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LARRIMER & WARD.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TWILIGHT HOUR,

BY W. W. SHAW.

O happy hour of rest from toil,
Thy advent with refreshing power,
Comes silently as richest spoil,
At twilight hour.

When is the hour I love to stroll
'Mid bending boughs of every flower,
And gather the fairest of the whole?
'Tis twilight hour.

The hour of muse! O sweet art thou
When contemplation weaves a bower
Of grace as full as Nature now
Is twilight hour.

O hour of thought! of deepest thought,
When soul and lute are fraught with power,
And naught but peace surrounds the spot,
Is twilight hour.

O glorious hour of charming hope!
Thy lucid tint doth now assure
A brighter eve will hence elope,
Next twilight hour.

O blissful hour! A dulcet spell,
Now we'come as a vernal shower,
Around m steals within the lell,
At twilight hour.

O calmest hour! thy murmuring breeze,
Has lulled to rest the bust'ing world,
And philomel alone relieves
Still twilight hour.

O hour of joy! thy rapture fills,
The fount of love with fancied bliss,
And whispers seem to hush the rills
At twilight hour.

O dying hour! with golden sheet,
Waft in thy breeze a holy wish,
To Pagan lands beyond my feet,
This twilight hour.

Stay passing hour! Stay thou my light,
Fain would my being wing its way,
Where glows one hour that knows no night
Long twilight hour.

Philipsburg, Pa., June 7, 1858.

THE JOURNEYMAN GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Joe Conway was an oddity.

He was especially delighted in mysteries, disguises, unexpected documents, intrigues, and romance generally.

Consequently, he was always getting into very bad scrapes, and—superfluous assertion—there was always "a lady in the case."

This made him a bit of a misogamist—an amateuer woman hater.

Yet, for all that, he could not let the sex alone!

A profound love of nature and dissipation, attracted Joe and myself to a little village of D——, on the banks of that charming stream, the Erehwon. We went to fish, to hunt, to sketch, to see the scenery, and to drink, for, as Joe remarked, the waters of the Erehwon possess peculiarly refreshing qualities—when mixed with a little cogniac."

The afternoon of the second day of our sojourn found us seated upon a flower spangled slope, skirted by willows, whose gnarled roots were bathed in the pelucid Erehwon. We had sought the spot, to smoke, converse, and digest our somewhat elaborate dinner, in peace and quiet, with the beauties of nature before our eyes.

As is very apt to be the case, when two young men get together, our talk was of women.

Women! what an inexhaustable subject for contemplation, conversation, writing, oratory, painting, sculpture, and matrimony!

"It's all gammon," said Joe, "women don't appreciate cultivation, intellect nor good fellowship. All they look for is wealth and position, when they love. If they don't find those amiable qualities, they won't love, and if a fellow hasn't them, he had better let the sex alone.—It takes a gilt key to unlock their precious *little hearts*. That's so!"

"You are sadly mistaken Joe," said I, "and the worst of it is you don't know it. You are angry with the husband-hunters who have given you chase, and revenge yourself by damning the whole institution of dimity. Your wrong. A man like you, young, rich, and—well, yes, without flattering, I think I may say tolerably good-looking, has no chance. You see only the designing ones, who are bound to marry your bank-account in spite of yourself, and they play off their charms upon you, *ad nauseam*."

"But we are, the artless ones, who don't want money—who are willing to sacrifice themselves, and all for that, for the sake of the tender passion?"

"They are modest. The brazen-faced fortune hunters crowd about you, and accustom you to being sought. The really good girls require seeking, and as that isn't in your line, you never know how many nice women there are in the world."

"I'll tell you what I'll do!" cried Joe—starting up suddenly, and half choking himself with a mouthful of cigar-smoke—"I'll test that question. I'll do it here in this very place. I'll turn mechanic, ignore my money and my family, make up to the prettiest, proudest girl in the village, and show you that she won't marry me poor. Then I'll come out in my true colors, and show you that my cash is puissant to that which my conversation and acquirements cannot begin to do!"

"What; marry her?"

"Not much—make her ask me to, and then laugh at her."

I confess that I secretly hoped Joe would not test the question. He was a capital fellow, as rich in accomplishments and cultivation as in money. Now I knew very well that D——, contained some very charming girls—daughters of retired sea-captains, merchants, ect., who, however much they might love a mechanic, would see him hanged before they would marry him. *Au contraire*, a young gentleman of wealth and position, would prove very acceptable.

