through those hours of trial I had watched a calm clock dial,
As the hands crept creeping, creeping—they were creeping round to four,
When the old man said: "They're forming with their bagonets fixed for storming:
It's the death grip that's a coming—they will try the works once more."

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames behind them glaring,
The deadly wall before them, in close array they come;
Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon's fold uncoiling—
Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the reverberatmg drum!

Over heaps all torn and gory—shall I tell the fearful story,
How they surged above the breastwork, as a sea breaks over a deck;
How driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn out men retreated,
With their powder horns all emptied, like the swimmers from a wreck?

It has all been told and painted; as for me, they say I fainted,
And the wooden legged old Corporal stumped with me down the stair.
When I woke from dreams affrighted the evening lamps were lighted—
On the floor a youth was lying; his bleeding breast was bare.

And I heard through all the flurry: "Send for Warren! hurry! hurry!
Tell him here's a soldier bleeding, and he'll come and dress his wound!"
Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its tale of death and sorrow,
How the starlight found him stiffened on the dark and bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was, where the place from which he came was,
Who had brought him from the battle, and had left him at our door,
He could not speak to tell us; but 'twas one of our brave fellows,
As the homespun plainly showed us which the dying soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as they gathered round him crying—
And they said: "Oh how they'll miss him!" and, "What *will* his mother do?"
Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child's that has been dozing,
He faintly murmured: "Mother!"—and—I saw his eyes were blue.

—"Why grandma, how you're winking!"—Ah, my child, it sets me thinking
Of a story not like this one. Well, he somehow lived along;
So we came to know each other, and I nursed him like a—mother,
Till at last he stood before me, tall and rosy cheeked, and strong.

And we sometimes walked together in the pleasant Summer weather;
—"Please to tell us what his name was?"—Just your own, my little dear,—
There's his picture Copley painted; we became so well acquainted,
That—in short, that's why I'm grandma, and you children all are here!

A MODEST bachelor says all he should ask in a wife should be a good temper, sound health, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, pretty figure, good connections, domestic habits, resources of amusement, good spirits, conversational talents, elegant manners, and money.

Reveals Sterling

Laureate's Adieu to World

Here is George Sterling's last known poem—his "Vale" to a world that brought him both Fame and Misery. Penciled on the back of a menu, it remains his final work, his epitomization of his own attitude toward life, his justification for death at his own hands which he imposed in the Bohemian Club on November 16 of last year. His last message concerning it was: "Send a copy to Mencken!"

STERLING

MY SWAN SONG

By GEORGE STERLING

HAS man the right
To die and disappear,
When he has lost the fight?
To sever without fear
The irksome bonds of life,
When he is tired of strife?
May he not seek, if it seems best,
Relief from grief? May he not rest
From labors vain, from hopeless task?
—I do not know; I merely ask.

Or must he carry on
The struggle, till it's done?
Will he be damned, if he,
World-weary, tired and ill,
Deprived of strength and will,
Decides he must be free?
Is punishment awaiting those,
Who quit, before the whistle blows,
Who leave behind unfinished task?
Who leave behind unfinished task?
—I do not know; I merely ask.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL
AN INDEPENDENT AND POST NEWSPAPER

ATHER
and mild with prob-
unday; fresh south-
orthern California—
and Sunday with

THE CONVICT'S BRIDE.

SCENE IN THE VISITOR'S ROOM, SAN QUENTIN.

She sat, and in silence she waited, while longing
yet dreading to see
The husband she lately had mated, when life was
all careless and free.
The tears her blue eyes were suffusing, scarce hid
'neath the lashes of brown,
And my presence I thought was abusing some
sacred thoughts: just as a frown
Marked her face, and her head drooped before me,
head weighted with wealth of brown hair,
And a sigh from her bosom upheaving, showed
grief near akin to despair.

What was she, the beautiful stranger? that she
'neath my glance seemed to cower;
As though some cloud freighted with danger held
o'er her the thrall of its power.
What was she? Some Magdalen hiding her face
from one poor simple man,
Some woman, demented with chiding, the world's
wisdom had placed under ban?
She was—well there's many thus lonely—lost
wrecks on the ocean of life,
Who have bartered the treasures for only the fate
of the convict's shunned wife.

There's a step, and so lightly 'tis falling it strikes
not her sensitive ear,
There's a voice, and so softly 'tis calling, for a
moment she seemed not to hear,
'Twas "dearest," and in the cursed vestments he
came from the dark prison cell,
Came forth to the sunlight and freedom, where
freedom is honor as well.
Did she shrink from the man she had wedded?
Did her eye wear the look of despair?
Was her brow with the lines of grief threaded?
Was dishevelled the wealth of her hair?
Did she bring to the lost one more sorrow, en-
hancing his burden of care?
No! abandoned she fell on his bosom, her arms
'round his neck fondly clung,
That caress, it was worth a king's ransom, though
the heart-chords to breaking were strung.
Then he knew though condemned by the many,
there was one that was trusting and true—
One whose love was an offset for any all the hard
world could undo.
And she knew he was not the transgressor, 'twas
the demon that lurked in the wine,
Before her he needs no confessor! to him she is
all that's divine!
She has seen in the vision clear-sighted the deeds
of that terrible day,
When the wine cup o'ercame her love plighted,
and one life went out in the fray..

Now back to your cell, ruined manhood, to wait
the long sorrowful years,
And back to your ruined home, maiden, your sol-
ace a dowry of terrs;
There's a taint in the air and its spreading, there's
a wail and it daily ascends,
There are thousands now waiting and dreading
their doom when its influence ends
With the life of the victim; and yet
The innocent suffer the sorrow, and the world
shows no sign of regret.

WOMEN AND DEVILS.—Old Winston was a negro preacher in Virginia, and his ideas of theology and human nature often very original.

A gentleman thus accosted the old gentleman one Sunday:

"Winston, I understand you believe every woman has seven devils. How can you prove it?"

"Well, sah, did you never read in de Bible how seven debbles were cast out'er Mary Magalin?"

"Oh, yes; I've read that."

"Did you ebber hear of 'em bein cast out of any oder woman, sah?"

"No, I never did."

"Well, den, all de odders got 'em yet."

THE SUITEM HOUSE.

A Model Summer Hotel that Cann[ot] Please Everybody.

[From the Boston Commercial Bull[etin]

A summer boarding place, at which [one] should find all the conveniences the[re] never yet been established, but it wi[ll] the following advertisement that, an [effort] has been made in that direction:

THE SUITEM HOUSE,
STRIVE & SWETT, Proprietors,
Sponaceous Springs, N. Y.

This hotel has been built and arranged for the special comfort and convenience of Summer boarders. On arrival, each guest will be asked how he likes the situation, and if he says the hotel ought to have been placed up upon the knoll or farther down toward the village, the location of the house will be immediately changed. Corner front rooms, up only one flight, for every guest.

Baths, gas, water-closet, hot and cold water, laundry, telegraph, restaurant, fire-alarm, bar-room, billiard-table, daily paper, coupé, sewing-machine, grand piano, a clergyman, and all other modern conveniences in every room. Meals every minute if desired, and consequently no second table. English, French and German dictionaries furnished every guest, to make up such a bill of fare as he may desire, without regard to the bill affair afterward at the office. Waiters of every nationality or color desired. Every waiter furnished with a libretto, button-hole bouquet, full dress suits, ball tablets, and his hair parted in the middle. Every guest will have the best seat in the dining-hall and the best waiter in the house.

Any guest not getting his breakfast red hot, or experiencing a delay of sixteen seconds after giving his order for dinner, will please mention the fact at the office, and the cook and waiters will be blown from the mouths of cannon in front of the hotel at once. Children will be welcomed with delight, and are requested to bring hoop sticks and hawkeys to bang the carved rosewood furniture especially provided for that purpose, and peg-tops to spin on the velvet carpets; they will be allowed to bang on the pianos at all hours, yell in the halls, slide down the bannisters, fall down stairs, carry away dessert enough for a small family in their pockets at dinner, and make themselves as disagreeable as the fondest mother can desire.

Washing allowed in rooms, and ladies giving an order "to put me on a flat-iron" will be put on one at any hour of the day or night. A discreet waiter who belongs to the Masons, Odd Fellows, and the Knights of Pythias, and who was never known even to tell the time of the day, has been employed to carry milk punches and hot toddies to the ladies' rooms in the evening.

Every lady will be considered the belle of the house, and row boys will answer the belle promptly. Should any row boy fail to appear at a guest's door with a pitcher of ice-water, more towels, a gin cocktail, and pen, ink and paper, before the guest's hand has left the bell knob, he will be branded "front" on the forehead, and imprisoned for life.

The office clerk has been carefully selected to please everybody, and can lead in prayer, play draw poker, match worsted at the village store, shake for the drinks at any hour, day or night, play billiards, a good waltzer, and can dance the German, make a fourth at euchre, amuse children, repeat the Beecher trial from memory; is a good judge of horses, as a railway and steamboat reference is far superior to Appleton's or anybody else's guide, will flirt with any young lady, and not mind being cut dead when "Pa comes down." Don't mind being damned any more than a Connecticut river. Can room forty people in the best room in the house, when the hotel is full attend to the annunciator, and answer questions in Greek, Hebrew, Choctaw, Irish, or any other polite language at the same moment, without turning a hair.

Dogs allowed in any room of the house, including the w(h)ine room. Gentlemen can drink, smoke, swear, chew, gamble, stare at the new arrivals, and indulge in any other innocent amusement common to watering-places, in any part of the hotel. The landlord will always be happy to hear that some other hotel is "the best house in the country." Special attention given to parties who can give information as to "how these things are done in Yewrup."

The proprietor will take it as a personal affront if any guest on leaving should fail to dispute his bill, tell him that he is a swindler, his house a barn, his table wretched, his wines vile, and that he, the guest, "was never so imposed upon in his life, will never stop there again, and intends to warn his friends."

—A good wife is a good thing, but a bad husband beats her.

JOHN CH

His skin is yellow—some
Probably owing to how h

His eyes are oval, and sm
Denoting for cunning no

His nose is as flat as can
And his moon-like face u

His teeth of their beauty
Being strangers to brush

His lips are thick, and o
Like those that give toke

His face is expressionles
Or, it might be said, like

For he has a god, and he
He made it himself, and

A god he prays to, he kn
But it has this advantag

But little his morals im
If we may believe, say h

For John, it is said, wil
And enjoy the acts as he

Deceit he is taught from
And would much rather

A coward at heart in the
He will stab and murde

On his dull, sleek face
In fact, very little anyw

But 'tis very true that
It might be observed th

His garb is odd, from t
But, of course, he does

It is just the same that
At the time of the floo

His coat is no coat, bu
And of some dark colo

And, in these days of
That's an arrangement

Were it otherwise, the
Is one on which I will

For, leaving aside the
Who cares to hear the

Of the same coarse "s
That flop round his s

For the legs are ampl
And one of them he c

His shoes, of the kind
Though the upper is

But his god is of woo
In the fact of his hav

For work and busine
And will drive a barg

The art of washing h
Which service he pr

From house to house
Selling potatoes, oni

He travels, too, at a
Carrying burdens of

He robs the gutter o
Which he sells to th

He smokes his opiu
And sees things only

On the street he loo
For he knows he's i

In stature he's smal
Such is a hasty outl

Wa

Mr. and Mrs. Je
prayer meeting a
non was roaring
call the voters to
was sitting with h
the fire, doubtless
of politicians. Th
berations almost s
in.

That is a shan
marked.

"It ain't no suc
plied the amiable
glass arranging h
powder on my fa
Journal.

Superstition sayeth two sweethearts should never have their pictures taken together, else they will never marry. But a lot of them have done it and seem to be living happily afterward.

man's in Seventeenth street, for the work they have done recently for several of my girl friends who have just been married has been most attractive.

Thorsted's are to arrange the flowers, and they are going to be lovely. Easter lilies in tall baskets with a background of pink sweet peas in which will be tied many bows of tulle. Jack is ordering my bridal bouquet of orchids, lilies of the valley and gardenias there.

Until next week, then,

As ever,

LOUISE.

It says that man and fiancee should not stand up together at a christening, or they will never marry.

If two sisters marry two brothers one of the couples will not live happily.

It is bad luck to keep writing your future husband's name before you have taken it on. You may never have it.

If you bump against a closed door you will not be married for a year.

If you hear of the marriage of a friend you should not exclaim you wish it had been you or you will not marry.

It is unlucky to have to do your hair up twice when preparing for your wedding.

MARRY BEFORE SUNSET.

It is lucky for unrelated persons of the same name to marry.

If an old person is the last to say good-by to a bridal party he may expect a long life.

Leave the parental home in haste and you will come back in a short time.

It is bad luck for one or the other of the contracting parties to go back after having once started to the place of the ceremony.

If you sit in the back on the way to be married you will be second always in his affections.

Runaway marriages are rarely lucky.

Sign the marriage ceremony with a quill pen for luck.

To be married before sunset brings more luck than after.

The first one to cry at a wedding will be the next to marry.

Marriages on board ship are considered unlucky by seaman.

The postponement of a wedding is unlucky.

The first words spoken after marriage will come true.

The bridegroom should get to the home of the bride before the preacher.

The bride and groom should enter the house first and not with a third person.

It is a sign of prosperity and happiness if the sun shines in the door as the newly wedded pair enter.

The bride who first enters her home by the back door will be a drudge.

Change your place of abode the frist year and your life will be unsettled and wandering.

The style of girl's home may be determined with flower petals, as, "Big house, little house, brick house, or barn."

Her trousseau can be told this way:

"Big box, little box handbox, or bundle." The last petal determines the answer.

Stumble on your wedding morn and you'll be a widow before a year.

Ill on your wedding day, ill most of your life.

It is unlucky for the bride and groom to see each other before the ceremony.

DON'T BREAK DISH.

It is bad luck to break a dish or glass on your wedding day.

Add the number of letters in the first given name of the bride and of the first given name of the groom together, and if the number is odd, he will die first; if even, the bride will die first.

Don't touch a dish rag on your wedding day or you will be in for hard work all your life.

A feather from a canary bird worn by the bride is good luck.

It is bad luck to have a widow or widower take part in a marriage ceremony.

It is lucky for the man and wife to be born on the same day of the year.

If you agree on the seventh day of your marriage you will agree in the seventh year.

Preserve a piece of bread from the wedding table and you will never want for bread.

"A wife with a dowry large will be sure to rule the barge."

Never let you mate drink out of the same glass after you or he will find out all your secrets and you his.

A bride must weep on her wedding day. No matter how happy she may be, she should squeeze out a tear or two, for the bride who fails to weep will not be happy.

Old Hans.

BY NAT STEIN.

Where bright the ruddy camp-fire glows,
At ease the bearded warriors rest;
From hand to hand the wine cup goes
And loud resound their song and jest;
But one, ere this the gayest heart,
An old hussar, sits sad apart,
Nor talks nor revels he—what woe
Afflicts the bronzed campaigner so?

The General, through the tented streets
Rides onward in the night serene:
The guards and pickets viewed, he greets
The idlers in their festive scene;
He curbs his steed when, midst of these,
The rueful old hussar he sees,
And as his eyes the veteran scan,
He kindly asks, "What ails thee, man?"

With prompt salute the man replies:
"I trust you'll not my weakness blame—
'Tis all, I own, a thing unwise,
And from my mates I shrink in shame—
Upon the Alps, some hours ago,
My horse and I sank in the snow;
They rescued me, but he was lost.
That thought distracts my mind almost.

"'Twas but a beast, I'm well aware,
Its loss seems scarce to merit heed;
But, General, in the squadron's care,
'Mong all the steeds of note, indeed,
Was none like Hans, so child-like kind;
Light-footed flew he like the wind,
And at the charge, 'mid battle's din,
None rushed like Hans, so boldly in.

"Some twenty fights he bore me through;
Twice life itself to him I owed;
And all a dog's attachment true
To me, in good and ill, he showed;
And oft, when famine at us stared,
With him my only crust I shared;
He knew alike my words and glance—
Yes, you may smile, but such was Hans.

"Why oft, as on lone outpost cast
I shook in nights of storm and sleet,
My tales of strife and dang^r past
I gayly would to Hans repeat.
He understood me well, I know,
And looked with bright eyes at me so,
And nodded back as if to say:
'Sure I was present, too, that day!'

"And when we left him whelmed in snow,
Bereft of power to set him free,
He gave me such a glance of woe,
It said, 'Can *you* abandon me?'
It pierced my bosom, and I cried
As if a human friend had died.
God knows, when speaking of it, still
The scalding tears my old eyes fill."

Nor does the Chief indifferent hear;
He comprehends his man's distress;
For, though to outward look severe,
His heart is full of tenderness;
That such a loss his eyes should dim
Dishonors not the man with him;
He tries to cheer the soldier gray,
And wheels his steed to ride away.

Just then, loud snorting through the night,
A horse comes breaking out of breath!
'Tis Hans, himself—astounding sight!
Self-dug from snowy grave and death:
Along the camp he bounds in pride,
Nor stops till at his master's side;
Then neighs for joy, and on that breast,
Contented, lays his head at rest.

While stares that master, laughs and weeps,
Perplexed in mind where'er he turns,
An Eye soft watch above him keeps,
And all his fond ado discerns.
The General beams with glad surprise:
"Good night, my doughty friend," he cries;
"When next to fight our ranks advance,
I'll see thee again on thy gallant Hans."

To a Faithless Mary.

[The lines below were written by a young lawyer of Massachusetts who was jilted. The wit will be fully appreciated by the profession. It is a curious fact that he subsequently died of a broken heart, notwithstanding the brave show of levity in his address to his faithless mistress:]

Say, Mary, canst thou sympathize
With one whose heart is bleeding,
Compelled to wake from love's young dream
And take to special pleading?

For since I lost my suit to you,
I care not now a fraction
About these tiresome suits at law,
These senseless forms of action.

But in my lonely chamber oft,
When clients leave me leisure,
In musings o'er departed joys
I find a mournful pleasure.

How well I know that spot where first
I saw that form ethereal,
But ah! in transitory things
The venue's not material.

And reading Archbold's practice now,
I scarce believe 'tis true,
That I could set my heart upon
An arch-bold girl like you.

But then, that bright blue eye sent forth
A most unerring dart,
Which, like a special capias, made
A prisoner of my heart.

And in the weakness of my heart,
One fatal, long vacation,
I gave a pledge to prosecute,
And filed my declaration.

At first, your taking time to plead
Gave hope for my felicity,
The doubtful negative you spoke,
Seemed bad for its duplicity.

And then thy blush so clearly seemed
To pardon my transgression,
I thought I was about to snap
A judgment by confession.

But soon I learned (most fatal truth),
How rashly I had counted,
For non assumpsit was the plea
To which it all amounted.

Deceitful maid, another swain
Was then beloved by thee,
The preference you gave to him
Was fraudulent to me.

Ah! when we love, (so Shakespeare says),
Bad luck is sure to have us,
The course of true love never ran
Without some special traverse.

Say, what inducement could you have
To act so base a part?
Without this, that you smiled on me,
I ne'er had lost my heart.

My rival I was doomed to see
A husband's rights assert,
And now 'tis wrong to think of you,
For you're a feme covert.

When last I saw your son and heir,
'Twas wormwood for a lover—
For then the plea of infancy
My heart could not get over.

I kissed the little brat and said,
Much happiness I wish you;
But O! I felt he was to me
An immaterial issue.

Mary, adieu! I'll mourn no more,
Nor pen pathetic ditties;
My pleading was of no avail,
And so I'll stick to Chitty's.

BRIEFLY stated, our financial views are these: Tiebacks are better than greenbacks. They are in greater demand; they are more constantly in circulation; they are always boyant—dreadfully boyant; they are always good for their face; and are always quoted above par or ma either.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Very Doubtful.

A contributor sends us some original verses, the last of which is as follows:

If, charnelled, I was sleeping with the dead,
Where roses twine, and nodding violets grew,
And thy soft tread was passing o'er my head,
My heart would beat and live again for you.

Now, we cannot be persuaded to believe that.

Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls.
Bare feet white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue;
Little boy and girl were they,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of green willow fringed its banks;
Half in thought and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherries red,
He was taller—most a head.
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro—
As she loitered, half in play—
Chattering to Willie Gray.

Pretty Katie," Willie said,
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek,
Boys are strong and girls are weak;
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered, with a laugh,
You shall carry only HALF."
Then said, tossing back her curls,
Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall;
Hearts don't change much after all.
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray
Stood again beside the brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,

Is it strange that Willie said,
While again a dash of red
Crowned the brownness of his cheek,
I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

Will you trust me, Katie dear—
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered, with a laugh,
No! but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Working with its silver hands
Late and early at the sands,
Stands a cottage, where, to-day,
Katie lives with Willie Gray.

In the porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in days agone.
This is long and deep and wide,
And—has rockers at the side.

The Art of Conversation.—First part (opening conversation): "'Ave you 'eard a Jim Bates' father says he'll give 'im th sack?" Second ditto (after pause): "Whos father?" First ditto: "Why, Jim Bates' Second ditto (after pause): "Jim Bate who?" First ditto: "Why, Jim Bate father!" Second ditto (after pause): "Ji Bates' father! Well, what does he say? First ditto: "Says he'll give 'im the sack Second ditto (after pause): "Give 'im th what?" First ditto: "Give 'im the sack Second ditto (after pause): "Give who t sack?" First ditto: "Jim Bates!" Secon ditto (after long pause): "Ah! I 'eard th the day before yesterday!"

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.—A Virginia City man was locked up for maudlin drunkenness, N Years' eve, had the following pledge in pocket: "Rules for New years. I, ——— do solemnlee sware that during the cum year of 1876 I wont chew sware or smoak. do solumlee sware that during the cumula of 1876 I won't drink no licker of Eany kind w soever. Sohelp my god amen."

Lines on a Skeleton.

[Some forty years ago, the following poem was found in the *London Morning Chronicle*. Every effort was vainly made to discover the author, even to the offering of a reward of fifty guineas. All that ever transpired was, that the poem, in a fair clerkly hand, was found near a skeleton of remarkable symmetry of form in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the Curator of the Museum had sent them to the *Morning Chronicle*:]

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beautious visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor Hope, nor Joy, nor Love, nor Fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy,
Once shown the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye may be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and toneful tongue.
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise, was chained,
If bold in virtues cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke!
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth or Fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

We Reap What We Sow.

For pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe—
'Tis the law of our being—we reap as we sow;
We may try to evade them, may do what we will.
But our acts, like our shadows, will follow us still.

The world is a wonderful chemist, to be sure,
And detects in a moment the base or the pure:
We may boast of our claims to genius or birth,
But the world takes a man for just what he is worth.

We start in the race for fortune or fame,
And then, when we fail, the world bears the blame;
But nine times out of ten, 'tis plain to be seen,
There's a "screw somewhere loose" in the human machine.

Are you wearied and worn in this hard, earthly strife?
Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life?
Remember this great truth has often been proved,
We must make ourselves lovable, would we be loved.

Though life may appear as a desolate track,
Yet the bread that we cast on the water comes back.
This law was enacted by Heaven above,
That like attracts like, and love begets love.

We are proud of our mansions of mortar and stone;
In our gardens are flowers from every zone;
But the beautiful graces which blossom within
Grow shriveled and die in the Upas of Sin.

We make ourselves heroes and martyrs for gold.
Till health becomes broken, and youth becomes old.
Ah! did we the same for a beautiful love,
Our lives might be music for angels above.

We reap what we sow—oh, wonderful truth!—
A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth;
But it shines out at last, as the "hand on the wall,"
For the world has its "debit" and "credit" for all.

A JOHN BULL recently came to Chicago, and was admiring all he saw of our enterprise and sagacity, but "didn't think he'd settle here, as there was no law securing the right of bentail." "Ah," said his friend, "but you should try one of our cocktails."—[Chicago Tribune.

OUGHT TO BE CRADLED.—Miss Fealdy Wheat, of Franklin, Ind., recently visited some friends in Edinburgh. It is to be hoped that Fealdy Wheat will soon be gathered in by the arms of some stalwart young harvester, bound in the wythes of wedlock, well thrashed (if she should misbehave), fanned by the breezes of prosperity, and eventually become the flour of her family.

A Century Ago.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend—"If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal light—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said good night, and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rode over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somersett British man of war:
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison bar,
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the trample of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And started the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower on the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral and somber, and still.

And lo! as he looks on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear,
The hurrying hoof beat of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

—*Longfellow.*

Oh! Treacherous Memory.

[SUGGESTED BY A RECENT EVENT NOT FA
FROM NEW YORK.]

"I can't remember" when it was;
"I don't recall" precisely;
"I am not certain" just because
The question 's put too nicely.
"I won't affirm it was not so;"
"I am not sure;" "can't say;"
"I won't be positive," although
"It might have been that way."

"I have an idea" it was not,
And yet "I think it might be;"
"I'm sure I can't remember," what?
"If memory serves me rightly."

"I can't recall," "wont say just now;"
"I fancy not;" "I don't know;"
"And yet it seems"—"I can't say" how,
"I can't declare" it weren't so.

"There was something of that kind,"
Tho' "I don't recollect it,"
And "if there was," "I think" my mind
"Might" certainly detect it.

But "my impression"—quite serene—
"Is, if my mind" comes near it,
That; tho' "it might not then have been,
"It may," but "I wont swear it."

In short "I cannot tell" just how,
And yet "I can't" or "might," sir,
But still "I cant remember now,"
"If memory serves me right, sir."

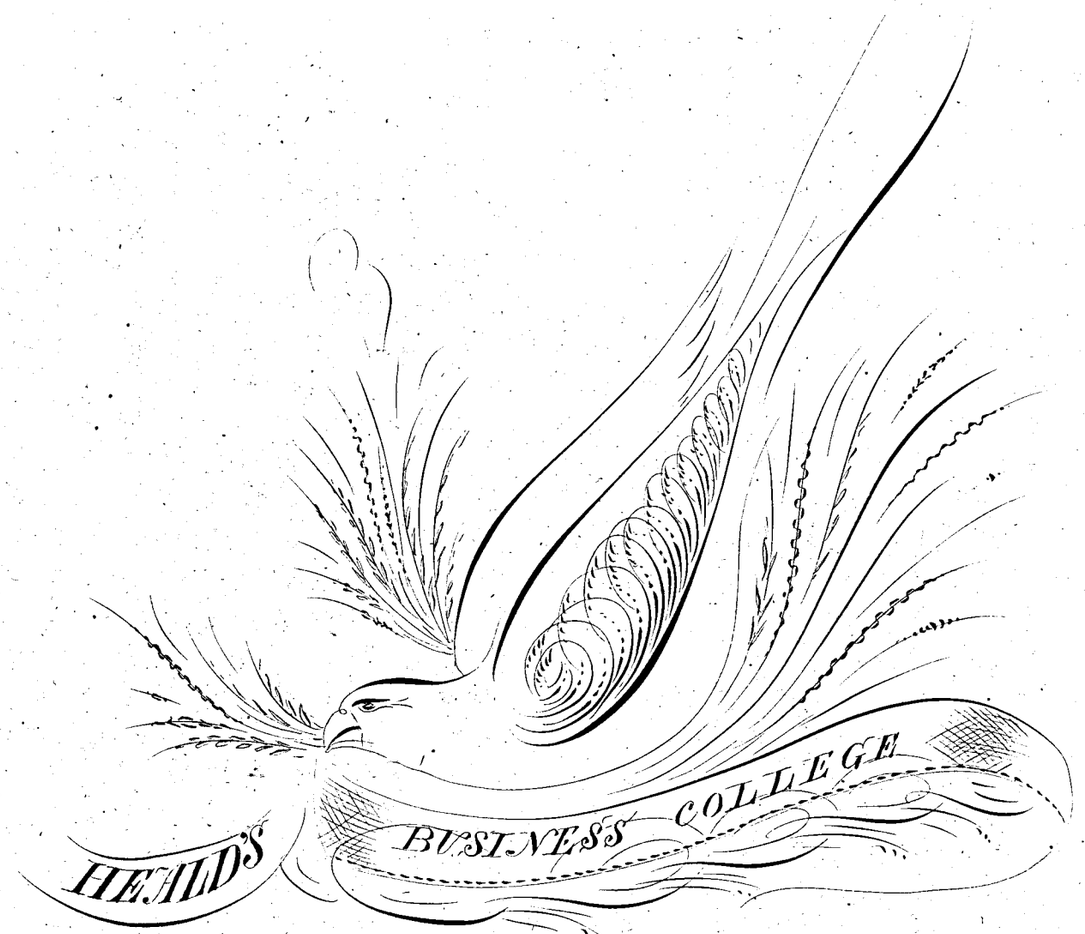
"I think 'twas not"—and yet "it might;"
"I will not swear" for certain;
"It might, or "might not, if I'm right,"
So let us drop the curtain. T. M. D

A JAPANESE SONG.

