

Poetical Selections.

PRAYERS I DON'T LIKE.

I do not like to hear him pray
Who loans at twenty-five per cent,
For then I think the borrower may
Be pressed to pay for food or rent,
And in that book we all should heed,
Which says the lender shall be blest,
As sure as I have eyes to read
It does not say "take interest."

I do not like to hear him pray
On bended knees about an hour,
For grace to spend aright the day.
Who knows his neighbor has no flour,
I'd rather see him go to mill
And buy the luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill,
And laugh beneath their humble shed

I do not like to hear him pray,
"Let blessings on the widow be,"
Who never seeks her home to say,
"If want overtakes you come to me."
I hate the prayer, so loud and long,
That's offered for the orphan's weal,
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
And only with the lips doth feal.

I do not like to hear him pray,
With jeweled ear and silken dress,
Whose washerwoman toils all day
And then is asked "to work for less."
Such pious shavers I despise;
With folded hands and face demure,
They lift to heaven their "angel eyes,"
Then steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers;
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven;
No angel wing them upward bears—
They're lost a hundred miles from heaven.

A HORSE STORY.

During the early settlement of Wisconsin—or the wilderness part of it, at least I was frequently employed by correspondents from abroad to search out certain sections of land and report as to their value, timber, quality of soil, etc. In discharging this duty, I usually went on horseback, using a favorite old family horse. To find the particular section described. I would first find a surveyor's "blazed line," and follow it up until I found a "corner post," where I would find the "corner tree" marked with the number of the township, range and section of which the post was the boundary; then, by a glance at the map, I could tell at once the distance and direction of the section I was in search of, and would follow the blazed lines accordingly. On one occasion a dismal, foggy day, I had gone a longer distance from home than usual, and into a part of the wilderness, strange to me. After making the survey, the fog came on so very thick that I dare not take my usual course of returning by a direct route, without regard to the angles of the surveyor, but started on a blazed line leading nearest to the required direction. Before going far, I came to a bog or marsh, which was impassable on horseback, and I was forced to go round it. After I had got on the opposite side, I could not find the line again, and, after searching some little time, I gave it up, and threw the reins upon the neck of the horse and bade him go home; preferring to trust to his instinct to find the way, rather than to my own judgment as to the proper direction to be taken. We had not gone many rods before I noticed the blazed trees for which I had been looking, and my curiosity was at once excited to know whether the horse really noticed the faint marks on the trees, and was guided by them. Accordingly I left the reins perfectly free, and was soon satisfied beyond a doubt that such was the fact, for on coming to a fallen tree or other obstruction he would go round it, return to the line, and follow it without mistake, in fact he seemed to find the line more readily than I could myself. Afterward, I tested him time and again. It made no difference whether the direction was to or from home. Once start him on a surveyor's line, and he would follow it unerringly. If the direction was from home, on coming to a corner post, he would make a stop as if to inquire whether to keep straight, or turn to the right or left. This was only one of many traits displayed by him. But notwithstanding the old fellow was so docile and knowing, I could never persuade him to let me shoot game from his back; and after a few attempts, I was forced to give it up. He would not even let me mount him with a gun in my hand, or allow it to be handed to me after I had mounted. He appeared to have a horror for firearms, perhaps he had noticed the result

of their use on the game, and was afraid of some time getting a shot himself. With another horse I tried an experiment that I should never have thought of except for the intelligence, if not reasoning power, displayed by an old favorite.

I had bought a horse in Milwaukee—a jet black, and perfect beauty of a horse, which was said to have been caught from a drove of wild horses on the Texas prairies. He was gentle and docile enough while in hand, but once let loose there was no such thing as catching him again by any one of the ordinary means used in catching horses. In fact, the man from whom I purchased him, after chasing him, for several days from his livery stable, had been obliged at last to "crease him," in order to catch him, i. e. to shoot him through the top of the neck, just above the neck-bone, temporarily paralyzing him, without doing him permanent injury. This, to be successfully performed, requires a good marksman; for if the ball struck an inch too low it would be fatal. After I had been his owner some six or eight months, he got loose in the fall of the year and took to the woods near by. I used to see him often but he would never let me approach anywhere near him. After snow fell in the winter, and feed became scarce in the woods, he could occasionally be seen in the evening near the stable, and I used to leave the door open until bed time, and sometimes as late as two o'clock at night, and place a measure of salt and oats within a tempting distance inside the stable, in hopes that he would go in, but he was not to be entrapped in that way. At last I began to cast about for the reason why he would not venture to enter the stable while the door stood invitingly open and no person in sight, and I came to the conclusion that the horse reasoned after this manner: "As long as the lights are burning in the house, people are stirring about, and I am liable to surprise, after the lights are out, there is no more stir for the night, and if the door was left open, I might venture in with safety." Taking for granted that I had solved the problem correctly, I laid my plans accordingly. Attaching one end of a rope to the handle of the stable door, I passed the other end through the window of the house, which commanded a view of the situation, and at the usual hour for retiring, I had the lights put out, and everything kept quiet; the result was, as I had hoped, rather than expected. The lights had not been out more than ten or fifteen minutes, before the horse cautiously approached and entered the stable. The trap was sprung and we had him safe. How this affected his reasoning faculties I can't tell, but he must evidently have considered himself taken in. That the horse would not have gone into the stables, had the lights been left burning, I don't pretend to say; I give the facts as they occurred. But I am satisfied, from more than thirty years' close observation, that the horse observes and makes a (mental) note of a great deal more than is generally supposed.

