

Poetical Selections.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

OVER and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lessons I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dew must fall;
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing, falling once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depth be driven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for Heaven.

A Geographical Enigma.

I AM COMPOSED OF TWELVE LETTERS.

My 1, 4, 3, 2 and 11 is a town in Brazil.
My 3, 11, 10 and 12 is a town in Scotland.
My 4, 10, 7, 8 and 5 is a town in Mexico.
My 5, 2, 1, 8 and 7 is a town in Morocco.
My 6, 8, 12 and 4 is a town in Arabia.
My 7, 2, 7, 12 and 4 is a mountain in Austria.
My 8, 1, 1 and 1 is a town in Hungary.
My 9, 10 and 11 is a town in Peru.
My 10, 11, 7 and 8 is a town in Chili.
My 11, 1 and 9 is a town in Denmark.
My 12, 8, 1 and 3 is a town in Bohemia.
My whole is the name of a distinguished Poet and Traveler.

Answer to Enigma in No. 1, Volume 4—The Bloomfield Times.

A TRAP FOR LOVERS:

OR

A Pair of Boots.

MISS LYDIA WHITE had two lovers.

Tom Greene and Willie Jones.
Both were good-looking, well-to-do young mechanics, and both loved her devotedly, if their own vehement assertions could be credited. Lydia was in something of a dilemma concerning them.

She had no particular preference for either of them, but she wanted to be married sometime, and Mr. White was opposed to long courtships, and Aunt Jane kept assuring her that her bed and table linen would get yellow with being packed away in the bureau so long; and she also took frequent opportunities of remarking that "none of her girls were ever single after they had reached the age of eighteen; no not a minute."

And as Lydia counted her years four more than eighteen, of course this latter insinuation of Jane's cut deeply.

Lydia turned the matter over seriously in her mind and argued it with herself, *pro* and *con*. Which she should take, Green or Jones?

She was in some degree romantic, and she had indulged in gorgeous dreams of marrying a second Napoleon as to courage; in fact if there was any quality that she especially admired in a man, it was bravery.

When she said anything about this in the hearing of Tom or Willie, they begged to put them to the test—they would joyfully die for her if she stood in need of such a sacrifice, they assured her over and over again.

One Sunday evening, as indeed was frequently the case, Jones and Green happened to call at Lydia's at about the same time.

Lydia went out of the room about nine o'clock on the pretence of bringing a book of engravings, but she shortly returned in great perturbation.

"What is it? What is the matter?" cried the two lovers in eager chorus.

"Oh, dear me!" cried Lydia, "such a dreadful, dreadful thing! Who would have thought in our peaceful community! Oh, Mr. Jones, Mr. Green! You can not think how glad, how relieved I am that you are here. I should be frightened to death were it otherwise!" and she clung first to one and then to the other with a confidence perfectly infatigable.

"Tell us what it is!" cried Green.

"Enlighten us as to the cause of this

emotion!" said Jones, who had been to the Chicken Valley Academy two quarters, and used some large words.

"Oh, you are both so brave!" cried Lydia admiringly—"I feel as if I were protected by an army!"

Green drew himself up to his full height, which was just five feet, and it must be confessed that beside the Herculean Jones, he looked like a Bantam rooster beside a shanghai.

"Command me!" said Green, "only let me do your bidding."

"Ask my existence," said Jones,—"and it shall be given free as the streams give to the sounding ocean."

"Hush!" cried Lydia, "don't speak so loud! He may hear you and take the alarm and kill us all before you have a chance to capture him."

"He? who? what?" demanded Jones, in a tragic whisper.

"Hush! for pity's sake," said Lydia, "he's up stairs in the spare room! Under the bed! Father had a hundred dollars paid him yesterday for a cow, and this is a plan to rob the house. I saw his boots stick out from under the counterpane."

"Good heavens!" cried Green, getting behind Jones.

"And such big boots, too," said Lydia, "twelves, I am sure!"

