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NEVER SATISFIED.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily-dress'd wife by his side,
In satin and laces she looked like a queen.
And he like a king in his pride.
A wood-sawyer stood in the street as they passed,
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And he said, as he worked with a saw on the log,
"I wish I was rich, and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing I would give if I could,
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who is sawing the wood."
A pretty young maid, with a bundle of work,
Whose face in the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked in the carriage—the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said in a whisper, "I wish in my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."
The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is with the world; whatever our lot,
Our mind and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

How we Obtained a Home.

It was a dreary November night, the rain had been falling all day, and I was thoroughly and inwardly disconsolate, when my little wife met me at the door.

"Why, Will, what has caused you to be so late?" said she; "the tea has been steeped this hour, and I really began to fear that some one had taken a fancy to your watch, and caused you an unpleasant delay."

This remark was made with reference to an ancient time-keeper which I carried—a huge watch which had belonged to my grandfather. My wife was always predicting that some gentlemanly footpad would seek to possess himself of this valuable, if I was not more careful about exhibiting it. The truth was, she was sorry in her heart that I could not afford a better one, and so she took this method to banter me.

We sat down to tea that night in our cozy little back parlor, beside a cozy grate fire, and the fragrant and stimulating Oolong, and my wife's cheery talk, soon caused me to forget my long walk, and the drenching, and the unpleasant incidents of the rain.

"Do you know, my dear," said I, breaking open a white, creamy biscuit the while, and laying on a slice of yellow butter, "do you know I had some very serious thoughts on my way home to-night?"

"Oh, no doubt you had," said she, "you thought perhaps in a fit of mental abstraction, how much you had made on the last 'corner,' in speculation."

All this was decidedly naughty:—You see I had managed to save a thousand dollars, and a friend of mine knew it, and he also knew a nice "corner" on wheat, and the half of my humble pile he said was sufficient seed for a rich harvest on such a "corner" as was preparing. Well, I invested, partly to please my friend, and more to please myself, to make a little money quick, and the result was the following Saturday night—Will Aitkin minus five hundred dollars.

No," said I, "nothing of the kind. I was thinking how hard it is to be poor. How hard to toil on year after year, and just barely make a living.—Here we live in a rented house. We have paid out in rent for this little cottage three times its first cost. A man ought to own the house he lives in, if it be but a shed. I have never seen the time when I could spend money for a house. When fortunate in speculation, I have let my funds slip 'thro' my fingers, I don't know how, and my regular salary is only sufficient for our yearly expenses."

"Do you mean to say," said she, looking at me archly over the cup, "that you would willingly compel the wife of your bosom to live in a smaller and cheaper structure than this? Do you, really?"

"No, no," said I; and indeed, if I were to think of building a cheap cottage, where is the money to come from?" and then I groaned audibly over the aforesaid "corner."

"Well," said she, "I am glad you are still a devoted husband, not disposed in the least to play tyrant; but would it not be well now that we are on the subject, to see if there is not some way open to liberty? For my part I would like to watch over a patch of ground which we could call our own. "Do you know," said she, "that I have never cared anything about flowers here. It is not because I am not fond of flowers, as you well know, but it seems so ridiculous to be cultivating flowers on rented ground. How I would like to be mistress of a little yard, and then the flowers would be my own."

The fact is, my wife had been always talking after this manner. She wanted me to build a house, even though it had but one room. And so I answered her:

"Yes, yes, but where is the money to come from?" and again I thought of the "corner."

"Well, said she, "this is the first time that ever you seemed to see eye to eye with me as to 'love in a cottage.' When the thousand dollars were in the bank, you insisted that we had not enough; now that the half is gone, I say that we still have enough to begin with, and my feeling is 'strike for your altars and your fires."

By this time we were through tea, and taking a cigar from off the mantel, I sat down in my easy chair, leaned back, took two or three whiffs of smoke, and said to her:

"My dear, will you be kind enough to inform me how I shall go to work to build a house for five hundred dollars?"