When fast I flew to my sweet love,
A thousand miles seemed one;
Though stormy skies made night above,
Within me shone the sun.

What matter if the way were wild,
And waite the cold sea's crest,
If I might reach, where summer smiled,
The haven of her breast?

But now that far from her I go,
Light of my lonely dreams!
Since every step is sad and slow,
One mile a thousand seems!



S. R. Southern

Teacher of Penmanship


Your Friend
A. M. Capps

Tell-Tale Lips.

I have observed that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humor and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-temper and grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from an habitual series of such movements. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face; it can't conceal in the least its sensations. We can neither hide ill-temper with it, nor good; we may affect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose on them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotion, as the eyes are of another; or rather, it expresses the same emotions, but in greater detail, and with a more irrepressible tendency to be in motion. It is the region of smiles, and of trembling tenderness of a sharp sorrow, or a full, breathing joy; of candor, of reserve, of anxious care, or liberal sympathy. The mouth, out of its many sensibilities, may be fancied throwing up one great expression into the eye—as many lights in a city reflect a broad lustre into the heavens.—[Leigh Hunt.

Women's Ages.

Helen of Troy was over forty when she perpetrated the most famous elopement on record, and, as the siege of Troy lasted a decade, she must have been quite elderly when the ill-fortune of Paris restored her to her husband, who is reported to have received her with unquestioning love and gratitude. Pericles wedded Aspasia when she was thirty-six, and yet she afterward, for thirty years or more, held an undiminished reputation for beauty. Cleopatra was past thirty when Antony fell under her spell, which never lessened until her death, nearly ten years after. Livia was thirty-three when she won the heart of Augustus, over whom she maintained her ascendancy to the last. The extraordinary Diane de Poictiers was thirty-six when Henry II. of France (then Duke of Orleans, and just half her age) became attached to her, and she was held as the first lady and most beautiful woman at court up to the period of the monarch's death and of the accession to power of Catherine of Medicis. Anne of Austria was thirty-eight when she was the handsomest Queen of Europe, and when Buckingham and Richelieu were her jealous admirers. Ninon de l'Enclos, the most celebrated wit and beauty of her day, was the idol of three generations of the golden youth of France, and was seventy-two when the Abbe de Bernis fell in love with her. A rare combination of culture, talents, and personal attractions endowed their possessor seemingly with the gifts of eternal youth. Bianco Capello was thirty-eight when the Grand Duke Francisco, of Florence, fell captive to her charms, and made her his wife, though he was five years her junior. Louis XIV. wedded Mme. de Maintenon when she was forty-three years of age. Catherine II. of Russia, was thirty-three when she seized the empire and captivated the dashing young Orloff. Up to the time of her death (at sixty-seven) she seems to have retained the same bewitching powers, for the lamentations were heartfelt among those who had ever known her personally. Mdlle. Mar, the tragedienne, only attained the zenith of her beauty and power between forty and forty-five, when the loveliness of her hands and arms especially was celebrated throughout Europe. Mme. Recamier was thirty-eight when she was, without dispute, declared to be the most beautiful woman in Europe, which rank she held for fifteen years.

[From the Boston News.]

General Banks can crawl out of a small hole as majestically as any man who ever lived. Yesterday he remarked to Mr. Blaine "There are no unweary ones on our side." Mr. Blaine retorted, "Which is the gentleman's side?" Most men in his position would have been embarrassed, but the General, with his usual dignity, replied, "It is the side of the Constitution of the United States and of the laws made in pursuance thereof." A story is told of the General, that during the war one of his staff came rushing in while he was at breakfast, and gasped, "The rebels are advancing upon us rapidly; our outposts have been attacked and our pickets driven in; what shall be done?" The General sat serenely at the table, and with a wave of his hand, said grandly, "Repulse the enemy at once."

AN UNLITERAL POEM.

In a volume of poems, "Song of Singularity," by the London Hermit, recently published in England, is the following specimen of alliterative verse. They are supposed to be a serenade in M flat, song by Major Marmaduke Muttonhead to Mademoiselle Madeline Mendoza:

My Madeline! my Madeline!
Mark my melodious midnight moans;
Much may my melting music mean,
My modulated monotones.

My mandolin's mild ministrelsy,
My mental music magazine,
My mouth, my mind, my memory,
Must mingling murmur "Madeline."

Muster 'mid midnight masquerade,
Mark Moorish maidens, matrons mien,
'Mongst Murcia's most majestic maids,
Match me my matchless Madeline;

Mankind's malevolence may make
Much melancholy music mine;
Many my motives may mistake,
My modest merits much malign.

My Madeline's most mirthful mood
Much mollifies my mind's machine,
My mournfulness' magnitude
Melts—makes me merry, Madeline!

Match-making ma's may machinate,
Manœuvring misses me misween;
Mere money may make many mate,
My magic motto's—"Madeline!"

Melt, most mellifluous melody,
'Midst Murcia's misty mounts marine.
Meet me by moonlight—marry me,
Madonna mia!—Madeline.

A Temperance Plea.

The Detroit *Free Press* relates the following: He stood on a chair on the Campus Martius in the dusk of evening, and as a crowd gathered he began: "Wine is a mocker—strong drink is raging. The Lord made cold water—Satan made whiskey!" (Pause.) "Let me tell you what I saw. Last night I saw a white-headed old man at a bar. I pleaded with him to come away, but he was deaf to my words. He filled a glass with deadly liquor, and as it went gurgling down his throat I said to him, 'Old man, thou art doomed!' He laughed a cynical laugh, and he cursed me—aye, cursed the man who sought to save him!" (Commotion in the crowd). "This morning," continued the man, "I was at the morgue, where the unknown dead rest on the cold marble slabs. I did not think that my words of the night before could come back to me with such awful significance." (Crowd drew closer.) "I looked through the glass door, and, my hearers, what do you think I saw on one of the cold slabs before me?"

"The old man!" shouted twenty voices in chorus.

"No, my friends," continued the man, as he stepped down, "I didn't see a thing?"

Several men chased him, but he made his escape.

A wit stopped at a foundry where
Some men were casting iron-ware
And entering said, "You all appear
To be engaged in casting, here."

"Yes," said the foreman, "that's our 'biz.'"
The wit remarked: "I'm glad it is,
For I've sought, and found, at last,
A place to get a shadow cast."

The iron man at once replied,
That "such a feat their skill defied,"
But recommended him to pass
To a foundry where they worked in brass.

LITTLE ROSEY.

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

On the hearth-stone Farmer Fletcher
Shook the feathery flakes away,
Clinging to his shaggy elf-locks,
And his coat of home-spun gray;
While the eager, laughing children
Climbed and clamored round his knee,
For one sly peep at the treasures
Promised for the Christmas tree!

Till gruff Farmer Fletcher, smiling
In his grizzled moustache, said:
"Silence, children! Make haste, Mother,
Rout these noisy imps to bed;
Come, be off, you blessed torments—
Tom, you're treading on my toes
Well, what is it, Chick-a-biddy?"
"Dest one tiss before I does."

And the stalwart Farmer, stooping—
All his grim face softening o'er—
Kissed the pretty dimpled pleader,
Standing tip-toe on the floor:
While the little bound-boy, Willie,
Crouching in the chimney-nook,
Peered with round blue eyes of wonder,
O'er his dog-eared picture book.

* * * * *

Fair and bright the Christmas morning
Rose in radiance on the earth,
Wrapped in swaddling robes of whiteness,
Typic of the Saviour's birth;
At the hearth-fire Farmer Fletcher,
To his little household band,
Read the story of glad tidings,
Borne abroad to every land;

How, from distant climes, the Magi
Came to Bethlehem's holy shrine,
Bearing gems, and spice, and incense,
Offerings to the Babe Divine!—
Then the oaken door swung widely,
And the pleasant-keeping room
Showed a lusty hemlock, shining
Like a magic tree in bloom!

On the topmost bough, for Mother,
Hung a brand new silken gown—
Boots and hats, for Roy and Robbie,
Bore the sturdy branches down;
There were tops for Jem and Tommy,
Books and candies for the girls—
And for Rose, the dimpled darling,
A miraculous doll with curls!

But the bound-boy, Willie Hafer,
Cowering in the chimney-nook,
Hid his face behind the cover
Of his ragged picture-book;
And his boyish heart within him
Swelled with bitter, home-sick tears,
For the lost love, and the happy
Christmas times of other years!

Lonely at the hearth he brooded,
For, of all their Christmas dole,
There was neither gift nor greeting
For the little hungry soul!
Till the lisping baby, Rosey,
Came and leant her curly head
On his knee—"Don't ky, poor Willie—
Oo 'sall have my doll!"—she said.

* * * * * *

Many a year has bloomed and faded,
Many a season rolled away,
And the bound-boy, Willie Hafer,
Boasts uncounted wealth to-day;
While the soundless drifting snow-flakes,
When the Yule-wind pipes and shrills,
Heaps the grave of little Rosey
Mid the wild New England hills.

But when e'er the Christmas morning
Rises like a new-born star,
Comes a bronzed and bearded pilgrim
From the sunset land afar—
Weeping soft, in sweet remembrance
Of the treasured gift she gave,
Lays a wreath of snow-white Roses
On the little hillside grave!

New Reading of an Old Rhyme:

Dirty days hath September,
April, June and November,
And from February until May
The rain it raineth every day.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Without a single gleam of sun;
And if any should have thirty-two,
They'd be dull and dirty too.

CHARLES SOMMERS YOUNG
PUBLISHER

Parents Are Educated by Their Children

This Small Boy's Prayer Illustrates That Fact

MR. FARWELL of Chicago sends the touching verses printed below, taken from the Winnetka, Illinois, Congregational Church bulletin:

THE TWO PRAYERS

Last night my little boy confessed to me
Some childish wrong;
And kneeling at my knee
He prayed with tears—
"Dear God, make me a man
Like daddy—wise and strong;
I know you can."
Then while he slept
I knelt beside his bed,
Confessed my sins,
And prayed with low-bowed head,
"O God, make me a child
Like my child here—
Pure, guileless,
Trusting Thee with faith sincere."

—*Andrew Gillies*

Those verses are more than charming and touching. They illustrate a most important truth in the progress of the human race which is the fact that CHILDREN EDUCATE THEIR PARENTS.

Savage mothers, touched by the [illegible]

FAILED.

A Poem of Hard Times.

BY JIMUEL BRIGGS, D. D.

Failed! Jim Miserton failed? You don't mean
to say it's *so?*
Had it from Smith at the *bank!* Well, he's a
man that should know.
Forty-two cents on the dollar! I cannot be-
lieve my ears.
There's no such thing as judging a man by the
way he appears.

Yes, the times *are* hard—so Miserton's gone
with the rest,
Though he was down A 1 in the lying Mercan-
tile Test.
He who everyone thought the soundest and
stronge t of all
Floating on worthless paper the whole of the
summer and fall!

Yes, you may well say "*failed*," there's more
than the term implies;
When all there is of a man in a hopeless ruin
lies,
To come after twenty years of a stubborn up-
hill strife,
It isn't a business smash so much as a failure
in life.

Gold was always his *god*—he'd nothing *else* in
his soul;
Money for money's *sake* was ever his ultimate
goal,
A "*self-made man*" they styled him, for low
and poor he began,
But now his money is vanished, and what is
left of the man?

When he was but a youth, he was saving and
scheming and smart,
Had every one of old Ben Franklin's maxims
by hear ;
Bound to rise in the world, and with merchant
princes to rank,
Every cent he could scrape he would salt right
down in the bank.

"What on earth is the use," Jim often to me
would say,
"Of fooling on concerts and sleigh rides your
hard earned money away.
Where's the profit of pleasure and vain expen-
sive delights,
Better work extra time and quit running
around at nights."

So he would save and stint just to add to his
boarded pelf,
Hard upon *others* he was, but just as hard on
himself—
Never would *ask* or *give*, and neither would
borrow nor *lend;*
Never went out of his way to do a good turn
for a friend.

He had no eye for beauty, for literature no
taste,
Buying pictures or books he counted a sham e-
ful waste;
Nothing he cared for art, or the poet's elaborate
rhymes,
His soul was only attuned to the musical jingle
of *dimes.*

Honest and upright he was, for its not very
often I've seen
A man who was anything else but honest
when thoroughly mean.
He'd drive the hardest of bargains, and beat
you down to the last,
But always stuck to his word, when once his
word he had passed.

Selfish, exacting and stern, a hand he would
treat like a slave;
Long were his hours of toil, and scanty the pay
that he gave.
Made of cast-iron himself, his zeal in the
struggle for gold,
Left him no pity to spare for those of a differ-
ent mold.

Never a cent for the *poor*, for the *naked* never
a stitch;
Twas all their fault, he would say, they should
save like him and get *rich.*
Now and then to a church he'd forward a
liberal amount,
Duly charged in his books to the *advertising*
account.

So he succeeded of course, and piled his coffers
with wealth;
Missing pleasure and culture, losing vigor and
health.
Now he's down at the bottom, exactly where
he began;
Even the *gold* has vanished, and what is left of
the *man?*

A *self-made* man indeed! then we owe no
honor to such;
The *genuine* self-made man you cannot honor
too much.
But be sure what you make *is* a man—with a
heart and a *soul* and a *mind*,
Not merely a pile of *dollars* that goes, leaving
nothing behind.

COL. BOWIE.

A Characteristic Anecdote of Him, Told by Henry Clay.

Henry Clay used to tell a story of his own experience, which was repeated to me, years ago, by Anson B. Burlingame. If it has ever been in print, it will bear printing again.

Upon a certain occasion, in his early manhood, Mr. Clay was travelling in a public stage coach in Tennessee. His fellow passengers were a young lady and her husband—the latter evidently an invalid—and a man in the front corner, so muffled up in a fur-lined cloak that his features were concealed. He appeared to be rather under than over the medium size, and was evidently enjoying a refreshing slumber. By and by a big, brown-faced, brawny Kentuckian got into the coach, smoking a rank, coarse-grained cigar. He gazed around fiercely, as though he would impress upon the minds of his new companions that he would chew up and swallow any one who dared to interfere with him. In short, he was "half horse and half alligator, with a goodly sprinkling of panther and grizzly bear thrown in." He puffed forth huge volumes of smoke without the least concern for the comfort of his companions.

Presently the lady, who seemed to be growing sick, whispered to her husband, and the husband in the politest manner possible asked the stranger if he would not throw away the cigar, as the smoke greatly discommoded his wife. With an impudent, swaggering stare the fellow replied, interlarding his speech with several oaths:

"——, I reckon I've paid my place. I'll smoke as much as I —— please. —— I'd like to see somebody stop me!"

He looked dangerous as he glared around, and it was very evident that he was used to quarrel and strife, and, furthermore, a struggle with him might have been a deadly one. The young man who had spoken to him shrank back, and was silent. The lady lowered the sash on her side for a breath of fresh air.

Mr. Clay felt every gallant instinct of his soul aroused. He considered for a moment whether he should interfere, and found himself reluctant to draw upon his own head the brutal violence of the gigantic ruffian. In that then lawless country he knew that his life might be sacrificed unavenged. He knew himself to be physically unequal to the contest, and he thought, after all, it was not his business to risk his life in so Quixotic a manner.

Clay was settling back with pity for the insulted, and disgust for the insulter, when, suddenly, but very quietly, the cloaked figure in the corner assumed an upright position, suffering the furred mantle to fall back without a particle of excitement, thereby revealing the small, but well-knit, muscular frame of a man plainly dressed in a closely-buttoned frock coat, with a face rather pale, and a pair of bright gray eyes that gleamed like polished steel—and those strange eyes quickly attracted the attention of the ferocious Kentuckian.

With a terrible calmness this quiet man passed his hand under his collar at the back of his neck, and deliberately drew forth a long, glittering, ugly-looking knife from its sheath in that singular place.

"Stranger," he said, "my name is Colonel James Bowie, well known in Texas and Arkansaw. If you do not put that cigar out of the window in less than fifteen seconds I'll put this knife through your heart as sure as death!"

Clay said that he could never forget the expression of the Colonel's eyes at that moment. They told as unmistakable a sign as can tell that the threat would certainly be fulfilled; and this conviction evidently impressed itself upon the mind of the offender. During a very few seconds his eyes met those of Bowie. With all his brute strength, he was the weaker man, and he quailed. With a muttered curse, he threw his cigar away, upon which Colonel Bowie coolly returned his knife to its sheath, and without another look or word refolded his cloak about him and lay back as before. At the next stopping-place the Kentuckian got out and took a seat with the driver.—[S. C., Jr.

A Constant Reader

BY TARMENAS MIX.

The overworked scribe of the "Mu
zette"
Sat wondering—moneyless wight—
If his office would ever be cleared o
With the times so deplorably tigh
When the tread of old leather wa
the stair
And a stranger stepped into the r
Who asked with the "don't let
you" air,
The bore is so apt to assume—

"How are ye?" The editor rose
And pleasantly yielded his chair
Placed the visitor's sadly unbeanti
(That exhibited symptoms of we
On the top of the desk, alongside
(A shocking old plug by the way
And then asked in a rather obsequ
"Can we do anything for you to

"No; I jest called to see ye," the
"I'm a friend to the newspaper
Here he ran a red handkerchief o
And accepted the editor's fan:
"I hev read all the pieces you've
sheet,
And they're straight to the p'in
That 'ar slap you gin Keyser
neat—
You're an ornyment, sir, to the

"I am glad you are pleased," sa
indeed;
But you praise me too highly,
Just select an exchange that yo
read,
And while reading it try this
By the way, I've a mellon laid u
I've been keeping it nestled i
It's a beauty, sir, fit for an ang
Now, perhaps you will relish

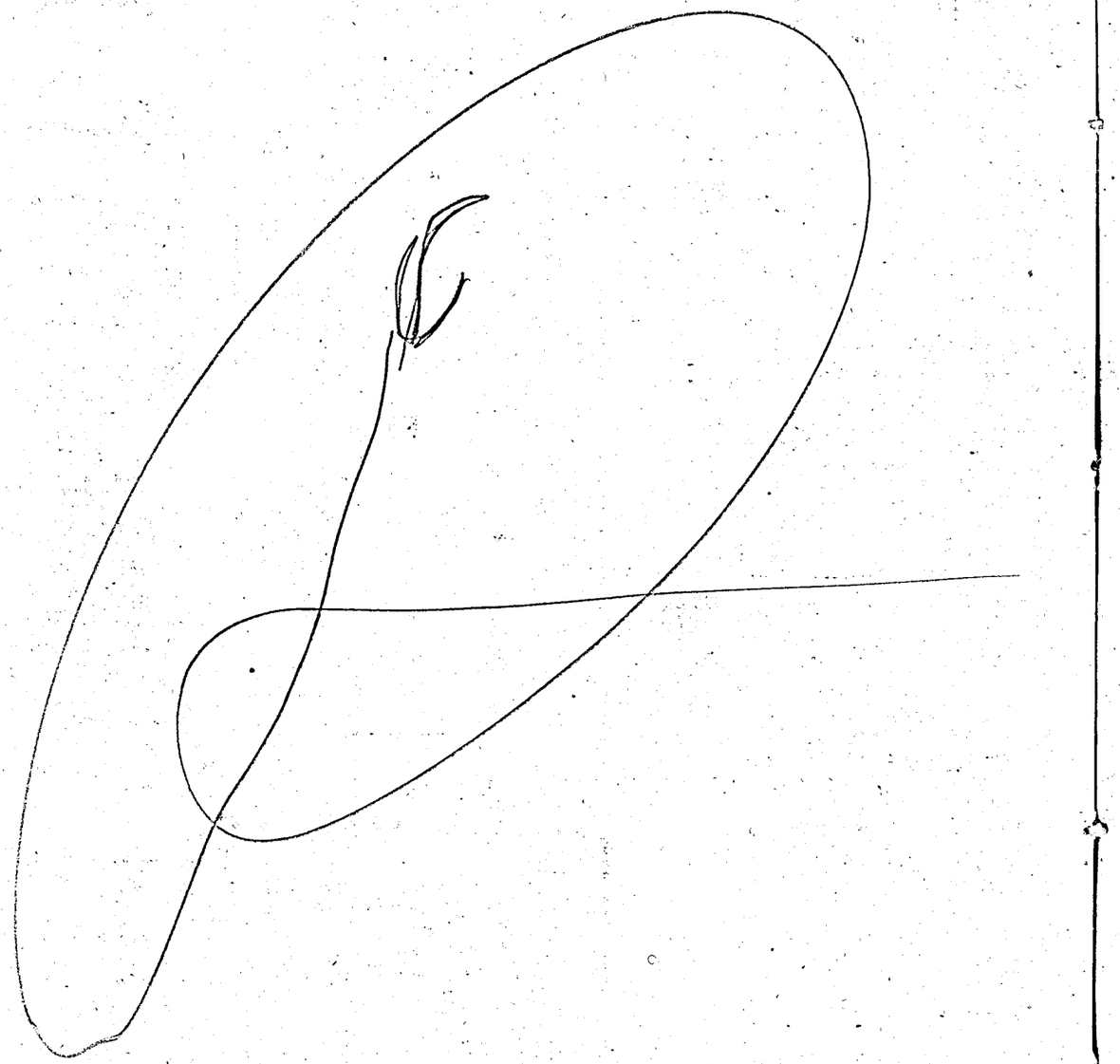
Then the stranger rolled up h
more
Or the choicest exchanges o
Helped himself to the fruit, th
the floor,
Or flung them at flies on the
He assured his new friend
were wrote
In a manner uncommonly a
As he wiped his red hande
coat
That hung by the side of t

"By the way, I've neglecte
name,
Said the scribe as the stran
"That's a fact," he replied,
Bame,
You have heerd o' that na
I'm a-livin' out here on the
Where I own a good hous
The 'Gazette' gets around t
week—
I'm the constanteat reade

"Abimalech Bame," m
"B-a-m-e—
(Here his guest begge
'twis't)—
"I am sorry to say your m
Doesn't happen to hono
"'Spose not," was the an
should,
For ye see I jine lots wi
He's a reg'lar subscriber
And I borrow your pape
—[*Bric a-Brac*: "Scr

THE DOUBL

TO One is the secret
Of the hidden—t
To One is the conflict
Of the better and b
If I am not what oth
Yet judge me not
I am far less good tha
Yet I seem not so g



SEEKING A TEACHER FOR LINDA.

[Detroit Free Press.]

She was at one of the union schoolhouses half an hour before school opened. She had "Linda" with her. She was a tall woman, 40 years old, with a jaw showing great determination, and "Linda," was 18, and rather shy and pretty good-looking. The mother said she hadn't been in the city long, and that it was her duty to get Linda into school and see that she was properly educated. When the teacher came the mother boldly inquired:

"You know enough to teach, do you?"

"I think I do," replied the teacher, blushing deeply.

"And you feel competent to govern the scholars, do you?"

"Yes'm."

"Do you pound 'em with a ferule, or lick 'em with a whip?"

"We seldom resort to punishment here," replied the embarrassed teacher.

"That's better yet," continued the mother. "I know that if Linda should come home all pounded up I'd feel like killing some one. I suppose you are of a respectable character, ain't you?"

"Why—ahem—why—" stammered the teacher, growing white and then red.

"I expect you are," continued the woman. "It's well enough to know who our children are associating with. Now, then, do you allow the boys and girls to sit together?"

"No, ma'am."

"That's right. They never used to when I was young, and I don't think Linda is any better than I am. Another thing—do you allow any winking?"

"Any what?" exclaimed the puzzled teacher.

"Do you allow a boy to wink at a girl?" asked the woman.

"Why, no!"

"I was afraid you did. Linda is as shy as a bird, and if she should come home some night and tell me she had been winked at I don't know what I'd do. Now, another thing—do you have a beau?"

"Why—why—" was the stammered reply.

"I think you do!" resumed the woman, severely. "I know just how it works. When you should be explaining what an archipelago is you are thinking of your Richard, and your mind is way, way off!"

"But, madam——"

"Never mind any explanations," interrupted the woman. "I want Lindy brought up to know joggerly, figures, writing, and spellography, and if you've got a beau and are spooking to the theatre one night, a candy-pull the next, a horse-race the next, and so on, your mind can't be on education. Come, Linda, we'll go to some other schoolhouse."

During the war a Georgian started to Marietta with some chickens for sale. He met a squad of soldiers, and they bought all his chickens but one rooster. He insisted they should take him, but they were out of money and coldn't buy. The old man said he hated to go to town with only one chicken, and was greatly puzzled about it. At last one of the soldiers said: "Old man, I'll play you a game of seven-up for him." "Agreed," said the old man. They played a long and spirited game. At last the soldier won. The old man wrung the rooster's neck and tossed him at the soldier's feet, and mounted his swab-tailed poney and started for home. After getting some two hundren yards he suddenly stopped, turned round and rode back and said: "You played a fair game and won the rooster fairly, but I'd like to know what in the h—l you put up agin that rooster."—Meridian Homestead.

—A countryman visited one of our stores, yesterday, and made a careful examination of some infants' wardrobes, with the evident intention of purchasing. One of the lady clerks, in order to assist him in the selection, asked him whether the babe was a boy or girl, to which he innocently replied, "I can't tell for a few days yet." The clerk subsided, while the countryman continued to price the different articles.

UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A Story which Could Not Have Been Located in San Francisco.

[From the Boston Times.]

She came tripping from the church door, her face flushed by emotions awakened by the just-uttered discourse, and eyes bright with loving expectation. He shivered on the curb-stone, where for an hour he had waited impatiently, with a burning heart fairly palpitating in his throat, and frozen fingers in his pockets. They linked arms and started for the residence of her parents. After a few moments hesitating silence he said:

"Jane, we have known each other long. You know just how I feel. You must have seen that clear down to the bottom—Oh, Moses!"

He had slipped down on the ice with so much force that his spine was driven up into his hat, and his hat was tipped over his nose, but she was a tender-hearted girl. She did not laugh, but she carefully helped him to his feet, and said:

"You were saying, John, when you slipped, that the foundation—Oh, goodness!"

She slipped herself that time, and saw little stars come down to dance before her eyes, but he pulled her up in haste and went on:

"Yes; just as I said, clear down at the bottom of my heart is a fervent love, on which I build my hopes. That love has helped me to stand—and face Thunder!"

He was down again, but scrambled up before she could stoop to help him, and she said breathlessly:

"Yes, yes, John. You remember, you just said a love which helped you stand and face thunder. And that you founded your hopes on—This pesky ice!"

There she sat. John grasped the loose part of her sacque, between the shoulders, with one hand, and raised her to her feet, as one would lift a kitten from a pail of water by the back of the neck. Then he said with increased earnestness:

"Of course, darling, and I have longed for an opportunity to tell my love and to hear those sweet lips whisper—Whoop!"

Somehow John's feet had slipped from under him, and he had come down like a capital V, with his head and feet pointing skyward. She twined her taper fingers in his curling locks and raised him to the stature of a man, set his hat firmly over his eyes with both hands, and cried in breathless haste:

"I understand; and let me assure you, John, that if it is in my power to lighten your cares and make brighter your journey through life to—Jerusalem!"

John stood alone, and said with breathless vehemence:

"Oh, my precious! and thus shall it be my lifelong pleasure to lift you from the rude assaults of earth and surround you with the loving atmosphere of—Texas!"

And there they sat together. They had nearly reached the gate, and, hand in hand, with hearts overflowing with the bliss of young love's first confession, they crept along on their knees up the front steps, and were soon forgetful of their bumps on the softest cushion of the parlor sofa.

The Princess Beatrice's Marriage.

[Direct Cable Telegram to New York World.]

