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Poetry.

Darby and His Joan.

[The following old poem is always new. Its author and exact age are unknown.]

When Darby saw the setting sun,
He swung his scythe and home he run,
Sat down, drank off his pint, and said:
'My work is done, I'll go to bed."

"My work is done," retorted Joan;
"My work is done, your constant tone;
But hapless woman ne'er can say
My work is done, 'till Judgment Day."

Here Darby hem'd and racked his head
To answer what his Joan had said;
But all in vain, her clack kept on;
"Yes, woman's work is never done.

"You men can sleep all night, but we
Must toil." "Whose fault is that?" quoth he,
"I know your meaning," Joan replied,
"But, sir, my tongue shall ne'er be tied;
I will go on and let you know
What work we woman have to do.

"First in the morning, though we feel
As sick as drunkards when they reel—
Yes, feel such pain through back and head
As would confine you men to bed.

"We wield the brush and ply the broom,
We air the beds and right the room;
The cow must next be milked, and then
We get the breakfast for the men.

"Ere this is done, with whimpering cries
And briskly air, the children rise;
These must be dressed and dosed with rue
And fed, and all because of you.

"We must"—here Darby rose and scratched his head,
And fast retreated for the bed;
And grumbling this as on he run:
"Zounds! woman's clack is never done."

At early dawn, ere Phœbus rose,
Old Joan resumed her tale of woes;
Said Darby: "Thus I'll end the strife;
Be you the man and I the wife.

"Take you the scythe and mow, while I
Will all your boasted cares supply."
Content," quoth Joan, "give me my stint;
This Darby did and out she went.

Old Darby rose and seized the broom,
And whirled the dirt around the room;
Then, having done, he scarce knew how,
He hied to milk the brindle cow.

The bridle cow did whisk her tail
In Darby's eyes, and kick the pail;
The clown, perplexed with grief and pain,
Swore he'd ne'er try to milk again.

Then, turning round, in sad amaze,
He saw his cottage in a blaze,
For as he chanced to brush the room,
In careless haste, he fired the broom.
The fire at length subdued, he swore
The broom and he should meet no more.

Pressed by misfortune and perplexed,
Darby prepared for breakfast next;
But what to get he scarcely knew,
The bread was spent, the butter too.

With hands bedaubed in paste and flour,
Old Darby labored full and hour,
But, luckless wight, he could not make
The bread take form of loaf or cake.

As every door wide open stood,
In pushed the sow in quest of food,
And, stumbling onward, with her snout
O'er set the churn—the cream ran out.

As Darby turned the sow to beat,
The slippery cream betrayed his feet;
He caught the bred-trough in his fall,
And down came Darby, trough and all.

The children, wakened by the clatter,
Start up and cry: "Law, what's the matter?"
Old Jowler barked and Tabby meowed
And hapless Darby bawled aloud:

"Return, my Joan, as heretofore,
I'll play the housewife's part no more,
Since now by sad experience taught,
Compared with thine my work is naught.

"Henceforce as business calls I'll take,
Content, the scythe, the plow, the rake
And nevermore transgress the line
Our fates have marked whilst thou art mine.

"Then, Joan, return as heretofore,
I'll vex thine honest soul no more;
Let each his proper task attend,
Resolve the pain and strive to mend."

[illegible]

The Sun and the Weather.

As few subjects possess a wider interest than the weather, it is not surprising that from the earliest period various proverbs embodying superstitious fancies should have been associated with it, not to mention the manifold prognostics that have been drawn from the phenomena of nature. Thus, not only has each country its own popular lore for forecasting the weather, but this oftentimes varies in different localities, different localities possessing pieces of weather-wisdom peculiar to themselves. Among the most curious are those relating to the sun. From time immemorial indications of the coming weather have been foretold from its various aspects. Thus Vaigil, in his first Georgic (438) alludes to these:

"Above the rest, the sun, who never lies,
Foretells the charge of weather is the skies;
For if he rise unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brow, and spots upon his face,
Or if through mists he shoots his sullen beams,
Frugal of light, in loose and straggling streams,
Suspect a drizzling day, and southern rain,
Fatal to fruits and flocks and promised grain."

Amongst most nations the sun's redness on rising or setting has been regarded as ominous, and furnished materials for various proverbs. One old English adage informs us that

"If red the sun begins his race,
Be sure that rain will fall a pace"

a notion referred to by Christ in St. Matthew's Gospel (xvi. 2, 3): "When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather, for the sky is red; and in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering." It may be remembered, too, how graphically Shakspeare speaks of this popular rule in his "Venus and Adonis";

"Like a red morn, that ever yet betokened
Wreck to the seamen, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, who unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds."