But he was determined, and when I returned to the city, in a few days, I left Joe arranging a chest of carpenter tools and getting himself up in a pair of blue overalls and a paper cap!

Joe had a wonderful talent for doing everything tolerably well. He played upon half a-dozen instruments, could survey, and dabbled in fine arts, understood short-hand, a little surgery and medicine, was a finished jockey, a fair gardner, had built a stone bridge, written an epic, and half-soled a pair of boots!

With these somewhat varied accomplishments, he had no fear, of course, but what he could get on very well as a carpenter. No one knew him at D——, and when he introduced himself to the "boss" carpenter of the village, he succeeded in persuading him that he was a journeyman of unsusual talent.

He received several commissions during the first fortnight of his experiment, but on the whole, it was rather lucky that he was not compelled to subsist on the proceeds of his labors. Otherwise, he might have found it difficult to pay his board—especially as he commissioned me to send him some five dollars' worth of cigars every week.

One day after he had nearly exhausted his patience, and had done no end of plotting and planning in vain, the village carpenter asked him to undertake the restoration of a cornice on one of the oldest and most aristocratic houses in D——.

Joe agreed, and in a short time was mounted upon the scaffold, about on a level with the third story windows of the mansion of old Commodore Hulkington, dexterously making his measurements and plans for a new cornice.

It was not an easy task, for the work was elaborate, and the weather warm.—Two days elapsed, and Joe had only got ready to commence putting up the brackets which sustained the heavy mouldings. Lunch-time came, and the amateur carpenter, getting in the shade, unpacked his little dinner-pail, and began a repast at once simple and nourishing, when he saw that the window nearest to him was open, and that some papers, laying on the escritorie inside, were disposed to blow away.

"I know it is a trespass," meditated he, "but it is for the proprietor's good—I'll step into that room, and save, perhaps, some valuable documents."

A little gymnastic exercise brought him down from his scaffold, through the window, and into a very elegant chamber.

"Ahem," said he "a woman's room."

There were paintings, statuetts, ormolu ornaments, and forty other luxurious nothings, such as women of taste love to gather around them. A guitar reposed upon the bed, with some books in French and Italian. The couch itself bore the impress of a form, as if the tutelar deity of the chamber had been lying down, and passing her time with music and literature. There was a portfolio open upon table, with a pretty little water color sketch, half-finished; a well stocked library in the corner bore evidence to the cultivated taste of the occupant, and everything about the chamber, from the bed, with its shower of snowy curtains falling from a massive gilt ring, to the canary bird in the window, bespoke a refinement and delicacy on the part of whoever had arranged the apartment, seldom found, except in young and beautiful women who aspire to have their surroundings like themselves.

"Something elegant about this," said Joe, gathering up the scattered papers, and placing them beneath a paper-weight on the escritoire, "I must investigate this—here's an opening for a splendid bit of romance—poor young carpenter, and rich, lovely women, eh? Lord bless me, there have been bushels of novels written on the same plot."

After a hurried examination of the room he regained his scaffold, and consuming his lunch, set once more about his labors, a little more hopeful than before.

Thus passed a week. Joe got into a very impudent habit of entering the chamber almost daily, in hopes of meeting the fair occupant of so charming a temple.—He became familiar with all the books and music, whistled the canary bird into a convulsion of song, and drove himself half crazy with speculations upon the fair unknown.

He had heard her sing very sweetly of a morning, when she opened the window and just caught a glimpse of her form;—but she, seeing him, had withdrawn suddenly, and he had not been able to discover whether she was beautiful as a rose or ugly as a camel.

He had found upon a half-finished sonnet, on the table, several long, brown hairs, apparently plucked out in a fit of abstracted meditation.

Evidently the girl was a blonde.

He had found gaiters, of delicate colors and wonderful smallness—gloves of corresponding delicacy—taseful and artistic dresses and sacques.

What will you say, oh, my matter-of fact and practical reader, when I tell you that my friend Joe Conway, fell in love with a woman he had not yet seen—of whom he as yet, knew nothing about?

Yet he did.

Quite naturally the erection of the cornice progressed but slowly. The master-carpenter wondered at it, but Joe assured him every morning, that it would only take a day or two longer.