LONDON, February 5.—On Thursday last Queen Victoria entered the boudoir of her unmarried daughter, the Princess Beatrice, and said: "Beatrice, my dearest, you want to get married, don't you?" "O, don't I, just," exclaimed the girl enthusiastically, "and it's leap-year, too. Hooray! But say, ma, who's the him?" "Prince Louis of Battenburg," replied her Majesty. "That'll be awfully jolly," said the Princess; "Louis is such a sweet name," and she began scrawling on the blotting-pad, "Beatrice Battenburg," and wondering how she would look in white. Yesterday morning, when her august mother again entered Her Royal Highness' apartments, she found her daughter in tears, tears of indignation rather than of grief. "Why, drat the child, what ails her?" said Her Majesty. "O, ma," cried the Princess, "look at this," and she pointed to the following item in the *Times*:

CALCUTTA, February 4.—Prince Louis of Battenburg, while pig-sticking, fell and broke his collar bone. The sad event has cast a gloom over the community.

"Well," said the Queen, "what of that?" "What of that," echoed the daughter; "what of that? With all due deference to you, ma'am, I will have no Prince Louis in mine. I thought we had come down low enough when poor Louise married into a grocer's family; but a butcher, a man that makes his living by sticking horrid pigs not much, Alexandrina Victoria," and knocking off her mother's crown, with the remark that that was the sort of a hair-pin she was, Her Royal Highness betook herself to her bed-room and gave way to tears.

The Pilot.

[Founded on facts related by John B. Gough.]

You have heard the story of Maynard. No?
The pilot who sailed on the north lakes? O,
Well, he lived about twenty years ago
And run from Detroit to Buffalo.
He generally managed to have in tow
A passenger craft. Sometimes the cargo
Was somewhat mixed: men and women, you know,
On the upper deck and resin below,
And barrels of tar and powder: and so
You see it was none the safest of ways
To sail on the lakes in the early days.
In case of accident, fire or wreck,
There were no lifeboats lashed to the deck
By which to escape, and the chances were
If the ship went down they went down with her.

John Maynard, the pilot, was known to be
A God-fearing follower of the sea.
One day his vessel, with a full cargo,
Was approaching the port of Buffalo,
When smoke was seen coming up from below;
The Captain cried out, "Ho, Simpson, you go
And see what the matter can be below!"

The man came up, and with lifted hands,
And livid lips and a look of death,
"The ship is on fire!" he said in a breath,
And the Captain sternly gave commands.
"Fire! Fire! Fire!" filled the air
While death was waiting in the rigging there.
Fate stood by, on a wave, and laughed
At their manly efforts to save the craft.

It was not long till the fire licked through
The ribs of the ship; the fierce flames flew
Over the heads of the frantic crew.
Denser lifted the clouds of smoke
Louder the dauntless Captain spoke
Ordering passengers, crew and all
To the forward deck; all obeyed the call,
Except John Maynard, who stood alone,
At the helm, as firm as a column stone.

In clarion tones the Captain spoke
Through the whirling clouds of fire and smoke;
"John Maynard!" rolled in a hurried whir,
And back came the answer, "Aye, aye, sir!"
"Are you at the helm?" "Aye, aye, Sir!" came
Again through the rolling sea of flame.
"How does she head?" the Captain said,
"Sou'east by east, sir!" On she sped
A living flame and a floating hell
As the fires flashed and the timbers fell.
"Head her sou'east and run her on shore!"
Rang out in clarion tones once more.

Nearer, yet nearer she approached the shore.
In terror the Captain called once more:
"John Maynard!" Feebly the answer came,
"Aye, aye, sir!" from the hero beyond the flame.
"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"
"God helping me I'll try to hold on!"
Was the answer that lagged through the heated air
From the lips of the old man standing there.

His hair was scorched from the scalp, and he
Was breathing the air of death at sea;
Yet firm he stood as a martyr might stand,
His knee on the stanchion and his crisped hand
Clutched at the wheel. He braved it through.
He beached the ship and he saved the crew
And passengers. Not a man was lost
Except John Maynard. He was tossed
Forward and fell, to rise no more,
Just as the flaming ship struck the shore.
And some of the sailors that saw it, swore
They saw the soul of the pilot rise
Out of the flames into Paradise.

SAN JOSE, January 6, 1876.

—*By Hood Alston.*

"Yes," he said, dreamily, "we are always striving for a subjective goal. Unconsciously it may be, but still we strive. We lean over the verge of the infinite, longing to grasp its mysteries, and lost in the profundities of its immensity." "Yes," she replied, thoughtfully, "but, John, would you mind my putting a brown patch on the seat of these old black pants of yours?"

NAMES OF STATES.

HOW THE DIFFERENT STATES OF THE UNION WERE NAMED.

Many of the Appellations Are of English Origin—Many Others Are Derived from Old Indian Words—Some Peculiar Meanings in Familiar Terms.

Maine takes its name from the province of Main, in France, and was so called as a compliment to the queen of Charles I, Henrietta, who was its owner.

New Hampshire takes its name from Hampshire, England. New Hampshire was originally called Laconia.

Vermont is French (verd mont), signifying green mountain.

Massachusetts is an Indian word, signifying "country about the great hills."

Rhode Island gets its name because of its fancied resemblance to the Island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean.

The real name of Connecticut is Quonoh-ta-but. It is a Mohegan word, and means "long river."

New York was so named as a compliment to the Duke of York, whose brother, Charles II, granted him that territory.

New Jersey was named for Sir George Carter, who was at that time governor of the Island of Jersey, in the British channel.

Pennsylvania, as is generally known, takes its name from William Penn, the "sylvania" part of it meaning woods. Literally it is "Penn's Woods."

Delaware derives its name from Thomas West, Lord de la Ware.

Maryland was named in honor of Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I.

Virginia got its name from Queen Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen."

The Carolinas were named for Charles (Carolus) II.

MEANINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

Florida gets its name from Kanunas de Flores, or "Feast of the Flowers."

Alabama comes from a Greek word, and signifies "Land of Rest."

Louisiana was so named in honor of Louis XIV.

Mississippi is a Natchez word, and means "Father of Waters."

Three or four Indian interpretations have been given for the word Arkansas, the best being that it signifies "Smoky Waters," the French prefix "Ark" meaning bow.

Tennessee, according to some writers, is from Tenasea, an Indian chief; others have it that it means "River of the Big Bend."

Kentucky does not mean "Dark and Bloody Ground," but is derived from the Indian word "Kain-tuk-ae," signifying "Land at the Head of the River."

Ohio has had several meanings fitted to it. Some say that it is a Suwanee word, meaning "The Beautiful River." Others refer to the Wyandotte word, Oheza, which signified "Something Great."

Indiana means land of Indians.

Illinois is supposed to be derived from an Indian word which was intended to refer to a superior class of men.

Wisconsin is an Indian word, meaning "Wild, Rushing Waters."

Missouri means "Muddy Waters."

Michigan is from an Indian word, meaning "Great Lake."

The name Kansas is based on the same as that of Arkansas.

A VALUABLE LIST.

Iowa is named from an Indian tribe, the Kiowas; the Kiowas were so called by the Illinois Indians because they were "across the river."

The name of California is a matter of much dispute. Some writers say that it first appeared in a Spanish romance of 1530, the heroine being an Amazonian named "California."

Colorado is a Spanish word, applied to that portion of the Rocky mountains on account of its many colored peaks.

Nebraska means shallow waters.

Nevada is a Spanish word, signifying "snow covered mountains."

Georgia had its name bestowed when it was a colony in honor of George II.

The Spanish missionaries of 1524 called the country now known as Texas "Mixtecapah," and the people Mixtecas. From this last word the name of Texas is supposed to have been derived.

Oregon is a Spanish word, signifying "vales of wild thyme."

Dakota means "leagued" or "allied tribes."

Wyoming is the Indian word for "Big Plains."

Washington gets its name from our first president.

Montana means mountainous.

Idaho is a name that has never been satisfactorily accounted for.—St. Louis Republic.

The Empty Sleeve.

BY DR. G. W. BAGBY.

Tom, old fellow, I grieve to see
  The sleeve hanging loose at your side;
The arm you lost was worth to me
  Every Yankee that ever died.
But you don't mind it at all:
  You swear you've a beautiful stump,
And laugh at that damnable ball;
  Tom, I knew you were always a trump.

A good right arm, a nervy hand,
  A wrist as strong as a sapling oak,
Buried deep in the Malvern sand—
  To laugh at that is a sorry joke.
Never again your iron grip
  Shall I feel in my shrinking palm—
Tom, Tom, I see your trembling lip,
  How on earth can I be calm?

Well, the arm is gone, it is true;
  But the one that is nearest the heart
Is left—and that's as good as two;
  Tom, old fellow, what makes you start?
Why, man, *she* thinks that empty sleeve
  A badge of honor; so do I,
And all of us—I do believe
  The fellow is going to cry!

"She deserves a perfect man," you say;
  "You not worth her in your prime?"
Tom! the arm that has turn'd to clay
  Your whole body has made sublime;
For you have placed in the Malvern earth
  The proof and pledge of a noble life—
And the rest, henceforward of higher worth,
  Will be dearer than all to your wife.

I see the people in the street
  Look at your sleeve with kindling eyes;
And you know, Tom, there's naught sweet
  As homage shown in mute surmise.
Bravely your arm in battle strove,
  Freely, for Freedom's sake, you gave it;
It has perished—but a nation's love
  In proud remembrance will save it.

Go to your sweetheart, then, forthwith—
  You're a fool for staying so long—
Woman's love you'll find no myth,
  But a truth, living, tender and strong;
And when around her slender belt
  Your left is clasped in fond embrace,
Your right will thrill as if it felt,
  In its grave, the usurper's place.

As I look through the coming years
  I see a one-armed married man;
A little woman, with smiles and tears,
  Is helping as hard as she can
To put on his coat, pin his sleeve,
  Tie his cravat and cut his food;
And I say, as these fancies I weave,
  "That is Tom and the woman he wooed."

The years roll on, and then I see
  A wedding picture bright and fair;
I look closer, and it's plain to me
  That is Tom with the silver hair.
He gives away the lovely bride,
  And the guests linger, loth to leave
The house of him in whom they pride—
  "Brave old Tom with the empty sleeve."

Cow's Upper Teeth.

A city gentleman who had just purchased a farm in the country, wished to buy some cattle with which to stock it. He therefore attended an auction where cows were to be sold. One of them, a remarkably fine animal, soon attracted his attention, and he bought her at a fair price. He was examining his purchase, when a farmer, who unfortunately had arrived too late to buy the cow himself as he had intended, drove up, and thus accosted him:

"I say, friend, did you bid off that cow?"

"I did," was the reply.

"Well, did you know that she had no front teeth in the upper jaw?"

"No," replied the gentleman, indignantly. "Is that so?"

"You can see for yourself."

The gentleman examined the mouth of the cow, and finding no upper teeth, immediately went to the auctioneer and requested him to sell the cow again.

"What's the trouble?" asked the auctioneer.

"She hasn't any upper front teeth," was the reply.

"Very well," replied the auctioneer with a smile, "I'll put her up once more."

He did so, and the shrewd farmer who had given the information to the city gentleman, bid her off at the same price.

The Romance of Arithmetic.

There is a clever Persian story about Mohammed Ali and the camels, and though it will be familiar to many of our readers, they will scarcely be sorry to be reminded of it. A Persian died, leaving seventeen camels to be divided among his three sons, in the following proportions:—the eldest to have half, the second a third, and the youngest a ninth. Of course camels can't be divided into fractions, so, in despair, the brothers submitted their difficulty to Mohammed Ali. "I'll lend you another camel to make eighteen, and now divide them yourselves." The consequence was, each brother got from one-eighth to one-half of a camel more than he was entitled to, and Ali received his camel back again; the eldest brother getting nine camels, the second six, and the third two.

Another story of the same character tells how a Dublin chambermaid is said to have got twelve commercial travellers into eleven bedrooms, and yet to have given each a separate room. Here we have the eleven bedrooms.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11

"Now," said she, "if two of you gentlemen will go into No. 1 bedroom and wait there a few minutes, I'll find a spare room for one of you as soon as I have shown the others to their rooms."

Well, now, having thus bestowed *two* gentlemen in No 1, she put the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, and the eleventh in No. 10. She then came back to No. 1, where, you will remember, she had left the twelfth gentleman along with the first, and said: "I've now accommodated all the rest, and have still a room to spare, so if one of you will step into No. 11, you will find it empty." Thus the twelfth man got his bedroom. Of course, there is a hole in the saucepan somewhere; but I leave the reader to determine where the fallacy is, with just a warning to think twice before deciding as to *which*, if any, of the travellers was the odd man out.

The Sweetest Songs.

The sweetest songs that were ever sung,
  Are those that please the best,
Though sorrow and grief, and tears are wrung,
  From some o'er burdened breast;
Though the words breathe only of mirth and bloom,
  And the strains are the gladdest and lightest,
Remember that after a night of gloom,
  The rays of the sun are brightest.

The rain must fall, ere the spring-time grass
  Grows tender and green and sweet;
Through the pangs of travail a soul must pass,
  Ere a song is born complete.
After a winter of storm and snow,
  Blossom the buds in our bowers;
After a season of tears and woe,
  Blossoms the poet's flowers.

There are few who give the poet a thought,
  When they read the pleasing strain;
There are few who know that a poem is wrought
  Through sorrow and tears and pain.
The merriest song and the blithest lay,
  And those that are sweetest and gladdest,
Are woven in gloomy and cheerless ray,
  When the poets heart is saddest.

About Curious Trees.

USEFUL trees have their place, and so have ornamental trees. But, in addition to these, there is a class which may be called distinctively curious; and of these a few notes may be interesting.

The cow-tree is a native of Venezuela, South America. It is often found growing on the poorest and most rocky soil. Its leaves are dry and leathery in appearance, and for several months of the year not a shower falls to moisten its roots and branches. Yet, by piercing the bark, it yields a liquid resembling milk, which is sweet and nourishing. At sunrise this fluid seems to be especially abundant, and at this hour the natives go to the trees in great numbers to get their daily supply.

The sorrowful-tree is found near Bombay, India. It is so called from its habit of blooming only at night. While the sun is shining, not an expanded flower is visible; yet in half an hour after the sun is below the horizon, the tree is full of them. There is little beauty in them, though the odor is pleasant. At sunrise the petals close up or drop to the ground. This tree, it would seem, must have some sort of relation to the night-blooming cereus.

The dwarf-tree is found upon high lands near Cape Horn. Its maximum height is two and a half feet, and the spread of its branches about four feet, and a stiff, thorny mat at that.

The mammoth trees of California are worthy of note here. They are found three hundred feet high, and twenty-nine feet in diameter, at five feet from the ground. A hollow section of a trunk was lately exhibited at San Francisco, which presented a large carpeted room, with a piano and seats for forty persons. On a recent occasion, one hundred and forty children were admitted without inconvenience.

The ivory nut-tree is found in South America, and belongs to the palm tribe. The natives use it in building their huts; and out of its nuts they make buttons and various trinkets. Of late years the nuts have found their way to other countries, where they are worked up into all sorts of fancy articles.

The cannon-ball tree grows only in the tropics. It rises about sixty-five feet high, has beautiful crimson flowers, in clusters, and very fragrant. The resemblance of the fruit to cannon-balls has given it its martial name. When fully ripe, the balls burst with a loud report. The shells are worked into cups, and a great variety of other useful and ornamental household utensils.

The bread-fruit tree is something useful, as well as curious. Would that it grew somewhere besides in the islands of the Pacific. The fruit attains the size of a child's head ten years old. If wanted for food, it needs to be gathered a little before it is fully ripe, and then baked, like hoe-cake, in hot ashes. When properly cooked, it resembles not a little the taste of a good wheaten loaf. Nor is this the only use of the tree. Its timber is excellent for house-building, for making canoes and agricultural implements. The sap is a gummy substance, very useful as a pitch for calking the seams of vessels. The fibre of the inner bark is used by the natives for making cloth, which in that climate answers a good purpose. It is the favorite tree of its native region; and well it may be.

The upas-tree—"the deadly upas," of which we have all read and heard from childhood, which was supposed to diffuse a poisonous air, fatal to animals or men who came beneath its branches—has no existence, and never had. The only possible ground for the superstition was this: On a certain island of the East Indies there is a valley in which there is a constant deposition of carbonic acid gas. This gas spreads itself among a few trees of the neighborhood; and, of course, if birds, animals or men inhale much of this gas, it will quite surely be fatal to them. But this is no fault of the trees, which have been found to possess no poisonous qualities.

The tallow-tree is a veritable fact. It lives in China, and yields an oily substance resembling tallow, and which answers well as a substitute for it. The tree is of only medium size at maturity.

The varnish-tree is Japanese, though found also sparingly in China. This is the tree which produces the black Japan varnish, so useful an article of commerce. It resembles, in general appearance, the white-ash-tree. It does not furnish its peculiar liquid in large quantities until nine or ten years old.

YOUNG WIFE.—"*It is so much better to have the sparrows than the worms—isn't it, dear?*"
ABSENT-MINDED HUSBAND.—"*Don't know, dear. Never had the sparrows.*"

The Guileless Witness.

Do you know the prisoner well?" ed the attorney.

Never knew him sick," replied the ness.

'No levity," said the lawyer sternly. 'Now, sir, did you ever see the pris- er at the bar?"

"Took many a drink with him at the r."

"Answer my question, sir!" yelled e lawyer. "How long have you hown the prisoner?"

"From two feet up to five feet ten aches."

"Will the court make the——"

"I have, judge," said the witness, nticipating the lawyer. "I have an- wered the question. I knowed the risoner when he was a boy two feet long and a man five feet ten——"

"Your honor——"

"It's a fae', judge; I'm under my oath," persisted the witness.

"The lawyer arose, placed both hands on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leaned his body over the table and said:

"Will you tell the court what you ~~know about this~~ case?"

"That ain't his name," replied the witness.

"What ain't his name?"

"Case."

"Who said it was?"

"You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this case—his name's Smith."

"Your honor," howled the attorney, plucking his beard out by the roots, "will you make this man answer?"

"Witness," said the Judge, "you must answer the question put to you."

"Land o' Goshen, jedge, haint I bin doin' it? Let him fire away. I'm ready."

"Then," said the lawyer, "don't beat about the bush any more. You and this prisoner have been friends?"

"Never!" promptly responded the witness.

"What! Wasn't you summoned here as a friend?"

"No, sir. I was summoned here as a Presbyterian. Nary one of us was ever friends—he's an old line Baptist, without a drop of Quaker in him."

Stand down," yelled the lawyer in disgust.

"Hey?"

"Stand down."

"Can't do it; I'll sit down or stand up——"

"Sheriff, remove that man from the box."

Witness retires, muttering: "Well, if he ain't the thick-headeedst chap I ever laid eyes on."

HE OUTPRAYED 'EM.

A Kansas Saloon-Keeper's Appeal to the Great White Throne in Behalf of Women.

At Atchison, Kas., the women crusaders visited a liquor saloon, and tried by praying to induce the proprietor of the saloon to close his place. The proprietor invited the ladies to seats, and asked them to pray, and then offered himself the following prayer:

"Almighty Creator in Heaven! Thou who hast made the heaven and earth, and created man in Thine own image as ruler of this earth! Whilst animals are living on grass and water, Thou didst teach Thy servant Noah to make wine, and Thou didst not punish him for making intemperate use of it. At the wedding of Cana, Thine only Son, Jesus Christ, transformed water into wine when the juice of the grape was exhausted, that the enjoyment of the guests might not be disturbed. The great reformer, Martin Luther, said: 'He who does not love wine, woman and song, remains a fool all his life long.' And all the great men upon this earth have been drinking of the wine Thou hast given Thy children upon this earth. O Lord! we pray Thee, have pity upon these women here who are not grateful for Thy gifts, who want to make Thy children like the beasts of the field and compel them to drink water like an ox, while they dress extravagantly and lead their husbands by other extravagances not tending to our well-being to bankruptcy, depriving them of all pleasures of this world, yea driving them to suicide.

"O Lord! have mercy upon these ladies; look upon them; they wear not even the color of the face which Thou hast given them, but they are sinning against Thee, and, not content with nature, paint their faces. O Lord! Thou canst also perceive that their figure is not as Thou hast made it; but they wear humps upon their backs like camels; Thou seest, O Lord, that their headdress consists of false hair, and when they open their mouths Thou seest their false teeth. O Lord! these women want men who will patiently accept all this without using the power Thou hast given to man that all women shall be subject to man. They will not bear the burdens of married life and obey Thy commands to multiply and replenish the earth, but they are too lazy to raise their children; and O Lord! Thou knowest the crimes they commit. O Lord! have mercy upon them and take them back into Thy bosom, take folly out of their hearts, give them common sense, that they may see their own foolishness, and grant that they may become good and worthy citizens of our beloved city of Atchison. O Lord! we thank Thee for all the blessings bestowed upon us, and ask Thee to deliver us from all evils, especially hypocritical women, and Thine shall be the praise for ever and ever. Amen."

THE stalwart and witty Burlington (Ia.) *Hawk-eye* has these lines concerning the man whom it wants for next President:

Grant us, good Lord, four years of strength and peace;
Grant us from lawless force a sweet release;
Grant us the dawning of a brighter day;
Grant us the blessing of a hero's sway;
Grant us deliverance from brutal might;
Grant us an arm that dare defend the right;
Grant us the man whose [illegible]ons for him speak;
Grant us the shield that [illegible]ms before the weak;
Grant us the man in whom our hopes we plant;
Grant us "the man on horseback"—grant us Grant

An Unlucky Kiss.

[From the Vicksburg Herald.

"Now," said the old man, as he drove in the last nail, "if they want to swing on the gate let 'em do it; it's strong enough to hold 'em now, and moonlight's cheaper than coal oil, anyhow."

"Husband, you're a brute to talk that way," said his better half.

"What's the matter now, old woman?"

"You know that Matilda doesn't swing on the gate with her young man at night. Oh, that I should ever have lived to hear her own father say so!"

"Now, look here, old woman, don't you condemn Matilda for that?"

"Not condemn Matilda for swinging on the gate with a young man, in the night! Why, you vulgar old wretch!"

"You'd better not."

"Better not? And she my own child, too?"

"You're getting excited, my dear."

"You're an old fool and a brute to talk to me as you do. You know I never get excited, but I will vindicate my child, even when her father slanders her."

"I didn't do it,"

"I say you did."

"But I say I didn't.'

"As I say you did, did, so you did.'

"You'd better go in the house, my love."

"And leave you here to slander my child. No, sir; I'll have you understand that Matilda's mother has some respect for her, if her father hasn't."

"My love, why will you fly off on a tangent and work yourself into such a pet?"

"I'm not in a pet; I never get in a pet."

"Now, after all, what have I said against Matilda?"

"Said? Didn't you accuse her of improper conduct?"

"By no means."

"Didn't you say she staid out at night with young men, and it saved expense, you old skinflint?"

"I was only jesting."

"Oh, you were? Your own flesh and blood, my poor, innocent Matilda, to be made a jest! That I should ever have lived"—and the poor woman broke down with sobbing.

"Now, see here, old woman," said the husband kindly, but firmly, "if you don't hush your nonsense and dry up, I'll tell Matilda's beau not to be caught swinging on the gate with her at night, and I'll tell 'em why."

"You will, hey?"

"Yes, I will; because when I was a courting young man, I was swinging on the gate, with a young woman one night, and Sam Solomon happened to pass by just as she gave me the good-night kiss."

She commenced feeling around for something.

"It was the most unlucky kiss I ever got, for Sam gave up trying after that, and as soon as he got out of the war, it was me or nobody."

It was lucky he got over the fence and around the corner as quick as he did, or the surgeon wouldn't have had such an easy job of it.

All for Principle.

They came out of a Michigan avenue grocery, he carrying a big jug, and as they reached the walk, he said:

"Now, Dolly, you carry the jug and give me that quarter of a pound of tea."

"I'd like to see myself!" she replied.

"Dolly, do you want to see your husband lugging an old brown jug through the crowded streets of the metropolis—do you want others to see him?"

"Come along with that jug!" she impatiently exclaimed.

"Dolly, there's a gallon of molasses in here, and we know it; but everybody else will think it's whiskey if I carry it."

"Let 'em think."

"Dolly, if you love me you will carry the jug."

"I won't carry it."

"Then I won't! I've got twice as much character to sustain as you have!"

"Sustain it then," she said, as she started for the wagon around the corner.

He called to her, but she did not answer. Giving the big jug a terrific swing into the air, he let go his hold, and it came down with an awful crash.

"'Lasses is nothing to principle!' he explained to the little crowd, and then followed on after Dolly.—[Detroit Free Press.

NAOMI, the daughter of Enoch, was five hundred years old when she married. Courage, ladies!—

"There never was a goose so gray,
But some day, soon or late,
An honest grander came that way,
And took her for his mate."

"SPOSEN A CASE."

A Suppositious State of Facts Regarding an Excursion.

"Midas! I want to 'sposen a case to you, an' I want you to gim me the gospel truth ob you 'pinion 'bout de matter."

That's the manner in which one of Washington's dusky damsels put it to her adorer last evening.

"Now, Midas, you knows, you'se tole me more times an you'se got fingers an' toes, as you lubbed me harder 'an a marble-top wash-stand, an' that Ise sweeter to you 'an buckwheat cakes and lasses foreber, Midas, dis am only a 'sposen case, but I wants you to 'sposen jas as hard as if'n 'twas a shonuff one."

"'Sposen me an' you was going' on a 'scursion down de ribber?"

"Yas," broke in Midas, "down to Moun' Vernon."

"Any wha's 'tall, down de ribber. Midas kin you swim?"

"No, Luce, Ise sorry to 'form you dat de only dreckshon what I kin circumstanshiate fru de water, am de bottom."

"Well, den, as I was 'latin. 'Sposen we was on de boat, gliding lubbingly an' harmunly down de bussum ob de river's stream, de moon was lookin shinnily down 'pon de smokestack, and you was settin rite up to me jas, (slide up here closer, an' lem'me show you now), dat's de way."

"Yah! yah, but wouldn't dat be scumptuous," interrupted Midas.

"'Sposen," continued Lucy, "you had jes put your arm roun' my wai' (dat's it), dey wasn't nobody 'bout, you was a squeezen me up, an' was jes gwine to gimme de lubbenest kind ob a kiss, an'—an'—de biler would bust?"

"Oh, de debbil!" said the disappointed Midas.

"Now, Midas, I is a 'sposen dis case an' I wants you to mind de words what I am a speakin', 'sposen when dat biler busted, we bot went up in de air, come down in de riber, an' when we arriv in de water we found de only thing let' ob dat boat was one piece o' board wasn't big enuff to hole us bot, but we bot grab it; now, Midas wud you let go dat board, or wud you put me off an' took it all y'self? Dat's de question what I'm a 'sposen'."

"Luce, kin you swim?" he asked, after hesitating a few moments.

"No, Midas, ob course not. You know I can't swim."

"Well, den, Luce, my conshenshus 'pinion ob de whole matter am, dat we won't go on no 'scursions."

A Disgusted Man.

"Bein' I'm here," he said to a policeman near the Post Office—"bein' I'm here, and bein' I may never come here agin, and bein' I want to see all I kin, I'd like to know if it would pay a feller to go to the Knavery Yard?"

"You mean the Navy Yard," remarked the officer.

"Yes; I suppose it's the Navy Yard. Is there much there to see?"

"Yes, a good deal."

"Do you spose they'll hang any one there today?"

"The Navy Yard is not a place where they hang folks," laughed the officer.

"So! I thought it was. Well, what's the performance, anyhow?"

"There is no performance of any sort."

"There hain't? Don't any one walk the rope?"

"No."

"Nor perform any back somersprings?"

"No."

"Well, it must be a dum queer knavey yard!" exclaimed the stranger. "Perhaps they've got a grizzly b'ar over there?"

"Never heard of one," replied the officer.

"Does a balloon go up?"

"Guess not."

"Well, what in thunder do they do?" demanded the irritated man. "What does a feller go over there for?"

"Don't you know what a navy yard is?" asked the officer.

"Yes, I know what a knavey yard is as well as you do. I've seen thousands or 'em, and I expect to see thousands more. I don't care two cents about seeing this one, though if they are going to play the "Black Crook," or have any fun, I'll take a look in."

"This Navy Yard," said the officer, "is a place where they build and repair Government ships, store cannon, supplies etc."

"It is, eh!" slowly inquired the stranger. "Well, it must be a one-horse affair. I don't suppose I could even get any beer over there!"

"I guess not?"

"Well, I won't go," said the stranger, in a determined voice. "I guess I'll knock around and see if I can't run across a good dog fight."

