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Poetry.

THE TWO STREAMS.

Behold the rocky wall
That down its sloping sides,
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending, as they fall,
In rushing river tides!

Yon stream, whose surges run,
Turned by a pebble's edge,
In Athabasca, rolling toward the sun
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
The evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends,—

From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee,
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the Peaceful Sea!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

☞ A young lady caught her intended kissing a female friend. He thus apologises. His explanation is decidedly cool:

Your coming in last night, my love,
Was somewhat sudden. I was helping Nell
To tie the ribbons of her rigolette;
She put the crimson of her mouth up—well,
I'm flesh and blood—and then you, singing came
Into the room, and tossed your head for shame.

I saw a sort of maiden northern lights
Shoot up your cheeks and tremble in your eyes;
I like such things. I like to see the wind
[illegible]
I like the sea, and, when it's easily had,
A very pretty woman—very mad!

I like the dangerous and regal air
(You bear a queen's name, and a queen you are)
With which you donned your thibet opera cloak,
And clasped it with a diamond like a star,
Lose charming in my mistress, but my life,
I wouldn't be so charming in my wife.

I like wild things, as I have said, but then
I would not like to own them. Who would be
Proprietor of earthquakes, or loose hurricanes,
Or comets plunging in celestial sea?
Or wed a maid that could, if she should please,
Give him a touch of one or all of these?

Not I. Don't let a female thunder storm
Brood in your eyes, with every now and then
A flash of angry lightning. You have had
Your March and April, now be June again:
And let your fine cut eyebrow's silken span
Be bows of promise to your favorite man!

I've had my laugh, and you your pout, and now
(You'll spoil that rose bud if you twist it so:)
Give me both hands that I may say "good Bess,
The good Queen Bess," whose heart and mind and face,
Teach me to love all women as a race!

So when I kissed your pretty cousin Nell,
I honored one who taught me to admire
Fair women in their twenties—don't you see?
But then, dear Bess, as I was standing by her
Her lips quite close—now this is *entre nous*—
Upon my soul, I made believe 'twas you.

MIXING UP THE BABIES.—The Weaverville (Cal.) *Journal* gives the following account of an affair, which however it may move the laughter of our readers, we fancy to have made some of the parties concerned laugh on the wrong side of their mouths:

"Some time ago there was a dancing party given up north;" most of the ladies present had little babies, whose noisy perversity required too much attention to permit the mothers to enjoy the dance. A number of gallant young men volunteered to watch the young ones, while the parents indulged in a "break-down." No sooner had the women left the babies in charge of the mischievous devils than they stripped the infants, changed their clothes, giving to one the apparel of another. The dance over, it was time to go home, and the mothers hurriedly took each baby in the dress of her own and started, some to their homes, ten or fifteen miles off, and were far on their way before daylight. But the day following there was a prodigious row in that settlement; mothers discovered that a single day had changed the sex of their babies; observation disclosed startling physiological phenomena, and then commenced turns of the tallest female pedestrianism; living miles apart it required two days to unmix the babies, and as many months to restore the women to their naturally sweet dispositions. To this day it is unsafe for any of the baby mixers to venture within the territory."

☞ A NEW TRIAL has been granted to Mr. Henry Shaw, the old gentleman in St. Louis, against whom a verdict of one hundred thousand dollars was rendered for refusing to marry Miss Effie Carztang, after he had promised to do so.

THE GREAT BALLOON VOYAGE.

MR. LA MOUNTAIN'S STATEMENT.

Mr. La Mountain, after describing the preliminaries and premising that the object of the trip was not to make money, but to establish by practical demonstration important scientific facts, gives the following account of the voyage:—

ST. LOUIS.

All being ready, at 7:20 we set sail—Mr. Wise in the basket, Mr. Gager, Mr. Hyde and myself in the boat—taking a northeasterly course and ascending rapidly. As we passed up, the great city beneath seemed to be compressed and drawn together on a concave, the valleys and woods melting into each other until their outlines became almost indistinguishable; the great snorting steamboats below, looking like toy houses floating in a gutter, and emitting faint puffs of smoke. At about eight o'clock we could see that the people below were having their sunset, although we were in a full blaze of light.

THE PRAIRIES.