A Dutchman on the Weather.

Mine gootness gracious, vot a varm vedder spell dat ish; I can't hardly stand mit dat varm heat. I was almost poiled alive mit mine own berspiration. I never see such a hot vedder like dat is for de bast few tays, ever since a goot vhole ago. Which ever vay I durns, or vot ever I do dat makes der steam raise outter mine pody, so dat I feels shust like a steam en-shine poiler. Some dime farder pack dar ish a grate teal of dalken over dat Nie Shersey steam man—maybe you hear somedings of dat—vell, dat's nodings along side of me, for ven I gets a gouple classes of peer unter mine linen tuser vestgoat, und mine swetting te-bartment ish in running orter, I would purst the poiler of any iron-made man pefore he could puff and blow out more steam ash me ven dat varm vedder vas Dat berspiration vater run outter mine pody, und pours town mine legs, und settles in mine dree tollar poots so dat I ish always got vet feet. I pelieve it dat pefore dis varm hot vedder ish over I will catchen mine teath of gold shust from dat dings alone. Nopody can pe a healthy man mit vet feet, I know dat. Last Montag, I dells you, ish a varm tay. I dinks anypody must find dat out. If dhey didn't vhy I did, und I vash't so awful long over dat too.

A poor fellow was brought before one of the police justices recently, charged with being intoxicated. "Well, why did you get drunk and come here in this condition?" "See here," was the reply, uttered in a hiccup and accent of a drunken man—"what do you give license for?"

A Ten Dollar Dog.

A COON fight is one of the glories of life in Kentucky. The programme is this: Some one announces to the gentlemen planters of an extended neighborhood that he will give a barbecue and coon fight on a certain day, at such a place, and they are invited to bring themselves, their friends and their dogs, for his coon is a veteran, and will make a big fight. This brings a large gathering of men and dogs to enjoy the feast and the fight. The coon is placed in a barrel with one head out, laid flat so that he cannot be taken on the flank or rear, and the dog that brings out the coon—and it takes one of pluck to do that—wins the bet.

On the occasion to be described, a large party assembled with numerous fine dogs, eager for the fray. The sport began—but every dog of the party was whipped out by the sharp teeth and claws of the gallant coon. As a matter of course there was a clamor and some tough swearing at the result. There was a seedy Yankee present, looking on with a grin of delight, as each defeated dog gave up the battle. He had with him a miserable yellow cur, which went sneaking about with its tail between its legs, snapping and shying at every dog that offered tokens of friendly introduction.

In the midst of the uproar, the Yankee quietly remarked—
"Wal, gentlemen, I think I have got a dog that will bring 'out that 'ere coon."
"Where is he? Where is he? Bring him out," shouted a score of witnesses.
"There he is!" pointing to the miserable cur.
There was a general laugh, and immediate offers of bets in any quantity.
"Wal, gentlemen, I hain't got much money, but here's my watch and three dollars. That 'ere watch is a leetle old, but its an all-fired nice timekeeper."
"I'll bet you ten dollars against your watch and the money."

"Wal, I guess that's about fair: I'll do it."
After a great deal of coaxing and pulling, the mongrel was hauled close to the mouth of the barrel. The Yankee, after patting and calling his dog pet names for a minute or two suddenly seized him, and thrust him into the barrel, stern first. The next instant, with an agonized yelp, out came the dog—and out came the coon too—fastened by tooth and claw to the haunches of the fleeing dog. The screams that followed may not be described.
"I guess I'll take that 'ere money and watch," quietly remarked Mr. Yankee, and he took them.
The loser with a scowl, by way of self comfort, observed—
"I reckon your dog is spoiled."
"Wal—yes—guess he's a leetle damaged: but I never reckoned him worth nor a ten dollars."

Novel Cures for Sleeping in Meeting.