THE PEANUT MAN.

He had his little cart on a street corner yesterday morning, and as he blew the frost out of his fingers he cried:

"Peanuts! Peanuts! right from the oven!"

He was standing thus when a scouty-built woman, with her hands encased in red mittens and her bonnet poised in jaunty style, came around the corner, saw him, and, with a sharp "'oop!" she rushed forward and threw her arms around him.

"Robbers! pickpockets!" he yelled, trying to break away.

Oh! Robert, it is you—it is you!" she exclaimed.

"Where are the police?" he shouted.

"It is me, Robert—it is your wife!" she replied.

"Not by a jug full, old woman! Now you just go 'way from here."

"Robert Piper, don't try to play that game any further," she warned; "I have tracked you from Canada and now you are going back with me and support your family, and behave yourself!"

"I don't know you!" he replied, seeming greatly astonished.

"Don't lie to this crowd, Robert! Weren't we married eighteen years ago, and haven't we five children, and didn't you cut sticks three weeks ago and leave us to starve?"

"Gentlemen, may I be hung if I ever saw that woman before, and 'ere's your fresh roasted peanuts!"

"Come here, darling!" she said, backing out of the crowd a little.

"You are drunk or crazy, and 'ere you get your nice hot peanuts!"

"Bobby! Bobby!" she cried, crooking her finger.

"I'll have the police 'Bobby' you, if you don't go away; and now, gents, these peanuts are just out of the roaster!"

"Then you'll go back on your poor wife in a land of strangers, will you?" she asked as she approached him.

"Never saw you before, you old lunatic, and these peanuts are the best that Virginia soil can grow!"

"Bobby!" she said, as she reached over and took him by the necktie—Bobby, this America is no place for you! It's awful unhealthy here, and the climate goes agin a man's telling the truth! Come along, Bobby!"

And she gave him such a twist that he came down on his knees. He bit her hand to loosen her hold, and she cuffed him right and left, saying:

"I never saw a man run down hill as you have in three weeks! Take that, Bobby, and that! and that! and now come over to Canada with me!"

"I never saw you before—you're drunk—police!" he shouted, as he got up.

"Never saw me, Bobby—don't you know the woman who lived with you for eighteen years?"

And as she proceeded to make his ears ring he broke away, dashed through the crowd and cantered away.

"Now, gentlemen," said the woman, turning to the crowd, "help yourself to peanuts and git out'n my way, for I'm going to run him down if it takes a week of steady jogging!"

And she cantered after him.

A Leap-Year Tragedy.

They stood together in the entry beneath the hall lamp. "Then, Henry," she said, in a low voice, wherein were blended determination, melancholy and love, "you refuse my suit?"

"Yes, Ella," he replied in accents that were firm though the speaker's voice trembled. "I admire you; I will be a brother to you, and watch with pride your course through life, and if ever trouble should befall you, there will at least be one friend to whom you can come for succor, but I can never, never, be your husband!" "It is not because I am poor, Henry? For, oh, if that were, all, I could toil gladly from morn till night, for you, and strive and win a home for you, humble it might be, but our own." "It is useless to attempt to induce me to change my determination. Though I am but a poor, weak man, I can never, never change my mind." "Then, cruel young man, so fair and yet so false, farewell. To-morrow you will see my mangled remains on the lecture platform, and know it has been your work. But it will be too late," and, clasping him to her bosom in wild embrace, she fled into the outer darkness.—[Chicago Tribune.

THE entire alphabet is found in these four lines:

God gives the grazing ox his meat,
He quickly hears the sheep's low cry;
But man, who tastes His finest wheat,
Should joy to lift His praises high.

COLONEL BAKER, who was killed at Ball's Bluff during the late rebellion, was well known in Springfield, Illinois, and it was of him Mr. Lincoln used to tell the following story:

Colonel Baker was very courteous to ladies, always treating them with great politeness and attention. He was starting on a journey at one time, when a lady was placed in his care by an acquaintance. Now the colonel knew nothing whatever of this lady, but she proved to be a pleasant traveling companion, and he made her as comfortable as possible in the old stage-coach. On the next morning they stopped for breakfast in Galena, and while that meal was being prepared they were shown into a parlor on the second floor. Here the lady seated herself by an open window looking out on the street, while the colonel paced the floor, with his hands folded behind him, as was his custom; for he always seemed as restless as a caged bear when confined in a room. Other passengers were in the parlor, and they were speaking of some late defaulter, some blaming him, others saying he had done what he could to save his creditors. At last one of the gentlemen appealed to Colonel Baker, asking what *he* thought of the defaulter.

"Think of him!" exclaimed the colonel. "Why, that he should be hung without mercy. He is a scoundrel."

At this the lady left her seat, and standing in front of the colonel with flashing eyes, said, "Colonel Baker, perhaps it may interest you to know that the gentleman you so readily condemn is my uncle!"

The colonel ceased his walk, and giving one appealing look to his fair friend, he began to draw off his coat, and approaching the open window, said, "I have nothing more to say, madam; but give the word, and I will throw myself from this window."

The sacrifice was not demanded, and they continued their journey in peace.

SOME of our city divines who have been taking their vacation in the rural districts, where the humming of birds and the bleating of lambs are heard rather than the clanging of street car bells and the noise of the pavements, will appreciate the following bit that comes to us by late steamer from England:

A curious incident occurred in a large and well-attended church in Clifton on Sunday evening. The preacher's subject was the "Lost Sheep," and during the sermon it so happened that a real live "lost sheep" strayed from Durdham Down, close by, and got itself entangled in the iron railings that surround the church. Thus it was that as the preacher made allusion to the "lost sheep" of the parable, the real live sheep at the church door answered, "Bah!" in a very loud but piteous tone. "Which of you," said the preacher, "having an hundred sheep—" "Bah! bah!" replied the woolly captive outside. The audience, as it must be at once perceived, were placed in a position of considerable embarrassment, not to mention the poor preacher, especially when he continued, "For I have found the sheep;" and the creature at the door replied, still louder, "Bah! bah! bah!" The audience struggled hard, and the preacher also. They managed *not* to roar, and *he* just escaped (by the skin of his teeth) breaking down.

VERY POLITE.—At a wedding recently, when the clergyman asked the lady, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she, with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, "If you please."

A TEACHER in one of the schools at Newburyport, Massachusetts, was one day hearing a class of boys in reading. They came to a crisis in the story then in hand, and a little fellow with his book before his face, his head on one side, and his voice pitched high, carried on the tale in this wise: "And the roaring beast approached the hunter with distended jaws. The man instantly thrust the muzzle of his gun into the bear's mouth, and fired into his *wittles*" (vitals).

A neat finish.

How unlike the foregoing is a story of our own happy country. A lady was entering the dépôt at Cairo, Illinois, when a perfect gentleman stepped up and said to her,

"How d' do?" extending his hand and smiling cheerfully.

"I beg pardon," said she, looking at him. "You have the advantage of me."

"Why, don't you know me?" he asked, annoyed.

"I can't remember you," she said.

"Why, I used to be your husband—Uriah H. Loomis, you know."

She did remember him.

I took the lesson with me home;
To profit by in years to come.
Not riches, then, that can bestow
The comfort which we all would know.
Not ease and luxury can give
Internal pleasure while we live.
Oh! sweet contentment, only thou
Canst cheer the heart and light the brow!

HE NEVER TOLD A LIE.

I saw him standing in the crowd—
A comely youth and fair!
There was a brightness in his eye,
A glory in his hair!
I saw his comrades gazing on him—
His comrades standing by,
I heard them whisper each to each:
"He never told a lie!"

I looked in wonder on that boy,
As he stood there so young;
To think that never an untruth
Was uttered by his tongue.
I thought of all the boys I'd known—
Myself among the fry—
And knew of none that one could say;
"He never told a lie!

I gazed upon that youth with awe
That did enchain me long;
I had not seen a boy before
So perfect and so strong.
And with a something of regret
I wished that he was I,
So they might look at me and say:
"He never told a lie!"

I thought of questions very hard
For boys to answer right:
"How did you tear those pantaloons?"
"My son! what caused the fight?"
"Who left the gate ajar last night?"
"Who bit the pumpkin pie?"
What boy could answer all of these,
And never tell a lie?

I proudly took him by the hand—
My words with praise were rife;
I blessed that boy who never told
A falsehood in his life;
I told him I was proud of him—
A fellow standing by
Informed me that that boy was dumb
Who never told a lie!

FAIR AND DEAR.—A young and pretty girl stepped into a shop where a spruce young man, who had long been enamoured, but dared not speak, stood behind the counter selling drapery. In order to remain as long as possible, she cheapened everything, and at last she said: "I believe you think I am cheating you."—"Oh! no," said the youngster; "to me you are always *fair*."—"Well, whispered the lady, blushing, as she laid an emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining if you were not so *dear*."

SEVENTEEN.—The following curious calculation appears in a French journal: The Prince Imperial had seventeen wounds. There are seventeen letters in the name Napoleon Bonaparte. The addition of the figures 1808, the date of the birth of Napoleon III, makes seventeen; so does 1826, the date of the Empress Eugenie's birth, and 1853, the date of their marriage. From that to 1870, the year of their fall, was seventeen years. The Prince Imperial was seventeen years of age when his father died. There are seventeen letters in the name of Lieutenant Carey, and the addition of the figures 1862, the date of Prince Victor's birth, again produces seventeen.

The World's Population.

A report from the United States Bureau of Statistics at Washington contains an interesting table of the population of the earth, taken chiefly from the work on that subject issued last year, at Gotha, by Drs. Behm and Wagner, and founded on the most recent authorities. By this statement the aggregate population of the earth is given at 1,301,032,000, Asia being the most populous section and containing 798,000,000, whilst Europe has 350,000,000, Africa 203,000,000, America 84,500,000. In Europe the leading nations are credited with the following numbers: Russia 71,000,000, the German Empire 41,000,000, France 36,000,000, Austro-Hungary 36,000,000, Great Britain and Ireland 32,000,000, Italy nearly 27,000,000, Spain 16,500,000, and Turkey nearly 16,000,000. The other countries do not exceed 5,000,000 each. In Asia, China, which is by far the most populous nation of the earth, is credited with 425,000,000, Hindoostan with 240,000,000, Japan 30,000,000, the East India Islands 33,500,000; Burmah, Siam and farther India nearly 25,000,000, Turkey 13,500,000, and Russia nearly 11,000,000. The Australian population is given at 1,674,500 and the Polynesian Islands at 2,763,500, New Guinea and New Zealand being included in the latter. In Africa the chief divisions are West Soudan and the Central African region with a population of 69,000,000, the Central Soudan region 39,000,000, South Africa, 20,250,000; the Galla country and the region east of the White Nile, 15,000,000, Samauli, 8,000,000; Egypt, 8,500,000, and Morocco, 6,000,000. In America, two-thirds of the population are north of the Isthmus, where the United States has nearly 39,000,000, Mexico over 9,000,000, and the British Provinces 4,000,000. The total population of North America is given at nearly 52,000,000, and of South America, 25,500,000, of which Brazil contains 10,000,000. The West India Islands have over 4,000,000 and the Central American States not quite 3,000,000.

According to these tables London, with 3,254,260 inhabitants is the most populous city in the world, whilst Philadelphia, with 674,022 inhabitants (in 1870) is the eighteenth city in point of population. These eighteen cities, in their order, are the following: London, 3,254,260; Sutchan, (China), 2,000,000; Paris, 1,851,792; Pekin, 1,300,000; Tschantschao-fu, 1,000,000; Hangschau-fu, 1,000,000; Slangtan, 1,000,000; Singnan-fu, 1,000,000; Canton, 1,000,000; New York, 942,292; Tientsin, 900,000; Vienna, 834,284; Berlin, 826,341; Hangkau, 800,000; Tschingtu-fu, 800,000; Calcutta, 794,645; Tokio (Yeddo), 674,447; and Philadelphia, 674,022. Of cities smaller than Philadelphia, the leading ones are: St. Petersburg, 667,963; Bombay, 644,405; Moscow, 611,970; Constantinople, 600,000; Glasgow, 547,538; Liverpool, 493,495, and Rio de Janeiro, 420,000.

JOHN SPINER'S ORDEAL.

They drove into town Monday, says a Missouri paper, behind a cross eyed mule and a spavined horse. They looked contented, but one member of the party was the head of the house, for she handled the ribbons, and when they halted she hitched the team, while he stood demurely by and took the basket of eggs and her shopping satchel as she handed them out. They disposed of their produce at the grocery, and then entered a dry goods store.

She made a few trifling purchases of thread, pins, needles and such things, and then called for two knots of yarn.

"That won't be enough, Mary," said the man, plucking at her dress.

"I guess I know what I'm buying," she retorted.

"But it ain't more'n half what you had afore," he persisted.

"Wal, that's none o' your bisness; these socks are goin' to be for me and if I want 'em short, you can have your n[illegible] it you want to."

The old man bowed long sigh, as his part said:

"Two yards of ch[illegible]

"That ain't enou[illegible] plucking at her dres

"Yes, 'us.'"

"No, it a'n't."

"Wal, it's all you

"Put it up then, clerk; "put it up.

"Who's doin' this hissed the woman.

"You are, Mary; you can't palm off

"You act like a

"Mebbe I do, M[illegible] if I'll have half a

"Wal, I say two one two shirts," s[illegible]

"Mebbe that's e very quietly;" collar button and and I don't pro[illegible] eight cents."

"Git what yo[illegible] pushing him over[illegible] hull piece, git a[illegible] but remember t[illegible]

"Four yards, yards," said he ber," he contin[illegible] me with my hea[illegible] drift, jest remem[illegible] make me sick."

And grasping ter-hair out th[illegible]

It was mid[illegible] welled himse[illegible] door and was[illegible] er came dow[illegible] and said:

"Wanted t[illegible] ing you, en?" after midnig[illegible]

The girl i[illegible] tinued:

"Did he p[illegible]

"Why—m[illegible]

"You can[illegible] don't I know[illegible] the last yea[illegible] up at least[illegible] here?"

The girl g[illegible] in the stair[illegible]

"Emeline, I guess[illegible] very quietly;" "I guess[illegible] with false[illegible] come spar[illegible] happen, Em[illegible]

"No."

"Well, I[illegible] sixty days or ne[illegible] got jumping for sunflower seeds.

Emeline went to bed to reflect over it.—[Detroit Free Press.

A GENTLEMAN chanced to be invited to a large and fashionable party, where, on his arrival, he found not a single person with whom he was acquainted. Seeing an elderly gentleman, very quietly and with apparent disconsolate mien, looking over a photographic album, he approached and remarked: "You and I don't seem to know any one here; let's go home." His position was not improved to learn that he was addressing the head of the house.

MANAGING A WIFE.

John Henry's Experience With His "New Method."

As the storm burst, night before last, in all its fury, on the outlying houses of one or our suburbs, it blew open a glass door in John Henry's bed-room and wakened the startled sleepers with a crash. "Mrs. Henry," said John, cuddling down under the clothes to escape the icy blast, "your side of the bed is nearest, will you be kind enough to shut that door?"

"Shut it yourself, you lazy brute. I've got the baby to 'tend to."

"Mrs. Henry, that is not a proper way to address me. It is not respectful. Besides, I have not been feeling well; and if I were to catch cold I should not be able to 'tend to business to-morrow."

"'Cold? 'Cold?' is it. It's a pretty thing for you to be talking of colds, when I go shuddling round the house from morning to night, just because you can't afford' a new furnace. I won't—I'm froze for it; and you're a [illegible]ng to ask it."

[illegible]d, Mrs. [illegible]e [illegible] Henry; don't get ex[illegible]ash; because if you don't [illegible] will stay open all night, and [illegible]is all sick, you know."

[illegible] fell for a few moments on the [illegible]nd then Mrs. Henry rose to [illegible] was not visible on her countenance [illegible]stonishment. This was an en[illegible]re of John's. He had hitherto [illegible]cile when pressed to the wall. [illegible]upremacy was in danger; that [illegible] critical, and demanded strong

[illegible] water pitcher shot wildly from [illegible]ed a parabola in the gleaming [illegible]ted full upon John's night-cap, [illegible]wed, then the coal scuttle, then [illegible]en the baby's cradle, followed [illegible]by a powder-box, a bottle of [illegible]e mantel ornament, a pair of [illegible] or blacking. Then, with the true womanhood, she snatched [illegible] the bed with one hand and [illegible]of ice-water over his legs with [illegible] arose and shut the door.

[illegible]s John Henry entered the of[illegible]te, and looking as if Nature's [illegible]n rather missed him, his partner

[illegible]d you try it?"

[illegible]ed it."

[illegible] down, eh?"

[illegible] came down. But it wasn't alto[illegible] They always give in, as you say, [illegible] a determined stand against way it seems to hurt their feel[illegible] think I'll do it any more."—[Cin-

---

Killed a Tiger.

[illegible] news reached this coast some [illegible] the Prince of Wales had killed [illegible]ll's correspondence now tells us [illegible] was done. The details are in[illegible]ting and even edifying, as illus[illegible]ffection which the Prince's suite [illegible] the Prince's person. No possible [illegible]aken of depriving the British Em[illegible] prospective ruler. Precisely what [illegible] from killing a tiger under circum[illegible] which rendered the tiger harmless as a [illegible]ap-dog, is a problem which the British [illegible] can consider at its leisure. The naked [illegible] that the Prince was placed in a safe [illegible]n, the tiger was driven within easy range [illegible] Prince's gun, and was shot at until he [illegible]wn and died.

HOW TO GET HER LETTER BACK.—They were playing "The Mighty Dollar" at St. Louis, the other evening. Distracted heroine loquitur: "Oh, how shall I get that letter back?" Small god in gallery: "Sind for McGill!" The house came down. It will be remembered that McGill is the letter-carrier who swore that he returned to joyce letters after the latter had deposited them in the street letter-boxes.

AN exchange says, that in the Connecticut Sunday-schools they sing, "There'll be no *Parton* there," with peculiar vindictiveness.

SONG OF THE STREET.

With lips all livid and cold,
And purple and swollen feet,
A woman in rags sat crouched on the flags,
Singing the song of the street.
"Starve! Starve! Starve!
Oh, God! 'tis a fearful night!
How the wind does blow the sleet and snow!
Will it ever again be light?

"I have rung at the 'Refuge' bell,
I have beat at the Work-house door,
To be told again, that I clamor in vain,
They are 'full;' they can hold no more.
Starve! Starve! Starve!
Of the crowds that pass me by,
Some with pity, and some in pride,
But more with indifference turn aside
And leave me here to die!

"Oh, you who sleep in beds,
With coverlet, quilt and sheet,
Oh think, when it snows, what it is for those
To lie in the open street;
To lie in the open street,
On the cold and frozen stones,
When the Winter's blast, as it whistles past,
Bites into the very bones.

Oh, what with the wind without,
And what with the cold within,
I own I have sought to drive away thought
With that curse of the tempted—Gin.
Drink! Drink! Drink!
Amid ribaldry, gas and glare,
If there's hell on earth,
'Tis the ghastly mirth
That maddens at midnight, THERE.

Oh, you that have never strayed,
Because you have never been tried,
Oh, look not down with a Pharisee's frown
On those who have swerved aside.
And you, that hold the scales,
And you, that glibly urge
That the only plan is the prison van,
The dungeon, or the scourge.

Oh, what are the lost to do?
To famish and not to feel?
For days to go, and never to know
What it is to have one meal?
They cannot buy, they dare not beg,
They must either starve or steal.

Food! food! food!
It be but a loaf of bread,
And a place to lie,
And a place to die.
If it be but a workhouse bed!
If you will not give to those that live,
You, at least, MUST bury the dead!"

With lips all livid and blue,
And purple and swollen feet,
A woman in rags sat down on the flags,
And sang the song of the street.
As she ceased the doleful strain,
My homeward path I trod;
And the cry and the prayer
Of that lost one there
Went up to throne of God.

A Matter of No Consequence.

The day had been set and the young man was happy. But his father failed in business and he collected together all the pink love-letters, the lock of hair, the faded violet, &c., and started for her father's mansion. He was high-minded and honorable and he felt in duty bound to release her from the engagement. Yet he grew faint as he was ushered into the parlor. Such love as his wouldn't stay crushed.

"George! dear George!" she exclaimed as she entered the parlor and seized his hand.

"Arabella, I am here to do my duty," he said as he rose up.

"W-what's the matter?" she asked.

"H-aven't you heard of—of my father's failure?" he inquired, his heart beating painfully.

"Why, yes, dear George, and what of it?"

"Aren't you—won't you—that is——!"

"I'm glad of it—that's all!" she cried.

"You are?"

"Of course I am! I was talking with father, and he said if your father had failed for $60,000 he'd made at least $50,000 out of it, and of course you'd get twice as much as you counted on!"—[Detroit Free Press.

Old Geography.

An English gentleman has a geography published in London in 1749, in which California is described as an island, and a map is given showing it to be entirely surrounded by water. The book tells of a tree in Florida "the leaves of which, if bruised and thrown into a large pond of water, all the beasts which drink thereof will swell up and burst asunder." It says that the air of Pennsylvania is "generally to be granted clear and sweet, the heavens being seldom overcast with clouds," and that the "length of days and nights is much the same as in New Jersey." There is a chapter devoted to "Rarities of New York," in which it is said that "in divers parts of New York (especially those nigh unto and upon the banks of the River Connecticut) grows a sort of snake-weed, whose root is much esteemed of for the biting of the rattlesnake."

COLONEL BAKER, who was killed at Ball's Bluff during the late rebellion, was well known in Springfield, Illinois, and it was of him Mr. Lincoln used to tell the following story:

Colonel Baker was very courteous to ladies, always treating them with great politeness and attention. He was starting on a journey at one time, when a lady was placed in his care by an acquaintance. Now the colonel knew nothing whatever of this lady, but she proved to be a pleasant traveling companion, and he made her as comfortable as possible in the old stage-coach. On the next morning they stopped for breakfast in Galena, and while that meal was being prepared they were shown into a parlor on the second floor. Here the lady seated herself by an open window looking out on the street, while the colonel paced the floor, with his hands folded behind him, as was his custom; for he always seemed as restless as a caged bear when confined in a room. Other passengers were in the parlor, and they were speaking of some late defaulter, some blaming him, others saying he had done what he could to save his creditors. At last one of the gentlemen appealed to Colonel Baker, asking what *he* thought of the defaulter.

"Think of him!" exclaimed the colonel. "Why, that he should be hung without mercy. He is a scoundrel."

At this the lady left her seat, and standing in front of the colonel with flashing eyes, said, "Colonel Baker, perhaps it may interest you to know that the gentleman you so readily condemn is my uncle!"

The colonel ceased his walk, and giving one appealing look to his fair friend, he began to draw off his coat, and approaching the open window, said, "I have nothing more to say, madam; but give the word, and I will throw myself from this window."

The sacrifice was not demanded, and they continued their journey in peace.

SOME of our city divines who have been taking their vacation in the rural districts, where the humming of birds and the bleating of lambs are heard rather than the clanging of street car bells and the noise of the pavements, will appreciate the following bit that comes to us by late steamer from England:

A curious incident occurred in a large and well-attended church in Clifton on Sunday evening. The preacher's subject was the "Lost Sheep," and during the sermon it so happened that a real live "lost sheep" strayed from Durdham Down, close by, and got itself entangled in the iron railings that surround the church. Thus it was that as the preacher made allusion to the "lost sheep" of the parable, the real live sheep at the church door answered, "Bah!" in a very loud but piteous tone. "Which of you," said the preacher, "having an hundred sheep—" "Bah! bah!" replied the woolly captive outside. The audience, as it must be at once perceived, were placed in a position of considerable embarrassment, not to mention the poor preacher, especially when he continued, "For I have found the sheep;" and the creature at the door replied, still louder, "Bah! bah! bah!" The audience struggled hard, and the preacher also. They managed *not* to roar, and *he* just escaped (by the skin of his teeth) breaking down.

VERY POLITE.—At a wedding recently, when the clergyman asked the lady, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she, with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, "If you please."

A TEACHER in one of the schools at Newburyport, Massachusetts, was one day hearing a class of boys in reading. They came to a crisis in the story then in hand, and a little fellow with his book before his face, his head on one side, and his voice pitched high, carried on the tale in this wise: "And the roaring beast approached the hunter with distended jaws. The man instantly thrust the muzzle of his gun into the bear's mouth, and fired into his *wittles*" (vitals).

A neat finish.

How unlike the foregoing is a story of our own happy country. A lady was entering the dépôt at Cairo, Illinois, when a perfect gentleman stepped up and said to her,

"How d' do?" extending his hand and smiling cheerfully.

"I beg pardon," said she, looking at him. "You have the advantage of me."

"Why, don't you know me?" he asked, annoyed.

"I can't remember you," she said.

"Why, I used to be your husband—Uriah. H. Loomis, you know."

She did remember him.

I took the lesson with me home
To profit by in years to come.
Not riches, then, that can bestow
The comfort which we all would know.
Not ease and luxury can give
Internal pleasure while we live.
Oh! sweet contentment, only thou
Canst cheer the heart and light the brow!

HE NEVER TOLD A LIE.

I saw him standing in the crowd—
A comely youth and fair!
There was a brightness in his eye,
A glory in his hair!
I saw his comrades gazing on him—
His comrades standing by.
I heard them whisper each to each:
"He never told a lie!"

I looked in wonder on that boy,
As he stood there so young;
To think that never an untruth
Was uttered by his tongue.
I thought of all the boys I'd known—
Myself among the fry—
And knew of none that one could say;
"He never told a lie!

I gazed upon that youth with awe
That did enchain me long;
I had not seen a boy before
So perfect and so strong.
And with a something of regret
I wished that he was I,
So they might look at me and say:
"He never told a lie!"

I thought of questions very hard
For boys to answer right:
"How did you tear those pantaloons?"
"My son! what caused the fight?"
"Who left the gate ajar last night?"
"Who bit the pumpkin pie?"
What boy could answer all of these,
And never tell a lie?

I proudly took him by the hand—
My words with praise were rife;
I blessed that boy who never told
A falsehood in his life;
I told him I was proud of him—
A fellow standing by
Informed me that that boy was dumb
Who never told a lie!

FAIR AND DEAR.—A young and pretty girl stepped into a shop where a spruce young man, who had long been enamoured, but dared not speak, stood behind the counter selling drapery. In order to remain as long as possible, she cheapened everything, and at last she said: "I believe you think I am cheating you."—"Oh! no," said the youngster; "to me you are always *fair*."—"Well, whispered the lady, blushing, as she laid an emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining if you were not so *dear*."

SEVENTEEN.—The following curious calculation appears in a French journal: The Prince Imperial had seventeen wounds. There are seventeen letters in the name Napoleon Bonaparte. The addition of the figures 1808, the date of the birth of Napoleon III, makes seventeen; so does 1826, the date of the Empress Eugenie's birth, and 1853, the date of their marriage. From that to 1870, the year of their fall, was seventeen years. The Prince Imperial was seventeen years of age when his father died. There are seventeen letters in the name of Lieutenant Carey, and the addition of the figures 1862, the date of Prince Victor's birth, again produces seventeen.

The World's Population.

A report from the United States Bureau of Statistics at Washington contains an interesting table of the population of the earth, taken chiefly from the work on that subject issued last year, at Gotha, by Drs. Behm and Wagner, and founded on the most recent authorities. By this statement the aggregate population of the earth is given at 1,301,052,000, Asia being the most populous section and containing 798,000,000, whilst Europe has 250,000,000, Africa 203,000,000, America 84,500,000. In Europe the leading nations are credited with the following numbers: Russia 71,000,000, the German Empire 41,000,000, France 36,000,000, Austro-Hungary 36,000,000, Great Britain and Ireland 32,000,000, Italy nearly 27,000,000, Spain 16,500,000, and Turkey nearly 16,000,000. The other countries do not exceed 5,000,000 each. In Asia, China, which is by far the most populous nation of the earth, is credited with 425,000,000, Hindoostan with 240,000,000, Japan 30,000,000, the East India Islands 23,500,000; Burmah, Siam and farther India nearly 25,000,000, Turkey 12,500,000, and Russia nearly 11,000,000. The Australian population is given at 1,674,500 and the Polynesian Islands at 2,763,500, New Guinea and New Zealand being included in the latter. In Africa the chief divisions are West Soudan and the Central African region with a population of 89,000,000, the Central Soudan region 39,000,000, South Africa, 20,250,000; the Galla country and the region east of the White Nile, 15,000,000, Samauli, 8,000,000; Egypt, 8,500,000, and Morocco, 6,000,000. In America, two-thirds of the population are north of the Isthmus, where the United States has nearly 39,000,000, Mexico over 9,000,000, and the British Provinces 4,000,000. The total population of North America is given at nearly 52,000,000, and of South America, 25,500,000, of which Brazil contains 10,000,000. The West India Islands have over 4,000,000 and the Central American States not quite 3,000,000.