One fine afternoon, Joe found, lying on the escritoire, an essay on music, written in the same beautiful hand which he had so often seen and admired on the margins of books, and papers in the chamber,—Grown impertinent to an alarming extent, he laid down a saw which he had unconsciously brought with him, and perused the essay carefully.

It was well written and powerful, but there was an error in the philosophy. It will be dull for me to explain here, the mistake which Joe saw at once—it is enough that the fair writer had confused the laws which govern melody and harmony, and Joe devoutly wished an opportunity to point out the error to her who made it.

He was just meditating an epistle, to be left with the essay, when the door opened, and his *deesse inconnue* entered?

Figure to yourself a young girl—say of nineteen or twenty—whose every line and contour spoke of grace and health—whose peach tinted cheeks, bright eyes, and lips like the inner fold of some tropic shell, told of vivacity, freshness, and purity.—Her hair was of that peculiar pale brown—almost a wood color—which may perhaps be best described as a mingling of ashy golden tints, and fell in tangled masses—half ringlets half disorder—on each side of a neck white and delicate as the petals of the beautiful camelia.

She did not scream when she saw the carpenter sitting colly in her arm-chair, making himself objectionably at home.—She only opened her large gray eyes, hesitated a moment, and said:

"Well, sir!" with an accent between surprise and disdain.

Joe arose, and bowed politely.

"What do you wish, sir?"

Joe was put somewhat to his trumps.—"I wished to see what kind of a fairy inhabited so delightful a domain!"

Truly a nice speech for a journeyman carpented to make to Commodore Hulkington's only daughter.

"Possibly you are not aware that you are intruding, sir. You will oblige me by departing."

"Certainly," said Joe, now in the full enjoyment of the romance of the thing, "certainly I will go, but you must pardon me one thing—I wish to explain a little question, on which you have doubts.—Harmony in music, appeals to the intellectual, or reasoning portion of the soul—melody, to the passions and fellings."

The young girl looked a little alarmed and drew back a few steps.

"No!" said Joe, divining her thoughts, "I am not insane. In your essay on music, you say that 'education refines and intensifies our preceptions of melody.'—You should have said 'harmony,' for that rules the brain, which organ is susceptible to the influence of education. Melody is lord of the heart alone, and you, mademoiselle, ought to be well aware that the heart cannot be taught—either in music or in love!"

Miss Hulkington was astonished.

"Sir," she said, "I do not know what to make of your conduct. You are very imprudent and very—very——"

"Audacious! Yes, I acknowledge that," interrupted Joe, "but you must pardon me. I first entered your room to place some papers in safety, which the wind was about to blow out of the window. Once inside, the air of elegance and refinement exhibited here attracted me. Doubtless you have noticed that one's surroundings become permeated, as it were, with something of one,s sphere—so in your room I experienced an emotion of pleasure—a conciousness of the presence of some invisible but charming spirit, and I have made bold to enter often, believing that if you knew my motives, you would forgive me."

The young lady was begining to feel pleased. All women like admiration, even from their (so-called) inferiors, if it is delicately expressed.

The conversation proceeded. Joe proved to the fair essayist that she was in error, and as tounded her by the depth of his thoughts, the variety of his knowledge, and the elegance of his diction.

On leaving, he held out his hand—almost as soft and white as her own—she, stiffling the last traces of a false prejudice, gave it a cordial presure.

"You have not long worked at your trade?" she said.

"Since my boyhood," unblushingly answered Joe, "but—" he glanced at his hands—"I have generally done the nicer kinds of work—joinery and the like."

This excuse passed very well with a woman who had never had the honor of the acquaintance of a mechanic before.

The next day, when Joe heard the window opened, he presented himself, and after exchanging salutations, the twain again fell into a discussion, which became so earnest that Joe was compelled once more to enter the room.

Alas for the progression of the new cornice!

For two weeks this state of affairs continued, and at the expiration of that time Louise Hulkington was compelled, mangre her pride, to acknowledge to herself that she loved Joe Conway—the journeyman carpenter.

He would not believe it. It contradicted his theory of the mercenary character of women.

And, I notice, we never believe anything which contradicts our theories.

Finally when the cornice had to be finished, Louise petitioned her father to have an ornamental wardrobe put up in her chamber. Of course, Joe had the task, although the old commodore grumbled terribly about employing such a slow workman.

It took Joe six weeks to make that wardrobe!

By the time the job was done—very nicely done, it was too—Joe's theory was quite done up, and the sweet Louise Hulkington had promised to become his bride in spite of her father—in spite of her father—in spite of Joe's blue over-alls and paper cap—in spite of the notions of the world.