In the meantime she had drawn a stool to my feet, and was sitting looking up at me, her rosy and lustrous face beautiful in the gas-light. It had been difficult from the first for me to withstand that face. I believe I had never yet refused any request of hers save to abandon my cigars and build a cottage, and now I felt my time had come, and so I pulled away at my seed Havana with uncommon zest.

"Now, Will," said she, "listen. I hear there are lots for sale in G——— great large lots on long time, at three hundred dollars each. It is only six miles out by rail and property they say is rising in value there every year. My plan is this: Go and buy a lot now, and get ready to build in the spring."

"Yes," said I, "but you are forgetting the money."

"Stop," said she, pulling with her tiny hand at my beard, "you pay down for your lot $100, and have nothing more to pay for two years. We shall be able to replace the money by spring and have $500 to begin our house with. We can build a cozy place, large enough for you and me, for $1,000."

"Yes," said I, knocking the ashes from my cigar, "but where is the remaining $500 to come from?"

"Look here," said she. "We now pay here $300 for rent, do we not?—This amount at least, we shall save in the new house. You can readily borrow on the security you will have the remaining $500, and by a little economy we shall be out of debt in fifteen months from March next, save the $200 on the lot."

"Yes, yes," said I, "and such a house as we shall have—oh, dear."

Well, I was influenced by my good little wife. We went down one sunshiny day and looked at the lots and closed a bargain, and in the spring our house was commenced and ready for occupancy before the first of May. It was not so large a cottage as the one we had left; there was no gas, and I had myself helped to dig a well; but somehow there was a strange exhilaration of feeling on getting settled in our new abode. The affair too, had cost more than we had anticipated by $200, so we were in debt on the house alone $700 on moving in. I felt quite uneasy over this debt the first night. This feeling quickly passed off, and as we began to put out trees, make garden, and prepare for a family of children, our estate seemed so immense that the debt therein was trifling.

I cannot stop to tell you of the joy of that summer. Away from the roar and dust of the city; among large trees and growing shrubs and flowers, our moon-light nights were blissful, and the little cottage was a palace.—Two years passed, and so much cheaper had we found it living in this style that we had not only paid the debt on the house but the lot also. We wanted to remain there and never leave it. But we could not. Property had advanced in price to such an extent that the half of our lot brought $5,000.—This I put into business, and on this venture fortune smiled. We stayed another year in the little cottage, sold it, and built a large and elegant house out of the proceeds of our first investment. Years have passed since then. I own a number of houses, and have been successful in trade, and now occupy a marble front on a fine avenue; but we have never been happier than when living in the thousand dollar cottage, and my wife's advice was the foundation of our fortune.

DOES YOUR LIGHT SHINE?—The keeper of the light house at Calais was boasting of the brightness of his lantern, which can be seen ten leagues at sea, when a visitor said to him, "what if one of the lights would go out?" "Never, impossible," he cried, horrified at the bare thought. "Sir," said he pointing to the sea, "yonder, where nothing can be seen, there are ships going to all parts of the world. If to-night one of my burners went out, within six months would come a letter—perhaps from America, perhaps from some place I never heard of,—saying such a night, at such an hour, the lights of Calais burned dim, the watchman neglected his post, and vessels were in danger. Oh! sir, sometimes in the dark nights in stormy weather, I look out to the sea, and feel as if the eye of the whole world was looking at my light. Go out? burn dim? O never!"

Was this lighthouse keeper so vigilant? Did he feel so deeply the importance of his work? And shall Christians neglect their light and suffer it to grow dim, when for need of its bright shining some poor soul, struggling amidst the waves of temptation, may be dashed upon the rocks of destruction? No. "Hold forth the word of life." "Let your light shine." This is the way to save souls. "Holding forth the word of life," says the Apostle; why? "that I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not in vain, neither labored in vain."

☞The most common error of men and women is looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work:—It has never yet been found, and never will be while the world stands. Of all the miserable human beings it has been our lot to know, they were the most wretched who had retired from useful employments, in order to enjoy themselves.

AN IRISH ADVERTISEMENT.—If the gentleman who keeps a shoe store with a red head will return the umbrella he borrowed from a young lady with an ivory handle he will hear something to her advantage.

