

Sonnets.

REQUIREMENT.

We live by faith; but faith is not the slave
Of text and legend. Reason's voice and
God's,
Nature's and duty's, never are at odds.
What asks our Father of His children save
Justice and mercy and humility,
A reasonable service of good deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
Reverence and trust, and prayer for light
to see
The Master's footprints in our daily ways?
No knotted scourge, nor sacrificial knife,
But the calm beauty of an ordered life
Whose very breathing is unworded praise—
A life that stands, as all true lives have
stood,
Fast rooted in the faith that God is good?

HELP.

Dream not, oh soul! that easy is the task
Thus set before thee. If it proves at length,
As well it may, beyond thy natural strength,
Doubt not, despair not. As a child may ask
A father, pray the Everlasting Good
For light and guidance 'midst the subtle
mazes
Of sin, thick-planted in life's thoroughfares,
For spiritual nerve and moral hardihood.
Still listening 'midst the noises round about
Of time and sense, the inward-speaking
word,
Bitter in blame, sweet in approval heard,
Piercing the tumult of the world without;
To health of soul a voice to cheer and
please,
To guilt the wrath of the Eumenides!

UTTERANCE.

But what avail inadequate words to touch
The innermost of truth? Shall I essay,
Blinded and weak, to point and lead the
way,
Or grasp a theme for angels overmuch?
Yet it is but that something not my own,
Some shadow of the thought to which our
schemes
And creeds and rituals are uncertain
dreams,
Is even to my unworthiness made known
I may not hide what yet I scarcely dare
To utter, lest on doubtful lips of mine
The real seem false, the fitness less divine,
So through the pauses of an inward prayer,
I own the faith which seems the simple
truth
At evening time, as in the dawn of youth,
—John G. Whittier, in the *Christian Union*.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

"I say, Prince!"
Prince Winslow, fishing, under a
fragrant bush of sweet fern, looked up
and beheld the good-natured countenance
of his friend, Doctor Denleigh.
"Helen wants you to come up this
afternoon, if you can."
"Have they come?"
"Yes."
The two men smiled into each other's
faces. The younger one looked at his
watch.
"I shall have to go home and dress.
Tell Mrs. Denleigh that I will be around
about four o'clock."
So the arrival of the Misses Selwyn
spoiled a delightful day's fishing for
Prince; but he accepted the situation
quite good-naturedly. Indeed, perfect
as was the weather and excellent his
luck, he no sooner heard the expected
news than a sudden willingness to forego
the joys of the seen for the delights
of the unseen took possession of him.
And as soon as the doctor's cherry face
disappeared from the bank, he withdrew
his patent fly from the water, wound up
his line and with his fishing-rod over
his shoulder, began to ascend the wind-
ing path to the road.
Pretty girls were not plenty in Red-
field; and the Misses Selwyn had been
described to him as very pretty, also
accomplished and very charming. They
were the orphan nieces of the Den-
leighs—heiresses in a small way—and
had arrived to spend the delightful
month of October with their relatives.
Now Mrs. Helen Denleigh was a nice
little woman, but not altogether disinter-
ested, any more than the rest of
mortals. Pretty girls were rare in
Redfield, but eligible young men were
not; and she certainly had no objection
to her husband's nieces making nice
matrimonial connections while with her.
In fact she had had her fair and
debonair young neighbor, Prince Win-
slow, in her mind when extending the
invitation to the girls. He was a good-
natured fellow, cultured and intelli-
gent, wealthy, and belonging to one of
the best families in the country.
Since both the girls were beautiful
and either could make him a suitable
wife, why should not this young scion
of a titled colonial family become Mrs.
Helen's nephew?
The lazy October afternoon was at its
richest when Prince came up the autumn-
red avenue of the Maples. A servant,
meeting him at the door of the mansion,
said that the ladies were in the garden,
and Mrs. Denleigh would like
to have him come there.
He turned away, and went down
among the flowers; but scarcely had he
taken a dozen steps in the direction in-
dicated, when he stopped in alarm. A
pretty figure rose among the shrubbery,
reaching out a branch of crimson leaves,
and as quickly went down with a scream
of terror.
Prince comprehended instantly that
the girl had lost her balance, and fallen
into the pond. He heard the splash and
other screams of fright.
In an instant he was on the spot.
Though the pond was a mere toy-pond
for fish, he saw instantly that the white-
faced girl was beyond her depth, and
would soon be drowned but for timely
help. The other ladies who were run-