According to these tables London, with 3,254,260 inhabitants is the most populous city in the world, whilst Philadelphia, with 674,022 inhabitants (in 1870) is the eighteenth city in point of population. These eighteen cities, in their order, are the following: London, 3,254,260; Sutchan, (China), 2,000,000; Paris, 1,851,792; Pekin, 1,300,000; Tschantschao-fu, 1,000,000; Hangschau-fu, 1,000,000; Siangtan, 1,000,000; Singnan-fu, 1,000,000; Canton, 1,000,000; New York, 942,292; Tientsin, 900,000; Vienna, 834,284; Berlin, 826,341; Hangkau, 800,000; Tschingtu-fu, 800,000; Calcutta, 794,645; Tokio (Yeddo), 674,447; and Philadelphia, 674,022. Of cities smaller than Philadelphia, the leading ones are: St. Petersburg, 667,963; Bombay, 644,405; Moscow, 611,970; Constantinople, 600,000; Glasgow, 547,528; Liverpool, 493,496, and Rio de Janeiro, 420,000.

JOHN SPINER'S ORDEAL.

They drove into town Monday, says a Missouri paper, behind a cross eyed mule and a spavined horse. They looked contented, but one member of the party was the head of the house, for she handled the ribbons, and when they halted she hitched the team, while he stood demurely by and took the basket of eggs and her shopping satchel as she handed them out. They disposed of their produce at the grocery, and then entered a dry goods store.

She made a few trifling purchases of thread, pins, needles and such things, and then called for two knots of yarn.

"That won't be enough, Mary," said the man, plucking at her dress.

"I guess I know what I'm buying," she retorted.

"But it ain't more'n half what you had afore," he persisted.

"Wal, that's none o' your bisness; these socks are goin' to be for me, and if I want 'em short, you can have your'n come way up to your neck, if you want to."

The old man bowed to the inevitable with a long sigh, as his partner turned to the clerk and said:

"Two yards of cheap shirtin', if you please."

"That ain't enough, Mary," said the old man, plucking at her dress again.

"Yes, 'tis."

"No, it a'n't."

"Wal, it's all you'll git," she snapped.

"Put it up then, mister," said he turning to the clerk; "put it up, and we won't have any."

"Who's doin' this buyin' I should like to know?" hissed the woman.

"You are, Mary, you are," he admitted; "but you can't palm off no short shirts on me."

"You act like a fool, John Spiner."

"Mebbe I do, Mary, but I'll be-dumed to gosh if I'll have half a shirt—no, not if I go naked."

"Wal, I say two yards is enough to make anyone two shirts," she snapped.

"Mebbe that's enough for you, Mary," he said, very quietly; "p'raps you can git along with a collar button and a neck band, but that a'n't me; and I don't propose to freeze my legs to save eight cents."

"Git what you want, then!" she shrieked, pushing him over a stool; "git ten yards, git a bull piece, git a dozen pieces if you want 'em, but remember that I'll make you sick for this."

"Four yards, if you please, mister — four yards," said he to the clerk; "and just remember," he continued, "if you hear of 'em findin' me with my head busted, friz to death in a snowdrift, jest remember that you heard her say she'd make me sick."

And grasping the bundles, he followed his better-half out the door.

Did He Propose?

It was midnight. The young man had farewelled himself out, and Emeline had locked the door and was untying her shoes, when her mother came down stairs with a bedquilt around her and said:

"Wanted to creep up stairs without my hearing you, eh? Didn't think I knew it was an hour after midnight, did you?"

The girl had no reply, and the mother continued:

"Did he propose this time?"

"Why—mother!" exclaimed the daughter.

"You can 'why, mother' all you want to, but don't I know that he has been coming here for the last year? Don't I know that you've burned up at least four tons of coal courting around here?"

The girl got her shoes off, and the mother stood in the stair door and asked:

"Emeline, have you got any grit?"

"I guess so."

"I guess you haven't. I just wish that a feller with false teeth and a mole on his chin would come sparking me. Do you know what would happen, Emeline?"

"No."

"Well, I'll tell you. He'd come to time in sixty days or he'd get out of this mansion like a goat jumping for sunflower seeds.

Emeline went to bed to reflect over it.—[Detroit Free Press.

A GENTLEMAN chanced to be invited to a large and fashionable party, where, on his arrival, he found not a single person with whom he was acquainted. Seeing an elderly gentleman, very quietly and with apparent disconsolate mien, looking over a photographic album, he approached and remarked: "You and I don't seem to know any one here; let's go home." His position was not improved to learn that he was addressing the head of the house.

MANAGING A WIFE.

John Henry's Experience With His "New Method."

As the storm burst, night before last, in all its fury, on the outlying houses of one of our suburbs, it blew open a glass door in John Henry's bed-room and wakened the startled sleepers with a crash. "Mrs. Henry," said John, cuddling down under the clothes to escape the icy blast, "your side of the bed is nearest, will you be kind enough to shut that door?"

"Shut it yourself, you lazy brute. I've got the baby to tend to."

"Mrs. Henry, that is not a proper way to address me. It is not respectful. Besides, I have not been feeling well; and if I were to catch cold I should not be able to tend to business to-morrow."

"'Cold?' 'Cold?' is it. It's a pretty thing for you to be talking of colds, when I go scuttling round the house from morning to night, 'just because you can't afford' a new furnace. I won't shut that door if I'm froze for it; and you're a mean, spiritless thing to ask it."

"Don't get excited, Mrs. Henry; don't get excited. And don't be rash; because if you don't shut that door I will stay open all night, and that would make us all sick, you know."

A solemn silence fell for a few moments on the domestic scene, and then Mrs. Henry rose to business. Anger was not visible on her countenance so much as astonishment. This was an entirely new departure of John's. He had hitherto been meek and docile when pressed to the wall. She felt that her supremacy was in danger; that the situation was critical, and demanded strong measures.

Of a sudden the water pitcher shot wildly from its sphere, described a parabola in the gleaming fire-light, and lighted full upon John's night-cap. The slop-pail followed, then the coal scuttle, then a pair of boots, then the baby's cradle, followed in rapid succession by a powder-box, a bottle of bay-rum, a bronze mantel ornament, a pair of tongs and a box of blacking. Then, with the majestic force of true womanhood, she snatched the covers from the bed with one hand and poured a pitcher of ice-water over his legs with the other. John arose and shut the door.

Next morning, as John Henry entered the office, somewhat late, and looking as if Nature's sweet restorer had rather missed him, his partner spoke up:

"Well, John, did you try it?"

"Yes, Sam, I tried it."

"And she came down, eh?"

"Yes, Sam, she came down. But it wasn't altogether pleasant. They always give in, as you say, when one makes a determined stand against them. But some way it seems to hurt their feelings; and I can't think I'll do it any more."—[Cincinnati Times.

Killed a Tiger.

The thrilling news reached this coast some time since that the Prince of Wales had killed a tiger. Russell's correspondence now tells us how the thing was done. The details are intensely interesting and even edifying, as illustrating the affection which the Prince's suite manifest for the Prince's person. No possible chance was taken of depriving the British Empire of its prospective ruler. Precisely what honor arises from killing a tiger under circumstances which rendered the tiger harmless as a lady's lap-dog, is a problem which the British public can consider at its leisure. The naked fact is, that the Prince was placed in a safe position, the tiger was driven within easy range of the Prince's gun, and was shot at until he lay down and died.

HOW TO GET HER LETTER BACK.—They were playing "The Mighty Dollar" at St. Louis, the other evening. Distracted heroine loquitur: "Oh, how shall I get that letter back?" Small god in gallery: "Send for McGill!" The house came down. It will be remembered that McGill is the letter-carrier who swore that he returned to joyce letters after the latter had deposited them in the street letter-boxes.

AN exchange says, that in the Connecticut Sunday-schools they sing, "There'll be no *Parton* there," with peculiar vindictiveness.

SONG OF THE STREET.

With lips all livid and cold,
And purple and swollen feet,
A woman in rags sat crouched on the flags,
Singing the song of the street.
"Starve! Starve! Starve!
Oh, God! 'tis a fearful night!
How the wind does blow the sleet and snow!
Will it ever again be light?

"I have rung at the 'Refuge' bell,
I have beat at the Work-house door,
To be told again, that I clamor in vain,
They are 'full!' they can hold no more.
Starve! Starve! Starve!
Of the crowds that pass me by,
Some with pity, and some in pride,
But more with indifference turn aside
And leave me here to die!

"Oh, you who sleep in beds,
With coverlet, quilt and sheet,
Oh think, when it snows, what it is for those
To lie in the open street;
That lie in the open street,
On the cold and frozen stones.
When the Winter's blast, as it whistles past,
Bites into the very bones.

Oh, what with the wind without,
And what with the cold within,
I soon I have sought to drive away thought
With that curse of the tempted—Gin.
Drink! Drink! Drink!
Amid ribaldry, gas and glare,
If there's hell on earth,
'Tis the ghastly mirth
That maddens at midnight, THERE.

Oh, you that have never strayed,
Because you have never been tried,
Oh, look not down with a Pharisee's frown
On those who have swerved aside.
And you, that hold the scales,
And you, that glibly urge
That the only plan is the prison van,
The dungeon, or the scourge.

Oh, what are the lost to do?
To famish and not to feel?
For days to go, and never to know
What it is to have one meal?
They cannot buy, they dare not beg,
They must either starve or steal.

Food! food! food!
It be but a loaf of bread,
And a place to lie,
And a place to die,
If it be but a workhouse bed!
If you will not give to those that live,
You, at least, MUST bury the dead!"

With lips all livid and blue,
And purple and swollen feet,
A woman in rags sat down on the flags,
And sang the song of the street.
As she ceased the doleful strain,
My homeward path I trod;
And the cry and the prayer
Of that lost one there
Went up to throne of God.

A Matter of No Consequence.

The day had been set and the young man was happy. But his father failed in business and he collected together all the pink love-letters, the lock of hair, the faded violet, &c., and started for her father's mansion. He was high-minded and honorable and he felt in duty bound to release her from the engagement. Yet he grew faint as he was ushered into the parlor. Such love as his wouldn't stay crushed.

"George! dear George!" she exclaimed as she entered the parlor and seized his hand.

"Arabella, I am here to do my duty," he said as he rose up.

"W-what's the matter?" she asked.

"H-aven't you heard of—of my father's failure?" he inquired, his heart beating painfully.

"Why, yes, dear George, and what of it?"

"Aren't you—won't you—that is——!"

"I'm glad of it—that's all!" she cried.

"You are?"

"Of course I am! I was talking with father and he said if your father had failed for $60,000 he'd made at least $50,000 out of it, and of course you'd get twice as much as you counted on!"—[Detroit Free Press.

Old Geography.

An English gentleman has a geography published in London in 1743, in which California is described as an island, and a map is given showing it to be entirely surrounded by water. The book tells of a tree in Florida "the leaves of which, if bruised and thrown into a large pot of water, all the beasts which drink thereof swell up and burst asunder." It says that the air of Pennsylvania is "generally to be grand, clear and sweet, the heavens being seldom overcast with clouds," and that the "length of days and nights is much the same as in New Jersey." There is a chapter devoted to "Rarities of New York," in which it is said that "in divers parts of New York (especially those nigh the sea and upon the banks of the River Connecticut) grows a sort of snake-weed, whose root is much esteemed of for the biting of the rattlesnake."

THE WATERMILL.

Recited by Gus Williams.

Listen to the watermill, through the livelong day,
How the clicking of its wheel wears the hours away.
Languidly the autumn wind stirs the greenwood leaves
From the fields the reapers sing, binding up the sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind, as a spell is cast—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Autumn winds revive no more leaves that once are shed,
And the sickle cannot reap corn once gathered,
And the rippling stream flows on tranquil, deep and still,
Never gliding back again to the watermill.
Truly speaks the proverb old, with a meaning vast—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Take the lesson to thyself, loving heart and true.
Golden years are fleeting by, youth is passing, too;
Learn to make the most of life, lose no happy day,
Time will never bring you back chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid, love, while love shall last—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Work while yet the daylight shines, man of strength and will,
Never does the streamlet glide useless by the mill;
Wait not till to-morrow's sun beams upon the way,
All that thou canst call thine own lies in thy—to-day.
Power, intellect and health may not always last—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Oh! the wasted hours of life that have drifted by,
Oh! the good we might have done, lost without a sigh!
Love that we might once have saved by a single word
Thoughts conceived, but never penned, perishing unheard,
Take the proverb to thine heart, take and hold it fast—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Oh! love thy God and fellow-man, thyself consider last,
For come it will, when thou must scan dark errors of the past;
And when the fight of life is o'er, and earth recedes from view,
And heaven in all its glory shines, 'midst the pure, the good, the true.
Then you'll see more clearly the proverb deep and vast—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Peculiarities of Speech.

It is very easy to acquire, but very difficult to lose, a peculiar trick of speech or manner; and nothing is more universal. If we look round among our friends and acquaintances, we shall find scarcely one who has not his favorite word, his perpetual formula, his automatic action, his unmeaning gesture—all tricks caught probably when young, and, by not being corrected then, next to impossible to abolish now. Who does not know the familiar "I say" as the preface to every remark? and the still more familiar "You know" as the middle term of every sentence? Who, too, in these later times has not suffered from the infliction of "awful" and "jolly"?—milestones in the path of speech, interspersed with even uglier and more obtrusive signs of folly and corrupt diction—milestones that are for ever turning up, showing the successive distances to which good taste and true refinement have receded in this hideous race after slang to which our youth is given. Then there are people who perpetuate ejaculations; who say "Goodness!" as a mark of surprise, and "Good gracious!" when surprise is a little mixed with reprobation: lower in the social scale it is, "Did you ever!" and indifferently to all stations, "You don't say so!" or in a voice of deprecation, "No!" and "Surely not!" To judge by voice and word, these ejaculatory people are always in a state of surprise. They go through the world in unending astonishment, and their appeals to their goodness and that indeterminate quantity called good gracious are incessant. In the generation that died with the Fourth George, the favorite ejaculations were "By Jove!" and "By George!" with excursions into the regions of "Gad!" and "By Jingo!" Before then we had the bluff and lusty squires who rejoiced in "Odsbodikins!" and "Swounds!" with other strange and uncouth oaths, that were not meant to offend the hearers, but were simply tricks of speech caught by the speakers. So, indeed, is the habit of swearing and using bad words generally. It is emphatically a habit, a trick of speech, meaning for the most part no more than the "Goodness!" and "Good gracious!" of the milder folly.

The Local Returning Board.

They were playing poker, and Pomp held a full hand. His eyes glistened with conscious triumph, as he put up a ten-cent ante, and gazed at his partner expectantly.

"I raises that ten cents," remarked Pete.

"I goes a quarter more," insinuated Pomp.

"I stand you, and raise a nudder quarter," replied Pete.

"I continue on de war-path, and flops down de last thirty cents," answered Pomp, placing six nickels on the table,

"I kivers de pile an' calls you," remarked Pete,

"Full hand!" said Pomp, turning his cards.

"What you got?"

"A pair, and de game am undecided."

"What's dat? Undecided? Dis yea chile takes de pile."

"Not by a long chalk. Dis case will be referred to de Returnin' Board, who will examine into de particulars. Dar's plenty more good cards inside de pack, and why didn't I get 'em? Dar's been intimidation and fraud, and meanwhile de Returnin' Board take possession of de spoils," and Pete reached out his hand.

Then the other side denied the right of the Board to meddle, and, when the reporter left, the horrible demon of Civil War was dancing a wild dance in the neighborhood, and a policeman was marshaling up to mediate with a club.

A CONUNDRUM.—"I've got another, my dear," said Mr. Dorkins as he hurried into the house. "If you were on the top of Trinity Church spire on the back of a goose how would you get down?" Mrs. Dorkins thought she'd jump down, slide down the lightning rod, fly down on the goose, fall down, and then gave it up. "Why, if you wanted to get down, you could pick it off the goose," said Mr. Dorkins, exultantly.

DOM PEDRO is interested in everything concerning newspapers. He has promised to send James Gordon Bennett a green Brazillian monkey to take the place of the present *Herald* "personal" man. "Ze monkey is not ze marvel in intellect, Jim," he remarked, "but, by ze big horn spoon, he no steal!"—*St. Louis Republican.*

One of our citizens is blessed or otherwise, with a very stubborn wife. In his case he finds that when a "woman will she will, you may depend on't, and when she won't she won't, and that's on end on't." This peculiarity of disposition in his wife is no secret among his associates, and one of them meeting him the other day asked: "W——, do you know why you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey!" echoed W——, opening his eyes wide. "No, I don't."

"Do you give it up?"

"I do."

"Because your better half is stubbornness itself."

"That's not bad. Ha, ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home."

"Mrs. W——," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?"

He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up, but she didn't; she looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered,

"I suppose because you was born so."

W—— has adjured the habit of putting conundrums to his wife.—[Lawrence American.

HARDING A FIRE.—A Danbury man put a pair of nine-dollar shoes in the stove oven to dry the other day. There was not much fire in the stove, and so he closed the oven door. The next morning he built the fire without the thought of the shoes, and it was not until an hour later that they occurred to him. They were ruined then. The soles were turned up in a playful manner, and uppers resembled somewhat the coast of Maine. He didn't say a word. Sadly and silently he was removing them with a shovel, when his wife came in and saw with a glance what had happened.

"Well, that's just like a man!" she indiscreetly exclaimed. "Why didn't you have sense enough to look into the oven before you started the fire?"

He hadn't said a single word of his loss, but now he spoke:

"Gush dum my eyes if I'll ever build another fire!"

And he is keeping his word. When *will* a woman learn wisdom?—[Danbury News.

SO WE GROW OLD.

A broken toy; a task that held away
A yearning child-heart from an hour of play;
A Christmas that no Christmas idols brought;
A tangled lesson, full of tangled thought;
A homesick boy; a senior gowned and wise;
A glimpse of life, when lo! the curtains rise
Fold over fold,
And hangs the picture, like a boundless sea—
The world, all action and reality—
So we grow old.

A wedding, and a tender wife's caress;
A prattling babe the parents' life to bless;
A home of joys and cares in equal part;
A dreary watching with a heavy heart;
And Death's dread angel knocking at the gate,
And Hope and Courage bidding Sorrow wait
Or loose her hold;
A new-made grave, and then a brave return
To where the fires of life triumphant burn—
So we grow old.

A fortune and a gen'rous meed of fame,
Or direful ruin and a tarnished name,
A slipping off of week and month and year,
Faster and faster as the close draws near;
A grief to-day, and with to-morrow's light,
A pleasure that transforms the sullen night
From lead to gold;
A chilling Winter of unchanging storm;
A Spring replete with dawns and sunsets warm—
So we grow old.

Old to ourselves, but children yet to be
In the strange cities of eternity.
—[*N. Y. Evening Post.*

IN a book called "Courtship, Love, and Matrimony," published in 1660, there is this clause concerning the privileges of women in leap-year: "Albeit it is now become a part of the common lawe in regard to social relations of life that as often as ever bissextile year doth return the ladyes have the sole privilege during the time it continueth of making love unto the men which they doe either by words or lookes, as it to them seemeth proper; and, moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who dothe in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

"POST-MORTEM LOVE."

If you're ever going to love me,
Love me now while I can know
All the sweet and tender feelings
Which from real affection flow.
Love me now while I am living—
Do not wait till I am gone,
And then chisel it in marble—
Warm love words on ice-cold stone.

If you've dear, sweet thoughts about me,
Why not whisper them to me?
Don't you know 'twould make me happy,
As glad as glad can be?
If you wait till I am sleeping,
Never to waken here again,
There'll be walls of earth between us,
And I could't hear you then.

If you knew some one was thirsting
For a drop of water sweet,
Would you be so slow to bring it?
Would you step with laggard feet?
There are tender hearts all 'round us,
Who are thirsting for our love;
Shall we begrudge to them what Heaven
Has kindly sent us from above?

I won't need your kind caresses
When the grass grows o'er my face;
I won't crave your love or kisses
In my last, low resting-place,
So, if you do love me any,
If it's but a little bit,
I'd rather know it now, while I
Can, living, own and treasure it.

The following lines—which have never before been published—were written by Dr. Alfred Baker soon after the death of his brother, Gen. E. D. Baker, who fell in the bloody conflict at Ball's Bluff. They were inscribed to Senator J. A. McDougal, an old friend and comrade of the deceased General's, and having been found among his papers have been sent to the CHRONICLE for publication.]

'Twas a calm October morning,
Long before the East was gray,
When our chief received the order
Straight to marshal his array.
Promptly was each order given,
And before the dawn was bright
His beloved and own battalion
Proudly marched to find the fight.

As he started I addressed him,
"Brother, brother, heed to-day;
Your's is but a General's duty
Do not seek the thickest fray;
Think how much your country needs you,
And your life is not your own;
Mix not in the hottest battle,
Do not venture forth alone."

Said he, "If the day goes with us,
If I deem the field our own,
I'll but do a General's duty;
Wistar leads the column on.
But if overborne by numbers
We are like to lose the day;
If my own battalion falters
In the fury of the fray;

"Should I lose my valiant right arm—
If by rebel steel or ball,
'Mid the smoke and shock of battle,
Gallant Wistar chance to fall—
Then shall those who hear the story,
In Senate hall or Sunset State,
Know I held a General's duty
Is to dare a soldier's fate."

Vaulting lightly on his charger,
With a smile serene and bright,
Thus my gallant, gifted brother
Rode to that unequal fight.
Prompt and free his life to offer
For the cause he loved so well,
Other pens must trace the story
How he fought and how he fell.

WE COME AND GO.

If you or I
To-day should die,
The birds would sing as sweet to-morrow
The vernal Spring
Her flowers would bring,
And few would think of us with sorrow.

Yes, he is dead,
Would then be said—
The corn would fleck the grass yield hay
The cattle low,
The Summer go,
And few would heed us pass away.

How soon we pass!
How few, alas!
Remember those who turn to mould!
Whose faces fade
With Autumn's shade,
Beneath the sodded church-yard cold!

Yes, it is so—
We come, we go—
They hail our birth, they mourn us dead
A day or more,
The Winter o'er,
Another takes our place instead.

St Patrick's Day.

It gives us great pleasure to say that this memorable anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint, was celebrated in Merced in a manner not only highly creditable to our Irish citizens, but particularly gratifying to the numerous invited guests, as we, having had the good fortune to be one of the latter can testify. Religious services were performed that the Rev. Father [illegible] preached a most eloquent and appropriate sermon. A banquet was given in the evening at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, under the joint auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and Irish American Benevolent Society. Invitations were liberally extended by the members of both Societies, and quite a large number (perhaps two hundred) of our citizens, without distinction of natipnality, were present to enjoy [illegible] evening. The [illegible] set by mine host Horan, was, as is always the case with festivals under his management, most sumptuous. After ample justice had been done the viands, Champagne and toasts were declared in order, and those present were given the opportunity of enjoying a most rare treat in the shape of the literary and musical exercises of the occasion. They commenced with the rendering on the organ by Mrs. L. Hern, the organist of the evening, of that ever welcome air, "St. Patrick's Day." The singers of the evening, the ladies (God bless them), to whom the thanks of all were certainly due, and most cheerfully tendered for the inspiring and appropriate music furnished, were Mrs. P. B. King, Mrs. L. Hern, Mrs. Castor, Mrs. J. W. Wilcox, Mrs. C. E. Fleming, Mrs. Alice Salter, Miss Anna McCauley, and Miss Mary Baine.

While [illegible] of Ireland was also fully and broadly American in tone, and showed to the audience that the speaker, while being a devoted child of Erin by birth, is also a loyal son of Columbia by adoption.—His remarks were followed by the singing of "Dear Little Shamrock." The next sentiment proposed was—The "Irish in America," responded to by Dennis Keogh, Esq., which response was certainly eloquent and true. A perfect storm of applause amounting even to an *encore*, testified the appreciation of the audience, not only of Mr. Keogh's address, but of himself as a citizen and true Irishman. The sweet strains of the "Harp that once through Taras Hall" came next, after which the third toast on the programme, "The American Republic the home of the Oppressed of Ireland" was most fitly and ably responded to by Mr. John York, Jr. Mr. York is an Irish American in heart and in the evening of the 17th will certainly testify that he is no discredit to the home of his forefathers the land of orators. "The Song of a thousad Years," was next rendered. "The Memory of Robert Emmet," was the fourth toast of the evening, and was feelingly responded to by our worthy fellow citizen, P. B. King, Esq., in his usual forcible and eloquent manner, his remarks carrying conviction to the minds of those who heard him, that his heart and soul was in all he said. Then come "Erin, the Home of My Childhood." The air was done ample justice by the singers. C. H. Marks, Esq., was called upon to respond to the toast, "The Ladies," and the selection proved to be a

FREMONT OLDER
EDITOR

A Stein Song

(From "Spring")

GIVE a rouse, then, in the Maytime
For a life that knows no fear!
Turn night time into daytime
With the sunlight of good cheer!
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear.

When the wind comes up from Cuba,
And the birds are on the wing.
And our hearts are patting juba
To the banjo of the spring,
Then it's no wonder whether
The boys will get together,
With a stein on the table and a cheer for everything.

For we're all frank and twenty
When the spring is in the air;
And we've faith and hope aplenty,
And we've life and love to spare;
And it's birds of a feather
When we all get together
With a stein on the table and a heart without a care.

For we know the world is glorious,
And the goal is a golden thing,
And that God is not censorious
When his children have their fling;
And life slips its tether
When the boys get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring.

—Richard Hovey (1864-1900).

"A FINE LIFE"

HE was seventy-six years old. He ha[illegible] when he was little more

MR. GEORGE LE BARRE, THE OLDEST MAN.

THE NAMES OF THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

Most persons are familiar with the facts in reference to the names of the days of the week, and yet there may be some who are not able to account for the order in which they occur. The division of time into weeks, was probably first made by the Chaldeans; and the general order, as adopted by this ancient people, has existed to the present time.

According to the Ptolematic system, there are seven planets which revolve around the earth in the following order of distances, beginning at the most remote—Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sun, Venus, Mercury, Moon.

The day being divided into twenty-four hours, and each hour by turns, being devoted in theory to one or another, in regular order, of the divinities which ruled the planets, the present order of days was necessary, in order to keep up an uninterrupted succession.

Saturn, or Saturday, the first day of the week, the first hour of which was also devoted to Saturn, the second hour to Jupiter, the third to Mars, the fourth to Sun, the fifth to Venus, the sixth to Mercury, the seventh to Moon. The eight was in regular succession devoted to Saturn, so also the fifteenth and the twenty-second; the twenty-third to Jupiter, the twenty-fourth to Mars, and the *first hour of the second day* to Sun—hence, the day is called Sunday. By continuing the same order, Sun answers to the eighth, fifteenth and twenty-second; the twenty-third is Venus, the twenty-fourth Mercury, and the *first hour of the third day* is Moon, hence Moonday or Monday.

Moon answers to the eighth, fifteenth or twenty-second hours; the twenty-third to Saturn; the twenty-fourth to Jupiter; the *first hour of the fourth* day is Mars—Saxon, Tuisco or Tig, hence Tuesday.

The first hour of the fifth day by the same succession, will be Mercury—Saxon, Wodeno, hence Wednesday. The order gives the first hour of the sixth day to Jupiter, the Saxon Thor, hence Thursday. Friday, likewise, gives its first hour to Venus—Saxon, Frigga.

These results may be conveniently grouped in the following tabular form:

Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sun, Venus, Mercury, Moon.

Saturn	1	8	15	22	Jupiter	Mars	24
Sun	1	8	15	22	Venus	Mercury	24
Moon	1	8	15	22	Saturn	Jupiter	24
Mars	1	8	15	22	Sun	Venus	24
Mercury	1	8	15	22	Moon	Saturn	24
Jupiter	1	8	15	22	Mars	Sun	24
Venus	1	8	15	22	Mercury	Moon	24

Repeats in same order perpetually.