Sensible girl!

There was only one thing left for Joe to do—to reveal to her his true position, which I was very happy to corroborate.

Three months afterwerd, I said goodbye to a newly wedded pair just starting for Europe, on a honey moon trip.

As I held the tiny white gloved hand of the bride, and saw her charming face beneath the gossamer-tissued veil, depending from her "love of a bonnet," I said to her proud and happy bridegroom—

"Well, Joe, if you remember our conversation, on the banks of the Erehwon, last summer, you can tell me what you think now, of the sentiments you then expressed."

"My dear George," said the Journeyman Gentleman," there are exceptions to all rules."

FIRST LOVE.

A PLEASING SKETCH.

"Am I your only and first love?" asked a bright eyed girl, as she reclined her classically moulded brow upon the shoulder of her lover.

"No, Leily, you are not my only, not my first love; I have loved another.—Long years before I saw you I loved another—and I love that other still."

"Love that other still, and better than me! Paul, why do you tell me that?" asked she raising her dark blue eyes and gazing steadfastly into those of her lover, half in astonishment, half in sorrow, while her jewelled fingers tightened convulsively upon her arm.

"You asked me, Lelia, and I answered with truth and sincerity; you would not have me to deceive you, would you?"

"You love her still, then?"

"I love her still."

"And better than you do me?"

"Not better, but as well."

"And will love her still?"

"Until death, and even beyond death; over her last resting place will I strew spring's earliest flowers, and bedow the sacred spot with the purest tears that love ever shed."

"Handsomer than I, is she not?"

"Her eyes were black as night, and her hair in glossy blackness outvied the wing of the raven. She hasn't your sweet blue eyes, nor your soft brown hair; yet, oh! Leila, her eyes have been the sweetest eyes to me that ever looked the look of eternal love."

"Paul, why do you wish to break my heart? Why have you taught me to love you so wildly and blindly, and then in the midst of my happiness tell me there is and impassable barrier between us? This night, Paul, we must! part forever! I would not have believed this, had another told me!" and her eyes grew dim with tears.

"Be not too rash, Leila; hear me to the end; you love me too dearly to part with me thus; think you that you could not share my heart with one that I so dearly love?"

"Never, Paul, never!"

"You shall, Leila, and must! Listen for a moment, while I tell you of my first love, and I am sure you will be willing to share with he then."

"I will listen, Paul, but will not share your love; I must have all or none; I am selfish in that respect, and who, that loves as I do is not? Forget me, Paul, or forget her forever!"

"Forget her, Leila, never! I would not lose one jot of her pure affection for the fairest face that ever bloomed; no, not for the girdle of Venus, or the love of a second Helen!"

"Then, Paul, you are lost to me forever; we must part. Farewell to our every dream of a brightened future. I love you too well, and am too proud to share your love with aught created. O! Paul! you have wronged me deeply;" and her exquisitely chiseled lips curled with indignant sorrow.

"Stop, Leila, or you will deeply wrong me also. I met this loved one, as I said before, long years ago, in one of the sweetest and sunniest vales of our broad Illinois; wandered with her hand in hand, for years beside the sparkling waters of my childhood's home. First, by her smiles of exquisite sweetness, she taught my heart that she loved me with unutterable fondness; and never have I doubted; my trust in her has ever been steadfast and fearless; never has her eye looked coldly on me, and never will it, till the breath of the death angel shall dim for the long sleep. Oft in the still hours of night ha e I been awakened, as if by the gentle fanning of the sleep-god's wing, and beheld that face, those eyes gazing upon me with all the beatific tenderness of a guardian angel over a repenting prodigal; and a kiss would fall upon my brow more soothing than the dews of Hermon. The same gentle hand has led me along life's flowery way and beside its unruffled waters; and if ever my arm was raised to do a deed of wrong, or my heart steeled to conceive it, that gentle admonitory voice came whispering in my ear, and stayed the one midway and drew the iron from the other. And I do well remember in my manhood's riper years, when deep sorrow fell upon my soul, and I would fain have drunk oblivion from the wine cup's fiery brim, that same dark eyed woman came, and bade me in the name of God, to shun the fatal snare; and, twining her arms around my neck, while her eyes beamed with love's deep inspiration, she poured oil upon the troubled waters; told me of purer hopes and higher aims, and in my ear whispered a golden word that has outlived all sorrow. Leila, would you know the name of my first love? 'Tis MY MOTHER!"

