Augent Alle

ACROSS THE RIVER.

When for me the silent car, Parts the silent River. And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange Forever
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vailily seek mine own?

Mid the crowd that comes to meet Spirits sin-forgiven— Listening to their echoing feet Down the aircets of hearen— Shall I know a footstep near. That I listen—sait for, here!

Then will one approach the brink With a hand extended, One whose thoughts I loved to think Ere the vell was rended, Saying "Welcome! we have died, And again are side by side."

Saying, "I will go with thee, That thou be not lonely, To you hills of mystery;
I have waited only
Until new, to climb with thee
Yonder hill of mystery,

Can the bonds that make us here Can the bonds that make us Know ourselves immortal, Drop away, like foliage sear, At life's inner portal? What is hollest below Must forever live and glow.

I shall love the angels well,
After I have found them
In the mansions where they dwell,
With the glory round them.
But at first, without surprise,
Lot me look in human eyes.

Step by step our feet must go Up the holy mountain; Up the holy mountain; Drop by drop within us flow Life's infailing fountain. Angels sing with crowns that burn, Angels sing with Ground. We shall have a song to learn.

He who on our earthly path
Blds us help each other—
Who his Well-Beloved hath
Made our Elder Brother—
Will but clasp the chain of love
Closer when we meet above.

Therefore dread I not to go Death, thy hastening our I know; Bear me, thou, Life giver. Bear me, thou, blie-giver,
Through the waters, to the shore,
Wheremine own have gone before
—Lucy Larcom

THE LADY IN DRAB.

In an elegantly furnished room in one of the handsomest mansions of a fafamed city, two young girls were, as the younger of the two expressed it, "kill-ing time." One was a fair bright little creature, with an abundance of long sunny curls falling about her in all directions. Her companion, a tall, beaurections. The companion, a sain every respect different from Blanche Barclay, the fair blonds whom we have portrayed. There was a quiet, thoughtful look resting on her beautiful features, and she started as though from a deep rever ie, when her cousin exclaimed, "I do believe it is about time to dress for the

party, Florence!"

Florence Leslie made no reply, for a moment or so; then she turned to Blanche with a beautiful smile and said -"I am just plagued to death going to parties; at home it seemed to me I did nothing else, and every place it is the

same old story."

"Now, Florence, that is too bad, chimed in Blanche

But Florence went on "People will admire my clothes, and I might just as well be a brown stick. I happen to have a very plain drab dress with me, and I will wear that, and you must pass me off as a poor cousin; you agree to it, don't you?

"I sec I will have to, but, Flerence. it is too bad to think that you who areso wealthy, should pass for a dependent

On, it will be nice; come let's dress, I long to don my drab."

"I say, Billings, who's that young lady dressed in drab-she puts one in mind of a Quakeress, at least her dress

"I don't know exactly " was the reply "but she came here with the charming little creature, Blanche Barclay; probably she is one poor relation, or

Barclay's governoss perhaps ''
A handsome, noble young fellow, who had heard the conversation, walked towards their hostess and requested an introduction to Florence. She blushed slightly as she preceived the dark eyes of the stranger fixed on her, and secretly wondered what Clarence Raymond uld see in her that made him seek an introduction.,.

Not noticing the elevated noses of numerous belles, who wondered that the great lion of the season could waste a minute talking to such a poorly dressed young lady. Mr. Raymond seated him-self beside Florence with the question— "Are you enjoying yourself this even-

Yes, very much," was the quiet re-

ply.
"Are you fond of dancing, and if so, may I have the pleasure of your company for the set that is just form-

company for the set that is just forming?" were his next questions.

"As to your first question," Florence answered, "I am rather fond of it, but as regards the second, I beg you will excuse me, as I have determined not to

dance this avening."

From talking of the party they soon verged on one thing and another, until "Clarence thought he had found a most agreeable friend; and as he left her that

agreeable field; and as he left her that evening, he determined to call on Miss Barclay the following evening.