A STORY has been told of a good-natured simpleton, who, after hearing his minister reprove the drowsy ones in his congregation, concluded to make himself useful by applying a remedy of his own contrivance. So when he went to meeting the next time he took some chestnuts in his pocket, and when a bald-headed brother who sat near him began to nod, he threw one at his head, very much to the annoyance of the minister who paused and looked very imploringly at him, to whom the simpleton responded very officiously, "You mind your preaching; I'll keep him awake."
I will not vouch for the truth of this story, but one well authenticated, and very similar to this, was recently related by an eye-witness. In a country town containing a Baptist Church, there lived a brother who was in the habit of sleeping so hard in meeting as to disturb the congregation. There lived also in the same place a crazy woman who had not been allowed to go to church for many years. As she seemed very anxious to attend once more, the Elder prevailed on her friends to let her go, at the same time vouching for her good behavior. She sat in front of the sleeping brother, whose nasal organs were becoming unpleasantly active till she could endure it no longer. So, rising suddenly from her seat, she seized a hymn book and hurled it at the disturber of her contemplations, saying to the Elder, who looked reprovingly at her from the pulpit, "Go on, Elder, go on; I will take care of the sleepy ones." Her friends chided her afterwards for her unceremonious conduct. But when she appealed to the Elder, whom she said the

sleeper was insulting while he was preaching to him, the Elder vindicated her conduct as right, very much to her gratification. The brother who was the object of her rage remarked afterward that the crazy woman had cured him of his bad habit; "for," said he, "when I begin to feel drowsy, the thought of that hymn book about my head banishes all of my sleepy inclinations." Crazy people are apt to enjoy themselves in making themselves useful in some such way as this.—An old preventive of drowsiness was a pinch of snuff. But it has been suggested, as more in accordance with the proprieties of the present age, to put the snuff into the sermon.

Mother is Dead.

"MOTHER IS DEAD!" What a volume of thought do these sad words express. What pen can bring forth the agony of mind when this sad truth is realized. The heart shrinks back, and denies to intruding expression a knowledge of its inward woes.
The imagination of another fails to picture them, and when we ourselves, who have sustained this loss, turn our eyes inward for a moment to glance at the naked reality, we are wont to disbelieve it and repel the overflowing flood of sorrow which ever and anon, like an ocean flows to and fro upon our hearts, until exhausted we sink into lethargy, from which when we awaken, it seems as if we ourselves had passed in another world, in which everything seems tinged with an unnatural gloom. It is sad, it is very sad to know that mother is no more.

The sun will shine, the birds will sing, the flowers will bloom in seeming mockery, the same as before—but there is a void in the family—her seat is vacant; and as we gather around the family hearth then we seem to deny the truth to ourselves, and listen as tho' we heard her coming footsteps. But alas! she comes not. Mother is dead! Away from our home have they laid her in the cold ground the clammy dew-damp of death upon her brow. She is shut out of our sight forever—forever! No, not forever; the light of heaven flings a brilliant hope over our sorrow, with its aid we penetrate the darkest clouds of grief, and look forward to the bright future with His aid. Death is not death; it has not the sting the world would have us think. It is but the transfer of the soul from this, its transitory home, to eternal bliss; it is but the passage of the storm which leaves the rainbow of hope to cheer its blighted subjects.
We love to linger around mother's grave, and muse upon the happy past, when she was with us. We love to think of the merry Christmas and other holidays, and although to the semblance of them is linked the sad truth that they can never come again—although its tears open new wounds in our hearts, yet we are willing to suffer these pangs that we may keep ever fresh in our memories that happy past, now forever gone.
If the memory of these partings is so painful, how important that we should live in such a manner that we may meet in heaven never again to know the pain of separation.

Significance of a Wink.

Smith the auctioneer, is a popular man a wit and a gentleman. No person is offended at what he says, and many a hearty laugh has been provoked by his sayings. He was recently engaged in the sale of venerable household furniture and fixings. He had just got to "Going, going, and a half, going," when he saw a smiling countenance on agricultural shoulders wink at him.
A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse or a sharp-sighted auctioneer; so Smith winked and the man winked, and Smith kept "Going, going," with a lot of glass ware, stovepipes, carpets, pots, perfumery, and finally this lot was knocked down.
"Who? Golly!" said the stranger, "I don't know who."
"Why, you, sir!" said Smith.
"Who? Me?"
"Yes, you bid on the lot," said Smith.
"Me? Hang me if I did," insisted the stranger.
"Why, did you not wink and keep winking?" asked Smith.
"Winking! Well, I did, and so did you at me. I thought you was winking as much as to say, 'keep dark; I'll stick somebody on this lot of stuff; and I winked as much as to say, 'I'll be hanged if you don't, mister."

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