"O, Paul, I'll forgive you, and will share your love; indeed I will."

"I knew you would, Leila. Second love is as dear as the first."

A Tale of Horrors—An Incarnate Fiend—Can it be?

Governor M'Willie, of Mississippi, is charged by the Vicksburg Southren with having pardoned out of the Penitentiary a man named Dyson, who had assassinated another man by the name of Nelms, for which he was simply sentenced to the prison for fourteen years. That paper says of the criminal:

He waylaid his victim, with whom he had a deadly feud; brought him down at the first shot, and then, emerging from his hiding place, taunted his dying victim with words of insult and reproach, and finally concluded by placing the muzzle of his gun to the body of Nelms and firing a second time. This shot produced instant death, and so close was the gun to the victim that the flesh of the murdered man was burnt by the explosion. Having completed the work of slaughter, he deliberately mounted his hor e, rode to the house of Nelms, called his wife out, informed her he had murdered her husband, and directed here where to find his mangled corpse!

Dyson is a blood-stained, blood-thirsty, incarnate fiend. He is not a man but a ferocious tiger, and Governor M'Willie has no more right to turn such a beast loose upon the community than he has to open the cages of a whole caravan of Tigers. His antecedents are well known, too, and they should have forbidden all hope of executive clemency. The murder of Nelms was not his first taste of blood. He had previously, in a most base and cowardly manner, murdered a lawyer named Moss, of De Soto county, by shooting him in the back as Moss rode from him. He had murdered three of his negroes, and one of them in a manner so horribly appalling as to cause the death of his own wife. This case occurred at his own table, and the victim of his fiendish rage was a woman. Taking offense at something the woman did, or omitted to do, while waiting at the table, he rose, drew a bowie knife, and with a single blow, ripped her open. His wife swooned, and when she awoke to consciousness, he had cut the negro's heart out, and, with it upon his knife, *he thrust it into her face!* She swooned again, and the result of her horror and fright brought on convulsions, from the effects of which she soon died.

The Governor of Mississippi, in this event, beats the Governor of Ohio in *his* acts of executive clemency.

BABOON AT HOME.—A new work has just been published in England, by Capt. A. W. Drayson, of the royal artillery, entitled "Sporting Scenes among the Kaffirs of South Africa." We extract from a review of it the following amusing description of an ape family:

"I watched them through my glass, and was much amused at their grotesque and almost human movements. Some of the old ladies had their olive branches in their lips, and appeared to be 'doing their hair' while a patriarchial looking old fellow passed backward and forwards with a fussy sort of look; he was evidently on sentry and seemed to think himself of no small importance. The estimate of his dignity did not seem to be universally acknowledged, as two or three young baboons sat close behind him, watching his proceedings. Sometimes with the most grotesque movement and expressions, they would stand directly in his path, and hobbfe away only at the last moment. One daring youngster followed close on the heels of the patriarch during the whole length of his beat, and gave him a sharp tug at his tail as he was about to turn. The old fellow seemed to treat it with the greatest indifference—scarcely turning round at the insult. Master impudence was about repeating the performance, when the *pater*, showing that he was not such a fool as he looked, suddenly sprang around, and, catching the young one before he could escape, gave him two or three such cuffs that I could hear the screams that resulted therefrom. The venerable gentleman then chucked the delinquent over his shoulder and continued his prominade with the greatest coolness. The old baboon was evidently acquainted with the practical details of Solomon's proverb.—A crowd gathered around the naughty child, who, childlike, (seeing commiseration,) shrieked all the louder. I even fancied I could see the angry glances of the mama, as she took her dear little pet in her arms, and removed it from a repetition of such brutal treatment."

☞ We have some funny stories about the freshets in the West, but here is one from the Memphis Appeal which is a trifle ahead of any of the others! "The Kate Frisby on her last trip, had among her passengers a gentleman of Bolivar, who was going to see a friend of his fifty miles up the river. His business was this: One day last week he saw a nondescript sort of article floating down the Mississippi near his plantation: it resembled a miniature Noah's ark, with the hull knocked off—Curiosity led him to board it, when he was astonished to find himself in the store of a friend residing fifty miles up the river—The contents were not greatly injured. He tied the store to the shore, and started off to let his trading friend know where he might find his lost place of business."