"Jupiter! what a giant he must be!" said Jones.

"Tom! Oh, Willie! protect me!" cried Lydia pathetically, and they both protested that they would shield her with the last drop of their blood.

"Then go up stairs and seize the villain," said Lydia.

"You had better go first," said Jones, "I don't know the way."

"Nor I," said Green, "and you're the biggest; it belongs to you to lead on."

"I will show you the way," said Lydia.

And the two gallant men reluctantly followed her up stairs. She opened the door of the spare chamber softly, and they saw the boots very distinctly; a most extremely dirty pair of cowhides, which looked as though their owner had tramped through twenty miles of swamp, and made no acquaintance with rugs and scrapers afterward.

"A—mighty big man he must be, with such a pair of feet," said Jones. "Haden't we better call your father and Mr. Berry, the hired man?"

"I think we had," said Green—timidly.

"I don't," said Lydia, decidedly.—"See! I believe the boots are moving. Oh, goodness me!"

And, as she screamed, Jones and Green simultaneously made a rush for the chamber door. Jones stumbled over a wash-stand and went headlong to the foot of the stairs, wash-stand and all. And Lydia, by clinging to the skirts of Mr. Green's coat, kept him from following his rival.

"What in the deuce is to pay here?" asked Jack Berry, appearing on the scene in his shirt and trousers, and his curly light hair standing out all over his head, like the bristles on a lamp chimney brush.

"Lydia points to the boots.

"Don't touch him," whined Green.—"He may have a pistol or something about him, and hurt somebody."

"You chicken-livered whelp! cried Berry, "you're afraid to see what's behind the boots, are ye? Wall, I'll show you."

And Berry seized the frightful objects and gave a pull so strong that he went over backwards on the floor, with a boot in either hand.

"Jupiter!" he cried, "I never saw any boots come off so easy as that are.—Let's see the feet." And diving under the bed he lifted the counterpane and displayed—nothing.

"But where is the owner of the boots?" cried he, scratching his nose and looking infinitely puzzled.

"Here!" said Pa White, appearing at the door, "I'm the owner, and here I've been hearing this drafted noise for the last ten minutes, and thinking there was a fire over to the corner. But no sign of my boots could I find. Who put 'em there, Lyddy?"

But Lydia was bathing Berry's nose. Green and Jones had sense enough to see that they were *de trop*.

And they took their departure without any elaborate farewells.

"By jinks," said Green to Jones, on their way home, "I've got an idea; it's my opinion that jade of a girl put them boots there, on purpose to try us."

"Of course she did," said Jones, sulkily; "women are as deceitful as the devil."

A Valuable Witness.

THE OTHER day there was a case in court where our friend Pinto was to figure as a witness. His testimony was to fix the fact definitely whether the defendant was at a certain point at twenty-five or thirty minutes before or after a certain hour.

He went on the stand, took the oath, and then looked down at the counsel awaiting the questioning.

"Do you understand this case, Mr. Pinto?" asked the counsel.

"I think I do, sir," replied Pinto; "I was present when it was opened and can testify—"

"Not yet sir; not yet," said the counsel.

"When the incident occurred on which it is based were you present?"

"Of course I was; Jim asked in half a dozen of us. There was Tim Grover, and Bill Jewett, and—"

"That is not to the purpose, Mr. Pinto. Now tell the jury the exact time when this happened?"

"As nearly as I can remember, it was about eleven o'clock, because Tim Grover—"

"No matter about Tim Grover. May it not have been twenty-five minutes past eleven?"

"Yes, perhaps it might; but Bill Jewett—"

"We will dispense with Jewett. What we wish to know is, whether Muggs, the defendant, was present at Jones's at twenty-five minutes past eleven or not? Can you swear that he was there at that time, sir?"

"Of course I can, Jim said—"

"No matter what Jim said. You can now sit down."

"Stay," said the counsel for the defendant, and he stayed.

