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Select Poetry.

THE ISLE AND THE STAR.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

In the tropical seas
There's a beautiful isle,
Where storms never darken,
The sunlight's soft smile.
There the hymn of the breeze
And the hymn of the stream
Are mingled in one.
Like sweet sounds in a dream,
There the song-birds at morn,
From the thick shadows start,
Like musical thoughts
From the poet's full heart.
There the song-birds at noon
Sit in silence unbroken,
Like an exquisite dream
In the bosom unspoken.
There the flowers hang like rainbows
On wildwood and lea—
O, say, wilt thou dwell
In that sweet isle with me?

In the depths of the sky
There's a beautiful star,
Where no yew casts a shadow
The bright scenes to mar.
There the rainbows ne'er fade,
And the dews are ne'er dry,
And a circlet of moons
Ever shines in the sky.
There the songs of the blest,
And the songs of the spheres,
Are unceasingly heard
Through the infinite years.
There the soft airs float down
From the amarinth bowers,
All faint with the perfume
Of Eden's own flowers.
There truth, love and beauty
Immortal will be—
O, say, wilt thou dwell
In that sweet star with me?

WEDLOCK'S CHAIN.

Oh, wedlock's mystic, sacred chain,
When worn most lightly binds most strong;
And hearts where gentlest it has lain
Are those that will endure most long.

The chain will wound, the links carode,
If worn as captives wear their chain
And love grow weary of the load
That clogs its joy with woe and pain.

Oh, weave each link like rarest gold,
And twine its coils so lightly round.
That hearts shall never feel the fold
That tells them "You are captive bound."

For mortal when thy graces die,
And beauty no more fills thy breast,
Then love will spread its wings and fly
To other hearts in freshness dressed.

To something else that's bright and fair—
Lives filled with wooing, winning flowers;
He scorns to breathe the noisome air
Of withered and infected bowers.

No bond can bind Love's tender wings,
Nor nuptial vow, nor pitty's prayer;
Love claims a charmed life, and flings
All opposition to the air.

And when on injured wing once fled,
It knows. alas! no second birth;
No power can light the torch once dead—
Restore the tarnished gem's proud worth,

Miscellaneus Reading.

A True Story for the Boys.

BY REV. WM. H. FRIES.

During the great rebellion it was my good fortune to be chaplain of the Fourth Delaware Volunteers, in which there was a drummer boy named Franklin Walker. While stationed at Fairfax Court House, Va., we were assigned to a division of the 22d army corps, under command of General Corcoran. The General, having lost his first wife a short time before, while there married a second, and brought her to his quarters, and, according to custom, all the bands of the various regiments serenaded him. When our band was invited into the General's house to be treated with "Good *Irish* Whiskey," our little hero, the drummer boy, refused to drink. It was immediately told the General, who took the cup himself and said, "Come my little man, you will drink with the *General*, won't you?" "No, thank you, General," replied Franklin, "the last advice my parents gave me before I left home was, 'don't touch or taste intoxicating drinks,' and I intend to *follow* their advice."

"That's right, my little man," said the General, "always follow your parents' advice."

Not long after this, the General, in company with another officer, was riding out for display, and being almost always under the influence of liquor, and especially so at this time, he attempted to make his horse jump over a wide ditch. The horse being inadequate to this unreasonable task, missed the opposite side, and, falling into the ditch, broke the General's neck, and thus he died! In a few weeks from this sad event, little Franklin took the camp fever. For a short time it was thought that he would recover, but a relapse came on, and it was soon apparent that he could not long survive. He desired to see his mother once more before he died. She was accordingly sent for and arrived just in time to take the long, sad farewell of her darling boy. The parting scene, though very affecting, was not without a good hope of meeting again in the better country. Little Franklin had been converted, and gave evidence at the last that he pleased God.

In conclusion, allow me to ask which of the two was the greater hero, the General, who could not govern himself, or the drummer boy, who conquered the greatest foe to all mankind, King Alcohol?

From the Clinton (Iowa) Herald.

A SPUNKY GIRL MARRIED.