An observing individual, in a very healthy village, seeing a sexton at work in a hole in the ground, inquired what he was about.

"Digging a grave, sir."

"Digging a grave! Why, I thought people didn't die often here—do they?"

"Oh, no, sir; they die but once."

For a Walk.

There is much in a person's walk denoting character.

A rapid walk indicates energy, something of importance on hand which requires immediate attention.

A slow walk suggests an easy-going turn of mind, a disposition to let things take their own course, and if they go wrong, it will be all the same in a thousand years.

A shambling walk belongs to indolence, the body seeming to be an unwelcome burden to the feet, which they attempt to shirk, by hugging the ground as closely as possible.

A rolling walk is the gait of the "jolly tar;" and if the natural walk of a landsman, denotes an independent don't-care-tiveness, and good humor.

A nippy walk, which twists and turns from side to side, cutting off and putting a period after each step, is the sign of a snappish, terrier disposition.

A graceful, deliberate swing walk indicates a proud and haughty nature, with plenty of self-conceit.

A slight bend and intense swing of the body, with elbows out and nose snuffling the air above the heads of other people, and the least pigeon-toed walk, suggests vanity, and a frivolous devotion to style and display.

A hesitating walk denotes a changeable mind, lack of perseverance, and a growing mental shallowness, resulting from a want of energy.

A careless walk, always running against somebody, denotes a person wrapped up in self, without ability to see much outside.

The studied, accurately measured, "aren't-you-all-looking-at-me" walk, indicates an unreliable, superficial, deceitful person, whose pride is in fashion, beauty, the cut of hair, trimming of whisker, fit of a dress, or some such attraction given by the tailor, barber, or dressmaker.

A loitering walk indicates a person whose thoughts are always placidly, hazily contemplating a narrow sphere of life, in which self is the prominent figure. Such persons, when thrown upon their own resources, are as helpless as a turtle on its back.

The sharp, quick, clean step over rough or even places with prompt precision, as if every footfall was marked, indicates a person in possession of full mental faculties and farsightedness, with an eye which surveys the ground in advance, guided by a quick, intelligent, sharp business qualification, and a readiness to battle with life, making the most of everything. Such persons are self-reliant, hard to trip, quick to rise when once down, and never in doubt which way to go when once upon their feet.

"Let's Play."

Oh, the blessed and wise little children,
What sensible things they say:
When they can't have things they wish for
They take others and cry: "Let's play!"

"Let's play" that the chairs are big coaches,
And the sofa a railroad car;
And that we are all taking journeys
And traveling ever so far.

"Let's play" that this broken old china
Is a dinner set rare and fine,
And our dinner cups filled with water
Are goblets of milk and wine.

"Let's play" every one of our dollies
Is alive and can go to walk,
And keep up long conversations
With us if we want to talk.

"Let's play" that we live in a palace,
And that we are the queens and kings;
"Let's play" we are birds in a tree top,
And can fly about on wings.

"Let's play" that we are school keepers,
And grown people come to our school;
And then punish them all most soundly
If they break but a single rule.

Oh, the blessed and wise little children,
What sensible things they say!
And we might be happy as they are
If we would be happy their way.

What odds 'twixt not having and having,
When we have lived out our day!
Let us borrow the children's watchword—
The magical watchword "Let's play!"

—*H. H., in the Independent.*

The Vowels.—There are two words in the English language that contain all the vowels in regular succession, and if a person is willing to live abstemiously, and not regard this statement facetiously, he will see what the words are.—[Norwich Bulletin.

THE MILLS HAVE CLOSED TO-DAY.

Annie is the baby better?
Worse? The Lord befriend us all!
Cannot live? Oh, God in Heaven!
Hear thy suffering servant's call!
Nearer, dearest, lest the children
Hear the words I have to say:
Put your loving arms about me—
For the mills have closed to-day!

And our little child is dying!
No! No! no! Not dying yet!
Have you prayed with long beseeching
For the helpless little pet?
Heaven *must* have mercy sometimes:
Others thrive who do not pray:
Oh, that troubles might come singly;
But the mills have closed to-day!

Other hands have saved up money
And can give their children bread;
Must our darlings cry for hunger,
When the little one is dead?
Dead? It cannot be she's dying!
Has the doctor gone away?
And I cannot pay him, either,
For the mills have closed to-day!

Why was I laid up last Winter?
Reasons why are hard to learn;
It was only this last Sunday
That the head of our concern
Gave away some trifling thousands
To the church—a debt to pay;
He could spare it from his millions—
But the mills have closed to-day!

Laughing? Yes, because I'm jolly!
It's a joke—we dreamed it all!
What's the need to look so ghastly?
Nightmare dreams are troubles small—
Ah! the morning in the cradle!
Mercy! mercy! Pray, love, pray!
Death is clutching at our darlings,
And the mills have closed to-day!

—N. Y. Graphic. Teleg Arkwright.

HOME.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

The cares of the day, they are over,
And low sinks the sun in the west,
As I journey along toward the cottage
That offers me pleasure and rest.
My darlings are all at the window
Their faces pressed close to the pane,
To watch through the gathering twilight
And welcome papa "home again."

Oh! joy of all joys, when my spirit
Is heavy and weary with care,
To feel their soft arms thrown around me
And taste their sweet kisses so rare!—
To know they are mine—that no other
May claim the dear lambs of my fold,
From the innocent babe in its cradle
To Maud with her tresses of gold!

Drink deep, O my soul, from the fountain
Of pleasure that never will cloy,
And walk in the gardens of beauty,
That blossom with honor and joy!
For home, with my darlings to greet me
When daylight grows red in the west,
Is a palace the king might well envy,
A beautiful haven of rest!

Write Written Right.

Write we know is written right,
When we see it written write;
But when we see it written right;
We know it is not written wright;
For write, to have it written right,
Must not be written right or wright,
Nor yet should it be written rite;
But *write*, for so 'tis written right.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

A Wonder of Vegetation.

There is no tree known on earth which subserves so many purposes as the bamboo. The Indian obtains from it a part of his food, many of his household utensils, and a wood at once lighter and more capable of bearing greater strains than heavier timber of the same size. Beside, in expeditions in the tropics, under the rays of a vertical sun, bamboo trunk have more than once been used as barrels, in which a water much purer than could be preserved in vessels of any other kind is kept fresh for the crew. Upon the west coast of South America, and in the large islands of Asia, bamboo furnish all the materials for the construction of houses at once pleasant, substantial, and preferable to those of stone, which the frequently recurring earthquakes bring down upon the heads of the lodgers. The loftiest of the bamboos is the *Sanmot*. In the tracts where it grows in the greatest perfection it sometimes rises to the hight of 100 feet, with a stem only 18 inches in diameter at the base. The wood itself is only an inch in thickness. The fact that the bamboo is hollow has made it eminently useful for a variety of purposes—it serves as a measure for liquids, and, if fitted with a lid and a bottom, trunks and barrels are made of it. Small boats even are made of the largest trunks by strengthening them with strips of other wood where needed. In one day they obtain the hight of several feet, and with the microscope their development can be easily watched. But the most remarkable feature about the bamboo is their blossoming. With all this marvelous rapidity of growth they bloom only twice in a century, the flower appearing at the end of fifty years. Like other grasses, they die after having borne seed.

Oranges.

No foreign fruit is so generally acceptable as the orange. Its attractive form and color, its fragrance, added to its taste, give it a world-wide popularity. It is a plant of the citron family, which comprises also the citron, lemon, and shaddock. It is frequently seen in our hot-houses, and grows well in Florida and the Gulf shore, although the fruit there has never entered into commerce, to vie with the more popular kind. Our chief supply is from Havana, and from Spain and Sicily. The orange-grove continues in flower nearly the whole summer, and a healthy tree will exhibit flower-buds and ripe fruit at the same time. The odor of the orange-flower is well known, and the air that sweeps over a grove comes laden with a rich perfume. The orange is supposed to have come from China. When and how it was introduced into Europe is unknown, but the Saracens seem to have introduced it into Northern Syria, Northern Africa, and Spain, whence it spread to Italy and Greece. Sir Walter Raleigh, who gave England the potato and tobacco, is said also to have first imported oranges into that country; and Sir Francis Carew, who married his niece, planted the seeds from which sprung the first orange tree in Britain. Orange trees sometimes attain a very large size. One at the convent of St. Sabina, at Rome, is said to be 600 years old. It is thirty-one feet high. One at Nice generally bore 5,000 or 6,000 oranges. When a tree is young, the fruit has a thick skin, many seeds, and a sharp taste; an old tree bears the more prized thin-skinned orange, which is perfectly sweet, and quite often seedless.

Tissues of Cashmere.

The Cashmere shawls are of two kinds—one made by weaving small pieces and sewing them together; the other by embroidering the pattern on a plain woven cloth. The real Cashmere thread is called *pashumeea*, and is made from the down, not the hair, of the Thibet goat, which is raised in the most mountainous provinces of that country; but the wool or down is all carried to Cashmere for manufacture, the business being under the strictest government control, and to such a degree that no real *pashumeea* wool can be sold or smuggled into any other provinces of India. Fine shawls are made in Punjaub and other provinces from goat's and sheep's wool, and sold as genuine Cashmere, but are an inferior article. In Cashmere 100,000 persons are employed in the shawl manufacture. The weavers are all males; most of the spinners are women. The weaving of a shawl of ordinary pattern occupies three weavers for three months; the more elaborate and costly for from twelve to fifteen months.

How India Rubber Shoes were Introduced.

The history of the introduction of India rubber overshoes is a curious story. Before 1821 the rubber had been imported only in the form of curiosities, such as crocodiles, turtles, and other objects. A sea captain at that time brought, among other devices, some rubber wrought in the shape of small shoes, and gave them as a present to an intelligent boy. They were closed over the top, and our hero cut them open to find only some clay within in the form of lasts. His next desire was to put them on his feet, but as they would not stretch enough, he used boiling water to soften them, and then succeeded in his purpose. To color them he used ink, which soon washed off, but finally hit upon the plan of smoking them up in the chimney. He then had completed the first pair of India rubber shoes ever used in this country, and his success was the beginning of a business which now has immense proportions.

THE FOREHEAD.

THE upright forehead, with its various modifications of squareness and partial curving, generally denotes the sound and noble understanding, as opposed to the retreating form, which indicates the precise reverse. A merely high forehead does not, however, always imply a good forehead; for the form, proportion, sloping, height, arching position of the bone of the forehead, are tests of the mental power and character. Even the color and smoothness of the skin, together with the lines of the wrinkles, must be taken into account, for they express the passions and state of the mind. A perfect forehead should be one-third of the whole face, or equal to the nose in height, the covering skin clearer than the rest of the face, and smooth and free from wrinkles, yet have the power of wrinkling in deep thought, anger, or pain. A forehead, to be perfect, should be, when seen in the profile, neither too arch nor too square, neither too upright nor too retreating. The higher the forehead the more comprehension and less activity. The more compressed, firm, and short (if not too short), the more concentrated and firm the character. The more curved the top, the more gentle and flexible the character; while the less curved—that is, the more square the top, the more determination, perseverance, and sternness. If the forehead is perfectly upright from the eyebrows to the roots of the hair, there will be a deficient understanding; while a projecting forehead will denote imbecility, immaturity, weakness, or stupidity, accordingly as modified by the other features. On the other hand, the upright forehead which is gently arched at the top denotes a calm, cold, deep thinker.

Melissa's Quandary.

I declare my head seems bursting, and my brain in quite a whirl,
These men are so provoking—'tis a plague to be a girl!
I don't object to bellehood, to beauty, or to beaux;
But, then, 'tis so perplexing when the horrid things propose.
Papa is looking curious, and mamma is looking wise,
There's a world of awful warning in Aunt Tabby's blinking eyes.
I've a score or more of lovers, every age and style and kind;
I am twenty and unsettled, for I can't make up my mind.

There's that charming Captain Hawkins, with his untamed, eagle glance—
Such a hero in the saddle, such a partner in the dance!
Such shoulders and such whiskers! I adored him for a week,
And then it somehow struck me he had rather too much cheek.
Then the famous Lawyer Morton, who's so witty and so keen,
Who says so many clever things I don't know half they mean,
Who studies me as though I were some problem left unread;
But I couldn't have the lawyer, he has quite, quite too much head.

Then my dreamy poet-lover, with his starry, shining eyes,
And his fortune floating somewhere in the misty future skies,
They say a poet's worship is each woman's secret goal;
But I'm of "earth, still earthy," he has rather too much soul.
And there's—well, yet another, who is noble, brave and true,
Who woos with simple earnestness as simple men will woo,
Whose love is deep and tender—of his very life a part;
But I—'twere shame to listen; he has really too much heart.

For I must have lace and diamonds, and I must have style and dash,
And what are hearts, or minds, or souls, if folks are minus cash?
I vow I'll take old Golding, though they say he's eighty-two;
But he's worth at least a million, and what better could I do?
His mind is getting shaky, so he won't be overwise,
And 'tis time his soul was tending to a home beyond the skies;
He has neither heart nor liver, and his lungs are far from strong—
Poor man! he quite adores me, and he can't adore me long.

Losing and Winning.

It never would be right
Comparisons to lack:
We should not know a white
Without the aid of black;
Then here, please, stick a pin,
And own how just my views!
For nobody could win,
If some one didn't lose!

You never value wealth
Unless you have been poor;
Enjoyment of good health
Can bad alone insure;
The silence after din
A deeper calm endues,
And nobody could win,
If some one didn't lose!

'Tis from the gloom of night
That day its brightness steals;
And 'tis the mountain's height
The valley's depth reveals;
And virtue out of sin
Doth worth to life infuse;
And nobody could win,
If some one didn't lose!

The argument is just,
The moral very clear;
But somehow drop I must
A small remark in here—
That surely Satan grins
To see how each one chooses
To be the one who wins,
And not the one who loses!

The Maiden's Choice.

Genteel in person,
Conduct and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free.

Brave, not romantic,
Learned, not pedantic,
Frolic, not frantic—
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new.

Neat, but not finical,
Sage but not cynical,
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.—*Henry*

What Makes a Man

A TRUE WOMAN'S IDEAL.

Not numerous years, nor length
Not pretty children and a wife;
Not pins and chains and fancy r
Nor any such like trumpery thi
Not pipe, segar, nor bottled win
Nor liberty with kings to dine;
Not coat, nor boots, nor yet a ha
A dandy vest, or trim cravat,
Nor all the world's wealth laid
Not Mister, Rev'rend, Sir, nor
With titles that the memory ti
Not ancestry traced back to W
Who went from Normandy to k
Nor Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew
Nor thousand volumes rambled
Not Judge's robe, nor Mayor's
Nor crowns that deck the royal
These all united never can
Avail to make a single man;

A truthful soul, a loving mind
Full of affection for its kind;
A helper of the human race,
A soul of beauty and of grace;
A spirit firm, erect and free,
That never basely bends the k
That will not bear a feather's
Of slavery's chains, for small
That truly speaks of God with
And never makes a league wi
That snaps the fetters despots
And loves the truth for its ow
That worships God, and Him
That trembles at no tyrant's
A soul that fears no one but G
And thus can smile at curse a
That is the soul that makes th

Twenty-ninth avenue,
and Irving street, and Jack Trigoni,
an old man, Paul

A CORRESPONDENT at Boston writes:

The reading of some Scotch stories in an old number of *Harper's* suggested the sending to the editor of the Drawer of one or two others, probably new, taken down by the writer of this at the time, during a remarkable address recently delivered to a temperance organization by our talented fellow-citizen Captain ——: remarkable in its dissimilarity from kindred efforts, the speaker having succeeded in keeping his audience, from beginning to end of his address, in convulsions of laughter at his naïvely narrated stories, every one of which came up apropos of his subject, and gave the hearers the feeling that without it the address would have been incomplete.

A Glasgow boy had been summoned as a witness in a case before the Municipal Court. His mother took great pains in instructing him as to his behavior, and was particularly solicitous as to his doing at once, without a moment's hesitation, whatever he might be asked to. The hour of trial arrived, and Jock, in his "Sunday claes," set out for court in high spirits. He had not been gone long when he returned, sobbing bitterly. The following colloquy ensued:

"What's wrang wi' ye, laddie?"

"Nae muckle."

"Ay, but what's wrang wi' ye?"

"Nae muckle, I tell ye."

At length his mother succeeded in eliciting the truth:

"Weel, they tuk me into a big room wi' a chiel wi' a white pow [head] sittin' his lane, an' a lot o' mair chiels sittin' below him, an' the chiel wi' the white pow axed me ma name. An' I tellt him, 'Jock MacNab.' An' he tellt me, 'Jock MacNab, haud up your han' an sweir.' An' I put up ma han', an' said, 'Damn your een, Sir;' an' they put me oot."

No person who has ever witnessed the hideous transformation undergone by our brave submarine divers when cased in their diving armor can fail, we think, to enjoy the following incident, sent to us by an officer of the corps of engineers of the United States army:

It may be remembered by some of your readers that during the early part of the late war our government caused a number of old hulks to be sunk across the mouths of the different channels leading into Charleston Harbor, South Carolina, in order to prevent blockade-running at that port. After the close of the war it became necessary to remove these obstructions, in order to give back to South Carolina her best port. To effect this, Mr. T——, a well-known expert in his profession, was sent, with his men and apparatus, to the spot, and commenced the task. The negroes saw a chance for speculation, and one day half a dozen of them pulled out in an open scow loaded with melons, and making fast to Mr. T——'s vessel, commenced to trade. The diver who was below exploring the bottom of the ocean, saw a dark object upon the surface above, and suspecting the nature of the visit, pulled his signal line to be hauled up. The negroes saw suddenly a horrible monster rise from the deep, and, after calmly surveying them for a moment, seize one of the largest melons and vanish with it beneath the waters as suddenly as he had come. There was a universal yell of horror, and the panic-stricken darkies, with a common impulse, sprang overboard. A boat was instantly lowered to pick them up. But the divers fared ill, so far as regarded fruit, after that day; for the "cullud" brethren firmly believed they had "seen de debbil, suah," and could not be induced to repeat the visit.

SPEAKING of infants, we are quite sure that the following poetic gem, by a Cincinnati songster, will be read with delight by every parent who has what he proudly regards as a choice specimen of the juvenile article:

"DOT LITTLE BABY."

Droo as I leve, 'most every day
I laugh me vild to see de vay
Dot shmall young baby dry to blay—
Dot funny little baby.

Ven I looke of dem little toes,
Und see dot funny little nose,
Und hear de vay dot rooster crows,
I shmile like I vas crazy.

Some times dere comes a little squall;
Dot's ven de vindy vind vill crawl
Right und his little stomach shmall—
Now dot's doo bad for de baby.

Dot make him sing at night so shweet,
And gorry-barric he must eat,
Und I must jump shpry on my feet
To help dot little baby.

He pulls my nose und kicks my hair,
Und crawls me over every vhare,
Und slobbers me—but vat I care?
Dot vas my shmall young baby.

Around my neck dot little arm
Vas squozing me so nice und varm—
Oh may dere never coom some harm
To dot shmall little baby!

—It is noticeable that the number of big school-boys who paroxysmally kiss the school-marm when she tries to whip them is on the increase. It is also noticeable that this increase is followed by a large increase in the number of schoolmarms who attempt to whip big boys.

—We went home the way that was longest
And the way was not very far,
But the way seemed not at all far,
At the gate we took quite a long rest.
Then I said—looking up at a star—
Said to Mattie—but not to the star—
"Could I kiss you without doing wrong—lest
Wrong-doing your feelings would mar?"
Your very fine feelings would mar?"
Said she: "Not unless you're the strongest;
And I know quite well that you are."
She added, "I'm sure that you are."

Wonders of the American Continent.

[From the Coal Trade Journal.]

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river three-fourths of a mile in width, and then being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two volumes to the depth of 175 feet. The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, where any one can take a voyage on a subterranean river and catch fish without eyes. The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, 4,000 miles long. The largest valley of the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains 5,000,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile regions of the globe. The greatest city park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains 2,700 acres. The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago. The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being 430 miles long and 1,000 feet deep. The longest railroad at present is the Pacific Railroad, over 3,000 miles in length. The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Pilot Knob of Missouri. It is 250 feet high and two miles in circuit. The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world is the Girard College for orphans, Philadelphia. The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton Aqueduct, New York. Its length is 40¾ miles, and its cost $12,500,000. The largest deposits of anthracite in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually, and appear to be inexhaustible.

A COUNTRY school-master of the old time was coaching his pupils for the yearly examination by the clergymen of the district. He had before him the junior geography class.

"Can any little poy or kirl tell me chwat is the shape off the earth?"

To this there was no answer.

"Oh, dear me, this is cholanmely! Chwhat will the ministers sink o' this? Well, I'll gie you a token to mind it. Chwhat is the shape o' this snuff-box in ma han'?"

"Square, Sir," replied all.

"Yess; but on Saabath, chwhen I shange ma claes, I shange ma snuff-box, and I wears a roond one. Will you mind that for a token?"

Examination-day came, and the junior geography class was called.

"Fine intelligent class this, Mr. Mackenzie," said one of the clergymen.

"Oh yess, Sir, they're neeboor-like."

"Can any of the little boys or girls tell me what is the shape of the earth?"

Every hand was extended, every head thrown back, every eye flashed with eager excitement in the good old style of schools. One was singled out with a "You, my little fellow, tell us."

"Roond on Sundays, an' square all the rest o' the week."

The Doctor and the Joker.

As a member of the Owl Club was steering home at 3 A. M., he passed the house of a well-known physician. The vestibule was open, and the dim rays of the moon disclosed the mouth of an acoustic tube, under which was the inscription, "Whistle for Dr. Potts." Not to be disobliging about so small a matter as that, the Owl stumbled up the steps, steadied himself against the wall and blew into the pipe with all the strength of his lungs. The physician, awakened by the shrill whistle near his bed, arose, and after wondering at the singular odor of whisky in the room, groped his way to the tube and shouted, "Well?" "Glad to know you're well," was the reply, "but being a doctor I s'pose you can keep well at cost price, can't you?" "What do you want?" said the man of pills, not caring to joke in the airy nothing of his night-shirt. "Say," said the other end of the tube, "are you young Potts or old Potts?" "I am Dr. Potts; there is no young Potts." "Not dead, I hope!" "There never was any. I have no son." "Then you are young Potts and old Potts, too. Dear, dear, how singular." "Look here," came down from the exasperated M. D., "that's a jolly good joke. Won't you take something?" "What!" said the surprised humorist, pausing for breath. "Why, take something. Put your mouth to the end of the tube and take this." And before the funny man could with draw his mouth, a hastily-compounded mixture of ink and ipecac squirted from the pipe and deluged him from head to foot. And while he danced frantically around, sponging himself with his handkerchief, and swearing like a pirate in the last act, he could hear a voice from above sweetly murmur: "Good night. Come again, you funny dog."

Talking in Flowers.

"In Eastern lands they talk in flowers," and how beautifully it may be done is illustrated by the following written bouquet, by a young lady, in which the emblems of fifty-one flowers are introduced:

My "Peach blossom;" (preference.) You will be surprised at the reception of my note, but hoping you will not consider it a breach of "Egyptian Calla;" (modesty,) I proceed. The note will explain itself; it is evidently "Myrtle;" (love's offering.) Our "Rose Acacia" (friendship) was sadly ended. "Floss Adonis" (sad remembrances) will arise despite my "Amarylles" (affectation to the contrary.) You think "Buttercup," (that I cannot trust thee), and that you have not my "Sweet Basil" (good wishes), but "Arethusa" (I could weep for thee), knowing your "Aspen" (excessive sensibility). "Cactus" (you terrify me) of late, for "Cypress" (despair is on your brow.) "Box" (I change not) may I ask "Holly?" (am I forgotten?) When first your fearful "Hyacinth" (jealousy) was known by me, I was fired with "Lupine" (indignation,) since you should think "Larkspur" (fickleness) a trait of mine. When you said to me "Snap-dragon" (thou hast deceived me), not being guilty, I understood not. "Barberry" (a sour temper is no small evil,) I confess I was angry, and "Robertianum Geranium" (aversion) for you was for a while entertained. When you found the reports false, I refused immediate "Hazel nut" (reconciliation), though you desired it. I did say too coldly, "China Aster" (I'll think of it), though "Hop," (you do me injustice). For a while you hung twixt "Columbine" (hope and fear,) by my cruel "Bulrush" (indecision,) but "Yellow clover" (slighted love,) soon dies. You said to me "Auricula" (thou art proud), and you said truly, but "Carnation" (a haughty spirit before a fall,) my pride was piqued, but now, "Broom." (humility) fills my heart, and "Parsly" (your presence is desired), I hope "Pea" (you will grant me an interview.) "If your "Yellow clover" (slighted love) now sends me a Variegated Pink" (frank refusal) I cannot censure. Love is sensitive; knowing this I should have regarded your "Hyacinth" (jealousy) with more "Lemon" (discretion.) I confess my "Marigold" (cruelty,) and say now, even with my great "Four o'clock" (timidity,) "Fox glove," (my heart acknowledges your influence.) "Hisbiscus Trionom" (I wouldn't be unreasonable), but remembering that you once said "Ivy" (nothing can part us), I venture, after all that's passed, to ask your forgiveness. Let us not "Periwinkle" (remember the past). We have both learned a lesson. You have learned "Sweet William" (a man may smile and be a villain too). Your so-called friend is noted for "Mock Orange" (deceit) hence you should have known he was telling a "Sheep-laurel" (falsehood). But I will dwell not on the thought, for to think of your suspecting "Evening Primrose" (inconstancy) in me might again arouse my "Lupine" (indignation). As for MY lesson, I have clearly learned the folly of "Lady's slipper" (caprice). But I must be closing. Though you said it *would*, I hope my "Marigold" (cruelty) did not "Milkweed" (conquer your love). Even if it be so, yet, if "Magnolia Grandflora" (thou hast magnanimity) thou wilt forgive, as I have forgiven. However, should you now refuse "Hazel nut" (reconciliation,) yet "Rosemary" (remember me) as "Dahlia" (thine forever). If *you* forget *me*, then for me too "Red Poppy" (oblivion is the cure). I "Honey suckle" (seek not a hasty answer). I fancy I hear you now say "China Aster" (I'll think of it). Adieu—I am "Arbor vitæ" (thy friend till death.)

FLORA.

A young lady in Titusville, whose "pa struck ile" a few years ago, and who has since been at boarding-school, recently returned, and a party was given for her benefit. Upon the bottom of her invitation cards she caused to be inscribed "R. S. V. P.," and one was sent to an illiterate, rich fellow, who had also made his money by boring. He did not come, but sent a card with the letters, "D. S. C. C." Meeting him in the street, she asked him what the letters meant.

"Tell me first what yours meant."

"O, mine was French for 'Respond if you cannot accept.'"

"Well, mine was English for "'D——n sorry I can't come.'"

ACCOMMODATING.—The most accommodating man we ever saw, says the Danbury *News*, was he who was the captain of a steamship which plied between New York and Port Royal during the war. One day a soldier lost his cap overboard and went to the captain about it. The old gentlemen said it was impossible to stop the vessel to recover it, but he kindly offered to make a mark on the rail where it went overboard, and get it when he came back.

THE PALINDROME.—The palindrome is a line that reads alike backward and forward. One of the best is Adam's first observation to Eve—"Madam, I'm Adam!" Another is the story that Napoleon, when at St. Helena, being asked by an Englishman if he could have sacked London, replied—"Able was I ere I saw Elba." The latter is the best palindrome, probably, in the language,

Here is a first-class Chinese love-song, which is being nightly sung by Long Woo, the tenor of the new Chinese Theatre on Jackson street, with great applause.

Ilo veag irlwi thalm onde yes
Ands almo ncolo redno se,
Sheh asaq ucue ofre alsto rchair,
He rclu bfe etha ve not ose.
Onbi rdsne stso upan dpup pyd ogs
Shef atte nsu pandg rows
Sofa stit takeste nmil lin ers
Towl deno uthe rclot hes.

Ilo veto si tdow nby hers ide
Anddr ink You nghys ont ea
An dpu tmya rmar oundt hepl ace
Whe rehe rwai stou ghtto be.
Thew aysh esmi lesal lov eris
A cau tionfo rtosee;
She'lln eve rbem ybet terh alf
Fo rshe'd maket eno fme.