And the familiar rhyme tells us how

"Sky red in the morning
Is a sailor's warning."

In Milan, we are told, referring to Continental observations, that "if the morn be red, rain is at hand; and, again, "if the sky be red when the morning star is shining, there will be rain during the week." As is well known, however, a red sunset is just as propitious as the former is unlucky;" "a red sky at night being a shepherd's delight," and, according to a saying formely very current in England,

"The evening red, morning gray,
Is a sign of a fair day."

Indeed, there ar numerous proverbs on this subject, all to the same purpose, a Scotch one being as follows.

"The evening red and the morning gray
Is the sign of a bright and cheery day;
The evening gary and the morning red,
Put on your hat, or you'll wet your head."

There is a prevalent notion that if a change of weather occurs about the time when the sun is crossing meridian, it will be for twelve hours at least. The proverbs relating to the sunset are even, perhaps more numerous than those associated with sunrise, every aspect being supposed to denote to coming weather. Thus Shakspeare, in Richard II (ii 4), referring to a popular belief, tells how

"The sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest."

And when, too, it sets like a ball of fire, it is said to have "water in its eye." Again, a pale sunset is a bad sign, if we may believe the rhyme:

"If the sun goes pale to bed,
'Twill rain to-morrow, it is said."

A hazy sunset, too, is especially unsatisfactory, for are told that "when the air is hazy, so that the solar light fades gradually, and leaves white, rain will most certainly follow." When, however, at the [illegible] there is a clear sky,

But if, on the other hand, the sky is covered with fleecy clouds, it is an indication of wind:

"When the sun sets in a bank,
A western wind we shall not lack,'

A golden sunset is generally regarded as one of the most favorable tokens of fine weather, in allusion to which Shakspeare in his Richard III says;

"The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow."

But when the sun at setting casts a lurid red light on the sky as far as the zenith, it is said to be an infallible sign of storms and gales of wind. Once more, the streaks of light occasionally seen when the sun shines through broken clouds are, according to an old superstitious fancy, believed to be pipes reaching into the sea, the water, it is supposed, being drawn up through them into the clouds, ready at any moment to be discharged upon the earth in the shape of rain. With this may be compared a similar idea given by Virgil Georce I, 380), "et bibit ingens arcus," This superstition, however, is curious, containing, as it does, some vestiges of truth. Although, as has been pointed out, the streaks of sunshine are no actual pipes, yet they are, at any rate, visible signs of the sun's action, which, by evaporating, the waters, provides a store of vapor to be converted into rain. A species of rainbow, without pillar or arch, having only a base, is known by sailors as the "sun dog," and is considered indicative of the windy, squally weather. In some parts of England the light, fleecy clouds that encircle the sun in windy weather are called "foxy sun-clouds," being supposed to presage changable and treacherous weather, a notion embodied in the following couplet:

"Mackerel sky, mackerel sky,
Never long wet, never long dry."

Mr. Spoopendyke Prepares a Speech Upon "Woman."

"Now my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he drew writing materials toward him, "now I want your woman's wit. These fellows insist that I must respond to the toast, "Woman," to-morrow night, and I must prepare a few remarks. If we both go at it, we'll get up something nice."

"What you want?" argued Mrs. Spoopendyke, entering into the spirit of the undertaking, and tapping her teeth with her thimble. "What you want is woman in her various phases,"

"What I want is a speech," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "They haven't put me down for a panorama. I want a short address, full of good points and pleasant things about the ladies. Now *I* shall begin: "Fellow citizens—"

"But women ain't fellow citizens. I should say—"

"You'd say, 'fellow back hair, that's what's you'd say, I'm addressing the people, and they'er all men; don't you see? I've got to commence somewhere, and then I go on 'Now fellow citizens, regarding women, our origin, our companions, our posterity, our mothers, our wives and our daughters, what more can we say than that give us life, make it happy and soothe its decline?' *How's that?*"

"Is that the same woman?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, bending over the table. "*It* don't strike me that way. Why not say: "Fellow citizen: we are assem—'"

"What's the matter with you?" demanded *Mr.* Spoopendyke. "I've got to open with a sentiment, and you can't find anything more graceful than that. Then I will go on: She rises in the cradle, reaches her meridian at the altar and goes down in a flood of dew at the grave." Can you grasp that?"