The morning after the party the two cousins were again in their sitting room but this time chatting on the pleasures of the pregious evening, when Blanche's mother entered the room, saying:

"Blanche, you will have to hurry, and go down to your papa's office-rooms with a very important message he-for-

with a very important message he for-got this morning; I have ordered the carriage for you.

earriage for you."

Blanche rose from her easy position with a sigh of regret, but Florence exclaimed: "Let me go, aunt; I would like a walk, so you need not send a carriage and a carriage." like a walk, so you need not send a carriage, and my cousin does not feel inclined to go out this marning."
"Thank you, Florence," returned Mrs. Barclay, "I wish you would, and

if you go, I will feel quite easy about the

Florence felt quite from after her long walk, as she reached the immense buildwark, as and reached the infinence building in which was situated her uncle's office. She walked briskly down the long entrance hall, and having ascended a pair of stairs, as her aunt had directed, she found herself face to false with a tree blank cartridge, 4th of July homecouple of young men who were chatting

together. Norknowing whether to turn to the right or to the laft, she politely inquired it they could direct her to Mr. Barclay's office.

The gentlement shows a simple than Rillings indefinitely school is done once for a money, when the domest gentlement, stippeding he will be more client, raised his partial which would you, and inquired in the would you, and inquired in the would you. While his companion give to know?" While his companion said that if she wanted to know how far it was he could inform her, it was as far again as half.

Poor Florence, if she had raised her thick vell, they might have soen the indignent com that flashed from her brilliant ayes, but are the last speaker, had finished she was hurrying on.

A quick step sounded behind her, and

in a gentlemanly, polite voice, she heard Clarence Raymond exclaim: "This way, madam; and in another moment she stood before the door on which she

recognized her uncle's name.

She only bowed her thanks to the gentleman and then rushed into her uncle's office.

Blanche was very indignant when Florence informed her of what the young gents had said to her. She wowed she would let them know pretty quick who

it was they had insulted.

But Florence said she had a better idea than that, and it was to appear at a

party they were going to the next even-ing in her real character

The following evening Mr. Barelay
falt a glow of pride as he entered Mrs. Armatager's well-filled .drawing-room with his daughter and niece. Both were so beautiful, yet so unlike, and dozens passed towards the hostess to inquire who that beautiful stranger was; for Florence Leslie presented quite a different aspect dressed in the height of fashion, and she was suddenly transformed from the plainest dressed young lady to the most elegantly attired one there

Foremost among the group for an in-troduction were our former acquain-tances, Mr. Billings and his friend Hart-

With a most polite bow and gracious smile, she recognized her introduction to Billings who immediately asked if she would do bim the honor of dancing the

next set with kim. " There was a haughty look about her beautiful lips for a moment, and then in silvery accents and with a poculiar emoment, and then in phasis, she returned

"How much would you give to know?

Mr. Billings gave Florence one look and he knew all. Without one word the poor fellow shrunk out of sight.

Not many minutes had elapsed ere Florence found herself chatting gally

with Mr. Hartley.
"Have you been in the city long?" he

'Not verv "How far from here to your home, Miss "Just as far again as half, Mr. Hart-

In another moment Florence stood alone, while her companion took one of the back streets towards his boarding

Mr. Raymond had recognized Florence the moment she entered, but now stood aloof from the reigning belle. soon as she got the opportunity she went towards him, with the question— "Have you forgotten me this evening?"

"No," was the reply, "but to-night you were surrounded by such a brilliant crowd that I thought you would forget

"No, indeed," was the warm rejoin-"I never forget my friends.

Florence returned to her own beautiful home, and as she sat one morning in her drawing-room Mr Raymond announced The hours flew swiftly by, and when he rose to go, there was a happy smile on Florence's face, and as she extended both her hands to him at parting, there flashed on one of her tapering fingers, her engagement ring; and as Clarence bent over and whispered some questions in her ear, she laughingly said: "Yes, Clarence, yes, the horress loves you just as well and better than the young lady in drab did"

Moderate Drinking.