INFORMATION FOR THE MASSES.—Egypt is a land of donkeys, but they have morasses in Ireland.

Snipe on Toast—"Sixty Cents."

A SOJOURNER in a large city, who is at the mercy of restaurants where you are treated with a big bill of fare, and very little food on your plate, thus hits it off:

Snipe on toast would be almost too hearty food to feed people on who had been floating on a raft three weeks, feeding on old bootlegs.

Says I to the waiter, "Give me snipe on toast."

By-and-by he came in and put down some toast, and I kept on reading about what a donkey Grant was, and what a ridiculous set every one is who is running for office; and I sat there for an hour. Then I rang the gong.

The waiter entered, and says I, "Where in thunder is my meat?"

Says he, "They've been on the table an hour."

Says I, "I didn't order plain toast; I want a snipe on it."

Says he, "There is a snipe on it."

Then I drew close up to the table, and I saw a little black speck on the toast.

Says I, "You'll swear that's a snipe?"

Says he, "Yes."

Says I, "You'd make a good linen buyer, you would?"

Says he, "It's a snipe on toast, anyhow."

Says I, "How did it get on?"

Says he, "That snipe is all right. It's a full-sized one, too."

Says I, "I'm glad of it. I'm glad you told me that's a full-sized snipe; for do you know, young man, when I sat out there reading, I saw a black speck on that toast; but I took it for a fly, and I am glad to be informed that it's a snipe—a full-sized snipe. Now you can take that snipe away, and bring me a turkey on toast. I want a full-sized turkey, too."

I ain't hankering after snipe since that episode. I could have blown that snipe through a putty-blower without hurting the snipe or the putty-blower, either. Snipe on toast may be game, but it's a mean game.

ANECDOTE OF DAVID CROCKETT.

The following is old, and we recollect seeing it in print years agone, but it will bear rewriting and printing over again:

David Crockett, while at Washington, visited a menagerie which opened there for exhibition, and stopping before the cage of a huge baboon, he exclaimed after gazing a while upon the grotesque quadrumana—

"Bless me!" that fellow looks exactly like Tom ——, of Alabama," naming an Honorable Member of Congress, from that State then on duty in Washington.

"Sir!" sounded an indignant voice at his elbow.

Davy turned, and beheld the very member whom he had likened, to the baboon, with a lady upon either arm.

"Really, sir," said Crockett, "I had no idea that you were so near. Had I known it, I shouldn't have spoken as I did."

The Honorable Member was irate, and in language slightly tinctured with threatening, demanded an apology.

"O, certainly," replied David, good-naturedly. "I am ready to apologize. Yes, yes—but—" and he looked from the Honorable Member to the animal in the cage, and from the animal back to the Honorable Member, who, by the way, had never been deemed a handsome man—"really, I don't know which I ought to apologize to—*you or the baboon!*"

A Liverpool Schoolmistress who was afraid of getting her beauty spoiled by small-pox, sent home a little girl because she said her mother was sick and had marks on her face. The next day the girl appeared, and to the trembling teacher said: "Miss——, we've got a leetle baby at our house, but mamma told me to tell you that it isn't catching."

A young man in the East, who is particular about his washing, the other day wrote a note to his washerwoman and one to his girl, and by a strange fatality put the wrong address on each envelope, and sent them off. The washerwoman was well pleased at an invitation to take a ride the next day, but when the young lady read; "If you muss up my shirt bosem, and rub the buttons off the collar any more, as you did the last time, I will go somewhere else," she cried all the evening, and declares that she will never speak to him again.

PRIZE CONUNDRUM.—What are the differences between—1, the men who examined the Goodwin Sands; 2, B and C playing at cards; 3, a plank used in producing a reciprocating motion up and down; 4, Faust's boon companion; 5, ship carpenters; and 6, the Casper of Der Freischutz? No. 1 saw the sea at Deal; 2, B saw C deal; 3, the plank is a deal see-saw; 4, was a saucy "deil;" 5, saw the deal at sea; 6, Caspar saw the "deil" on land, and the deil saw C—.

PROCRASTINATION.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time:
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born:
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least their own; their future selves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is folly's veil,
Time lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage, when young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.
And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate,
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; when past the shaft no trace is found.
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts, the thought of death:
E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, drop it in their grave. —*Young.*

A San Francisco paper describes the music in a Chinese theatre of that city as follows:

"Imagine yourself in a boiler manufactory when 400 men are putting in rivets, a mammoth tin-shop next door on one side, and a forty stamp quartz mill on the other, with a drunken charivari party with 600 instruments, and 4,000 enraged cats on the roof, and a faint idea will be conveyed of the performance of a first-class Chinese band of music."

A Roland for a Rufus.—He sat in a railway car, and his head was thickly covered with a mass of very red hair. Near him sat a man with a shining bald pate. Rufus playfully observed:

"I suppose you wasn't about when they dealt out hair?"

"Oh, yes, I was," replied the bald-pated gentleman; "only they offered me a lot of red hair, and I told 'em to throw it into the dust-bin."

The Man with the Coon-Skin.

He halted in front of a grocery store, and drawing from under his coat a small parcel tied around with a string, he inquired of the grocer, who sat in the door:

"How is trade?"

"Pretty fair for hot weather," was the answer.

"Are you up to bargains?" continued the stranger, as he untied the parcel and took out a coon-skin—a coon-skin which seemed to have been kicked about the house ever since the close of the war.

"Humph!" sneered the grocer, as he contemptuously regarded the old skin.

"You may 'humph!' and 'humph!' and 'humph!' all you want to!" exclaimed the stranger, in a loud voice, "but if you want a coon-skin to sell again this is the article!"

"I don't think I want to invest."

"You don't? Great heavens! but I took you for a man of talent and enterprise!"

"No one ever buys coon-skins or furs in the Summer," said the grocer.

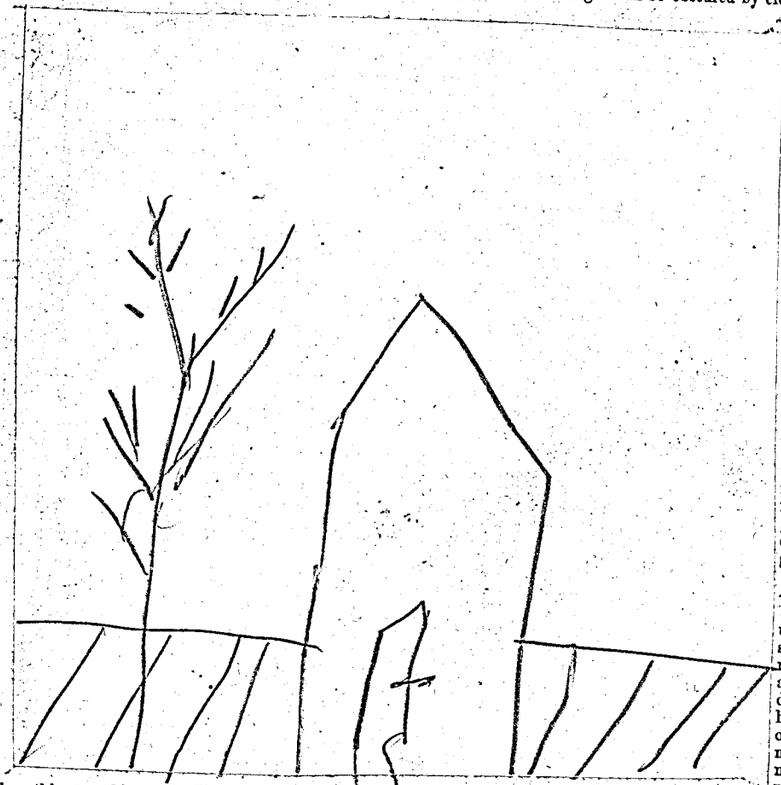
"I know it's a little late in the season, and therefore I'm willing to throw off something. I shouldn't have the face to ask over fifty cents for this ere coon-skin."

"I shouldn't want to pay that price," replied the grocer.

"You would not? Merciful stars! But is it possible that you would take bread from the mouths of my starving children, my innocent darlings, who don't know a coon-skin from a cow-hide!"

The grocer was silent, and the stranger smoothed the brindled hair with his right hand and continued:

"I will go before any court in the land and take a solemn oath that this is one of the best coon-skins offered in this market for the last fifteen years. Observe the variegated colors! Behold the tender softness! Just put your hand on this coon-skin, mister!"



"I don't think I want to buy any furs before November," quietly replied the grocer.

"You don't! Is it possible that you will deliberately let this great bargain slip through your fingers? No! I cannot believe it! Dozens of grocers in this town want this coon-skin; want it so that they can't keep still; but I was recommended to come to you, and I am here."

"It isn't a prime skin," said the grocer, as he glanced at the flesh side a second time.

"It ain't? Here, mister, shoot me! Draw your revolver and send a bullet in here, right through my quivering heart!"

He dropped the coon-skin and held his coat and vest open; but as the grocer didn't shoot he presently picked up his merchandise and continued in a sad voice:

"Mister, do I look like a pirate, or a robber, or a liar? Do you suppose I'd go and tell a deliberate lie, and peril my chances of ever reaching heaven, for the sake of selling you this coon-skin?"

"No, I suppose not," replied the grocer, leaning back in his chair.

"Ah, no, I wouldn't. I ain't purty, nor I don't wear many store clothes on my person, but I'm honest—yes, I am as [illegible] long. If I should so far forget my early training as to tell you a lie about this coon-skin, I never could enjoy another night's rest—never!"

"Well, I guess I don't want it," said the grocer.

"Heavens! but is it possible that you will let me return to my loving wife and fond children without bread to appease their hunger? Will you deliberately and willfully sit there and see me tie this coon-skin up and walk away, when I am offering it to you at one-half its market value?"

"You can perhaps sell it elsewhere."

"I know I can. I know a dozen men who want it, but they are not men of your reputation. When you hand me fifty cents I know it is the genuine scrip, and I go away satisfied. The others might pass counterfeit money on me, and I might be arrested and jailed, and my family be exposed to the scorn of this cold world."

"I don't want the coon-skin," said the grocer, "but if your family are suffering for want of food, I'll give you fifteen cents for it, and throw it back in the loft."

"Fif—fifteen—fifteen cents!" exclaimed the stranger, dropping the fur and springing off the step. "Now let the angels look down and weep! Let the bright sun be obscured by clouds blacker than midnight rolled in tar! If life has come to this, let me die once!"

The grocer picked up the newspaper the stranger waited two or three minutes, and then handed out the skin, and sadly said:

"Take it, and give me the paltry pittance! I am going home to die in the bosom of my family! I'll gather them around me once more, take a last farewell, and then I'll drop into the turbid river and be seen no more!"

"Juleps for one, and fill the glass chock up!"

—o—

"When I used to tend store the old man came arounnd one day, and says he, 'Boys, the one who sells the most between now and Christmas gets a vest-pattern for a present.' Maybe that we did not work for the vest-pattern. I tell you there was some tall stories told in praise of goods, about that time; but the tallest talker, and the one who had the most cheek of any of us, was a certain Jonah Guires, who roomed with me. He could talk a dollar out of a man's pocket when the man only intended to spend a sixpence, and the women—Lord bless you—they just handed over their pocket books to him and let him lay out what he liked for them. One night Jonah woke me up with, 'By Jove, old fellow, if you think that 'ere's got cotton in it I'll bring down the sheep it was cut from, and make him own his own wool. 'Twon't wear out either; wore a pair of pants of that stuff for five years, and they are as good now as they were when I first put them on. Take it at thirty cents and I'll say you didn't owe me anything. Eh—too dear? Well, call it twenty-eight cents. What d'ye say? All right. It's a bargain.' I could feel Jonah's hand playing about the bed-clothes for an instant; then rip, tear, went something or another, and I hid my head under the blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughter, and perfectly sure that Jonah had torn the best sheet from top to bottom. When I awoke the next morning, I found my night-shirt split from the bottom to the collar-band."

Narrative of an Unrecorded Arctic Expedition.

(By the Sole Survivor.)

'Twas in the Arctic Ocean,
And the wind filled all our sails,
For it was our *rôle* to find the pole,
And not to hunt for whales.
But we had not gone a furlong
Into the land of snow,
When we lost our mast, and the ship stuck fast
In the midst of a thick ice-floe.

And such was our position
That we could not move an inch;
And, O dear me, it was sad for to see
The frost our noses pinch.
Then six of us were eaten
By a great bear in the night,
And the ice broke through with other twenty-two,
And buried them from our sight!

Our hatchets and our crowbars
We worked with might and main;
But every slice that we cut from the ice
Was frozen up again.
So we all sat down in a body,
And swore that it was no go;
And we "piped our eye" to think that we should die
Forgotten on a cold ice-floe!

We sat thus sad and sorrowful
For a month, and naught us cheered,
Till lo! one day, the ice gave way,
And a big whale's nose appeared!
"Hullo!" he said, "my hearties":
(We started when we heard him speak),
"Have you seen the pole? My eye, how droll!
But it serves you right for your cheek!"

We thought his speech unfeeling,
And our captain told him so;
But he said, "Look here, my bold buccaneer,
If you *really* want to go—
I have a friendly sentiment,
Towards every brother-sailor,
And particularly towards you, d'ye see,
Because you ain't a whaler.

"So listen and do as I tell you,
And don't be over-nice;
Just shove your boat half down my throat,
And I'll paddle you there in a trice!"
We held some consultation,
But British pluck prevailed;
So we shoved our boat half down his throat,
And away to the pole we "whaled!"

We saw the pole at last, where it stands
(Perhaps not quite so thick
As the Monument at home or the Column Vendome,
But a good stout piece of stick).
We thanked our big Conductor,
And prayed to be taken back;
So he wheeled about, his fins struck out,
And we reached our ship in a crack.

But alas! my doleful story
Here reaches its dolefulest note,
For just as he got to the proper spot,
He suddenly swallowed the boat!
Now I am the sole survivor,
For I just escaped his jaws;
And not one man, since the world began,
Has yet been where I was!

Leaving the Homestead.

You're going to leave the homestead, John,
You're twenty-one to-day,
And the old man will be sorry, John,
To see you go away.
You've labored late and early, John,
And done the best you could;
I ain't a goin' to stop you, John,
I would'nt if I could.

Yet something of your feelings, John,
I s'pose I'd ought to know,
Though many a day has passed away—
'Twas forty years ago—
When hope was high within me, John,
And life lay all before,
That I, with strong and measured stroke,
"Cut loose" and pulled from shore.

The years, they come and go, my boy,
The years, they come and go;
And raven locks and tresses brown
Grow white as driven snow.
My life has known its sorrows, John,
Its trials and troubles sore;
Yet God withal has blessed me, John,
"In basket and in store."

But one thing let me tell you, John,
Before you make your start,
There's more in being honest, John,
Twice o'er than being smart.
Though rogues may seem to flourish, John,
And sterling worth to fail,
Oh! keep in view the good and true;
'Twill in the end prevail.

Don't think too much of money, John,
And dig and delve and plan,
And rake and scrape in every shape,
To hoard up all you can.
Though fools may count their riches, John,
In shillings, pounds and pence,
The best of wealth is youth and health,
And good, sound, common sense.

And don't be mean or stingy, John,
But lay a little by
Of what you earn: you soon will learn
How fast 'twill multiply.
So, when old age comes creeping on,
You'll have a goodly store
Of wealth to furnish all your needs—
And may be something more.

There's shorter cuts to fortune, John;
We see them every day.
But those who save their self-respect
Climb up the good old way.
"All is not gold that glitters," John,
And makes the vulgar stare,
And those we deem the richest, John,
Have oft the least to spare.

Don't meddle with your neighbors, John,
Their sorrows or their cares;
You'll find enough to do, my boy,
To mind your own affairs.
The world is full of idle tongues—
You can afford to shirk;
There's lots of people ready, John,
To do such dirty work.

And if amid the race for fame
You win a shining prize,
The humble worth of honest men
You never should despise;
For each one has his mission, John,
In life's unchanging plan—
Though lowly be his station, John,
He is no less a man.

Be good, be pure, be noble, John;
Be honest, brave, be true;
And do to others as ye would
That they should do to you;
And place your trust in God, my boy,
"Though fiery darts be hurled;
Then you can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frownin' world."

Good-by! May Heaven guard and bless
Your footsteps day by day;
The old house will be lonesome, John,
When you are gone away.
The cricket's song upon the hearth
Will have a sadder tone;
The old familiar spots will be
So lonely when you're gone.

NYE VS. SUMNER.

How the Nevada Senator Once Discomfited the Statesman from Massachusetts.

[From the Boston Transcript.]

The following story illustrates the wit and common sense of ex-Senator Nye of Nevada: "The question under debate was a bill to admit the Chinese to equal privileges of citizenship, and Mr. Sumner had the floor. His speech was, as usual, elaborate, studied, and classical, his periods rounded, and his arguments full up to the standard of the Massachusetts statesman and scholar. His appeal for the children of the Flowery Kingdom was earnest, and when Mr. Sumner concluded it was evident that he had made quite an impression upon the Senate.

At this juncture, so soon as Mr. Sumner had taken his seat, Mr. Nye sprang to his feet, was recognized by Mr. Colfax, the President of the Senate, and spoke somewhat as follows: 'Mr. President—I was born in the good old County of Steuben, New York State, and raised upon a farm. My parents were hard-working, thrifty people, fearing God and performing their duties with a good conscience. We had morning and evening prayers, in which was always offered an appeal to the Almighty for the freedom of the slave. My good mother, God bless her, was a careful housewife, and among other standard American delicacies doughnuts were always provided. We all liked doughnuts, and I think the American farm boy that don't like doughnuts is hardly found. I often watched my mother when she made the dough, and kneaded and shortened it until it was in fit condition. Mr. President, the result of my observation was that she always took a small piece of the dough and fried it in the fat before she risked the whole batch! She tried it first, and awaited results. I have listened to the eloquent speech of my friend from Massachusetts on the Chinese question. I live on the Pacific Coast, and know the Chinese better practically than any one can know them theoretically. They have nothing in common with us. They save their earnings and then return, pigtail and all, to the Flowery Kingdom. You cannot make a citizen of a man who will not sacrifice his pig-tail. We have enfranchised the blacks—they are now free and citizens, and I am content.' Then, turning to Mr. Sumner, he resumed: 'My friend from Massachusetts has made an exhaustive and able argument, but I suggest to him it is far better and safer to follow my good mother's example and fry a little piece of this suffrage dough before we risk the whole Chinese batch!'

The effect of this speech was marvellous. Mr. Sumner leaned back in his chair, laughing until tears ran down his cheeks, the Senate and galleries joining. His labored argument had been demolished at one fell blow by the doughnut simile. Doughnuts and the sacred rights of citizenship combined were too much for him. He could neither retort nor explain, and the consequence was, the bill failed through the homely argument of the doughnut in the hands of Nye."

Tom Cooke Explained His Point.

At a trial of the Court of King's Bench in 1813, between certain music publishers, as to an alleged piracy of an arrangement of the song of "The Old English Gentleman," Cooke was subpenaed as a witness by one of the parties.

On his cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett for the opposite side, that learned counsel questioned him thus—

"Now, sir, you say that the two melodies are the same, but different; now, what do you mean by that, sir?"

To this Tom promptly answered—

"I said that the notes of the two copies were alike, but with different accent, the one being in common time, the other in six-eight time; and consequently the position of the accented notes was different."

"Now, pray, sir, don't beat about the bush, but explain to the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent."

Cooke—Accent in music is a certain stress laid upon a particular note, in the same manner as you would lay a stress upon any word, for the purpose of being better understood. Thus, if I were to say, "You are an *ass*," it rests on ass; but if I were to say, "*You* are an ass," it rests on *you*, Sir James.

Shouts of laughter by the whole court followed this repartee. Silence at length having been obtained, the Judge, with much seeming gravity, accosted the counsel thus: "Are you satisfied, Sir James?"

Sir James (who had become scarlet in more than name), in a great huff, said: "The witness may go down."

An Actor's Dream.—Actors as a general thing don't appreciate *other* actors, and are sure to try to "run" on them at every possible opportunity. At a convivial gathering of actors in New York, John Brougham told this dream: "I dreamed the other night that I died. I went directly to the celestial gate. St. Peter sat there unmoved, holding his keys. I asked him to open the gate. The saint shook his head and replied, 'No actors admitted here.' There was one place I knew, I could enter, and I started for the region below. To my surprise I was refused admittance; the keeper gruffly saying, 'We want no shams here.' I turned again for the celestial gate; when I came in sight, I was surprised to see Lester Wallack passing through. I hurried up, but before I could reach St. Peter the gate closed with a jar that shook the whole place. I demanded admittance. The sullen answer came back, 'No actors admitted here.' 'But you have just admitted Lester Wallack!' 'Yes,' said St. Peter, 'but everybody knows that Lester Wallack is no actor.'" And the boys roared.

The Prospects of Trade.

There has been so much said about the improvement in business that Spicer has taken pains to interview the members of leading branches in business in the city with a view of obtaining practical and reliable information. The result of the inquiry into each branch of trade is given below:

In the oyster business the Fall openings have been successful.

Dealers in indigo are looking very blue.

The hatters say the greatest interest is felt in their business.

Crockery trades do not want a smashing business so much as a safe one.

The distillers say the presidential election has been a spirited contest.

Paradoxical as it may appear, the ready-made clothing trade, although in favor of keeping open stores, are not opposed to a "close up" move.

"Extentions" continue to be made in the milk business.

The bakers need much and continue to look for a rise.

Hackmen report their business to be driving at this season.

On the other hand, dealers in paper, pens, and articles for counting-house use say their trade is stationery.

Rubber dealers report great elasticity, and those who have gutta percha claim water proof it is a good business.

Lead is as heavy as ever this season. Several dealers who have compromised with their creditors say they "brought their pigs to a bad market."

The sole report from the shoe trade is that every movement on foot will improve its prospects.

The canvas of the artists shows that they are getting on easel-y.

Whether the butchers will stay here or not we cannot say, but many of them are looking for fresh quarters, and say they cannot sell without fairly slaughtering their merchandise.

Barbers report a close shave during the summer, and that but few of their customers come to the scratch.

In the town of W——, Illinois, lived Deacon Wright, an exemplary member of the Free-will Baptist Church. But he was troubled with the weakness as common to deacons as other men—that of an extra tillage of the "root of evil," and the usual objection to the root spreading. The church building being in want of repair, such as replastering, painting, etc., the deacon, as well as many others, was applied to, and he contributed his mite in conformity with the parable, at least as far as the mite went. One night during prayer-meeting, Elder Woodworth presiding, a large sheet of plaster fell from the ceiling upon the head of Deacon Wright, hurting him somewhat, but frightening and enraging him much more. He sprang to his feet and cried, "I will give ten dollars toward repairing this church!" when, in a solemn voice, Elder Woodworth responded, "Lord, hit him again!"

THE ENGLISH CROWN.

Nearly 3,000 Diamonds, Besides Rubies, Sapphires, Emeralds and Pearls.

The following description of the State Crown has been furnished by Professor Tennant, mineralogist to the Queen: The Imperial State Crown of Queen Victoria was made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge in the year 1838 with jewels taken from old crowns and others furnished by command of her Majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds set in silver and gold; it has a crimson velvet cap with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 39oz. 5dwts. troy. The lower part of the band, above the ermine border consists of a row of 129 pearls, and the upper part of the band of a row of 112 pearls, between which, in front of the crown, is a large sapphire (partly drilled) purchased for the crown by King George IV. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size and six other sapphires (three on each side), between which are eight emeralds. Above and below the sevens sapphires are 14 diamonds, and around the eight emeralds 128 diamonds. Between the emeralds and the sapphires are 16 trefoil ornaments, containing 160 diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires, surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons consisting of 148 diamonds.

In the front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward Prince of Wales, son of Edward III., called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, near Vittoria, A. D. 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt, A. D. 1415. It is pierced quite through, after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled up by a small ruby. Around this ruby, in order to form the cross, are 75 brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses, forming the two sides and back of the crown, have emerald centres, and contain respectively 132, 124, and 130 brilliant diamonds. Between the four Maltese crosses are four ornaments in the form of the French fleur-de-lis, with four rubies in the centres, and surrounded by rose diamonds, containing respectively 85, 86, and 87 rose diamonds.

From the Maltese crosses issue four imperial arches composed of oak leaves and acorns; the leaves contain 728 rose, table, and brilliant diamonds; 32 pearls form the acorns, set in cups containing 54 rose diamonds and one table diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns is 108 brilliant, 116 table, and 559 rose diamonds. From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large pendent pear-shaped pearls, with rose diamond cups, containing 12 rose diamonds, and stems containing very small rose diamonds. Above the arch stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere 364 brilliants, and in the upper 244 brilliants, a zone and arc being composed of 33 rose diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose-sapphire in the centre, surrounded by four large brilliants, and 108 smaller brilliants.

Summary of jewels comprised in the crown: One large ruby irregularly polished, one large broad-spread sapphire, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, four rubies, 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, four drop-shaped pearls, and 273 pearls.

It is so seldom we get a good Drawer a[n]ecdote from France that the following is quite acceptable. Recently a French male convict at Cayenne obtained permission to marry a female convict; but as the man was a widower the Governor declared it was necessary first to obtain the certificate of the death of his first wife. The communication was addressed to the authorities at home, but the mail returned without reply. The convict insisting that the ceremony should be no longer delayed, the Governor said, "Well, what is there to prove that your first wife is dead?" The reply of the convict was satisfactory on this point: "*I'm here for having assinated her!*" and the nuptial ceremony went on.

Charles Hugo has translated Shakespeare. When he came to "A plague o' both your houses," he did not search for the French equivalent, but rendered the line thus: "Que la petite vérole mange vos maisons toutes les deux!"—May the small-pox destroy both your houses!

THE DIAMOND MAN.

Adventure of a Diamond Vender in Detroit.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

Such a sight may never be seen in Detroit again—twelve diamond pins artistically arranged on a piece of white card board—twelve glittering, glistering, sparkling, resplendent diamonds, not one of which would have looked out of place on the shirt-front of Duke Alexis.

The diamond merchant was not a young man; neither was he old and broken down. He was just about old enough to sell diamonds, and just about seedy enough to make folks believe he would discount a thousand dollars on each precious stone for the sake of obtaining cash down. He first tackled the special policeman at the Central depot. He held up the card, flashing the twelve diamonds in the officer's eyes, and sweetly said:

"You are a noble-looking man. I've visited the principal cities of Europe and Africa, and I never saw a more noble-looking officer than you are. There is only one thing lacking—you should have one of these diamonds."

"Can't afford it," replied the officer, feeling to see if the lone two dollar bill in his watch-pocket was safe.

"These diamonds are being sold by all first-class jewellers at $500 each," whispered the man; "but I'll tell you what I'll do. I took 'em on a chattel mortgage, and I'll let you have one for twenty-five dollars."

"Snide," replied the officer, as he examined them.

"Snide! Dear me! but I thought you were a keen, sharp fellow. Go with me to a jeweller, and if he denies that these are diamonds of the first-water I'll give you the whole twelve."

The officer couldn't buy. The man came down to five dollars, and at last dropped to two, but it was Saturday, and a policeman loves chicken for his Sunday dinner. There were a great many hackmen around the depot. The stranger went out among them, selected one whose make-up betokened good taste, and drawing him away from the rest he asked:

"You wouldn't go back on a poor man, would you?"

"Never," was the earnest reply.

"Here's some diamonds I stole in Paris," whispered the stranger as he pulled out the card. "I'm hard up, and will sell one or two."

The hackman gazed at the jewels for half a minute, handed them back, and began to unbutton his overcoat.

"You have had a good bringing up," whispered the stranger, "and you can wear one of these diamonds and be consistent. There are men in De——"

"I'll hurt you if you don't go away!" growled the hackman.

"As I said, I stole these diamonds in Paris, and I've got to part with one or two to pay current expenses," continued the peddler.

"You keep right away, or I'll make a sand-bar of your nose," replied the hackman. "When I want a dollar diamond I'll walk in on a basswood!"

"A dollar diamond! Bass-wood! Whittle! Is there no taste in Detroit?"

The hackman rushed at the peddler, and the peddler had to leave the neighborhood of the depot. He went over to where a city expressman sat on his sleigh, waiting for a job, and such a soft, tender, pie-plantish smile bathed his features as would almost make cabbage plants sprout in January.