ning away for assistance, returned at
sight of him, and besought the young
man, incoherently, to "save Amy!" as
he flung off his coat and sprang into the
water.
The chill or shock had made the girl
quite unconscious by the time he reached
her, and, lifting her petite form in his
arms, waded out of the water.
"Let some one who is dry take her up
to the house—she will come in in a
minute," he said, trying to rid himself
of some of his superfluous moisture.
Two of the men-servants wrapped
the dripping girl in a blanket, from the
grass, and bore her away, while Mrs.
Denleigh besought him to follow her,
and allow her to furnish him with some
dry clothing.
Now it had not occurred, so far, to
Prince to fall in love; but, looking up,
he beheld a face which, while regarding
him with concern, was so altogether
lovely that he then and there lost his
heart.
"Honor, my dear, please lend Mr.
Winslow that blanket from the ham-
mock; and, Prince, do hurry—there's
a good fellow! If you get your death,
the doctor will say that it was all my
fault—that I did not take immediate
precautions."
"I'll run to the kitchen, auntie, and
get something hot for them to take,"
said Honor.
"Yes, do, dear," and Prince followed,
now quite willingly, to the house.
"I don't think it would hurt me to
walk home for another suit of clothes,"
he said; "but I will take a glass of Ja-
maica ginger before I go," stalking up
the path, wrapped in a red blanket, like
an Indian. "She is very pretty," in an
aside to Mrs. Denleigh, as Honor dis-
appeared.
"Yes, charming!" nodded Mrs. Den-
leigh, well pleased.
"So it's to be Amy. The accident has
settled the whole thing," she said to
herself.
Thus she took no pains to show off
Honor's graces, but henceforth Amy's
perfections were strenuously dwelt
upon.
I do not know why Prince fell in with
this state of things. He understood Mrs.
Denleigh's mistake very well. Perhaps
it was because something in Honor Sel-
wyn's sweet, strong face made him fear
to dare his fate; and day by day he
hugged his secret.
Fortunately, Amy, young and elastic,
recovered instantly from her cold water
plunge.
There was week after week of unex-
ceptionable weather, and as Mrs. Den-
leigh meant to make her nieces' stay as
enjoyable and attractive as possible,
rides, drives and sails followed each
other in merry succession. Other
young people were invited to the
Maples, adding to and enjoying the
holiday.
If Mrs. Denleigh had had more leisure
in which to observe the signs of the
times she might have discovered her
error in regard to Prince; but her duties
as hostess to so much company left her
little leisure to make investigations.
The sisters were seldom far apart, and
seeing Prince generally near Amy, she
did not suspect that she had jumped to
a hasty and wrong conclusion.
But this is not the mistake of my
story. I must go on to tell you that
bonny Prince Winslow, full of youth
and grace, but equally full of conflicting
hope and fear, came lightly up the
maple avenue, one morning, and found
the parlors and library deserted.
He had entered unannounced at the
open hall door, expecting, as usual,
to meet some of the ladies; but no one was
to be seen, and, passing on, he seated
himself in the little music-room, where
he knew Honor usually came at eleven
o'clock to practice.
He had seated himself and carelessly
taken up a book, when he heard car-
riage wheels grind the gravel of the
drive, and in a moment a servant
conducted a young gentleman into the
parlor.
His elegant appearance, and evident
eager anticipation of meeting some one,
instantly attracted Prince's attention.
A sudden fear had come over him
when there was a rustle of silk, a light
step, and Honor advanced into the
apartment.
"Ronald!" she exclaimed.
The stranger sprang to meet her, re-
ceived both her outstretched hands in
either of his, and then raised first the
one and then the other to his lips.
Prince could not see Honor's face; but
the joy of the gentleman's there was no
mistaking.
"How is my darling? Tell me," he
said.
Prince could play eavesdropper no
longer. He advanced into the room.
"I beg your pardon. Is Mrs. Den-
leigh in?" he said.
Honor turned with a start, but in-
stinctively regained her self-possession.
"Auntie has gone to see a sick neigh-
bor, Mr. Winslow. Let me inroduce
you to an old friend, Mr. Raleigh."
If poor Prince was almost speechless,
Mr. Ronald Raleigh was ease and vi-
civally itself. He seemed overflowing
with a happiness which, to Prince, at
least, was not contagious.
In a few minutes he had turned his
back upon the Maples, not to return.
It had been a brief, bright time; but
all a delusion. Honor could not care
for him. She was engaged to another,
and all his love had been in vain.
The dregs of his bright glass were
bitter enough; but Mrs. Denleigh, dis-
cerning half the truth—on observing
Raleigh closely, during the few days
Prince was invisible at her house—re-