We submit the following anecdote to

"The Bishop of Mayence once delivered a sermon against drunkenness, and after painting in the strongest colors the evils of over indulgence, concluded as follows: "But the abuse of wine does not exclude its use, for it is written that wine rejoices the heart of man. Probably there is no one in my congregation who cannot drink four bottles of wine without feeling any disturbance of his senses; but if any man at the seventh or eighth bottle so forgets himself as to abuse and strike his wife and children and treat his best friends as enemies, let him look into his conscience, and in future always stop at the sixth bottle. Yet, if after drinking eight, or even ten or twelve bottles, he can still take his Christian neighbor lovingly by the hand and obey the orders of his spiritual and temporal esperiors, let him thankfully take his modest draught. He must be careful, however, as to taking any more, for it is seldom that Providence gives any one the special grace to drink six-teen bottles at a sitting, as it has enabled me, its unworthy servant, to do without either neglecting my duties or losing my temper."

President Grant has given an office to a poor fellow who had both arms blown off infiring a salute in his honor. This was very good for the man who fired the blank cartridge. But Grant has forgotten hundreds of brave fellows has forgotten hundreds of brave lenous whose limbs were lost, not in performing the idle ceremony of a salute, but dollars?" said Pat. "Yes," in front of the enemy's cannon, at the Wilderness, at Vicksburg, and at Don-elson, under his orders. Their salutes elson, under his orders. Their salutes were at the enemy, from shotted guids, but Grant-had no sympathy for them. Had they received wounds in firing a salute to gratify his vanity they would have had a sure passport to honor and office. They merely served their coun-

guarde.

Shysters Great and Small. HOW MONEY MANES OF HER AND ADDRESS OF THE MENT OF THE

pathizing with the unfortunate, to re-joice in their misfortune, and under pretense of aiding those who employ them to escape conviction and sentence, will rob their victims of the last dollar in their possession, and then leave them to fate. This idea of a "shyster" is not altogether incorrect; for we occasionally hear of a lawyer whose dignity and vaunted self-esteem will not permit him manner that would be considered disthis neighborhood, under the following circumstances :

It will be recollected that a few years ago money letters and packages of moncy passing through our post-office mys-toriously disappeared, and for some time the ingenuity of the government detec-tives failed to discover the thieves. Fi nally two of the clerks in the office named respectively, Sullivan and Barry were "shadowed" and detected. Or being searched, the sum of \$2,500 was found on Sullivans person, but no funds of any account were found in the posses-sion of Mr. Barry. They were both convicted of robbing the mails, and sentenced to State prison for the term of pleasant and attractive ten years each. As there were no claim-, to wait on customers. ants who could prove their rights to the money taken from Sullivan, it would have to be returned to him on the release from prison. The fact was well known to an ex-U. S. District Attorney, and an ex-to. S. District Attorney, and an ex-post-master, who, it is said, proposed to Sullivan to have him set at liberty on condition that he would give them an order for this money. To this of course he assented, and application was at once made to Andrew Johnson for a pardon. He could see no reason for granting one, and so the ease looked hopeless, until President Grant inherited the pardoning power, when all the artifices and devices oft he "Shysthe arthress and devices of the "Snys-ter" were brought to bear upon him, by the ex-official referred to, and he yielded. As a consequence Mr. Sulli-van is now a free man, while his confederate in guilt remains a prisoner, because money with which to pur-

chase his liberty. "It is a crime to stend,
Therefore stead not at all,
But then if you must stead,
Stend grant, not small." (From the Detroit Union.)

OVER THE THRESHOLD.

BY T. W. MITTHEWS. Over the threshold, worn and bare,
The infant takes its trial step.
Tottering feeble, yet safe and sure,
By the loving arm of a mother kept
Innocent darling, knowing not
Of the thousand steps in life's weary way,
May you never want for a mother's hand
To keep and guard you in childhood's day

Over the threshold of childhood, hough Over the lireshold of childhood hougs, Into the days of youth we go, Little dreaming of an area around, Or dangers set by a cruel foe.

Let us hôpe that ever, when danger is near, We may find a friend who will warning give For without a smile or a friendly word. This life were a wearisome life to live

Over the threshold of youth again We step into manhoad's troublous years; And find though in life there is much of joy, There is plenty of room for grief and tears When our golden visions are melting away Before the cold, stern reality, May we be prepared for a better life, Of peaceful immortality!

Over the threshold of manhood now. over she direason of mannond now, into the years of age we stray.

And our brows are furrowed with lines of car Our once dark locks are alivery gray.

But one more step we have to take, And when the threshold of life is passed, May the angels walk, with songs of joy.

To welcome us home to Heaven at last

Destruction of Balloon

The French aeronaut, M. Eugene Godard, has been making ascents in his snormous balloon, Le Colosse, and taking passengers on a tour aloft at the rate of three hundred france a head the consideration of the advocates of On his return to earth at the end of moderate drinking. The story is told his second trip, he met with a strange by Goethe, and illustrates the capacity for drink of the Khinelanders:

| At about six miles from Florence the volume of gas was diminished: the grapuels were thrown out, and the party alighted in the midst of a crowd of gaping rustics, many of whom had pipes in their mouths. M. Godard, having to let out the gas remaining in the balloon, politely begged the amo-kers to retire: but(says a correspondent) he might as well have sopken to the cabbage growing around. All the louts passed forward, puffing away and lighting incifers on their sleeves. The consequences may be imagined; in the twinkling of an eye the air was a sheet of flame, and though nobody was hurt, the balloon, valued at 6,000 france was reduced to under. Then followed a disreputable scene of violence and extortion. One insisted upon a compensation for the fright, another for pig, whose tail had got singed by the fire, another for the pestilential effect of the gas upon his cabbages, and so As these demands were enforced threats accompained by some sig nificant oudgelplay, the aeriel travelers were compelled to satisfy all domands.

HAD HIM THERE .- It is stated that an Irishman called upon a desciple of Escularius and informed him that his wife was sick, and required medical aid.
The M. D. was willing to give his attention to the case, but desired the man to pay in advance or enter into an a greement to pay when his services were

"An it'll be kill or cure for twenty

Pat was satisfied, and left the Dr. to perform the contract. The woman died, and in due time he presented his bill. Pat looked at it a moment, and then asked:
"An' did yez cure her?"

"No," answered the physician."
"An did yez kill her?"

This was a poster, and the M. D. discovered that Pathad caught him. The bill at last accounts had not been set-

To Young men.

To the lackadasical youth with an inner complousness of fitness for a

inner controlousness of fitness for a "great life-mission," are particularly commend that following sensibly and rote:

"It is easer to be a good business manithal a poor one. Bulf the caller displayed in discepting altered, that is required to datch up when befind, will dave gradit, give more time to business, and add to the profits and reputation of your word. Honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man or do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time. ment, be ready at the appointed time. If you have work to do, do it at once, cheerfully, and therefore more speedily and correctly. If you go on business, attend to the matter promptly, and then, to descend to petty court practice, but as promptly go about your own busi-who will "shysterize" a client in a nees. Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.

One such instance recently occurred in can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons. Never "fool" on business matters. If you have to labor for a living, remember that one hour in the morning is better than two at night, If you employ others, be on hand to see that they attend to their duties, and direct with regularity, promptness, liberality. Do not meddle with any business you know nothing of. Never buy any article simply because the man who sells it will take it out in trade. Trade is money. Time is money. A good business habit and reputation is always money. Make your place of business pleasant and attractive, then stop there

Never use quick words, or allow yourself to make ungentlemanly remarks to those in your employ; for to do so les sens their respect for you and your in fluence over them. Help yourself, and others will help you. Be faithful over the interests confided to your keeping, and in all good time your responsi-bilities will be increased. Do not be in Do not be in too great haste to get rich. Do not build until you have arranged and laid a good foundation. Do not-as you hope or work for success—spend your time in idleness. If your time is your own, business will suffer if you do. If it is given to another for pay, it belongs to him, and you have no more right to steal it than to steal money. Be oblig-ing. Strive to avoid barsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path; more miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Ask, but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give when you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say No necessity of snapping it out dog fully. Have but few confidences, and the fewer the better. Use your brains rather than those of others. think and act for yourself. Be honest, Be vigilant. Keep ahead rather than behind the times. Young men cut this out, and if there is folly in the argument let us know."

THER ' ERE LEGS .- A son of the Granite State went down to Memphis to seek his fortune. He found instead a diarrhea, which gradually snaps life in

a chronic form.

It was with this that poor Jim Bagley I tries again—zee if I tont! was picked up. And month after month it surged. At length he was but the outline of his former self—a perfect skeleton.

A worthy minister of the Gospel saw poor fellow, and seeing that the King of Terrors had spotted him, determined to call on him and to offer aniritial consolation. He broached the subject, somewhat in this manner.

-n sick" was the prompt reply.

"Don't swear, my poor friend," said the parson, "and let me ask, do you

"Not, I am afraid in the right way Mr. Bagley. I beg you, pause and reflect. It is time that you begin to wrestle with the Lord."

The sick man looked down at his miserable poker legs extended before him, and with an expression of amazement in his countenance, exclaimed:
"Restle with the Lord-What, with

'em ere legs," pointing to his own.
"Why, parson, he'd flip me to h-1 the first pass."

A PROMET REPLY.—Rev. Rowland Hill used to ride to and from church in his members at least, who went so far as to hand in among the notices one requesting "the prayers of this congregation for the pastor, who, yielding to pride, is in the habit of riding in his noticed its report; then laying it down, he said, "It is true, brothern, I ride in my carriage, but if the author of this notice will appear at the door at the conclusion of the services, saddled and bridled, I will do my best to ride him home.

OUT OF HUMOR .- Donn Piatt is not pleased with the attacks made upon him by the "little creatures," of the radical party because of his open thrusts and charges, and thus pins them to the

"They don't know it but I do, that the vilest Copperhead I ever encountered is an honed man by the side of Ben. Butler. The roughest rough of the Democracy is a gentleman by the side of Chandler. And the stupid ass that howls "nigger" at the cross roads is a statesman by the side of Kelly. Now image." He then commenced "An hon-am I to heap abuse on Fernando Wood. and Jimmy Brooks, and hold my peace Then he made a long pause, and lookin the presence of such fellows, whose unlicensed liberty not only endangers then exclaimed, "But I opine God Almighty hasn't had a job in this city for night on to fifteen years."

LET US CROSS THE RIVER.

BY J. WEST TRANS but the cross o'er the riven Los tue stem the rushing flood, And reat our weary logical Neath the shallows of the wood.

Press not our waary footings. In this summer's socialing heat, many miles have sped since morn Beneath their bleeding, feet.

Let us cross, then, o'er the river We'll enjoy the cooling breeze, And we'll rest our weary legions In the shadows of the Trees. Many miles are yet before us,

And a victory must be won.
We must cross o'er yonder mountain E're the setting of the sun. But the infaniry are weary, They must have a little rest, E're they cross beyond the valley

And climb you mountain's crest Come, we'll cross o'er the river And inhale the cooling breeze; We will rest a little while, beneath The shadows of the trees. Bellefonte, Pt , June 20, 1869.

Hans and the Decoys.

Everybody about Timbuctoo, up to luba county, knows Hans Himmeltan sen, or, as he is more usually called "Dutch John," a good-hearted jovial Teuton, once well off, but now reduced o the position of a Flume Guard.

Hans goes out hunting once in a while. He went after ducks not long since. You can't get him to go after them again. The reason is this. Some of the boys played him a trick. They got a couple of wooden decoy ducks and instead them with a string in the edge ot some bushes in a little pond near the town, where they could be seen as the wind wafted them out the length of the

Hans was told that a couple of wild ducks were in the pond, and hurrying to his quarters he got his gun, loaded it heavily, and crept down within range of the ducks.