The prairies looked like vast fields of polar ice, slightly tinged with green, but quite destitute of luminous properties. Between us and them hung suspended, evidently, a dark and almost opaque belt, which seemed like a veil drawn over the country. The alternate patches of cultivated grounds, water sheets and little hills and gulches gave to all a diversified appearance—though the hills had lost their relative cone like appearance, and seemed to be vast sugar loaves, fretted with raisins and lemon parings—the effect of alternate forest and grass. Such a spectacle must be seen to be appreciated, and can be seen only by those who study nature from the favorable position we occupied.

APPROACH OF DARKNESS.

Very gradually the darkness stole up from below. It was as though invisible hands were lifting up the veil as it approached and enveloped us. In a few moments the sun left us, disappearing in a hazy luminous bank of red. It did not become dark. Throughout the night we were able at all times to distinguish the prairies from the wooded country below, even when at an altitude of two miles.

ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA.

We were floating in a sort of transparent vapor, which, without possessing any perceptible body, yet seemed to be made up of luminous particles. The effect of this light [illegible] appearance, as though it were charged with fire. So powerful was this, that every line of the netting, every fold of the silk, every cord and wrinkle, were as plainly visible as if illuminated by torches, and I could at any moment tell the time by consulting my watch. This phenomenon became more striking as we increased our altitude. My theory of a fact so remarkable and before unheard of, is that the clouds charged with electrical principles, aid acted upon by the heat of the sun, emitted aid dispensed through the air the luminous particles which, though separately indistinguishable were still the myriad torch-bearers of our wondrous way. This theory has scientific warrant in the fact that ships have sometimes been similarly illuminated at sea so powerfully that the masthead was visible from deck, which would proceed from the same cause, acting under different circumstances. That it is not a natural feature of night above the earth's surface is shown by the fact that when Charles Green, Mark Mason and Lord Holland made the famous nocturnal voyage from London to Vellburg, it was so dark it seemed as if the balloon was passing through solid blocks of black marble.

THE WIND CURRENT.

To return: At fifteen minutes past eight o'clock we saw Mr Brooks making a safe descent a little north of our line, and evidently about twenty-five miles from St. Louis. We were then at an altitude of a mile and a half, and as proved that the difference of our position the difference of our pos we were moving, upper current, along which we were moving, while that was passing in an easterly direction, while that in which Mr. Brooks travelled was not. This was the demonstration of a favorite theory in connection with the transatlantic. After losing sight of our escort we kept well up for several hours, and notwithstanding the ominous appearance of which I have spoken continued. We saw around us in the darkness below, blazing lights at different times, which seemed to proceed from bonfires. The time passed merrily in the boat, in joking, by anecdotes, talking over the scenes in St. Louis before our departure, and speculating on the probabilities of landing in New York on the morrow. We could not have had a more merry trio had we been comfortably seated around some table lamp with the "old folks at home."

MR. WISE TAKES A NAP WHICH PROVES DISASTROUS.

About half past eleven o'clock Mr. Wise called to me from his perch in the basket. He asked me if I was awake? I answered him, yes, of course, that was what I started for.—He responded that he could, he could not, he said he was going to sleep, he was tired out. He asked me to look after the balloon, and call him to him to operate the valve if I wanted to descend. At 11 we had mounted quite high, in consequence of having thrown out some ballast. The air was exceedingly cold, and the balloon so distended I thought a discharge of gas rapidly from the throttling a descent advisable, I directed Mr. Gager to open the valve, and he did so. In a minute or two later, observing that the balloon was coming down rapidly, and hearing the gas escaping through the valve, I called to Mr. Wise. This he did not hear, or, if he did, he did not do; the gas still escaped. By this time the extreme cold had chilled our *compagnons du voyage*, Gager and Hyde, who had fallen into a pleasant sleep. We still kept going down very fast. Knowing that at this rate we should soon strike the earth, and wondering what could be the matter, Mr. Gager clambered up the stays of the boat to the basket, and found Mr. Wise fast asleep, with the neck-pipe hanging upon his breast. His unfortunate lethargy had nearly made mischief. As it was it cost us a loss of gas amounting to about two hundred pounds of ascensive power, which was no insignificant item. Mr. Wise being shaken roughly, said he was very tired and had been dreaming. He remained awake a few minutes and then fell asleep again, continuing so, with my two other companions, at intervals during the night. My desire to keep constant watch of the progress of the trip and guard against all possible contingencies was such that I could not close my eyes. Mr. Wise being a more veteran and experienced æronaut, and not having the advantage of suffering from a bilious fever, of course the case was different with him.