Sioux City last winter had an Old Maid's Society, and they had a dinner, and speeches, and a general vowing all around that they would lead a single life, and eschew the naughty men forever. But it is said there is generally a black sheep in the flock, and so it seemed there was one in this. While vowing vengeance on the male sex, these decaying sisters were dumbfounded by one of their number, Miss Panthea L. Kennedy, who arose and most charmingly flung into their midst the following bit of treason to celibacy:

"Sisters in waiting—all for husbands—we have met because we can't help ourselves, to celebrate this as a day of thanksgiving, as appointed by our Chief Magistrate. But tell me, is it to us really a day of thanksgiving? No, sisters; rather should we call it a day of mourning—and for what? For husbands! Yes, sisters, for husbands, which we feed we need (at least I do), also much desire. Talk to me of woman's rights? We have all the rights we desire, if the men would only propose.—"Why don't the men propose, mamma, why kan't the men propose? I don't know how you all feel about it, but I do know if the right man comes along and makes me an offer, I won't be at yout next Old Maid's dinner. No, sisters, you may talk as you will about woman's independence, it is all folly; we are always dependent, and upon man. You may say what you like as to our being man's superior, or man's helpmeet, or Nature's noblest work, all of which man will grant us.—But what pleasure or happiness can we have in our weary pilgrimage through life without a man's protecting hand and care over us? None, sisters, none; and let others do as they will, for me, I am determined to have one. And I will here volunteer a piece of gratuitous advice, and that is, for each of you to go and do likewise. What other relation in life so honorable as a man's companion, the wife of a loving, kind, affectionate husband? None; and in order to become such, let us cultivate and practice all those virtues that so much adorn our station, and that man so much admires, and my word for it, we will find husbands worthy of us. We know that men love us; know that in our smile exists the poet's inspiration and the poet's reward; and we also know that for us patriots have died. Man is never so happy as when in our company, or rendering us a favor, and why is it that each of us can't have one? Let us see to it while it is called to-day, so that when another Thanksgiving Day rolls round, there will not be an Old Maid in Sioux City."

Behold her reward!

MARRIED.

At the residence of Hon. A. W. Hubbard, Sioux City, Tuesday evening, June 27, by Rev. E. H. Avery, Mr. William D. Irvine and Miss Panthea L. Kennedy.

A Great California Orchard.

Says the Marysville *Standard*, a few days ago it was our pleasure to visit the orchard of John Briggs, located about two miles South of Yuba city, in Sutter county. The proprietors is the owner of 426 acres mostly bottom land, lying along the west bank of the Feather river. The soil is a rich, sandy loam, and composed of the yearly deposits of the river many years ago. No better or richer land is to be found in the State, and the orchard we shall briefly notice promises to be the pride of the Briggs Brothers, who have a State reputation as orchardists and fruit growers.

Before reaching the orchard proper we rode through a field of 150 acres of castor beans, growing in the most luxurious manner, which field, by the way, is to give place to a new orchard next year, the fruit trees for the same at present growing in the nursery by the side of the field of castor beans, and containing 25,000 one year old budded peach trees, 16,000 plum trees, 6,000 Eastern walnuts, 25,000 California walnuts, 2,000 apple trees, 500 Italian chestnut trees, etc. Passing along through this forest of young trees, we arrived at the present peach orchard, consisting of 600 trees, two years old, and some of them bearing this season 150 pounds of peaches. These trees have made a remarkable fine growth, owing to the rich ground upon which they are planted, and in another year will make a tremendous yield of fruit. Passing the peach orchard we reached the apricots, 2,200 in number, which are also two years old, and have borne a fair crop the present season.

This orchard presented a sad sight in one respect. The late heavy storm had prostrated many of the trees entire, while in others the limbs had been torn off as if a tremendous tornado had swept over the place. However, the trees were healthy and stout, notwithstanding the mutilations here and there. We next rode into the cherry orchard, containing 3,000 of the most thrifty young trees ever seen on any ground. The different varieties, fifteen in number, gave this orchard a variety of aspect, and broke up the usual monotony of the steeple-like formed cherry orchard. These cherry trees were all imported from Rochester, N. Y., about three years ago. Off to the south of this wonderful wilderness are two thousand five hundred plum trees of twelve varieties, and five hundred apple trees, mostly of winter varieties. On returning from the orchard by the wagon road we had entered, we visited Briggs Brothers' steam castor oil mill. Here we found a magnificent hydraulic press, with eighty pounds pressure, and possessing a capacity of compressing three hundred gallons of oil per day. The mill also contained twenty tons of castor beans, and two thousand five hundred gallons of oil, nicely bottled and cased, and ready for market.

Some tailor's would make capital dragoons, they charge so.

Singular Occurrence.

A gentleman of Jonesburg, Mo., recently returned from Texas, relates an extraordinary occurrence which took place a short time since in the Indian country. A Choctaw Indian, having committed a willful murder, was arrested, tried and sentenced to be shot to death. He asked for twenty days in which to prepare and vis. it his friends, giving his word of honor as a brave to return at the appoin e l time and was allowed to go forth without a guard or bail.

