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SELECT POETRY.

The Old Man's Will.

Old Oliver Smith in his thread bare suit, Hears the ill-bred urethra laugh and hoot. "There goes the miser, poor and old. Starving and cringing to heap up gold."

The years roll by and the will is read, And blessings descend on the giver's head. For many a farmer of wealth and skill Oves his start in life to the old man's will.

To scold slaves to the shining plow, Who love the gold for his own poor self. Who know that the cash you love so well Is dragging you down to the depths of hell.

MEMORIES, Many the thoughts they bring— This sunny lock of hair, This silvered lock, and this little ring.

THE FAULTS IN THE CASE OF THE GREAT BEEF CONTRACT, BY MARK TWAIN.

In as few words as possible I wish to lay before the nation what share, however small, I have had in this matter—this matter which has so exercised the public mind, engendered so much ill-feeling, and so filled the newspapers of both continents with distorted statements and extravagant comments.

STOCKS, Bought and Sold A COMMISSION ONLY, with army contracts for beef. I mortgaged upon the Commissioner of the Patent Office. I said—

Olds and Ends. To the clerk, rather—he was not there himself. There were sixteen beautiful young ladies in the room, writing in books, and there were seven well favored young clerks showing them how.

So I stood there till I had changed four different times. Then I said to one of the clerks who was reading— "Illustrious Vagrant, where is the Grand Turk?"

What do you mean, sir? whom do you mean? If you mean the Chief of the Bureau, he is out.

Renowned and honored Imbecile! Or about— "You are the beef contract man Give me your papers."

Where is John Wilson Mackenzie? "Dead." "When did he die?" "He didn't die at all—he was killed."

How? "Tomahawked." "Who tomahawked him?" "Why, an Indian of course. You didn't suppose it was a superintendent of a Sunday school, did you?"

How do you know that Mackenzie is dead? "Because he certainly died at that time, and I have every reason to believe that he has been dead ever since. Know he has in fact."

Well, it was as far as I could get. He had nothing to do with beef contracts for General Sherman either. I began to think it was a curious kind of a Government. It looked somewhat as if they wanted to get out of paying for that beef.

Your Imperial Highness— On or about the 10th day of October— "That is sufficient, sir—I have heard of you before. Go—take your infamously beef contract out of this establishment. The Interior Department has nothing whatever to do with subsistence for the army."

I went away. But I was exasperated now. I said I would haunt the RAIL ROAD BONDS, bought and sold.

Never mind the details. It ended in a fight. The Patent Office won. But I found something out to my advantage. I was told that the Treasury Department was the proper place for me to go.

That is sufficient, sir. I have heard of you. Go to the First Auditor of the Treasury? "I did so. He sent me to the Second Auditor. The Second Auditor sent me to the Third and the Third sent me to the First Comptroller of the Currency Department. This began to look like business. He examined his books and all his loose papers, but found no minute of the beef contract. I went to the Second Comptroller of the Currency Department. He examined his books and his loose papers, but with no success. I was encouraged. During that week I got as far as the Sixth Comptroller in that division; the next week I got through the Claims Department; the third week I began and completed the Misdemeanor Department and got a foothold in the Dead Reckoning Department. There was only one place left for it now. I laid siege to the Commissioner of

Heaven bless you, my children! This is all I know about the great beef contract, that has created so much talk in the community. The clerk to whom I bequeathed it died. I know nothing further about the contract or any one connected with it. I only know that if a man lives long enough, he can trace a thing through the Circumlocution Office of Washington, and find out, after much labor and trouble and delay, that which he would have found out on the first day if the business of the Circumlocution Office were as ingeniously systematized as it would be if it were a great private mercantile institution—The Galaxy.

An Old Story. Governor Snyder, the Governor of the Keystone State, was sitting comfortably in his parlor at Selingsgrove his usual about, the cares of state sitting lightly on his breast, for he had just left the dinner-table, and felt at peace with all the world, when a knock was heard at the front door, and Patrick O'Hanegan was ushered into the presence of the good-natured governor.

Governor Snyder, I suppose," said Pat with an attempt at an elegant bow. "So I am called; pray be seated, and tell me what I can do for you to-day?"

Pat sat a look around the room, rubbed his knees as he sat down on the edge of the chair, and after a few moments' hesitation he began in this wise: "Wa'll, gov'nor, it's about six years since I came till this country, and I've been a livin' up there on Lycoming Creek, and I thought it was about time I was goin' home till the old country, to see my poor old mother, God bless her! before she dies, and all my old friends there; and I thought, as I heard people talkin' a great deal of Governor Snyder, and what a great gov'nor he was, that I would call and pay my respects till him."

Here Pat took a rest, and began again: "And so I'll be goin' to Philadelphia, and a good long stop it is to go afoot, and then I'll go to New York, and go aboard a ship, and sail till I get to Ireland, and [here he took a long look at the sideboard, sparkling with its well-laden decanters] when I see my old mother, and all my old friends, I'll tell them how I called on the Governor of Pennsylvania, and how he was mighty polite and gave me a glass of brandy to drink his honor's health."

The governor took the hint, and filled a glass, which Pat emptied as soon as he could. "Your good health, gov'nor, and long life till you, and all your kith and kin!"

Down sat Pat again, and after an awkward few kind inquiries of the governor, he rose and spoke: "Wa'll, I s'pose I must be movin', I'm goin' from here to Philadelphia, and it's a long stop to go afoot, and from then I'll go till New York, and then I'll go aboard a ship to sail to Ireland, and there I'll tell all my old friends that here I called on the great Governor of Pennsylvania, and he gave me two glasses of brandy to drink his honor's health."