membered her duty, to call upon her
neighbor, Mrs. Winslow.
If she had had opportunity to tell
Prince what she believed, she would
have builded better than she knew;
but Prince, fast growing misanthropic,
had put his gun over his shoulder and
started for the woods, to avoid her.
There he passed the long day, while
Mrs. Denleigh, after waiting long in
vain for his return, re-entered her pony-
phaeton, much vexed.
"This making matches is the most
trying work! Why couldn't he have
fallen in love with Honor?" she said.
Meanwhile Honor, who knew the
truth, and all the truth, was remember-
ing distressfully that she was a woman
and that all advances must come from a
man. The time for their departure from
Redfield was drawing near. Mr. Rai-
leigh, at her suggestion, was an invited
guest at the Maples. And day after day
passed and Prince did not come near.
In fact, that young gentleman was
talking of a long-projected plan of his
for going to Europe. At length Honor
heard of this.
"Mr. Winslow will not go abroad
without coming to see you, auntie, I
hope," she observed, one day.
"I shall be very much offended if he
does," remarked Mrs. Denleigh, prompt-
ly.
Plying Prince, whom she sincerely
liked, and partly blaming herself for the
sorrow that had come upon him, she
soon sent him a note, bidding him come
to the Maples. She wrote:
"Don't be a foolish boy. If you
knew what a noble girl Honor is, you
would blush at your foolishness in
loving such a little goose as Amy. But
come to the Maples at once; I shall
never forgive you if you allow my nieces
to go home without your most courteous
farewell!"
Prince's brow ached with thought
and grief, and he did not make much
of this letter. He recognized Mrs. Den-
leigh's old error, however, that he loved
Amy.
"I will not be rude, and offend all my
friends," he said, screwed up his courage
to the sticking-point, and went to the
Maples.
It chanced that he again crossed the
familiar portal unannounced, and found
the reception-rooms unoccupied. But
in the same moment there was a light
footstep, the rustle of silks, and Honor,
bright and beautiful, looked up in his
face.
"I thought—I was afraid you were
not coming again," she said, softly.
He stood holding her delicate hand;
he could not speak for a moment.
"Honor," he said, at last, "I forced
myself to come here to-day. It was
hard to see you again."
"Why?" she asked.
There was something strangely gentle
and yielding in the soft brown eyes,
and in spite of that troublesome mis-
take, they stood so near together she
could feel the heavy beating of his
heart.
"Because," he said, unconscious re-
proach in his blue eyes, "I love you;
and—and I saw your meeting with Mr.
Raleigh."
Honor had been unusually pale. The
color came brightly now into her
smooth, olive cheeks, as she turned and
pointed through the window at one of
the garden walks.
Amy and Mr. Ronald Raleigh were
strolling there.
"You made a very natural mistake,"
she said, simply. "Will you let me tell
you how it is?"
He bowed, and they sat down side
by side.
"Amy and I have long lived with an
uncle and aunt who are not on good
terms with Mr. Raleigh's people. But
for this he is not to blame, and is him-
self unexceptional in character. For a
year past, he and Amy have loved each
other. Ronald, however, could never
visit her, and they were both very un-
happy, until I decided it to be right that
I should befriend Ronald. For their
sakes, I first suggested this visit, that
they might meet here. Aunt Helen was
not in the plot; but she knows how it is
now, and has no objections to Mr.
Raleigh. They will be married soon,
and I—"
"And you?" cried Prince, enraptured
with hope.
"And I love you!" said dear Honor,
hiding her blushes on his breast.