"It isn't very often one sees a man of your stylish look driving an express wagon," remarked the stranger.

"Take your trunk up, sir?" asked the driver, "any part of the city for fifty cents."

"Your looks go to show that you once moved in high circles," continued the stranger, "and I have no doubt that you wore one of these——"

"Ah! those are beauties," said the driver, as he saw the card of diamonds.

"Guess they are beauties. One of them on your shirt front would look well."

"It would that."

"And, owing to the way I got hold of 'em, I can sell you one cheap. I found 'em on the street in New York City, where a thief dropped 'em, and I'm hard up, and will sell you one almost at your own price."

"And I must have one," replied the driver. "Do you warrant 'em real diamonds?"

"Of course I do."

"And the pin is gold?"

"Pure gold, sir."

"And you want how much?"

"Well," whispered the stranger, as he looked all around, "if you won't blow on me I'll let you have one for seven dollars."

"Seven dollars!" yelled the driver; "do you think I can find food for a horse and nine children, and pay rent, and buy clothes, and spend seven dollars for a diamond? Why, I can buy diamonds for two shillings!"

"Oh, no you can't. If I wasn't hard up I wouldn't sell one of these for less than $500."

"Haven't I driven an express wagon in Detroit for fourteen years? Don't I know the price of diamonds? Wasn't I in the army for three long years? I'll give you twenty cents and no more."

"I couldn't do that."

"Then leave me alone, you swindler, you! I believe you came here to steal my horse-blanket!"

The two had a fight. It was a one-sided fight. The stranger had his head jammed into the snow and his breath shut off, and when he got up his twelve diamonds were missing. Although valued at $6,000, he did not stop to look for them, but with thumb and finger down behind his coat-collar to pull out the lumps of snow, he made haste to be somewhere else. The driver borrowed a pin to take the place of a shirt-button, and feelingly remarked:

"When they runs diamonds up above twenty-five cents, they touch a tender chord in every poor man's heart."

PRELIMINARY to admission to the public schools of St. Louis, answers are required to a list of questions, some of which are at times too much for the intelligence of the unfledged citizens of the "future great city of the world," as witness the following:

A friend of mine, Miss J——, teacher of one of the primary classes, catechised a little ragamuffin a short time since with the following result:

"What is your father's name?"

"Don't know."

"Don't know your father's name?"

"No."

"Well, what do the neighbors call him?"

"Don't call him nothin'. They don't see him. He ain't never home 'cept nights."

"Then," as a bright idea occurred to her, "what does your mother call him?"

"Why, she calls him 'old fool.'"

At this point her researches into the secret history of that family ceased.

On another occasion a little candidate grappled successfully with every question on the list until the one, "What is your father's occupation?" was propounded, when he was forced to admit that he did not know what that word meant.

"I mean, what does he do?" said Miss J——.

"Oh! he builds fires."

"Ah! he's a janitor, then?"

"I don't know what *that* means, neither."

"Why, a janitor is a man that builds fires, and sweeps out, and takes care of a building."

"I guess he ain't that kind, then, cos he don't sweep none."

"Doesn't he? Well, *where* does he build fires?"

"I don't know," said the little fellow, very emphatically, and in a tone betraying considerable irritation; "he's dead."

She Didn't Understand.

Yesterday forenoon two young ladies called at a dry-goods store on Woodward avenue to look at one of the late styles of circulars. The one who wanted to purchase was amazed and disappointed to find the circulars made without sleeves or arm-holes.

"Well, that's the style," said the salesman; "and they are very popular. They are meant to cover both shoulders and arms."

"I guess I won't buy one," whispered the girl to her friend. "If I had a beau how could I take hold of his arm with that circular on?"

"Why, you goose!" replied the other—"you let him put his arm right around you, of course! That's what it's made that way for!"

"Mister, I'll take that circular!" promptly observed the anxious party, and she had it sent home.—[Detroit Free Press.

— An engaged young gentleman got rather neatly out of a little scrape with his intended. She said she had heard that he had kissed two ladies at some party at which she was not present. He owned it, but said, laughing, that, after all, their united ages made only twenty-one. The simple-minded girl thought of ten and eleven, and laughed off her pout. He did not explain that one was nineteen and the other two years of age.

THE pages of this Magazine are not often enlivened by works of fiction from novelists born and abiding in Scotland. The following exciting romance is by a native of that land, and the scene is laid in Aberdeen:

"That bear!" muttered to herself a bonnie lassie at about forty-seven and three-quarters, as she fled from a public flower garden at the approaching of a man of fifty-two and seven-eighths, who was noted for saying bitter things of the other sex.

"What did you run for?" said a gruff voice behind her.

"To get rid of you."

"You didn't do it, did you?"

"No; you are worse than a pitch plaster."

"You won't get rid of me, either."

"I won't, eh?"

"Only in one way."

"And that?"

"Marry me."

"What! us two fools get married! What would people say?"

"That's nothing to us. Come, say yes or no; I'm in a hurry."

"Well, no, then."

"Very well, good-by," the male exclaimed. "It's your last offer in this life."

The lady was disconcerted at the idea. She thought, and replied softly, "Stop a bit."

"Yes or no?"

"I must consult—"

"All right; I thought you were of age. Good-by."

After second thoughts, she said, blandly, "Very well, MacStringer, I consent." And she gave him a rose.

IN Albany there is a boarding-house kept by a woman named Mrs. V——, at which place a young man named F—— boards, who, by-the-way, is considerable of a wag, and is also an enormous eater. On one occasion, when he had devoured almost every thing eatable on the table within his reach, and when the lady had supplied him until her strength and patience were well-nigh exhausted, she suddenly broke out with—

"Mr. F——, I shall certainly have to raise the price of your board!"

"Don't think of doing such a thing, Mrs. V——," he replied, "it is nearly killing me now to eat *all* I pay for, and should you raise my board and *compel* me to eat more, it will be the death of me."

It is scarcely necessary to say that all those at the table were convulsed with laughter.

ABOUT the time when Lord Brougham was raised to the peerage, the following couplet was written and circulated:

Why is Lord Brougham like a sweeping man
That close by the pavement stalks?—
Because when he's done all the sweep that he can
He takes up his Broom and Valks.

(Brougham and Vaux.)

NEXT to the wonders of the telegraph are the humors that its operators sometimes indulge in, and that, too, in the easiest and most natural way in the world. For example, could any thing be droller than this? An operator in Detroit was working on one Chicago wire, and feeling a desire for a toothful of the weed, quietly interrupted the report he was sending, to instruct the gentleman who was taking from him in Chicago to ask the gentleman on another Detroit wire to tell Powers, who worked about six feet from him, to hand him a chew of tobacco. The instructions were followed out, and in about half a minute Powers tossed over his tobacco-box, as he could not fail to respond to a friend who had sent so far for a favor.

PLUCK.—Few virtues are more popular, more fascinating, and, unfortunately, more rare than feverish, impulsive manifestations that are usually classed under that head. I mean that steady, cool, quiet, invincible, and persistent quality, founded on neither ignorance nor miscalculation, spurred on neither by emulation nor conceit, following out, through clearly-foreseen and well-appreciated dangers and difficulties, some purpose, be it good or bad, which is the fortunate heritage of some individuals. Pluck is distinct from physical courage; rather, the latter is but an element of it. It is, perhaps, best described as moral courage in relation to physical matters. No eminent man has attained the hight he occupies without it; and no one who possesses it but has in him the most valuable element of a great man. The world pays to it its most heartfelt if not its loudest homage. There are few who cannot sympathize with it, for it is peculiar to no class in life; and, though always retaining its individuality, it accords just as well with the muscles of the prize-fighter as with the transcendent genius of Napoleon. Either may exist without it, but then the Napoleon is a vulgar schemer, and the prize-fighter a brute—and there are plenty of both. It is a virtue beneficent solely through the magnetism of its own intrinsic quality. In whatever cause displayed it is always a noble and ennobling trait. If exercised for good, so much the better; if not, it still remains pluck and commands admiration.—*Julian Hawthorne.*

HOME COMING.

When brothers leave the old hearthstone
And go, each one, a separate way,
We think, as we go on alone
Along our pathway, day by day,
Of olden scenes and faces dear,
Of voices that we miss as usual,
And memory brings the absent near,
Until we almost feel the touch
Of loving hands, and hear once more
The dear old voices ringing out,
As in the happy time of yore,
Ere life had caught a shade of doubt.

If you should place against your ear
The shell you plundered from the sea,
Down in its hidden heart you'd hear
A low and tender melody;
A murmur of the restless tide,
A yearning, born of memory.
And, though its longings be denied,
The shell keeps singing of the sea;
And sometimes when old memories throng,
Like ghosts, the chambers of our soul,
We feel the yearning, deep and strong,
A longing we cannot control,
To lay our cares and business by
To seek the old, familiar ways,
And cross home's threshold, and sit down
With comrades of our earlier days.

For, though our paths are sundered wide,
We feel that we are brothers yet;
And by-and-by we turn aside,
From hurrying care and worldly fret,
And each one wanders back to meet
His brother by the hearth of home;
I think the meeting is more sweet
Because so far and wide we roam.
We cross the lengthening bridge of years,
Meet outstretched hands and faces true;
The silent eloquence of tears
Speaks welcome that no words can do.

But oh, the meetings hold regret!
The sad, sad story, often told,
Of hands that ours have often met,
Close folded under churchyard mould;
Of eyes that smile into our own,
Closed in the dreamless sleep of God;
A sweeter rest was never known.
Than theirs, beneath the grave's white sod.
A tender thought for them to-night,
A tribute tear from memory;
Beneath their covering of white
Sweet may their dreamless slumber be.
—[Maine Farmer.

— A young man who proposed to a handsome but heartless creature, the other evening, suggested a very popular poem—the "Beautiful's No."

— A young lady fainted when told that over 500,000 men died last year, but was revived by the information that there were 13,000,000 left.

The Man With the Arsenic.

[Detroit Free Press.]

About 11 o'clock yesterday morning a haggard-looking stranger entered a saloon on Grand River avenue and asked for a glass of beer. When his nickel had been raked into the till, the saloonist took a seat and began reading a newspaper.

"Here is my last nickel!" solemnly began the stranger. "When I swallow this beer I am a beggar and an outcast. The world does not care for me—why should I care for the world? I will mix poison with this, my last glass!"

He turned to the man with the paper, but the saloonist didn't seem to care.

"Yes; I will poison myself and die in my tracks!" exclaimed the stranger in a loud voice.

The man with the paper didn't look up.

"So here goes to end my worthless self!" continued the stranger, as he took out a paper and poured a white powder into the glass.

"Fare well! cold world, farewell!" Let them bury me in the sunshine or the shadow—I care not!"

He drank his beer, but the saloonist had his nose close to the paper and was spelling out a big word. The stranger started for the door, but, too mad to contain himself, he returned and demanded

"Will you sit there and see me poison myself and never utter a word?"

"Have you taken poison?"

"I have! I just swallowed a fatal dose of arsenic!"

"Good!" chuckled the saloon-keeper, as he rose up. "I have a regular contract with the doctors, and you'll net me $12. Come in here!"

He grabbed the stranger by the neck and dragged him into a closet at the back end of the room, saying, as he locked the door:

"Glad you took arsenic, as it leaves the body in a moist, limber condition!"

The stranger yelled and pounded, and explained that he had only swallowed a little chalk powdered up, and after half an hour he was let out.

"You have robbed me of $12!" bitterly exclaimed the saloonist, as he led the man to the door and gave him a lift with his boot. "Yes, you have robbed me, and now ——!"

But the stranger left without saying good-by, and was afterwards heard asking a boy if he knew or any man who wanted to hire a gentleman to spade up his garden.

THE CYPRIAN'S LAMENT.

I dare not breathe my mother's name,
I touch my pulse, it throbs with shame.
My white lips show my heart has bled—
Great Heaven! am I alone to blame?
Oh, God! I wish that I were dead!

Stone dead and buried out of sight,
I shudder when the morning light
Looks down upon my troubled face,
And through my soul, as stars at night
Steal through the darkened mists of space.

With weary steps I walk the streets,
And there the echoing pave repeats
The story of my loves and fears,
While my sad heart in sorrow beats
My bitter moments into years.

The flowers that look up in my eyes,
The stars that look down from the skies,
My fearful tribulation see.
Oh, can it be that God all wise
In pity looks through them on me?

Such glances from the friends I love,
From earth below or heaven above,
Would sooth my spirit's wasting pain,
And like an unimprisoned dove,
My soul would soar in bliss again.

Oh, swift baptism of tears and blood!
Oh, martyrdom of fire or flood!
Come with thy cleansing power to save,
So that my blighted heart may bud
In purity beyond the grave.

Oh, save me from my deeper shame,
Or smite me with Thy tempest's flame!
Why must I sell my soul for bread?
Great Heaven! am I alone to blame?
Oh, God! I wish that I were dead!

THE Drawer has hitherto given two or three specimens of what is called in China "pigeon English." Below is another effort, which shows what a Chinese genius can do with "Comin' thro' the Rye:"

Spose man lun slam-bang flont of gal
Walkee tlough le lye;
Spose man make kissee pidgin gal,
What fo' cly?

Evly man pickee up some gal,
Speakee all loun no got mi;
All same lookee so evly gal loun my way
Walkee tlough le lye.

EXHAUSTION OF TALK.—How long the lamp of conversation holds out to burn between two persons only is curiously set down in a passage from Count Genfailioner's account of his imprisonment:

"Fifteen years I existed in a dungeon ten feet square. During six years I had a companion; during nine, I was alone. I could never rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together. We related our past lives, our joys forever gone, over and over again. The next, we communicated our thoughts on all subjects. The third year we had no ideas to communicate; we were beginning to lose the power of reflection. The fourth, at the interval of a month or so, we would open our lips to ask each other if it were possible that the world went on as gays and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth, we were silent. The sixth, he was taken away—I never knew where, to execution or liberty. But I was glad when he was gone. Even solitude was better than the pale, vacant face. One day (it must have been a year after my companion left me) the dungeon door was opened. Whence proceeding, I knew not, the following words were uttered: 'By order of his Imperial Majesty I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago.' Then the door was shut, and I heard no more. They had flung this great agony upon me and left me alone with it."

Bibliographical Errors and Blunders.

[Philadelphia Saturday Night.]

Some eighty years ago, a newspaper reporter wrote a private letter to Mr. Woodfall, at the time publisher of the Morning *Chronicle*, a London daily paper. This letter complained of Woodfall's want of respect for the crowned heads of Europe, whom he called, not "potentates," "potatoes," and protested against Frederick the Great being denominated "the Nero of Prussia" instead of the Hero.

The edition of the Holy Bible (Vulgate) executed by order of Pope Sixtus V., was issued to be free from literal errors, and every copy was narrowly examined as it was printed. Nevertheless it abounds with *errata*, and most of the copies that had passed into the hands of the public were called in. Some few remain in collections of the curious, and a single copy may be cheap at $1,500.

In Germany, a printer's wife stole into the office where a new edition of the Bible was in press, and to alter the sentence of subjection of the husband, pronounced upon Eve, in the third chapter of Genesis, took out the first two letters of the word herr, and put "na" in their place, by which the text was altered from "and he shall be thy lord" (herr) to "and he shall be thy fool" (narr). Her life is said to have paid for the few copies of the Bible which got out before the intentional erratum was discovered have since purchased at enormous prices.

The Vinegar Bible derives its title from the edition of Holy Writ which contains an error in the title to the twentieth chapter of St. Luke, in which "Parable of the Vineyard" is printed "Parable of the Vinegar." This edition, printed in the year 1717, by the University of Oxford, at their Clarendon Press.

In another edition, printed in London, "Thou shalt commit adultery" was printed as the seventh commandment, omitting the negative. This was also said to have been a woman's work. The Archbishop of Canterbury, when the affair came under his notice, laid on the Worshipful Company of Stationers in London the heavy fine that ever was recorded in the annals of literary history. The amount, I believe, was £300.

We read of Wisconsinners, Vermonties; Michiganders and New Hamshyrites; what office-seekers most detest are Buckeyes, niverous Ohiogres.

every expression of distressful anxiety, and every call and invitation that nature had put in his power, for him to come out. This was too much for the feelings of my friend. He procured a ladder, and mounting to the spot where the bird was suspended, opened the cage, took out his prisoner, and restored him to liberty and to his parent, who, with notes of great exultation, accompanied his flight to the woods."

HOGARTH'S MASTERPIECE.

Hogarth was once applied to by an exceedingly wealthy, but very penurious old nobleman, to paint the main hall of a new mansion with an historical piece—a style of embellishment much in vogue among the aristocracy of the period. Hogarth was open to the proposition, and was asked what he would charge to paint upon the walls of the hall a representation of the passage of the Children of Israel across the Red Sea, pursued by Pharaoh and his host. The painter viewed the hall, and replied that he would do it for a hundred guineas. The miserly old nabob turned up his nose in amazement at the enormous charge. He would give twenty guineas for the work, and that was more than he deemed it worth.

Hogarth, as may well be supposed, was both vexed and mortified by this estimate of the value of his labor; but he nodded, and held back his temper, and finally said, if the sum were paid to him in advance, he would undertake the job. The close-fisted nobleman consented to this arrangement, and he could not repress a chuckle of inward satisfaction in view of his grand bargain as he paid over his money. Hogarth pocketed the twenty gold pieces, and promised that he would commence the work on the morrow.

Bright and early on the following morning the artist appeared at the mansion, accompanied by a stout assistant, who bore a huge bucket of common red paint; and at once they proceeded to daub the walls of the hall, and the panels and the dados liberally with the glaring pigment.

An hour before noon, just as the nobleman was getting up from his bed, Hogarth knocked at his door, announcing, when the host appeared:

EPITOME OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

The following carefully prepared list contains a very accurate account of the principal events and datas connected with the history of our country, from the time of its discovery by Columbus, in 1492, to 1868, inclusive:

1492. Oct. 12—Columbus discovers America.
1493. Columbus makes a second voyage.
1513. Balboa crosses the Isthmus of Darien, and discovers the Pacific Ocean.
1520. Cortes captures the City of Mexico.
1533. Pizarro reigns in Peru.
1536. California discovered.
1584. Raleigh discovers Virginia.
1606. New Holland discovered.
1606. New Colonies settle in Virginia.
1620. Landing of Pilgrims at Plymouth, Mass.
1629. New Hampshire colonized.
1633. Maryland first settled.
1636. Roger Williams settles Rhode Island.
1637. Pequod War in Connecticut.
1650. North Carolina settled.
1665. New York taken from the Dutch.
1680. Pennsylvania colonized.
1718. New Orleans founded.
1730. Negro plot in South Carolina.
1732. Georgia colonized by Gen. Ogelthorpe.
1732. Geo. Washington born.
1755. The French and Indian War in America. Braddock defeated at Pittsburg.
1759. The British take Fort Niagara, Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Wolfe defeats Montcalm, on the heights of Abraham. Quebec surrenders; both commanders killed.
1760. French repulsed before Quebec.
1764. The Grenville act for taxing the American Colonies passes English Parliament.
1765. The American stamp act, which the Colonies resist.
1766. Repeal of the stamp act.
1767. New taxes imposed on the American Colonies.
1769. Boston tax act riots.
1770. Boston Massacre. Americans proclaim their determination of resistance. All taxes excepting that on tea repealed.
1773. The Boston "tea party."
1774. Boston port bill passed. First American Congress meets in Philadelphia.
1775. Battle of Lexington, and the War of the Revolution commences. Taking of Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and White Hall. Battle of Bunker Hill. Death of Gen. Montgomery before Quebec. Washington appointed Commander in Chief by the Continental Congress.
1776. Declaration of American Independence (July 4th.) The British evacuate Boston. Battles of Long Island, White Plains and Trenton.
1777. Battles of Princeton, Brandywine and Bennington. Burgoyne surrenders at Saratoga.
1778. Alliance offensive and defensive between the United States and France. Battle of Valley Forge. The British capture Savannah. Massacre of the Inhabitants of Wyoming, by Indians at British instigation.
1779. Norfolk burned. Loss and recovery of Stony Point. American and French repulsed in front of Savannah. Paul Jones in the Bon Homme Richard captures the Serapis.
1780. Surrender of Fort Moultrie. South Carolina reduced by the British. Count Rochambeau arrives in Rhode Island. Battle of Camden. Arnold's treason discovered.
17 Battle of Cowpens. Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.
17 The Revolutionary War closes. The City of New York evacuated, and Washington resigns his commission.
17 Shay's rebellion in Massachusetts.
17 The American Federal Union established, with Washington as President.
17 Indian War in the North-West Territory, ending in the defeat of Gen. Harmar.
178 Continuation of same, and St. Clair defeated. Vermont admitted as a State.
1792. Kentucky admitted. City of Washington founded.
1794. Gen. Wayne defeats the Indians.
1795. Eli Whitney invents the cotton gin.
1797. John Adams elected President.
1798. France and the United States on the verge of war.
1799. Washington dies at Mt. Vernon.
1800. Washington City made the capital of the United States.
1801. Thomas Jefferson President.
1802. Ohio admitted.
1803. Louisiana purchased from France. War with Tripoli.
1804. Alex. Hamilton killed in a duel with Burr.
1807. Fulton's first steamboat on the Hudson river.
1809. James Madison President.
1811. Battle of Tippecanoe.
1812. War between the United States and England, and Canada invaded. The Constitution takes the Guerriere, the Wasp the Frolic, and the United States the Macedonian. Louisiana admitted.
1813. Perry's battle of Lake Erie. The Shannon (English) captures the Chesapeake (American); the Enterprise, the Boxer. Battle of the Thames and death of Tecumseh. Jackson defeats the Creeks. The power loom introduced into the United States.
1814. Battles of Ft. Erie, Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and Lake Champlain. Washington City burned.
1815. Battle of New Orleans. Peace between England and the United States. Robert Fulton dies.
1816. (Dec. 11th) Indiana admitted.
1817. James Monroe President. Mississippi admitted.
1818. Illinois admitted.
1819. Alabama admitted. The steamer Savannah makes the first steam passage across the Atlantic
1820. Spain cedes Florida to the United States. Maine admitted. Great excitement owing to the admission of Missouri.
1821. Missouri admitted.
1824. Lafayette visits America.
1825. John Quincy Adams President.
1826. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson both die, July 4th.
1829. Andrew Jackson President.
1832. South Carolina threatens to secede, but is prevented by Jackson. Jackson vetoes the charter of the U. S. Bank.
1835. Great fire in New York City.
1836. Arkansas admitted.
1837. Martin Van Buren President. Insurrection in Canada. The steamer Caroline burned. The United States Banks suspend specie payment. Admission of Michigan.
1838. Steamer Great Western arrives at New York from Bristol.
1841. William Henry Harrison President; dies April 4th, and is succeeded by John Tyler. The Maine-boundary settled.
1842. Croton water introduced into New York.
1844. Great-Anti Catholic riots in Philadelphia. Electric Telegraph stretched between Washington and Baltimore.
1845. James K. Polk President. Iowa and Florida admitted. Texas annexed, and Mexico declares War against the United States.
1846. Taylor defeats the Mexicans at Palo Alto and Reseca de la Palma. Wisconsin admitted. The Oregon boundary settled by treaty.
1846. Sewing machines invented.
1847. Battles of Buena Vista, Scott storms and takes Vera Cruz, and is victorious at the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Cherubusco, and Molino del Rey. Chapultepec stormed, and City of Mexico taken. Monterey stormed and captured.
1848. Peace between Mexico and the U. S. Gold discovered in California.
1849. Zachary Taylor President. Astor Place riots
1850. Taylor dies and Millard Fillmore becomes President. California admitted. First expedition of Lopez reaches Cuba.
1851. Kossuth visits the U. S. Lopez invades Cuba, and is executed. Great fire at San Francisco. The yacht America wins the cup at Cowes, England, over all competitors.
1852. United States expedition to Japan. Clay and Webster die.
1853. Franklin Pierce President. World's fair in New York. Captain Ingraham forces the Austrians to give up Martin Koszta.
1854. Treaty between the United States and Japan.
1855. Gen. Walker lands in Nicaragua with 150 fillibusters.
1856. Earthquake in California.
1857. James Buchanan President. Dr. E. K. Kane, the great Arctic explorer, dies. Attempt to lay the Atlantic cable, which breaks after 335 miles have been paid out. Great financial crisis in America. New York banks suspend. Com. Paulding, of steamer Wabash, takes Walker prisoner. Minnesota admitted. U. S. peace commissioners reach Salt Lake City to settle Mormon troubles. Second attempt to lay Atlantic cable. United States troops reach Salt Lake City. American treaty with Japan. Aug. 5th, successful laying of Atlantic cable. N. Y. Crystal Palace burned. Oct. 9th, first overland mail arrives at St. Louis.
1859. John Brown and a few followers capture Harper's Ferry Arsenal. The U. S. Marines, sent from Washington, retake the place, and Brown and his followers are hung by the State of Virginia for treason.

1860.

Abraham Lincoln elected President by the Republican party, which causes several of the Southern States to pass ordinances of Secession. Congressmen from disloyal States resign.
Dec. 13. At a Cabinet meeting, Buchanan opposes re-inforcing Ft. Sumter, and Cass resigns.
Dec. 17. South Carolina Secession Con. meets; the ordinance is passed on the 20th.
Dec. 26. Oregon admitted as a State.

1861.

Jan. 9. Steamer "Star of the West," with re-inforcements for Ft. Sumter, fired on.
Feb. 6. Rebel Congress meets at Montgomery, Ala.; on the 9th, Jeff. Davis is elected their President, and inaugurated on the 18th.
Feb. 23. Lincoln arrives in Washington in disguise, to avoid the dangers of assassination in Baltimore.
Feb. 26. Maj.-Gen. Twiggs, of the U. S. Army, basely surrenders his whole department to the Rebels.
Mar. 4. Lincoln inaugurated.
Apr. 12. Beauregard orders the firing to open on Fort Sumter, and on the 13th the works are forced to surrender.
Apr. 15. Lincoln calls for 75,000 men, for three months.
Apr. 16. The Ringgold Flying Artillery, of Reading, Penn., the first to respond in defense of Washington City.
Apr. 17. Davis issues letters of marque.
Apr. 19. Lincoln blockades Southern ports.
Apr. 22. Col. Robert E. Lee, U. S. A., proves a traitor to his country.
May 15. Great Britain issues her neutrality proclamation.
May 21. The Rebel Congress repudiates all Northern debts.
May 24. The Union troops, under Butler, enter Virginia.
June 3. Stephen A. Douglass dies at Chicago.
June 16. West Virginia declares its independence of the mother State and becomes a State.
July 4. Congress convenes in session extraordinary. Galusha A. Grow, of Penn., chosen Speaker.
July 21. The battle of Bull Run.
Aug. 16. Lincoln declares the Southern States in insurrection, and forbids intercourse with them.
Nov. 1. Gen. McClellan Commander-in-Chief.
Nov. 8. Mason & Slidell taken from British steamer Trent. Kansas admitted. Prince Albert, of England, dies.

1862.

Jan. 1. Mason & Slidell given up. Ex-President John Tyler dies at Richmond
Feb. 22 Jeff. Davis inaugurated at Richmond.
Mar. 18. Jeff. Davis recommends rebel prisoners to violate their paroles.
Apr. 11. Slavery abolished in the District of Columbia. Ex-President Van Buren dies.
July 1. In response to the request of 18 loyal Governors, Lincoln calls for "300,000 more" troops.
July 22. Halleck appointed Commander-in-Chief.
Sept. 22. Lincoln issues his Emancipation Proclamation, to go into effect Jan. 1st, 1863.
Sept. 24. Great meeting of loyal Governors at Altoona, Penn; they pledge unlimited support to the Government.
Dec. 23. Davis outlaws Ben Butler.

1863.

Jan. 1. The Emancipation Proclamation goes into effect, and Lincoln issues decree declaring all slaves in rebellious States free.
Jan. 21. Gen. Fitz John Porter dismissed from the army for treason.
Feb. 26. The Conscription Bill, for calling out the entire militia force of the nation, passes Congress.
Apr. 13. Gen. Burnside, in command of Cincinnati, issues his famous order No. 38.
May 5. Vallandigham arrested as a traitor; on the 16th found guilty of treason, and banished to his friends—the rebels; and on the 11th of June he is nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio.