BE A WOMAN.

Off I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son, on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty,
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something Made of noops, and silks, and airs, Used to decorate the parlor. Like the fanty rugs and chairs? Is it one that wastes on novels. Every feeling that is human? If 'tis this to be a lady,.

The not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far,
Than to be mere fashion is lidy—
"Woman" is the brighter star.
If ye, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less stronger
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman—brightest model
Of that light and perfect beauty.
Where the mind, and soul, and body.
Blend to work out life's great dutyBe a woman—naught is higher
On the gilded list of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman—on to duty, Ruise the world from all that's low; Place high in the social heaven Virtue's fair and radant how! Lend thy influence to each effort That shall raise our nature human; Be not fashion's gilded lady— Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman.

TALE OF A MASQUERADE.

A MISCHIEVOUS WIDOW.

A masquerade would not be much of an affair if there were not some ludi-crous scenes attached to it or connected with it: Last evening, that of the Musical Society was no exception to the general rule, and any number of funny

incidents transpired.
No person failed to notice a conspicuous costume present, a gentleman dressed as a Spanish cavalier—a very neat and athletic frame. The gentle-man, whom we shall call X., paid par-ticular, indeed, most devoted attention to a pink domino enshrouding a sylph like form acting as her escort at all times, and paying no attention worth noticing to anybody else. In prome-nading or in resting they were in earnest conversation, and the ladies, who could not fail to notice him, thought be must be a divine little angel to listen so devotedly to all his soft things. Perhaps both of them were just what they had the credit of being.

The cavalier was a legal gentlemen of our city, and the pink domino was -no matter who just non.

The gentleman is married and has a small family. He loves his wife, but people do whisper that sometimes he loves other people's just as much. The cavalier proposed some time since to go to the ball, but his wife insisted that her health was not very good, and as there would be something of a crowd present she would not go—to her, mas querades were tedious affairs at best. That X, was delighted with the determination there is no doubt. He did not say so, however, but the day his wife decided not to go he met in com pany a young and pretty widow, and in the heat of the excitement, asked her to accompany him to the masquerade. The widow was possessed of a bosom full of lun, and she consented to go. X. fitted her out with a costume and a pink domino, and, as everyhody saw who noticed it, very pretty and expensive. Now, concluding to go, the had some object in view evidently, for yes terday, so runs the story, she saw X. go away from home, when she sought the presence of his wife and told her the whole story, and in conclusion she played:

"Now you've heard the whole thing. That good for nothing husband of yours has been paying too many attentions to as the case might be, and stood on the mo of late, and I do not like it. It you will play a ments, seeing him approaching, he trick on him for this, and it you are not, why, I'll—I'll go with him to the arrival of the carrier addressed him on an open plain, there are many both masquerade, and I will flirt with him thus all the evening just as hard as ever I know how.'

It is presumed that the wife was not a woman of spirit, for last evening about ten o'clock a carriage drove up to the widow's house, and a Spanish cavalier very devotedly and very love like assisted a domino into it, and drove to

At the hall the couple paid little attention to the funny scenes about them. own wit. Prying eyes tried hard to a customer. find out who they were. They sauntered about until tired. They took retreshments and occasionally a glass of wine. They made no attempt to peop beneath each other's masks, for it was evident they knew each other well. At all times the cavalier seemed whispering the softest things to the domino, and a close observer might have seen that occasionally the words were very soft, for they made the fair domino start and tremble just a little, but she seem-ed to have good control over herself; but there is no doubt that could her face have been seen there would have

been traces of blushes.

It was not a very late hour when the cavaher and the domino had desappeared from the scene. When the masks were removed at twelve o'clock, anxious ones were looking to see who the people were, but they were gone, and all were disappointed. Let us follow them to the house of the widow, where they drove in haste, the cavalier very happy, very talkative, and almost be-side himself with joy—the domino very quiet and very reserved. They were shown into the drawing room; the dom-ing themselves the conino throws herself upon a lounge. The cavalier steps forward to turn up the gas a little, but a pleasant voice, "I will do it for you Mr. X." and the room, is ablaze with the light. The voice, was that of the young widow, and the blaze of light showed the lawyer leaving upon a chair, perfectly aghast with astonishment, looking from the window to the domino yet unable to utter a word.

"Why, what is the matter with Mr X?" asked the widow; "you look astonished. I expected you, and have been

ished. I expected you, and have been waiting for you some time. Your wife told me she would come here," "."

"My wife!" gamped the cavaller...

"Yee, your wife. Why, what is the fiatter with you? A Art you up well?";

The cavaller scarce segment to know whether he was unwell or not. He

said, "you've one of the best women in the world for a wife, and you abuse her worse than any man I ever knew. I just wish I was in her place for about five minutes.

The cavalier looked as if he wished nothing of the kind. . The widow went

on:

"You insulted me in asking me to go
with you. If I had a big brother able
to whip you, he should have done it,
and if it had not been that a woman cannot do any of those things, I would have done it myself. You deserve it any way-you tigly monster. As I could not do it, I told your wife, and we determined to punish you, and I guess you had a pretty good lesson, and one which will last you some time. I know by the way your wife blushes you have said all sorts of insulting things to her, thinking it was I; but it wasn't, and I guess you have found it all out. You've had your lesson; now go home, and if ever I hear of you neglecting your wife again, or running off after other women. I'll tell the whole story, and have it published in the Advocate, with your name in great big type-O you big monster.

Poor X was suffering terribly. He had never been caught so fairly before. The perspiration was pouring down his forehead, and the air of the room seemed terribly confined. He mentally cursed masquerades dominoes, be-witching widows and his own stupidity, and it was a relief when his wife inti-mated that they had better go home, and the poor cavalier slunk away like a whipped school boy. We trust the will be a lasting one to him. Wood's Household Advocate.

One of the strangest places in Venice is the Exchange for Pawn Brokerage. It is in one of the old palaces of the dukes. It is under the control of the Government as much as the Post Office. Soldiers parade before the door, and men in uniform are in attendance. The utmost order and system prevails. Not a loud word is spoken; no crowd, no confusion are allowed: A matly crow wait on this institution - men and women of all grades, characters, and dress, without shoes, bonnets, hats, in full dress, and in the garbs of medicants. They stand in a long line, waiting their turn at a small window. The goods they have to pawn are all the way up from dilapidated clothes to watches and diamonds. A regular tariff is placed on every thing; such a percentage only is allowed. A small billet is given to the depositor, who uses it as a check, and goes to another window where the money is paid. Goods can be redeem ed at any time after twenty four hours A small fee only is charged for the use of the money. Soldiers and guards are in every part of the building to preserve order.

A Case in New York develops new mode of awindling. It is done by ordering from a store a number of valuable articles, to be sent to a house in some respectable neighborhood; perhate to the dwelling of some well-known Then the following game is

The thief, having ordered certain roods, stationed himself in front of or conveniently near the dwelling or store,

This is a pretty time to bring these however, in the densest forests and in things. I told your boss to be particular about the hour, as Mr. Roberts (or The inner bark of the upas is some Now, as he is not in, you must leave the bill and call again, and tell Mr. well soaked in water, and well bit may be worn without danger. Booby how it happened."

"Olf it's no matter. Mr. Booby told me to leave em and to hand this list of prices to Mr. Roberts, and tell him that he'd be glad to have him for

"All right, then; tell him to be more nunctual next time, and as I buy every thing for Mr. Roberts, tell him I'll buy all my grocersies there if he is punctual."

"I will, sir."

No sooner had the carrier turned his back than Master Thief took an opposite direction and ran off with his

The very next day the foxy rogue had the impudence to call and get groceries. Of course, the groceryman, not expecting anything wrong, but, bn the contrary, deeming himself greatly fortunate in the acquisition of so went thy a customer as Mr. Roberts, filled the orders and -learned a lessou

Old Billy 8- was dying. He was an ignorant man, and a very wicked one. Dr. D.—, an excellent physician and a very plous man, was attending him. The old fellow asked for bread. The doctor approaching the bedeide and in a very solemn tone remarked, "My dear fellow, man can not live by bread alone." "No," said the old fellow, slightly reviving, "he's bleeged to have a few wegetables." The subject was dropped.

A bashful young man escorted home an equally bashful young lady. As they were approaching the dwelling of the damsel, she raid entreatingly. "Ze-kiel, now don't tell anyhody you beau'd me home." "Sary," said he emphatically "don't you mind; I am as much lington, riding on a white horse but ashamed of it as you are."

June 10 me nome. Sary said recompnion of lington, riding on a white horse but you can't seehim for the smoke!"

The Upsa Tree.

Every body has heard of the far-famed tipus tree of Java. The first account of it was given, some eighty years ago, by Foersch, as urgeon in the struck of the Dutch East India Company. He state that he saw the tree himself. It was about twenty-seven lesques from Bitavia, and was surrounded on all sides by a cirle of high hills and monitains. To the distance of ten or twelve miles in turned to the domino. She removed the distance of ten or twelve miles in the distance of ten or criminals were sent for the poison of of this tree, and into the poison of points of all warlike instruments were dipped. The poison procured from the tree was a gun that issued out between the bark and the tree itself, and was of the poison procured from the tree was a gun that issued out between the bark and the tree itself, and was of the poison procured from the park and the tree itself, and was of the production. very high value. Malefactors sentenced to die were the only persons sent to proto die were the only persons sent to pro-cure this poison, and this was the only chance they had of saving their lives. After their sentence was pronounced they were asked whether they would die by the hand of the execution, or go to the upas tree and collect a box of poison. If they chose the latter punishment, and return safe, they were provided for by the Emperor. They first visited the house of the old

ecclesiastic, who prepared them, by prayers and admonitions, for their future fate. He then put on them long leather caps, with glasses before their eyes. He also provided them with a pair of leath-He er gloves. With these preparations, after having carefully attended to the direction of the wind, they approached the tree so that its exhalations were al-ways blown from them. The convicts were accompanied on their way, by their friends and relations, about two miles. Out of the number who went to this tree, scarcely one in ten ever returned. From fifteen to eighteen miles around this tree not only no human creature could exist, but no animal of any kind had ever been discovered. There were no fish in the waters; and when birds

flew so near the tree that the effluvium reached them, they dropped down dead This account appeared so remarkable, that when the Earl of Macariney's embassy to China stopped at Butavia, a few years later, Dr. Gillem and others of the embassy made inquiries concerning this wonderful tree. "His [Foersch's] rela-tion of a tree so venomous as to be destructive by its exhalations at some structive by its exhalations at some miles' distance," says the historian of the embassy, "is compared there to the fictions of Baron Munchausen. Yet, as it was a discredit to the country to be suspected of producing a vegetable of so venomous a quality, a Dutch dissertation has been written in refutation of the story. From this dissertation it appears that information was requested, part of the Dutch Government of Batavia, from the Javanese prince in whose territory this dreadful vegetable was asserted to be growing, and that the prince in his answer, denied any knowledge of

such a production. Still it was a common opinion in Batavia that there existed in the country a vegetable poison, which, when rubbed on the daggers of the Javaneae, rendered the slightest wound from those weapons incurable; and one of the keepers of the medical garden at Batavia assured Dr Gillem that a tree distilling a poisonous juice was in that collection its qualities were kept secret from most people in the settlement, lest a knowledge of them should find its way to the slaves, who might be tempted to make an ill' use of it.

From later accounts it appears that Foersch got two stories mixed In the vicinity of active volcanoes in Java, and in old craters, a gas escapes like that which is formed when a friction finatch is lighted; and one of these localities was the famous valley of poison.

Late travelers, as we learn from professor Bickmere's "Travels in the East Indian Archipelago," saw in this val-ley a great number of dead animals of various kinds-dogs, cats, tigers, rhi-noceroses, squirrels, birds, and even

in Java and Ceylon. They are found,

Mr. Smith, or Mr. Anybody), would times made into a course cloth. When this bark has been well steeped, and well soaked in water, and well beaten,

IMPERIALISM—It is coming. The first blush which that hitherto Demo-eratic State, New Jersey, has shown of t was observable one day last week, at rmy ittle Dolly
a very fashionable wedding at Jorsey
City. The fair bride wore, of course, a a very fashionable wedding at Jursey City. The fair bride wore, of course, a City. train, a stunner of a train, say three yards long or so. She had the usual compliment of beautiful bridesmaids, but she had more than that. There were -(this beats Brown and Grace Church dead as Ciesar)—a corps of big buck niggers as pages to hold up the trains of the lovely bride and her fair maids! The darkeys gracefully performed the delicate and delightful duty, from the house to the carriage under a canopy and over a soft carpet, and when arriv ed at the church, under a canopy and over a carpet to the door, thence up the isle trappp, tramp, tramp, did the obse quious Sambos march with courtly grace, kolding up the royal train all the way; and, the ceremony over, the same imperial style was carefully observed back to the residence of the bap. py couple. We were hardly prepared to believe that Democratic Jersey would take so large a swallow of imperialism as to go to the buck nigger pages; but these sort of things are shookingly seductive when one has the means to make a spread. What next, means to make a spread. Wha my lord?—N. Y. Day Book.

We have just met an amusing story of a showman who was describing to a select audience the wonders which were to be seen in his picture of Waterloo. Amongst the Judicrous expressions which he gave vent to, was the follow ing; "In the centre is the Duke of Wel-

TRIP LIGHTLY.

Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong,
We only make grief double,
By dwelling on its long.
Why clash woe's hands so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why not seek joy instead?

Though all the day be dark. Though all the day be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And sally sing the lark;
Fair hopes have not departed,
Though roses may have field.
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
Sland not torall at doom;
We've pearls to string of gladness,
On this side of the tomb; hile stars are nightly shining, And the heaven is overhead, Encourage not repining, But look for joy instead.

Finding A. Baby.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live miles and miles away upon the Western prairie. There wasn't a house within sight when we moved there, my wife and I, and now we havn't many neighbors, though those we have are good ones.

One day, about ten years ago, I went way from home to sell some fifty head of cattle-fine creatures as ever I saw I was to buy some greeries and dry goods, before I came back, and above all, a doll for our youngest, Dolly She had never a store doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made

Dolly could talk of nothing else, and Dolly could talk of nothing clse, and went down to the very gate to call after me to "buy her a good one." Nobody but a parent could understand how full my mind was of that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped in paper and tucked it under my arm while I had the parcels of colling and despine and tes, and a war. of calico and delaine and tea and put up. Then late as it was I started for home. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about her toy.

I was on a steady-going old horse mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile away from town, while I was in the middle of the wildest bit of road I knew of. I could have falt my way, though, I remembered it is so well, and it was almost that when the storm that had been brewing broke, and pelted the rain in torrents five miles, or may be six from home yet,

I rode as fact as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened; I heard it again.. I called and it answered me. I couldn't tee a thing; all was as dark as pitch. I got down and felt about the grass—called again, and was answered. Then I began to wonder. I am not timid, but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me It might be a trap to eaten me unawares and rob and murder me.

I'm not superstitious—not very But how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night and at such an hour? It might be more than human The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men, showed itself in me then, and I was half inclined to run awny, but once more I heard that cry, and I said

"If any man's child is hereabouts Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it I searched again At last I bethought

me of a hollow under the hill, and groping that way, sure enough, I found a little dripping thing that meaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me, and mounted and tucked the little soaked thing under my cost as well as I could, promising to take it home to mamma. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom .

It had slept more than an hour when I saw my own windows There were

When she saw me she hid her face Oh. don't tell him!" she cried ; "it to sleep

will kill him "
"What is it, neighbors "" I asked

"What is it, neighbors 11 asked
And one said "Nothing now I hope
—what's that in your arms?"

"A poor lost child," said I, "I found
it in the road. Take it, will you? I
feel faint" I lifted up the sleeping
thing and saw the face of my own child
—my little belief.

road My little child had wondered out to meet "daddy" and the doll, while her mother was at work, and whom they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked heaven on my kness before them all It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road, the little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT -A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm his wife, who was sitting in the cabin near him; and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised with his composure and serenity that she cried out:

"My dear are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?" He rose from his chair, lashed to the deck, supporting himself by a pillar of the bed-place drew his sword and point-ing it to the breast of his wife, exclaim-

"Are you afraid of that sword ?" "She instantly answered, "No." /
"Why?" said the officer.
"Beenuse," rejoined the lady, "I'know that it is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt

"Then." said he, "remember, I know in whom I believe, and that he holds the winds in his fists and the water in the hollow of his hands."

An Heiress in Diaguise.

The St. Joseph (Mo.) Carette of a recent date relates the following somewhat remantic story: Some time last fall a syoung lody came to St. Joseph from the Bast to spend the winter with a relative. Unassuming, handsome, graceful and intelligent, she created a most favorable impression with those who enjoyed the pleasure of her acquaintance and formed an accessible addition to the and formed an agreeable addition to the social etrele in which she moved. She was remarkably reflect and quiet in her manners, and studiously sought to avoid all estentations display in her apparel, but at the same time exhibited in her dress the most exquisite taste and in her manners the most elegant refinement. Shortly after the lady's arrival she was called upon by a young gentleman (a resident of this county), who had formed her acquaintance in the East, and soon thereafter his visits became frequent and his attentions marked and deoted. It was noticed, as the friendship of the two ripened into intimacy, that the lady began to institute, in a very cautious manner, inquiries for the purpose of assertaining whether the gentle-man had the least idea of her history and condition, and particularly of her finan-cial affairs. These inquiries were proscentred for some time, and seem to have resulted satisfactorily. At least, after a courtship of some months, she commit-ted her happiness and fortunes to the care of the gentleman alluded to, and the celebration of the nuptials were duly recorded in the early part of the present spring. The happy couple immediately-started for the East and are now residing at the former home of the bride. And now comes the sequel. The quiet and unassuming young lady was in reality the possessor of immense wealth and the undoubted heiress of an estate worth ver \$4,000,000-a fact wholly unknown at the time even to the gentleman who had sought her hand and heart. She had taken this method to test the sincerity of her admirer, and finding his heart the true gold, had committed unhesitatingly a golden treasure and a pure, warm beart to his keeping, without even permitting the many gallant youths of St. Joseph to catch the faintest idea of the glittering prize apparently within their

VANITY.

he sun goes up and the sun goes down, And the day and the night are the same

he year grows green and the year grows brown,
And what is it all, when all is done?
Grains of sombre or shining sand,
Sliding into or out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas, And a hundred ships are the same as one And backward and forward blows the breeze, And what is it all, when all is done? A tide with never a shore in sight, Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisherman droppeth his not in the stream. And a hundred streams are the same And a maiden dreameth her love-lit dream, And what is full, when all is done? The not of the fisher the burden breaks, And after dreaming the dreamer awakes.

The Sensation of Drowning.

A sailor named George Forbes, who vas lost overboard from a scow in Lake Michigan and nearly drowned before he was rescued, thus describes the feelings he experienced on the openion. We quote from the Detroit Free Press;

I was feeling more courage and striking out with a will, when a sadden cramp catched me all over, and I could not do another stroke. I telt like a lump of lead. My head began to apinaround, a great lump rose up in my throat and choked me, and my eyes closed as if a we glit had been bung on the lids. I began to drown-1 felt it: then came a technic something like a red hot red being drawn through my brain. My head felt like fire. A hupp-ming, rearing noise went through my ears, and my body felt as light as a feath-er. The waves carried me about with-

out an effort on my part, and I laughed -it seemed so curious that I actually laughed. I didn't care to be picked up —didn't care for Lizzie—only wanted to float and drift forever on the rollers I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had hit them for my sake, but when I got into the door yard I saw something was the matter, and stood still with a dread fear for five minutes before I could have been about I grew darker and darker, the old fire feeling came through the last had a last I did it, and saw when I say them a said. Signature of third had my room full of neighbors, and my wife amidst them weeping.

At last I did it, and saw my head again Something clutched me by the log and drew me down. I rocked to and fro, felt a noise like the me by the log and drew me down. I rocked to and fro, felt a noise like the said a rich old curmudgeon to a gay discharge of a cannon, and then dropped to sleen. Oh! I haven't much of anything

> THE POOR BOY .- Don't be ashamed, my lad, it you have a patch on your of-bow, it is no mark of diagrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother speaks will fer your monstrions mother for our part we had rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane or velgar word from your lips, or to smell the tumes of tobacco in your breath. No good boy will shun you be caus" you can not drove as well as your companion; and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my good lad, but walk on We know many a rich and good man who was once us good as you. Fear God, my boy, and if you are poor but honest, you will be respected a great deal more than if you ware the area. than if you were the son of a rich man, and were addicted to had habits.

A GOLDEN THOUGHT,-I never found heartless pride in a noble nature, nor hutrees, I observe that God has chosen the vine, a low plant that creeps along the wall; of all the beasts the patient lumb; of all the fowls, the patient dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty coder, nor in the spreading palm, but in a bush—as if he would by these selections check the concelled arrogance of man. Nothing produces love like hemility; nothing hate, like pride.

STRANGE PRESENTIMENT.—Mrs. Blackmore, of Hamilton, Hancock county, Ill., a membes of the Methodist county, Ill., a member of the Methodist Ohurch, while in attendance upon a prayor-meeting on the evening of the 11th ult., rose to describe a strange sensation that had taken possession of her. She said she was going to dis very soon; that she felt that half the body was dead already. She desired her family to be sent for immediately. She said she suffered no pain, was not affected to die, but fered no pain, was not afraid to die, but felt cain and happy: In a few mo-ments after speaking, thus she sank back in death.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

-A "ground swell"-A Lord of h Acres.

_ " Hunting parties"—Mothers with daughters to marry,

- Warfare is the worst kind of fare for a man to live on.

- To dispel darkness from about you -make light of your troubles.

—A truth for the times—Ritualists ought to be a Romanists by Rites.

- Something for vaulters to remember-that one good turn deserves anoth-

Outside shows may be purchased, but real happiness is of home manufacture.

-A round of pleasure sometimes renders it difficult to make things square. - Little minds rejoice over the errors

of men of genius, as the owi rejoices at an eclipse. -The only reason why a person does

not conquer an ovil-habit, he does not will to do so. - A stuffed cat, placed upon a straw-

berry bed, will it is said, frighten away the birds which destroy the truit.

— Happiness consists of being perfect-ly satisfied with what we have got and with what we haven't got.

- No doubt many of our readers have often seen the time when they fully agree with Hans Breitman in say. ing:

"Oh, vot is all dis earthly plies?
Oh, vot ish man's soucksess?
Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?
Und vot ish happiness?

Ve find a pank note in de shtreedt, Next dings der pank ish preak. Ve folls, und knocks our outsidej in, Ven ve a ten shtrike make.

Col Chaffin, a Virginia dwarf, 42 years old, twenty-five inches high, and weighing twenty-five pounds, is accom-pained in his exhibition by his brother, who is six feet four inches high.

--- Any business is more respectable than what is termed loafing. A young man had better sell soft soap by the pailful than to hang around public places, murdering time and his own reputation.

- Council Bluffs objects strongly to being spoken of by the papers east of it as in "the Far West." The Nonpariel says that is only the point at which travelers gather for the purpose of starting West

- A man in Newburyport, Mass. has ten acres of land in onions. The ten acres give eighty miles of onion, and in planting, hoeing, weeding and gathering require over a thousand miles travel.

- In New York, the other day, Judge Dowling discharged two men, captured with carpet bags full of burglars' tools, on the ground that it was no offense, legally, to carry such impliments -in the day time

-The dead body of a old negro was found near New Orleans, the other day banging by one foot in the crotch of a mulberry tree. The old man had climb-ed after fruit, slipped and stuck there, head downward until he died.

Each cup I drain brings hither
Some accree of bliss gone by,
Bright lips—too bright to wither,
Warm hearts—too warm to die
Till, as the dream comes o'er me
Of those long vanished years,
Alas' the wine before me
Seems turning all to tears.

Within a mile of Elko, on the road to White Pine, is a large natural swim-ming bath, where visitors can choose their temperature, from topid to boiling The depth is said to be very great, and some say that at 200 feet no bottom has been found

- There is a conductor on the Fitchburg railroad in Massachusetts which always carries in his mouth or about his person a blossom, fresh and perfum-ed. The spirits told him that was the only condition by which he could expect to meet his wife in heaven.

- A soup and stationery vender in Philadelphia rings the door bell, and sends up his eard to the lady of the house, waits in the parlor till she ap-pears, when he greets her warmly, like an old acquaintance, passes the compli-ments of the season, and asks her to buy a cake of soap or a box of stationcry.

- "How much money have you now, but I have a rich prospect ahead The wedding occurred, and the old chap learned from his fine son-in-law that the rich prospect was the prospect of marrying his daughter. BT-ATE-BT-

> There's a little mischief making Elfin, who is ever high, Thwatting every undertaking, And his name is By-and-by

What we ought to do this minute, "Will be better done," he'll cry, "If to-morrow we'll begin it," "Put it off," says By-and by.

"Those who heed his treacherous wood is Will his faithless guidance rue; What we always put off doing, Clearly we shall never do.

We shall reach what we endeavor, If on Now we do rely; But unto the realms of Never Leads the pilot By-and-by.

A gentleman traveling in Southern Pennsylvania reports a good story which he heard about a worthy mechanic who aspired to Legislative honors. In his printed appeal to the voters, he said with more significance than he intended, that if they declined to elect him he should remain at home, a cooper and an höhest mun."

"Close up, ladies, if you please." - "Close up, ladies, if you please."
said a horse ear conductor to six fominines who had spread themselves over
the extent of the seats. "We shall do nothing of the kind," exclaimed one of the indignant fair. "Clothes up, in-deed, and in a street car, too; you ought to be ashumed of yourself young man."

The conductor subsided. Prince conductor subsided.

"Bridget, Bridget! why don't you bring up the lemonade?" said Mrs. Son the Fourth of July, from the top of the kitchen sfairs. "Why, marm," said Bridget, wiping the swent from her red face with her checkered appon, as she put her head round the staircase partition, "why, marm, you see the ice I put in the lemonade is so hard that it hasn's melted yet, though it's stiring it hasn's melted yet, though it's stiring it over the fire I've been for the last fif-teen minutes or more."