ACOUSTIC PROPERTIES OF THE AIR.

Nothing else of moment occurred, save the throwing overboard of about two hundred pounds of ballast to compensate for the loss of gas; until about one o'clock. At this time we passed over a town, which as we were crossing, not more than two or three hundred feet above, was clearly visible. I do not know the name of the place, but conclude it must have been Dogtown, as my first shout for information as to our whereabouts aroused 'Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart,' in a chorus of canine vociferation that seemed to prevail from one end of the hamlet to the other. I got no response from a human voice. Our course at this time was northeast half east. I may remark with regard to sounds from the earth that at the highest altitude we attained during the night, I could distinctly hear the song of the whip-poor-will and hear the barking of small dogs. As we descended lower, the croaking of the smaller vocalists, and the chirping of crickets, became audible. We three or four times got so low that I saw fireflies flitting in their gorgeous raiments of mellow light, past the car in which I was seated.

CROSSING INDIANA AND OHIO.

From one o'clock until sunrise, at about half past four, I kept the balloon within four or five hundred feet of the earth, using, during that time, but three pounds of ballast, which I considered a little remarkable. During this period all three of my companions were fast asleep—the atmosphere being very warm and pleasant at the altitude [illegible] companionment in my voyage, and somewhat varied my reflections. At half past one we crossed a canal, a river and another town, which I now think was Baltimore, Indiana.—My opinion is that before we passed over Illinois on the line of Danville, and perhaps this place was my responsive Dogtown. Several lights were visible at Baltimore and along the line of the canal. Our course was then E. N. E. As we proceeded we crossed and recrossed the Wabash several times, its route being tortuous, and ours on a geometrical straight line. Here I noticed that the wind was quite fresh, as I heard it whistling pleasantly through the trees. I could also tell that we were traversing Indiana, from the fact that immense undulating prairies were left behind, and the country densely wooded. We lost sight of the Wabash, finally, at Lafayette, striking on a northeasterly angle across Fountain, Tippecanoe, Carson, the southern part of Cass, Miami, the center of Wabash, Huntington and Allen counties, and striking the State of Ohio at the edge of Paulding county, passing near the town of Harrison. About 35 minutes past 1 o'clock the balloon lowered suddenly, so as to almost touch the tops of the trees. I threw out three pounds of ballast, and heard the sand strike upon a roof-top, probably in a town in Cass county. This small discharge elevated us so that we passed clear of an ugly piece of woods a short distance ahead. I called out always on passing a house, and was invariably answered by the bark or howl of a dog.

THE DAWN.

At this time daylight made its appearance, heralded by a faint glimmering in the East, quickly followed by the most beautiful auroral phenomena, and a brilliant illumination of the whole vista of the space in which we were moving. Again the veil seemed to drop over us, hung for a short time between the balloon and the earth, and then disappeared, as if its particles had decomposed and floated away.—As if by magic, all was glowing in vernal beauty, and a splendid panorama lay spread out beneath us, the yellow fields of grain, the woodod patches, and the tortuous windings of the streams, being clearly distinguishable. The rising of the sun clothed all these in glorious robes of living, sparkling light. It seemed as if every tree top bore a coronal, and every field of grain was headed with a cabinet of gems, while the surface of the waters shone with an untold magnificence, I could not refrain from exclaiming aloud in wondering admiration of the glory of nature's God. My companions, who were awake by this time, joined with me in feasting upon the ravishing splendor of the view.

We passed over, or nearly over Fort Wayne, as the sunlight first reached us. The noticeable feature here was the perfectly level appearance of the country. As the warm beams fell upon our globe, the gas expanded considerably, giving us an increased buoyancy that sent us up to a considerable altitude. Pursuing our northeasterly course, we struck the Maumee at Defiance, passed a mile and three quarters over it, and proceeded across Defiance and Henry counties. In a few minutes we left the Maumee, our altitude giving us a more easterly direction.

LAKE ERIE.