Seeing the Elephant—A Scene.

Dan Rice had the misfortune to show his show up at Zanesville, Ohio, on that peculiarly unlucky day, last Friday—the day noted in all the newspapers for tornadoes, deluges, thunder storms, and all the promiscuous deviltries of the elements. We will let the Aurora tell how the 'show' showed:

Now the canvas gives a jirk to the leward; circus man shouts out, "Guy rope broke!" and out breaks Madam, the fine horse and all. Another circus man shouts "Out of this all of ye as soon as you can!" Then helter-skelter, down off the seats, pitching, tumbling, crowding, tearing, tugging, dragging, screaming women, crying children—every body making for the door—while the great old rag was jumping and swing about over head upon its tall potes like a crazy balloon; an extra heavy blast of wind, and down came a wet, dirty, heavy thing, trailing over the people, while the women gave one grand scream, and the men dodged each other and every body else out of the way of the falling poles.

"At this point in the performances people began to "see the elephant" distinctly, when the lightning flashed upon the scene.

Then and there were bonnets and dresses, which once were gay in their bright colors, now, alas! crushed, mussed, muddy, and altogether ridiculous looking.—Ladies who had just crawled from under the prostrate canvas were holding their dresses as high as they pleased, and doing their best through about a foot deep of mud and water. Men and boys went about in the pelting rain without hats, which were taken off by the falling tent, and the mud running off the end of their noses. Friends were hallooing to each other in the night and storm. Sarah Jane was crying for Mary Ann, whom she said was d-ad. Polly was stuck fast among the seats, and many other girls were in unfortunate and unbecoming situations. Parents were seeking their children, children were crying for parents, any of whom at that moment might be floundering under the canvas like a polywog caught in a coffee sack sein. While into all this last scene walked the brigandish looking showmen with flaming torches stuck upon poles, illuminating a picture which, could it be described, would cap the climax of the ridiculous, and—the rest of this thrilling story will, we hope, be found in the New York Ledger. Price five cents a copy.

☞ The following are from Harper's Magazine:

Davidson College, North Carolina, contributes a good story of a man with a very bad habit. As it is all about lying, the reader will believe it or not as he likes:—

"In the old North State lives a certain John Long, who draws a long bow when he has any thing to tell, and his character for truth and veracity has been below zerow for many years. Captain Johnson had been so taken in by one of John's outrageous stories, that he said to him in a pet:

"If you make me believe one of your lies again in a month, I'll give you fifty dollars."

John pretended to be quite hurt by the offer, and went off. A few days afterwards he was riding by the Captain's post haste, on horseback, when the Captain called out to him:

"I say, hello, Johnny! stop and tell us a lie or two this morning!"

John rode on, but cried most dolefully: "No time for lying now; brother Jimmy has just been killed in the machine, and I'm going for the old folks." On he went.

Captain Johnson ordered his horse and rode over to see the dead man and offer his services, but found him alive and well, ginning cotton, and in no danger from the machine.

Just then John rode up and demanded the fifty dollars. The Captain declared that it was a rascally trick, but he would have had to pay the money if John had not let him off."

GUARD AGAINST VULGARITY.—We should guard against the use of every word that is not perfectly proper. Use no profane expressions; allude to no sentence that will put to blush the most sensitive. You know not the tendency of habitually using indecent and profane language. It may never be obliterated from your heart—When you grow up you will find at your tongue's end some expression which you would not use for any money. It was one you learned when you were young. By being careful you will save yourself a great deal of mortification and sorrow.—Good men have been taken sick, and become delirious. In these moments they have used the most vile and indecent language imaginable. When informed of it after restoration to health, they had no idea of the pain they had given their friends, and stated that they had learned and repeated the expressions in childhood and though years had passed since, they had been indellibly stamped upon the heart. Think of this, ye who are tempted to use improper language, and never disgrace yourselves.

☞ A good deacon making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very churlish and naturally unpopular man, put the usual question—

"Are you willing to go my friend?"

"Oh yes, (said the sick man,) I am."

"Well, (said the simple minded deacon) I am glad you are, for all the neighbors are willing."

☞ An old Dutch tavern keeper who had his third wife, being asked his views of matrimony, replied, "Vell, den you see the first time I marries for love—dat was goot; den I marries for peauty—dat was goot, too—apout as goot as de first; but dis time I marries for money, and dis is better as both.