Taking good aim, he fired, and the ducks were sent with a rush back into

the bushes by the shot. Hans thought, of course, he had killed them, but stopped to load, in case they were only wounded. Meantime the wind blowing through the bushes pretty sharppblew them out on the water to the leangth of the string again.

"Der tyful! I shooted dem tooks once!" said Hans, in astonishment. "Now dey schwims out likes dey were never shot with a gun, not at all! Dun-der! I makes'em hell schmell dis time!

And again he took a deliberate aim, and let fly.

The force of the shot instantly drove the ducks in out of sight again, and Hans dropped his gun to go after them. But before he had got twenty yards, he saw to his astonishment that the ducks were swimming out as before, unharm-

He halted, in half wonder, half ter-

ror.
"Mem cot!" he muttered. "Two times I shooted dem tam tooks! and two times dey come out yust as pelore I dink dey is de tuyvel's own tooks

And again, with a double charge of both powder and shot in his gun, Hans drew for the ducks. He fired, and went end over end with the recoil. he got up, not a duck was in sight

"I shoot 'em all to pieces dat time f he cried, as he rubbed his lame shoul

Just then out floated the ducks again. subject, somewhat in this manner.

"My dear Mr. Bagley, in view of tuyvel's tooks! grouned Hans. "Three tuyvel's tooks! grouned Hans. "Three times I shooten all over tead, and dere day is alive!"
"I'll bet you two fifty they're dead!

cried Tomniy Newbert, with a smile

the parson, "and let me ask, no you ever think of your latter end?"

"Lord!" said Bagley, "I han't thought on any thing else for more'n three long months."

"Hemmels! I bet you dat. But how the said and the said a we broves it? You can't catch'em?

"Yes, come along with me, and I'll catch them for you? There was some tall swearing in Dutch when Hans paid over the \$2.50, and found out how he had I geneold.

If you want to see a mad Dutchman just say "ducks" to Hans, and you'll be Testament. He promptly responded in accommodated.

AN INTELLIGENT Dog,-Mr. Channing Moore, residing at Richmond, Staten Island, has a Newtoundland dog which, at times, manifests almost hu a carriage. This gave offense to one of man intelligence. The morning stage his members at least, who went no far from New York leaves the New York papers at the gates of various subscribers on the road. Mr. Moore's dog always watches for the sheet and carries gation for the pastor, who, yielding to pride, is in the habit of riding in his carriage, not content like his Divine the paper, as it was thrown by the drivant till Mr. H. had read the paper, and observed the sensation created, that he contend the sensation created, that he contend the respect than laying it down ed after the stage, caught the paper dropped by the driver at the next house, and run home with it as tast as he could go.

> SHART OF HIS AGE .- Freddy is a lit-SMARI OF HIS AUS.—Freudy in a fit-tle one of seven years' growth, the son of a minister, who, with his wife had just arrived at a new field of labor. Hearing his mother say to his father that she had been deceived by his saying the parsonage was a three story building, when in fact, it was only two. he said: 'Ma.' 'Well, Freddy?' 'The kitchen is one. '- Yes.' 'This floor is two; and the story that pa told is three!

A HARDBHELD BAPTIST preach est man is the noblest work of God.

This, That and the Other.

The poorest farmer in the land, if unable to feed his calves, can always

-Babics are like wheat; they are cradled and thrashed, and finally become the flower of the family.

-Ben. Wade, the light of Mother Goose's Melodies, says "the logic of Sumner's speech is irresistible.

-Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects surround you in the sunshine. -A philosopher says that if anything

will make a woman swear, it is looking for her night-cap after the lamp's blown -"Ezekiel, why am a barber like an unsophisticated juvenile?" "I can't prognosticate." "Because he is a shaver!"