Lake Erie, which was over sixty miles distant, now became visible, at first looking near the earth. As we approached, however, its islands became visible, and enabled us to determine that we were fast coming upon this great inland sea. We went at quite a rapid pace over Henry, Ward and Ottawa counties. We could see men and women below, going into fields to attend to their stock or milk cows.—We threw out a few papers to inform the people of our whereabouts. We also shouted loudly to them, but got no answer, and probably were not seen. As we sallied on, we had ascended to a considerable height—so much as to expand our balloon and endanger its bursting. We were therefore obliged to let out gas and come down, which we did on a gradual incline, passing to and upon the Lake at a point far from Sandusky Bay. This was the test on which I had felt important questions depended. We had been told that our gas would condense over the water, that we should fall into the first lake we attempted to cross, and all that sort of thing. I believed nothing of the sort, but of course felt some anxiety as to the determination about to be made. At 7:20 as we struck the lake over Cedar Point, I shouted to persons below, asking them "Is this Lake Erie?" "Yes," was the answer, "and you had better look out." A small propeller in the bay gave us chase, and we had a good laugh at those on board over the facility with which we left them out of sight behind. The effect of water did not condense our gas a particle. On the contrary, as I had checked the descent just as we touched the lake, a very small discharge of ballast sent us up again to a very considerable altitude. We descended again, however, to within a few hundred feet of the water, crossing the entire lake without any peculiar incident. We passed eight vessels, two propellers, one paddle steamer and five sails, saluting and receiving salutes from all. We were for a few minutes out of sight of land, but soon obtained glimpses of the Canadian shore. This we struck at half-past eleven, at a spot which I pronounced the famous Long Point, of pugilistic notoriety, though my companions insisted we were south of Buffalo. The result proved I was correct. During the entire passage but three pounds of ballast were thrown out.

We first came over what is called Sandy Bluff, about fifteen miles west of the Welland canal, bearing northeast. We passed very quickly over the fine stretch of provincial country near enough to frighten horses, fowls and men—several of the latter, who were at work in the fields, leaving their implements and running off shouting in evident fright. There was a general stampede in the country. We first [illegible] and then the Welland canal, Desjardins bridge, famous for the terrions disaster by which it was once marked.

NIAGARA FROM ALOFT.

At 11:45 we passed Niagara river, and entered New York State at an altitude of two and a half miles, having gained the upper current and bearing east by north. How insignificant here seemed the greatest natural wonder of the world! Niagara river was a mill stream, and the point where it went roaring over the awful precipice of the Falls was barely distinguishable by a line of white foam, much as an industrious housewife would make the water look in a wash tub. For sixty miles on either side the view was magnificent. Between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario there seemed to be only distance enough for an agreeable morning walk. Plainly in sight were Niagara, Fort Niagara, Queenstown—with Brook's monument seeming like a white skewer stuck in a piece of green cloth—Lewistown, St. Catharines, Suspension Bridge—which seemed to be the finest and most unsubstantial spider web—Chippewa, Gravel, Port Dalhousie, Cattaraugus, Lockport, Medina, Albion and Buffalo. It was now agreed to come down and land Mr. Gager, Mr. Hyde, the machinery and the boat near Rochester, leaving Wise and myself, relieved of 550 pounds of ballast, to proceed to the sea coast, which I calculated we should strike in the northern portion of the State of Maine.

THE DESCENT.

Accordingly we commenced a descent. As we came within about 4,000 feet of the earth we were suddenly seized by a tremendously powerful gale, between two currents of air blowing in opposite directions, and carrying us along with tremendous velocity. Below this, we had noticed, as an effect of the storm upon us, a loss of ascending power caused by the condensation of gas. We were then at a point southeast of Lockport, about 10 or 15 miles. Instantly every pound of ordinary ballast on board was thrown over to check our descent, and notwithstanding this fact, going at the awful rate of two miles a minute, and certain to be dashed to pieces if we struck the earth, and went below the tops of the trees.

A HURRICANE.