"I don't like that as well as the other," remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You make her a mother while she's a baby, and as for the grave part, you don't stop to think that she may be another meridian by getting married again. I would say something like this: 'Fellow citizens we are assem—'"

"No, I won't either. [illegible] giving us birth. Now you hold up. Suppose I say next: 'We revere her as mother, adore her as wife, and—and,' say what do we do for her as daughter?"

"We provide a home for her. Wouldn't—?"

"Yes, of course!" raved Mr Spoopendyke. "That's the idea! That gives it! All you want now is two 'prolonged laughters, four 'continued applauses,' one 'enthusiasm' and 'a voice' to be an oration! 'Fellow citizens, we furnish her with poached eggs and beans! Fellow citizens, we pass her the gravy! Fellow citizens!'" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, gesticulating like a horse-chestnut tree, "'Fellow citizens, if she wants her beef rare, we give it to her! Fellow citizens, we give her all the dod gasted batter she paste on her bread!" is that what you want me to say? Expect I'm going to stand around and make a measly ass of myself?' "Fellow citizens, as mother we revere her! Fellow citizens, as wife we adore her! Fellow citizens, to help a man get up a speech she's the dod slamdest donkey that ever raised a family!' wah-h-h-h," shrieked *Mr.* Spoopendyke, purple in the face, "got any more suggestions? Know any more eloquence?" and the worthy gentleman leaned back in his chair speechless.

"Couldn't you leave her out altogether?" recommended Mrs Spoopendyke. "Can't you just revere her as mother and adore her as wife? As for the daughter, you might pass it over with saying: "Fellow citizens, we are assem—"

"Yes, or I can cut her throat!" proclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke "I can take her to the pound! I can salt her down for winter use! Dod gast the speech!" and Mr. Spoopendyke danced on the fragments of his notes. 'To-morrow night I'll answer that toast by telling what a dod gasted old mule you'd make of any man that would listen to you," and *Mr.* Spoopendyke banged himself into the bed like a beer spigot and went to sleep.

"Well thought Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she took down her hair and put it up again, "I don't see why he couldn't say: "Fellow citizens, we are assembled here to say something poetical about women, and the best I can say is we show her when we don't always love her, and we love her when we don't always show it." That's sensible and it's so," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke falling over her husband's boots, and then the good woman opened the window on her spouse's side of the bed, and sticking a few pins in the pillow in case she should want them in the night, she went prayerfully to sleep. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Familiar Quotations.

Although the poems of Alexander Pope are seldom read at the present day, people without knowing it quote him more frequently than any other author or book, with the exception perhaps of Shakspeare, Milton, the Bible, Byron, Isaac Watts, Benjamin Franklin, and Æsop. The following list of quotations will give some idea of his popularity in this regard:

Shoot folly as it flies.

Man never is, but always is to be, blest

Lo, the poor Indian!

Die of rose in aromatic pain.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole.

Whatever is, is right.

The proper study of mankind is man.

Grows with his growth strengthens with his strength.

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien.

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,

He can't be wrong whose life is right

Order is Heaven's first law.

Honor and shame from no condition rise.

Act well your part—there all the honor lies.

Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Look through nature-up to na[illegible]

Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

Mistress of herself, though China fall,

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

A little learning is a dangerous thing.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

Damn with faint praise.

Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike.

Breaking a butterfly upon a wheel.

The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

How It Worked.

On the 1st of January last year I framed a series of prohibitory resolutions, for the purpose of suppressing my small vices of drinking and smoking, with the following result:

From January 1 to 14, 1880—I kept them all but lost ten pounds.

January 30—Modified resolution against smoking. Allowed myself one cigar per diem.

February 1—Modified resolution against drinking. Allowed myself one glass lager per diem.

February 18—Extra occasion Suspended rules for the day. Visit from old friend. Two cigars and bottles of champagne.

March 3—Amendment to the constitution. Two glasses lager per day.

March 9—Another amendment—Two cigars per day each Saturday.

April 2—Added to the constitution, Bought beer to keep in the house. Bad principle to be without brandy. Possibility of sickness at night and no drug store nearer than three blocks. Beside the baby is teething.

April 7—There has been sickness in my household. Brandy is half gone.

April 9—More sickness. The brandy is all gone. The rules were suspended during the exodus.