The governor was caught, and poured out the second glass, which he handed to the other end of Pat's tongue, and he went through the rigorous again and long with three glasses of brandy. "Ah!" said the governor, "but you have not had three glasses."

Pat was all out as I cut down by this unexpected answer. He pushed his fingers through his hair, dropped his lower jaw, and looked like a deeply wounded "gentleman" as he was. A happy thought hit him, and brightening up, he said, "But you wouldn't have me tell my old mother a lie, would you?"

The good governor was melted for a moment, and the third glass passed from the sideboard into the longing bosom of the dry Irishman, who drank tank this began: "A thousand thanks, gov'nor! the saints bless and the Virgin kepe you, and give you long life and plenty of such brandy as this, your honor! And now I'll be goin' to Philadelphia, and it's a long way there afoot, and then—"

The governor could stand it no longer, but, half laughing, and half with the fellow's impudence, and his own readiness to be coaxed, he showed his guest to the door, and told him, as it was so far to Philadelphia, he had better be making tracks in that direction without any more delay.

To restore the life of a tree injured by mice, the Mirror Farmer suggests, to take several small twigs of the tree, cut long enough to reach over the space where the bark had been gnawed off, and insert them under the bark both below and above the girdled place. Invert a sufficient number of these for the sap to ascend, bind outside of them a piece of elm bark or even an old piece of oiled cloth, and in a short time the wound will entirely heal over and the tree will continue to grow.

A little girl at Elmira got her evening prayer somewhat mixed and gave vent to her feelings as follows: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, But don't go near the water."

On the day following the receipt of the news of the Richmond disaster, a sharp thief at Lexington, Ky., while on his trial, gave word that the courthouse was falling, and, during the confusion, made good his escape.

A presumptuous snob boasted to Henry Ward Beecher that he could preach half an hour on any text in the Bible. "Suppose you try this one," said the witty clergyman: "And the ass opened his mouth and spake." The young man has not since been heard from.

The largest shoes made for women in this country go to Utah, and the smallest to Havana.

What a Woman Thinks. There is a woman out in Joliet with a few emphatic ideas on the topics which agitate the bosoms of a portion of her sex, and she talks in this way: "I just don't believe in these new women notions. I have raised six boys—four of them vote now, and the others will soon be old enough. Then I'll have six votes. Now these god-for-nothing women who have fooled their time away, and never raised a single boy, come around and want every woman to vote for herself. I don't believe in such nonsense. I have raised my six boys, and I am going to have every one vote for me—those women who go lecturing around the country instead of raising boys, have no business to vote a yea. And when they say that they are just as good as I am and have a right to vote for themselves, if they have no boys to do so for them, it is not true. If they are as smart as I am, why did they not raise some boys to vote for them? I tell you, I do not intend to be cheated out of my six votes by any such god-for-nothing talk. I guess that the world would come to a pretty pass, in a mighty short time, if the women all took to going around lecturing on woman's rights, instead of raising boys."

I know I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day, square," said a "genuine" specimen of a Yankee pedlar, as he stood at the door of a merchant in St. Louis.

"I reckon you calculate about right, for you can't," was the sneering reply.

"Wa'll, I guess you needn't get huffy 'bout it. Now here's a genuine razer-strops—worth two dollars and a half; you may have 'em for two dollars."

"I tell you I don't want any of your traps, so you may as well be going along."

"Wa'll, look here, square, I'll bet you five dollars that if you make me an offer for them 'ere strops, we'll have a trade yet."

"Done!" replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander. The Yankee deposited a like sum.

"Now," said the merchant, "I'll give you a piyano (sixpence) for the strops."

"The're yours!" said the Yankee, as he quietly pocketed the stakes.

"But," said he after a little reflection, and with great apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke; and if you don't want them strops, I'll trade back."

The merchant's countenance brightened.

"You are not so bad a chap, after all," said he. "Here are your strops—give me the money."

"There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops and passed over the sixpence.

"A trade is a trade; and now you are wide awake, the next time you trade with that ere sixpence you'll do a little better than to buy razer-strops, and away walked the pedlar with his strops and his wagger, amid the shouts of the laughing crowd.

A good story is told in an Eastern paper of the treatment of a drunken husband by his amiable spouse. After trying various experiments to cure his drunkenness, she at last thought herself of another plan of making a "reformed drunkard" of her husband.

She engaged a watchman for a stipulated reward, to carry "Philander" to the watch-house, while in a state of insobriety, and to "frighten him a little" when he recovered.

In consequence to this arrangement, he was waked up about eleven o'clock at night, and found himself lying on a pile of hay in a strange and dim apartment. Raising himself up on his elbow, he looked around, until his eyes rested on a man sitting by a stove, and smoking a cigar.

"Where am I?" asked Philander. "In a medical college," said the cigar-smoker.

"What a doing there?" "Going to be cut up."

"Cut up! how comes that?" "Why, you died yesterday, while you were drunk, and we have brought your body here to make a 'natomy.'"

"It's a lie; I ain't dead." "No matter we bought your carcass, anyhow, from your wife, who had a right to sell it, for its all the good she could ever make out of you. If you're not dead it is no fault of the doctors, and they'll cut you up dead or alive."

"You will do it, eh?" asked the old sot. "To be sure we will—not—immediately," was the resolute answer.

"Wa'll, look a here, can't you let us have something to drink before you begin?"