The wind howled with a power like that of the great falls themselves, and the trees, as we swept closely over and brushed them, bent before the rushing tornado like blades of grass. Things began to wear a threatening aspect. Mr. Gager, who had been in the boat until this time, climbed up the stays into the basket with Mr. Wise—Mr. Hyde remained with me, an interested but by no means frightened man. Clearing the woods, we commenced ascending again, so as to get clear of the tornado, but *the upper current—two miles and a half above the earth—was blowing in the same direction.*—On looking at my watch, I found it was half past twelve o'clock. Unfortunately we had no means of regulating our descent, and having gone up until we lost our ascensive power, willingly descended, passing over the edge of Lake Ontario, twenty-five miles west of Rochester, at the mouth of Sandy creek, and near Devil's Nose. Leaving Rochester to the south we struck boldly across the lake, and when about twenty-five miles from the New-York shot, from loss and condensation of the gas by the effect of the storm, again struck the awful gale, at fifteen minutes before one, at a point north west of Big Sodus. Again the balloon shook, trembled and vibrated much as a ship will in passing from smooth into very rough sea. We were then four thousand feet above the water, and descending very rapidly. I could only hope to check the descent by cutting away the machinery, and this was a forlorn chance. Hyde looked up at me sorrowfully. His courage, which had lasted in a remarkable manner before this, gave out; but such a scene was enough to frighten any green hand. Above, the clouds were as black as ink—around, the wind was howling as if alive with demons—and below, the waters, capped with foam, and lashed by the contending air currents, swept up in swells fifteen feet high, that ran in every conceivable direction. Mr. Hyde said to me, "I guess we are gone," and with a despairing countenance climbed up with Wise and Gager into the basket, leaving me alone in the boat. It was a desperate time, but I cannot say I was disconcerted. I had seen worse perils of the same sort before. My only thought was, that at a point on the shore dimly visible from where I stood, my mother lay buried. Wise looked over the basket and shouted, "For God's sake, La Mountain, throw overboard anything you can lay your fingers on." I knew Mr. W. was excited, and did not care to waste my ballast so high above the water.

THE FALL ON LAKE ONTARIO.

Down we came at the rate of a mile and three quarters a minute, or three times the velocity of an express train, and plump we went upon the water. The effect of striking the wave crest was the same as would have been a descent upon a sharp pointed rock. I was holding on by the ropes when the shock came. Its force was so terrible as to dash in three planks on one side of the boat,—but the water was prevented from coming in by the strong canvas on the outside. After the concussion, we bounded up fifty or sixty feet, like a rocket shot. I was jerked by the shock so that my head hung over the water. My beaver fell off, and my watchguard was broken square in two. Recovering myself, I seized a hatchet, and proceeded to cut away the lining, &c., and threw them overboard. My companions above were excitedly calling out to me on all sorts of subjects, but I paid as little attention as pessible to them. After we escaped the first shock, I felt perfectly confident that we would come out safely, and told them so, but they hardly seemed to believe me.

PROPOSITION TO SWAMP THE BALLOON.

Mr. Wise proposed here to descend into the lake and swamp the balloon—in other words, to leave us at the mercy of waves shore. He insisted on swim forty-five miles to thoughtlessly; but, of course, I peremptorily declined it. I called to my companions to hand me down their carpet bags, valise, mail bag, and other articles, which I successively threw into the lake, and thus kept above the water—alternately by cutting away parts of the boat. I knew if I climbed into the basket with the others, we should all be drowned together. I hoped that by clinging to the boat and cutting it up piecemeal, we might be saved. At all events, I was determined not to be drowned if I could help it—though, thinking such a result not impossible, I pinned my watch in my pantaloons pocket, thinking that if we were drowned, my body might be washed ashore, when my wife would get the keepsake. The result verified my anticipations. The balloon did not strike water again, but varied from six to fifty feet above it, as I threw out the pieces of the boat I cut away.

END OF THE VOYAGE.

We soon came in sight of land, forty miles to the leeward. I took out my watch, and saw that it was ten minutes past one. This was the most delightful sight during the voyage.—I was now confident that we could keep the balloon up during the remaining distance.—When within twelve miles of land, at twenty-five minutes past one, we passed the propeller Oswego, and I saluted her by swinging a piece of board and then throwing it over. As we neared shore, we saw that we were tending toward a vacant field near a piece of woods, and determined if possible to have the boat car merely skim this field, and let the balloon go to pieces against the trees. At twenty-seven minutes to two we swept on to shore, and as my mission in the boat was accomplished I climbed up into the car, where I was warmly received by my companions. As the gale took the shore, it caught up about fifty feet, carrying us that height, and leaving us on the tops of the trees without car and anchor, dragging through them. On we went, the balloon surging, heaving, and literally mowing its way, sweeping off the tops of branches, tearing up trees, swinging some times almost vertically, and leaving a clear path through the woods by our course. At last, just as we were about despairing, the balloon caught in the last tree in the woods—a monstrous elm—the silk gave way, swung backward and forward at a tremendous rate several times, then dropped at successive stages fifty feet down the branches and we were safe. Need I say we felt thankful? I was too sick and weary to express my gratitude, besides being somewhat hurt; but my companions displayed their pleasure forcibly. Mr. Hyde threw his cap in the air and made the woods ring with his shouts.