—Seven hundred girls responded to the advertisement for performers in the ballot of the "Forty Thieves," at Ch.

Benefit your friends, that they may love you still more dearly; benefit you enemies, that they may become your -An Illinois editor has blackshid

from Western editorial principles by voluntarily placing himselfin an inebriateasvlum "There now," exclaimed a little girl.

while rummaging a drawer in a bure "grandpa has gone to heaven without

-"Goodness me!" cried a nice old lady, the other day, "if the world does come to an end next year, what shall I do for snuff?' -New York, all the year round says

the Herrid, spends on an average \$130,000 per week or musical and theatrical entertainments -An Illinois farmer set fire to the grass on his prairie land the other day

and burned up his two children who were out at play. -- Wendell Philips is now champior. ing the cause of the Indians, and advises them to seek redress against the United

States by tearing up the Pacific railway -Josh Billings says that if a man proposes to serve the Lord, he likes to see him do it when he measures corn, as well as when he hollers glory hallalu-

ver. . —A young lady went into a Musa Store, the other day, and asked for "feline intestines for lyrical purposes She was accommodated with cat-gut guitar strings.

—A shoestring saved a little guldifie in Haven, the other day. It caught on a nail as she fell out of a third-story window, and held her from death until assistance came.

-We have heard of a young lady in this city who keeps a list of her mail acquaintances in a pocket diary and call it her him book Wonder if she ha any Psalms in it!

-An exchange says it is fortunal Grant has been married but once. Were a first wife's relations added to the present connections, the offices would be absorbed entirely. -A good definition-A little girl in chool gave as a definition of "bearing

falso witness against your neighbor" that it was when nobody did nothing and somebody went and told of it." -Official returns show that during the last twelve months the number of horses slain in Paris for the meat marks

amounts to 2,400. Five per cent have been employed in making sausages —"Did you know," said a cunning Gentile to a Jew, "that they hang Jew-and jackasses together in Portland? 'Indeed !' retorted Solomon, "den at sh vell dat you and I ish not dere

-An incbriated man walking along the streets at night, regarded the most with soverign contempt: "You needs: be so proud ole feller," he said "Youre full only once a month, and I am ever-night" -"What ! tipsy again ?" said a wife

to her husband. "No my dear" said he not tipsy, but a little slibery. The fact is somebody has been rubbing my boots till they are as smooths as a paur of glass." -Felix McCarty of the Kerry

Felty, "said the sergeant, "you are al-ways linst" "Be alsy, Sargeant Sulli-van." was his reply, "sure some one must be lasht." -A bright-faced little boy in West Liberty, Ohio, was asked at Sunday school the other day who wrote the New

n clear voice, as one who knew whereof he affirmed—"Donn Pintt" -Some boys in Philadelphia mak a very good living by going about it. observing whee streets of a morning, observing who sidewalks are washed after the less hour of seven o'clock, and then turning informers Half the penalty goes to the

-A printer, who employed a number of female compositors, lately inquired of a friend if he had "any daughters who make good type setters which his acquaintance replied: "No but I have a wife who would make an excellent devil."

-There is a sentiment as believiful as just in the following lines: "He who forgets the fountain from which he drank, and the troe under whose shade he gamboled in the days of his youth, is a stranger to the sweetest impressions of

the human heart." -Mr. Whittemore, the night editor -Mr. Whittemore, the night editor of the World newspaper, has a streak of good luck which any journalist might well envy. His lather in-law, who died a few days since, has left a round two hundred thousand dollars to the couple, and it is expected that a hundred thousand dollars additional will be realized from the estate when it is settled up.

-A traveller on one of the Western steambosts recently, was landed near his home, and as the boat was about to leave he bawled ont—

"""Halto; reptain, there's something missing here!"
"What is it?" asked the captain. "Hang me if I can recollect now," said the traveller, let me see, here's all my trunks loves two does and on my trunks, boxes, two dogs, and—oh thunder! it's my wife and little gal, that are asleep in the cabin! I knew there was something else!"