"Mr. Pinto," said the counsel, "was you at Jones's on the 20th of March, at twenty-five minutes before eleven o'clock?"

"Yes sir."

"Are you sure about the hour?"

"Yes sir."

"Now tell the jury what you know about this case."

"Jim said said he had a case of rare old gin, and asked us to try it, and so Tim Grover and Bill Jewett—"

"And Muggs?" said the counsel for the plaintiff.

"No, Muggs wasn't there then."

"Well, when did he come in?" asked the counsel.

"He didn't come in at all."

"But you were there at twenty-five minutes before eleven?"

"And twenty-five minutes past eleven?" said one of the jurymen, waking up.

"Yes."

"Explain yourself," said the court, sternly.

"Why, your honor, Jim Jones had a case of gin, and Tim Grover and Bill Jewett and I went to his place about eleven o'clock—"

"Twenty-five minutes before, your honor," said the counsel for the defence.

"Well, gentlemen," said Pinto, "I was there from ten o'clock till twelve—"

That New Law.

IT IS SAID that Horace Greeley intends to petition for the passage of the following law. We don't know how true it is, but give our readers a chance to read the law, as proposed.

Tobacco chewers are requested to get their tobacco from first hands, which is the first man you meet who will give you a chew.

Where parties are in the habit of borrowing chews, the government will furnish each man with a note book, in which the time of day, the size of the quid, whether plug or fine cut, the quality and the time when the amount is to be refunded, must be strictly recorded.

Those parties who have been innocently using unstamped tobacco, will call on the nearest revenue officer and give in, as near as possible, the amount which they believe has been consumed. The officer will furnish the necessary stamps, and if they are chewed up in his presence, the government is then satisfied that no criminal wrong was meant.

Those persons who maliciously carry two boxes—one filled with base smoking tobacco to give to borrowers; the other containing superb fine cut for home consumption—are to be treated as deserving of death, and hung on the spot.

No tobacco box must have more than two spigot holes in it, and the stamps must be pasted directly over these.

When a quid has been exhausted, the government expressly forbids its being thrown away until two red chalk marks have been made across it, and a label attached, bearing these words: "The fellow who chewed this has complied with all the requirements of the law, and persons are hereby warned not to chew this quid again."

Tobacco consumers must constantly bear in mind that the more stamps there are on a package of tobacco, the cheaper does the weed become—in a horn.

The government strictly forbids the use of those tobacco boxes which have a concealed needle inside a nob on the cover, by which one forgets his desire for a chew after having the instrument run into his thumb about a foot.

The government has witnessed with supreme sorrow, many young men, and old men, also, when they have observed an acquaintance smoking a cigar, come right out boldly. And ask: "Have you the mate to that?" Hereafter, in all such cases, the person asked will exhibit the following label, which the government will furnish on demand; "Ask me for ten cents."

Hartley's Trial.

WHAT do you know about John Hartley's sleeping in meeting?" demanded Justice Wilson, of a witness before him.

"I know all about it; 'taint no secret, I guess," replied the witness.

"Then tell us about it; that's just what we want to know."

"Well, (scratching his head,) the long, and the short of it is, John Hartley is a hard-working man; that is, he works mighty hard doing nothing, and that's the hardest work there is done. It will make a feller sleep quicker than poppy leaves. So it stands to reason that Hartley would naturally be a very sleepy sort of a person. Well, the weather is sometimes naturally considerable warm, and Parson Moody's sermon is sometimes rather heavy-like—"

"Stop, Stop! No reflections upon Parson Moody; that's not what you were called for."

"I don't cast no reflections upon Parson Moody. I was only telling what I know about John Hartley's sleeping in meeting."

"Well go on; and tell us about that. You were not called here to testify about Parson Moody."