"Delightful Men."

"Isn't he a delightful man?" This question was addressed to me by a lady in company, concerning a gentleman who had rendered himself, during the evening, peculiarly agreeable. Before I answer that question, I said, I would like to see him at home. I would like to know if, when he jars his wife's feelings, he says, "Beg pardon" as smilingly and promptly as when he stepped upon yonder lady's dress. I would like to know if, when he comes home at night, he has some pleasant little things to say, such as he has scattered about so lavishly since he entered this room this evening; and whether if the badly cooked dish, which he gallantly declared to the hostess at the table "could not have been improved," would have found a similar verdict on his own table, and to his own wife. That is the test. I am sorry to say that some of the most agreeable society-men, who could, by no possibility, be guilty of a rudeness abroad, could never be suspected in their homes of ever doing anything else. The man who will invariably meet other ladies with "How very well you are looking!" will often never, from one day to another, take notice of his own wife's appearance, or if so, only to find fault. How bright that home would be to his wife with one half the courtesy and toleration he invariably shows to strangers. "Allow me to differ"—he blandly remarks to an opponent with whom he argues in company. "Pshaw! what do you know about it?" he says at his own fireside and to his wife. Children are "angels" when they belong to his neighbors; his own are sent out of the room whenever he enters it, or receive so little recognition that they are glad to leave. "Permit me," says the gallant male vis-a-vis in the omnibus or car, as he takes your fare; while his wife often hands up her own fare, even with her husband by her side. No wonder she is not "looking well" when she sees politeness is for every place but for home consumption.

"Oh, how men miss it in disregarding these little matters," said a sad-eyed wife to me one day. And she said truly; for these little kindnesses are like a breath of fresh air from an open window in a stifled room; we lift our drooping heads and breathe again. "Little!" did I say? Can that be little which makes, or mars, the happiness of a human being? A man says a rough, rude word, or neglects the golden opportunity to say a kind one, and goes his selfish way and thinks it of no account. Then he marvels when he comes back—in sublime forgetfulness of the past—that the familiar eye does not brighten at his coming, or the familiar tongue voice a welcome. Then, on inquiry, if he is told of the rough word, he says: "O-oh! that's it—is it? Now it isn't possible you gave that a second thought? Why, I forgot all about it!" As if this last were really a palliation and a merit.

It would be ludicrous, this masculine obtuseness, were it not for the tragic consequences—were it not for the loving hearts that are chilled—the homes that are darkened—the lives that are blighted—and the dew and promise of the morning that are so needlessly turned into sombre night.

"Little things!" There are no little things. "Little things," so called, are the hinges of the universe. They are happiness or misery; they are poverty or riches; they are prosperity or adversity; they are life or death. Not a being of us all can afford to despise "the day of small things."

FANNY FERN.

SELAH.—The translators of the Bible have left the word Selah, which occurs so often in the Psalms, as they found it, and of course the English reader asks his minister or some learned friend what it means. And the minister or learned friend has most often obliged to confess ignorance, because it is a matter in regard to which the most learned have by no means been of one mind. The Targums, and most of the Jewish commentators, give to the word the meaning of eternally, forever. Kimchi regards it a sign to elevate the voice. The authors of the Septuagint translation appear to have regarded it as a musical or rhymical note. Herder regards it as indicating a change of tone. Matheson, as a musical tone, equivalent, perhaps, to the word repeat. According to Luther and others, it means silence. Gesenius explains it to mean, "Let the instruments play, and the singers stop."—Wocher regards it as equivalent to sursum corde—up my soul. Sommes, after examining all the seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognizes in every case "an actual appeal or summons to Jehovah." They are calls to aid and prayers to be heard, expressed either with entire distinctness or if not in the imperative "Hear, Jehovah!" and the like, still earnest addresses to God that He would remember and hear, etc.—*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

CHEERFULNESS.—A woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business, by wearing a cheerful smile upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow. A pleasant, cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who are appointed to torture lost spirits.