* * * * * * *

Yesterday I left for Troy, and here I am, fully satisfied with the results of the trip, and more determined than ever to go forward with the enterpise. JOHN LA MOUNTAIN.

TROY, July 7, 1859.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT WITH A MOWING MACHINE.—Mr. George Shelmire, proprietor of the Spread Eagle Hotel, at Huntingdon, Montgomery county, Pa., whilst driving a mowing machine, on Friday last, leaned forward to strike one of his horses, and was precipitated before the machine, the scythe of which cut off his two hands at the wrist.

HOOPS IN PARIS.—"Belle Britain" writes from Paris, in March last, that crinoline is subsiding. *The haut ton* of Paris have never worn hoops of such vast rotundity as we have seen in New York; and without being too curious on the subject, I have come to the conclusion that the Parisian skirt, as now worn, is made of some more flexible material than steel. At all events it yields more easily and gracefully in a crowd. The bonnets are becoming larger and the grisettes (who wear caps only) are the only barebeaded people in the streets of Paris. Trailing dresses are worn only in carriages and drawing rooms, and in cut and color they are more subdued than in Broadway.

THE EGG IN THE BOTTLE.—The London *Field* explains the mystery of an egg in a bottle, which has often puzzled people. This is how it got there:

"Take a good sound egg, place it in strong vinegar, and allow it to remain twelve hours. It will then become soft and elastic. In this state it can be squeezed into a tolerably wide-mouthed bottle; when in it must be covered with water having some soda in it. In a few hours this preparation will restore the egg nearly to its original solidity, after which the liquid should be poured off and the bottle dried."

You need not tell any one that the hen laid it there while in a soft state. Leave the puzzled to guess that.

STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—The next annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association will be held in West Chester, commencing on Tuesday, the 2d of August. A large number of Teachers from different parts of the State will be present.

Domestic Economy.—

Said Simpson to his wife one day,
"We've nothing left to eat:
If things go on in this queer way,
We shan't make both ends *meet*."

The dame replied in words discreet,
"We're not so badly fed;
If we can make but *one* end *meat*,
And make the other *bread*!"

Lawyers.—"A Lawyer," said Lord Brougham, in a facetious mood, "is a learned gentlemen who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself."

☞ "The country would now be in a deplorable condition, if it were not for the God-send of the frequent and large receipts of gold from California." So say all the Opposition papers.

Very well! Through what instrumentality was it that the United States acquired California? THAT OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, and they were opposed at every step that led to the acquisition by those who now constitute the Opposition. The Democrats were *for* the annexation of Texas, the Opposition *against* it. The Democrats were *for* the war with Mexico, the Opposition against it, and some of their leaders desired that our army should be welcomed "with bloody hands to hospitable graves!" That annexation of Texas led to the war with Mexico, consequent upon which was the acquisition of California. Truly do the results of all Democratic measures come upon the country like "God sends!" Where would the country now be, if the Opposition to the Democratic party had accomplished its purpose?

IT IS A Chinese maxim, that for every man who does not work, and every woman who is idle, somebody must suffer cold or hunger.—Loafers please notice.

A BOY was asked whet meekness was. He thought a moment, and said: "Meekness gives smooth answers to rough questions."

HE WHO cannot feel friendship is alike incable of love. Let a woman beware of the man who owns that he loves no one but himself.

☞ Do good to him who does you evil, and by this means you will gain the victory over him.

☞ The greatest advantage that a man can procure for his children is to have them well educated.

☞ If your wife runs away, don't you run after her, for if you do, there will be two fools in the chase.

☞ The poor should get learning in order to become rich; and the rich should require it for their ornament.

THEY who "pine" in their youth can never look "spruce" in old age.

A LITTLE girl describes a snake as "a thing that's tail all the way up to the head."

TIME is the only commodity or gift of which every man that lives has an equal share.

☞ The worst feature on a man's face is his nose—when stuck in other people's business.

☞ On Saturday night a week, the wife of the Hon. Edward Everett died in Boston.

☞ Be quick in conceiving, and bold and determined in executing.

☞ He who has lost shame may bury his heart.

☞ Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.

☞ Do not trifle with your own character.