April 25—I have been considering this matter of total abstinence from small vices with myself, and have come to the conclusion that the sudden changes are attended with danger.—Have increased my allowance of beer to three glasses per diem.

May 1—And two cigars.

May 15—Passed an act to amend an act relative to my resolation per diem of beer. Increased allowance to four glasses per diem.

May 20—An extra day. This must be counted out. Had no known cause for increasing my allowance of lager. But did it. Nature has mysterious moods. This has been one of them.

May 30—It's no use trying to work this thing up any longer for 1880. I shall resume and suspend futher abstinence until 1881. I am yet young. There is time enough.

Wouldn't Stop.

In a small church at a village near Brighton where the congregation could not afford to pay an organist they bought a self-acting organ, a compact instrument, well suited to the purpose, and constructed to play forty different tunes. The sexton had instructions how to set it going and how to stop it, but, unfortunately, he forgot the latter part of his business, and, after singing the first four verses of a hymn previous to the sermon, the organ could not be stopped and it continued playing two verses more; then, just as the clergyman completed the words "Let us pray," the organ clicked and started a fresh tune. The minister sat it out patiently and then renewed his introductory words, "Let us pray," when click went the organ again and started off another tune. The sexton and others continued their exertions to find out the spring but no one could put a stop to it; so they got four of the stoutest men in the church to shoulder the perverse intrument and they carried it down the centre aisle of the church playing away, into the church yard, where it continued clicking and playing until the whole forty tunes were finished.

An Iowa paper, speaking of an old

Cross Babies.

I have often wondered whether the people knew how vexed, bothered, perplexed, and, if it were not for our very extraordinary good nature out of patience we get with the almost constant inquiries made by mothers what they shall give their babies, to make them good natured. One tells us that she has given paragoric; another Barvers carminative, or Mrs. Winslows Soothing Syrup, while the third has a very favorite prescription from her very favorite physician; but from some cause all has failed, and the more they give the crosser the baby gets, until finally she cannot stand it any longer, and must have something to keep the baby good-natured. What we advise these very-much-annoyed mothers and nurses to do, is, in the first place, not to teach their children such drunken habits; and then they will not be for ever squealing after rum and opium, for all of these baby mixtures are nothing but rum, opium, and sugar, and they create in the child the same morbid appetite for stimulants as the daily dram does in the moderate toper. Not only do these narcotics and stimulants create a morbid appetite, but they derange the nervous system, make the child cross, peevish, fretful, and thirsty, inclining it to constantly overload its stomach with fluids, producing dyspepsia, flatulency colic, and the most vexatious squirming, squealing, and screaming, which is too often a sufficient cause to produce regular hysteria in the half-scared nervous mother and nurse.

Treatment.

The best treatment, in these cases, is for all those who do not know enough to raise children, to learn before having them; and if they cannot learn, not to have them; but if they do know, to put their knowledge into practice. Because we physicians do say ourselves that God will hold the present generation of mothers responsible for raising such a brood of drunkards and dyspeptics. This appetite for rum and opium does not end in infancy, but the embryonic demon grows with age, and plants its fangs so deeply in the nature of the constitution, that it is ever present to make man's pathway through life one of thorns and miseries. Children do not need any medicine unless they are sick, and they need but little then. Instead of these poisons, give the child fresh air, frequent baths, and well regulated diet.

If costive, give molasses or bran water; and, instead of these cross, irritable babies, you will have nice little, rosy, red-cheeked, fat, laughing babies, that will not only prove a delight to the whole house, but a fair promise for future usefulness.

R. R.
Middleburg, Pa.

Receipt for Making a Live Town.

1. Sell your building lots at reasonable prices.

2. If you can afford to do so, donate a building lot for some large business enterprise and thereby enhance the value of your own property.

3. Induce business men to locate in your town.

4. Patronize the business men of your town.

5. Always sum up your own expenses when you visit places outside of your own town to buy goods.

6. Speak well of worthy public enterprise.

7. If anything should be undertaken that may be of benefit to the town do not speak ill of it to others because you may happen to be a little prejudiced.

8. Speak well to strangers of your town and people.

9. If you have surplus money don't invest it in some far away speculation, but give yourself and your town the benefit of it by establishing some profitable factory.

10. Encourage your newspapers by subscribing for, advertising in, and paying for.

A Wisconsin editor illustrated the prevailing extravagence of the people now-a-days by calling attention to the costly baby carriages now in use, while when he was a baby, they

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