"That's what I'm trying to do, if you wouldn't keep putting me out. And it's my opinion in warm weather, folks is considerable apt to sleep in meeting; specially when the sermon—I mean, specially when they get pretty tired. I know I find it pretty hard work to get by seventhly and eighthly in the sermon myself; but if I once get by there I generally get into a kind of waking train again, and make out to weather it. But it isn't so with Hartley. I've generally noticed if he begins to gape at seventhly and eighthly, it's a gone goose with him before he gets through tenthly, and he has got to look out for another prop for his head somewhere, stiff enough to hold it up. And from tenthly to sixteenthly he's as dead as a door nail, till the amen brings the people up to prayers, and Hartley comes up with a jerk, just like opening a jack-knife."

SUNDAY READING.

The only true freeman is he who has attained to self-control.

Boast only of your self-possession when it has been tried.

Some of our choicest blessings have been forced upon us.

Men are never placed in such extremes, but that there is light to guide them.

Works are good and acceptable to God only as they spring from and centre in love to him.

The Christian's cup may be brimful of sorrow; but for him the overflowing drop is never added.

Vice does not pay; the sin is less sweet than we fancied, and it costs more than we bargained for.

Whether God comes to His children with a rod or a crown, if he comes Himself with it, it is well.

Who gives anything, food or clothing, to a beggar, and does not expect thanks? Yet how many who receive God's daily bounties, and ask every morning for God's daily bread, forget to give God thanks!

Have you ever heard of the great clock of St. Paul's in London. At mid-day, in the roar of business, when carriages, and carts, and wagons and omnibuses, go rolling through the streets, how many never hear the clock strike unless they live very near by it. But when the work of the day is over, and the roar of business has passed away, when men are gone to sleep, and silence reigns in London, then at twelve, at one, at two, at three, at four, the sound of that clock may be heard for miles around! Twelve! one! two! three! four! How that clock is heard by many a sleepless man.

That clock is just like the conscience of the impenitent man. While he has health and strength, and goes on in the whirl of business, he will not hear his conscience. He drowns and silences its voice by plunging into the world. He will not allow the inner man to speak to him.

But the day will come when conscience will be heard, whether he likes it or not. The day will come when its voice will sound in his ears, and pierce him like a sword. The time will come when he must retire from the world, and lie down on the sick bed, and look death in the face. And then the clock of conscience, that solemn clock, will sound in his heart, and, if he has not repented, will bring wretchedness and misery to his soul. Oh, no, without repentance, no peace. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Reader, have you repented? If not, will you repent to-day? To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts!

Quickly.

Quickly, young man! Life is short. A great work is before you. If you would succeed in business, with your way to honor, and save your soul, you must do with your might what your hands find to do. You must work fast and well. The sluggard dies. The wheel of time rolls over him, and crush him while he sleeps. Aim high and work hard. Life is worth the living, and heaven worth the gaining, and all will be won or lost while the day goeth away.

Quickly, ye men of business and might! Your life is more than half gone already. You have passed the crest of the hill, and are looking toward the setting sun. The young man who walks by your side, and calls you father, is growing tall and man-like, and begins to talk of the great things he will do. He will increase, but you will decrease. If you have anything yet to do for God or your own soul, you must do it quickly. Shadows are falling and the night cometh.

Quickly, ye aged men! Once you thought three-score and ten to be an endless time, and that so many years would never pass away. They have come and gone. They have left their mark upon you. Have you left any monuments of good done, or made a record of a God glorified? You have come to infirmities and trembling. Have you come to masterly faith, and hope that looks steadfastly to the end?

Ah! quickly, ye aged fathers and gray-haired sires! Already the messengers of death begin to tender their services, and the end is at hand.—Presbyterian.

An editor in New Jersey brings delinquent subscribers to his counter by publishing obituary notice of them. When they have paid arrears, he contradicts the report of their death by saying they were only "dead beats."

The barber's trade was brought from Sicily to Rome, two hundred and ninety-nine years before Christ. The barbers were incorporated with the Surgeon's Company in London, in 1540, and again separated in the year 1744.

A hint for life insurance companies—Honesty is the best "policy."