A Bogus Prophecy.

It is well known that Mother Shipton
propheesied that the world to an end
would come in 1881. This forecast has
not yet had a depressing effect on real
estate, and it is rather doubtful if the
most superstitious Detroiters would sell
anything any less on account of it.
Mother Shipton was a garrulous old
lady, whose manuscript is dated 1448.
Her book of local prophecies, which is
in the British museum, bears date 1641.
If, at that time, the lines were written,
that "Carriages without horses would
go," and that "through mountains men
shall ride," "iron swim on the sea," the
book would be, indeed, remarkable. But
these prophetic phrases, together with
the 1881 prediction, are all forgeries on
the old lady. In 1862, Charles Hindley,
of Brighton, England, published Mother
Shipton's book, in which he interpolated
the lines referred to. The 1881
prophecy was taken from Piazza Smith's
reading of the hieroglyphics in the
grand gallery of the Pyramid. Hindley
afterward confessed his imposture pub-
licly.—*Free Press*.
It is estimated that the number of
killed and wounded in the sanguinary
struggle between Chili and Peru, during
the past two years, would almost fill a
one-horse street car. War is a terrible
thing.—*Norristown Herald*.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A great steamer is to be built for
travel between New York and Boston.
It will be iron and is supposed to be
unsinkable. The fire cannot get at the
wood-work and the water cannot get at
the engine fires in case of accident. In
fact, the new steamer will be a Sound
steamer in every sense of the word.
The life of a submarine telegraph cable
is shown by experience to be from ten
to twelve years. If a cable breaks in
deep water after it is ten years of age,
it cannot be lifted for repairs, as it will
break of its own weight—a fatal diffi-
culty, and for which there seems to be
no practicable remedy.
The manufacture of cheap candies
from white earth, or terra alba, mixed
with a little sugar and glucose, is car-
ried on extensively in New York. A
census taker who investigated the con-
fectionery business reports that seventy-
five per cent. of some candies is com-
posed of these substances and some
candy, notably "gum drops," contain
still less sugar.
From a lately published Blue Book in
England it appears that between Janu-
ary, 1873, and May, 1880, more than two
thousand ships belonging to the British
mercantile service have been reported
as foundered or missing, and therefore
it is evident that the sea still has its
perils against which foresight or care
can scarcely insure safety.
The average heat and cold varies but
little from year to year. The average
of the highest daily record in 1878 was
sixty-one and a half, and in 1879 was
fifty-eight and three-quarters, which
shows an extreme of the change within
five years. The average of the lowest
daily record for the year 1879 was forty-
six and one-eighth, and for 1878 forty-
six and one-quarter, representing the
extremes on that side.
Tall, spare and sinewy, Mr. Whittier
looks no older than he did ten years ago.
His dark, unquenchable old eyes, says
the Boston correspondent of the *Provi-
dence Press*, twinkle and glisten with