☞The lady who was discharged from a pickle factory because she was so sweet that the vinegar would not act, has found employment in a candy store.

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Dull Times.

When even Chicago pauses in her tremendous strides to empire to swell the cry of dull times, there must be something in it. We infer that the Summer before us is to be one of moderate trade, and rejoice in believing it. For dull times in cities, with many houses to let, argue that the bone and sinew of our country, the producers of its wealth, are busy on their farms, and resolved not to spend the proceeds of their crops in luxuries and fripperies before they are grown and harvested—a very sensible resolve, in our opinion. If one-half the population of our cities, finding times dull, were drawn or driven out from their straitened lodgings into the broad, free country, and there employed in tilling the soil, or in mechanical vocation subsidiary thereto, it would be better for us all. Chicago's growth may be checked for the moment, but it will be increased in the long run, by such a jail delivery of her crowded, stifled, steaming lower hundred thousand. They will contribute to her trade and greatness on the broad, rich prairies which invest her, as they never can while they throng her streets and rush by and over each other in their anxious, frantic, hopeless quest of "Something to Do."

Yes, we hope to hear the Summer just before us characterized as one of the dullest ever known. For dull times do not imply June frosts, nor destructive tempests, nor deadly epidemics, nor even National decay.—Those are not dull times wherein the heedless majority are drinking and dancing and dicing in reckless extravagance, intent only on present gratification, and reckless of impending ruin. You could not say that times were dull when half our able-bodied men were engaged in burning houses, tearing up railroads, ravaging fields, and running us into debt at the rate of One Hundred Millions per month.—These were, on the whole, rather lively times; and so have all times been when we were rushing on to bankruptcy at a 2:40 gait. Dull times imply sobriety, caution, frugality, and hint that the prodigal has taken the back track, or at least ceased to go ahead on the down hill grade. He may only have *tried* to check his fearful momentum, and this too late to avoid the crash; but better even this than rushing recklessly on.

So let us welcome dull times with a cheerful face, as a sedate, fatherly, uncle, who has come round to see how the boys get on, and who, if he does not find them doing their level best, is almost certain to leave them in a wholesome mood of mind. The best medicines are not apt to be toothsome; yet sensible persons take them without contortions of visage or exhibition of internal disgust, in the confident hope of feeling better by-and-by. So let us, if we must, greet the advent of dull times.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

WHAT IS LIFE?—"What is Life?" asked a little child.

"*A regret,*" answered a hard-featured woman.

"Who is she?" I inquired of a friend.

"A woman who speaks well of none," was the reply.

No wonder, thought I, that life to her is but a "regret." "A woman that speaks well of none." Poor, blind creature, may God help her for surely He never created a human being without some good elements of character, and I sincerely pity the man or woman who sees only the evil when there is so much noble to admire.

What is Life?

"A hope," said a sweet-faced lady. Ah, well can life be a hope to her, for her existence is beautiful. Each day her tender hands sooth the misery of others, and her sweet lips speak only words of love, faith, hope and charity.

What is Life?

Eddie, our three year older, looks quaintly up into my face, and answers promptly, "Lager bier." I laugh, but I know the answer of the child is truthful.

Bitter—sweet—intoxicating—effervescing—Life is lager bier.—*Mary E. Tucker.*

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.—I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven, he cried, 'My brother! Oh! my brother!" A sage passed that way and said, 'For whom dost thou mourn?'—'One,' replied he, 'whom I did not sufficiently love while living, but whose inestimable worth I now feel.' 'What wouldst thou do if he were now restored to thee?' The mourner replied that he would never offend him by any unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come back to his fond embrace.' 'Then waste not thy time in useless grief,' said the sage, 'but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remembering that they will, one day, be dead also.'

THE IMMORTAL MIND.—Daniel Webster penned the following beautiful sentiment:—"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon our immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men—we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten for all eternity."

☞"Sambo, why am dat nigger down dar in de hole ob de boat like a chicken in de egg?" 'I gives him up.' 'Because he couldn't get out if it wasn't for de hatch.'

☞Sleight of hand—Refusing an offer of marriage.