

### 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  
smears  
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 sea 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 man-  
sion, 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  
crematories 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 river 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 WISEBORE.  
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 had  
been taken with a faint—even if he had  
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."