the brightness of youth. Perhaps you
tell him a funny little story, and find it
funnier still as he draws down his lips
into a droll, inaudible whistle, and
shakes his shoulders, and the wise head
under the solemn tall hat, with its
brim just a little wider for a sign of his
age.
There are three thermometers in use—
Fahrenheit's, Reaumur's and the centi-
grade. The three countries which use
Fahrenheit are England, Holland and
America, and the standard adopted
fixes the boiling point of water at 212
degrees and the freezing point at thirty-
two degrees. Russia and Germany use
Reaumur's, in which the boiling point
is eighty degrees above the freezing
point. France uses the centigrade ther-
mometer, in which the boiling point is
counted one hundred degrees from the
freezing point.
It is always the correct thing to show
deference to public opinion. So John
Holland, of Castleford, England,
thought and he acted on his ideas in this
respect. Public opinion was against
flogging with a cane in schools, so John
who was a teacher, abolished the cane
and substituted a shillalah of good
blackthorn. The pupils didn't seem to
appreciate the difference, neither did
the parents, and the accommodating Mr.
Holland was fined a couple of dollars
for flogging a boy too severely. John
now laments the capriciousness of public
opinion.
A question that is greatly interesting
the French press is that of cremation.
The pros and cons have been discussed
in all the Parisian newspapers, having
been suggested by the organization of a
society similar to that existing at Milan.
It is announced that before six months
have passed furnaces will be built and
all necessary arrangements be made for
the reduction into ashes of the great
number of dead who appear upon the
mortality lists of that city. The *Figaro*
compains that Paris is now a great
bone yard, and that the crowding of the
cemetaries makes the establishment of
cemetaries an administrative necessity.
Notwithstanding England's enormous
indebtedness to her mechanics, but one
mechanical workman has ever been
honored with a burial in Westminster
Abbey, and that was Graham, the clock
maker. Graham made exact astronomy
possible by his great improvements in
time-pieces. He invented the dead-
beat escapement and the girdiron com-
pensating pendulum, and he was the
first to make clocks that would run for
many days without winding. Graham
was also a maker of great quadrants
and instruments of that sort. His
funeral was attended by all the mem-
bers of the Royal Society.
A San Francisco exchange gives, for
the benefit of young gentlemen to whom
cigarettes are dear, the way in which
many of them are prepared: The dili-
gent Chinamen have divided the beats
of this city among themselves, and at
early morning when the spittoons are
cleaned out are always on hand. The
cigar stumps are carefully gathered by
them, brought to their cellars, dried and
sorted. A portion are placed in a tub
of water, and in this tub the Chinaman
stamps out the juice for the purpose of
dyeing the papers of the chocolate-
colored cigarette. The other portion is
used for the filling. Now, boys, smoke
your cigarettes and be happy.
The general belief is that there are in
Utah a great many more women than

men. The census returns from that
Territory show that this is not the case.
Of a total population of 143,907, it ap-
pears 74,471 are males and 69,436 females;
excess of males, 5,035. Of the whole
number of people, 99,974 are native born
and 43,933 foreign; 142,381 are whites,
304 negroes, 501 Chinese, 804 Indians
and half-breeds, and seventeen East
Indians and half-breeds. Of the most
populous counties, Salt Lake, 16,099
males and 15,879 females; Utah, 8,974
males and 8,944 females; Cache, 6,371
males and 6,290 females; Weber, 6,539
males and 6,058 females. The Chinese
are located principally in the counties of
Box Elder and Salt Lake.
There was some rough wreckage dur-
ing the year 1880. The total estimate of
loss by wreck to all nationalities is \$68-
327,000; a pretty high figure for one
year. This, of course, includes both
cargoes and vessels. Great Britain's
share was \$47,405,000, considerably over
half the entire amount. This may be
some consolation to the gentlemen who
resent the decline of the American ship-
ping. All this loss was comprised in a
grand total of 1,580 wrecked vessels, a
decrease of eight over 1879. Of this
number 913 belonged to English owners.
The coasts of the British Isles were, as
usual, very destructive, having to an-
swer for no less than 480 wrecks of ves-
sels of all nationalities. The loss of
human life amounted to about 4,000
souls. About 2,000 vessels were lost
through collision.
The timber lands of Washington Ter-
ritory cover 20,000,000 acres bordering
on Puget sound and are traversed by
fine logging streams. The timber, princi-
pally pine and fir, is equal to any, the
soil from which it springs being of
great depth and richness, and kept moist
by a rain-fall which continues for ten
months of the year. One stick hewn
was 194 feet long, squaring twelve
inches at the smallest end, and without
sap. The average height of trees is 200
feet, while many stand 300 feet tall, meas-
uring twelve feet through at the butt.
This Territory has also 11,000,000 acres
of grazing prairie, where a nutritious
bunch-grass keeps green five-sixths of
the year, and 5,000,000 acres of wheat
lands, which yields from thirty to eighty
bushels per acre. The catch of salmon
last year was 40,000,000 pounds.
Curious Wills.
A foreign review of a new book en-
titled "Curiosities of the Search Room;
a Collection of Serious and Whimsical
Wills," writes as follows: A certain Dr.
Ellerby bequeaths his heart to one
friend, his lungs to another and his
brains to a third, declaring that if they
do not execute his wishes with regard
to them he will come and torment them
"if it should be by any means possible."
Another testator, an American, re-
quires that his skin may be converted
into two drum-heads, upon which are to
be inscribed Pope's Universal Prayer
and the Declaration of Independence;
another American, a New Yorker, leaves
seventy-one pair of trousers, to be sold
to the highest bidder without examina-
tion, no purchaser being allowed to buy
more than one pair. In each pair was
found a bundle of bank notes represent-
ing a thousand dollars. A Frenchman
institutes an annual race with pigs, to
be ridden by boys or men, with a prize
of thirty pounds to the winner.
A Baptist minister who died last year
declares in his will that he thirsts to see
the Church of England brought down,
and desires all posterity to know that he
believes "infant sprinkling to be from
his Satanic majesty."
One man bequeathed his body to the
Imperial gas company to be consumed to
ashes in one of their retorts, and a
New York spinster desired to employ
all her money in building a church, but
stipulated that her remains should be
mixed up in the mortar used for fixing
the first stone.
Some of the bequests in what the com-
piler calls "Vindictive Wills" have in
them a touch of humor. Thus the
Fifth Earl of Pembroke writes: "I be-
queath to Thomas May, whose nose I
did break at a masquerade, five shil-
lings. My intention had been to give
more, but all who have seen his 'His-
tory of Parliament' will consider that
even this sum is too large;" and a cer-
tain Dr. Dunlap bequeaths to his
brother-in-law Christopher his best
pipe, out of gratitude that he married
"my sister Maggie, whom no man of
taste would have taken," and to his
eldest sister, Joan, his five-acre field,
"to console her for being married to a
man she was obliged to henpeck."
Wooden Shoes.
One of the most striking sights that
take the attention of the traveler in
Japan, is that of the wooden sandals
worn by the thirty-five millions of
people. These sandals have a separate
compartment for the great toe, and
make a clacking noise on the street.
Straw slippers are also worn, and a
traveler starting out on a journey will
strap a supply of them on his back, that
he may put on a new pair when the old
is worn out. They cost but a cent and
a-half a pair. They are rights and lefts,
and leave the foot free to the air—
never see those deformities of the foot in
Japan which are so frequent in this
country. They are never worn in the
house, being left outside the door; pass-
ing down street, you see long rows of
them at the doors, old and new, large and
small. It is surprising to see how
rapidly the Japs stop out of them, and
pick them up again with their feet, when
caving the house.
Goliath was the first person who wore
a bang on his forehead.

WILL.
There is no chance, no destiny, nor fate,
Can circumvent or hinder or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Giltis count for nothing; will alone is great,
All things give way before it, soon or late.
What obstacle can stay the mighty force
Of the sea-seeking orb in its course,
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?
Each will-born soul must win what it deserves
Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves
Whose slightest action or inaction serves
The one great aim.
Why even death stands still
And waits an hour sometimes for such a will
—Ella Wheeler.
HUMOROUS.
A slight of hand performance—Giving
the mitten to a suitor.
A paper in New York is called the
Wheel. It ought to circulate.
The sign "Beware of Dog" is stuck
up that he who reads may run.
Some men's noses are like some books,
the more immoral they are, the more red
they are.
"A little learning is a dangerous
thing." So is a little dynamite.—*Rome
Sentinel*.
A cat in a strange garret is not half
so much frightened as a bachelor at a
sewing society.
Never call a woman "Birdie" who
has kept your dinner waiting for three
mortal hours.
Why do girls kiss each other while
men do not? Because girls have noth-
ing better to kiss, and the men have.
The vanity of the female sex,
Many a good man's fortune wrecks!
No matter what the time of the year!
Woman's woman, and ever dear!
—*Philadelphia Item*.
The tobacco chewer will find that by
throwing away his old plugs he'll soon
be able to buy a new hat.—*Richmond
Baton*.
The difference between St. Julien and
the stars and stripes, is that one is a
fleet nag and the other a neat flag.—
Marathon Independent.
In the neighborhood of Savannah
oysters grow in riotous abundance, and
are often so prolific in one spot as to
aggregate into bunches weighing 100
pounds.
"Well, miss," said a knight of the
birch-rod, "can you decline a kiss?"
"Yes, sir," said the girl, dropping a
perplexed courtesy. "I can, but I
hate to most plaugly."
Nautical.—Husband (jokingly)—"Oh,
I'm the mainstay of the family." Wife
— "Yes, and the jib-boom—and the
—and the—" Small boy (from experience)
—"And the spanker, too, mamma."
[Applause.]
A WISEBODER.
He held one side and she the other;
What did he wish? I could not tell;
He pulled, she pulled, and then her mother
Came in; perchance 'twas just as well.
For after it was passed he told me
His wish, a wish I should not name,
'Twas for a kiss; a bird sang near me
And 'told me here; it was the same.
United States Senator-elect Miller, of
California, lost an eye while command-
ing a brigade of Union volunteers at
Libe Gap, Tennessee, during Rosen-
crance's advance from Mumfresboro to
Chattanooga.
"Etiquette" writes to us to inquire if
in our opinion it would be proper for
him to support a young lady if she was
taken with a faint—even if he hadn't
been introduced. Proper, young man
certainly—prop her, by all means.—
Cleveland Sun.
A young student was asked by his
sweetheart, who had an uncommonly
thick head of hair, what he thought of
it, and absently answered he thought it
would present a fine field for the study
of natural history. They were never
married.—*Andrews' Bazaar*.
"Is your wife a Democrat or a Repub-
lican?" asked one Rockland citizen
of another in a store this morning.
"She's neither," was the prompt re-
sponse, and then glancing cautiously
around and sinking his voice to a hoarse
whisper he explained: "She's a Home-
Ruler."—*Rockland Courier*.
A gentleman was complaining on
change that he had invested a rather
large sum of money in Wall street and
lost it all. A sympathizing friend
asked him whether he had been a bull
or bear. To which he replied:
"Neither, I was a jackass!"—*Chicago
Tribune*.
Some give their gold and silver,
Because the love to give;
Some give it for the glory
They surely will receive.
Some give their hard earned dollars
With a pure and just intent;
But the most give up their money
For a paltry ten per cent.
—*Newburyville Herald*.
A small boy went out the other day.
There was no snow on the ground, no
ice; there was no river, brook, pool or
water of any kind within a mile. The
boy had on nice new rubber boots that
came above his knees. He was gone only
five minutes. When he came into the
house his feet were perfectly dry. It is
the only case of the kind on record.
It was on a railroad train, and politics
had given way to theology, and the
young man with a turban hat had the
floor, and was denouncing the old-
fashioned idea of hell. "I tell you,"
he cried, "man was never intended for
such a selfish punishment. God never
made me for kindling wood." "Reckon
not," said the old parson, back near the
stove; "too green."