At the expiration of the twenty days, according to the appointment, the Indian, true to his word, at the very hour and minute, galloped up to the place where sentence was to be carried out, in company with three of his sisters and three brothers all appearing as cheerful as though they had come to a dance or a frolic. The coffin was then brought on the ground, but some one remarked that it was too small, upon which one of the doomed Indian's brothers told him to lie down in it and measure, which he cheerfully did, and laughingly said, "It fits all right."

The crowd meanwhile appeared to be in the most cheerful spirits, and cracked jokes and laughed. At last, when all was ready, the doomed man was ordered to sit on the ground. A handkerchief was then passed over his eyes by his sister. While the sheriff held one hand one of the condemned Indian's brothers held the other on each side of him.

The deputy sheriff then stood in an old house, about ten steps in front of the condemned man, with a rifle. From some cause the rifle went off accidentially, the bullet passing up through the roof of the house. The Indian, believing he was shot, drew himself up and shuddered; but did not speak or move from the spot. A black mark was then made over the Indian's heart, with spittle and powder, by his brother, while the deputy sheriff reloaded his rifle. At the signal he took steady aim, fired, and pierced the centre of the mark. The Indian, with a few struggles, fell back dead, with the other brother and the sheriff still holding his hands. No one seemed to be in the least affected except the doomed indian's mother, who shed tears, but was told to "shut up" by her son, that all was over.

Contentment.

On a hot summer's day, I was standing near a well, when a little bird flew down seeking water. There was, indeed, a large trough near the well, but it was empty, and I grieved for a moment to think that little creature must go away thirsty; but it settled upon the edge of the trough, bent its little head forward, then raised it again, spread its wings, and soared away singing; its thirst was appeased. I walked up to the stone work, I saw a little hole about the size of a wren's egg. The water held there had been a source of revival and refreshment; it had found enough for the present and desired no more.

This is contentment. Again I stood by a lovely, sweet-smelling flower, and there came a bee humming and sucking; and it chose the flower for its field of sweets.—But the flower had no honey, This I knew, for it had no nectary. What then thought I, will the bee do? It came buzzing out of the end to take a further flight but it spied the stamina full of golden farina, good for making wax, and it rolled its legs against them, until they looked like yellow hose, as the bee-keepers say; and then, heavily laden flew away home. Then said I, "Thou camest seeking honey and finding none, has been satisfied with wax, and hast stored it for thy house, that thy labor may not be in vain. This, likewise, shall be to me a lesson of contentment."

The night is far spent, the dark night of trouble that sometimes threatens to close around us; but the day is at hand, and even in the night there are stars, and I have looked out on them, and been comforted; for as one set I could always see another rise, and each was a lamp showing me somewhat of the depth of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God.

A Great Farmer's Maxims.

The successful life of Mr. Jacob Strawn, the prince of American farmers, is attributed to the close observance of the following maxims, originated by himself:

When you wake up do not roll over, but roll out. It will give you time to ditch all your sloughs, break them, harrow them and sow them with red clover. One bushel of clover to two bushels of timothy is enough.

Make your fencing high and strong, so that it will keep cattle and pigs out.

If you have brush, make your lots secure and keep your hogs from the corn, for if the corn is kept clean they will eat it better than if it is not.

Be sure to get your hands to bed by seven o'clock—they will rise early by force of circumstances. Pay a hand, if he is a poor hand, all you promise him; if he is a good hand pay him a little more; it will encourage him to do still better.

Always feed your hands as well as you do yourself, for the laboring men are the bone and sinew of the land and ought to be well treated.

I am satisfied that getting up early, industry and regular habits are the best remedies ever prescribed for health.

When rainy, bad weather comes, so that you can't work out doors, cut, split and haul your wood.

Make your rack, fix your fence or a gate that is off its hinges, or the weather-boarding of your barn where the wind has blown the siding off, or patch the roof of your barn or house.

Next year will be leap year. Marriageble young ladies, rejoice!

Circumstantial Evidence.

About twenty years ago there was a case in one of our Eastern States where a man was tried, convicted and executed for murder. It was known that he slept with a friend who had some money—several hundred dollars—in bills which had been paid him a few days before. In the night the friend disappeared; there was blood on the billow and traces of it all the way from the door to the river which ran near the house; a bloody kerchief belonging to the suspected man was found near the river, and the marked money was in his possession. He could not account for the other's disappearance, and turned both red and pale when accused of the murder. Could any stronger proof be needed? But after the execution the missing man wrote to his parents announcing his safe arrival in California, and as soon as he learned what had happened he explained all the unfortunate circumstances. He had determined to go to California, but kept his intention a secret except from a person in a neighboring town who was to accompany him. Before retiring on the night of his disappearance he had exchanged money with his bed-fellow because the bills he held were not the kind he wished to carry. He awoke in the night and found himself bleeding at the nose; seizing a kerchief, which lay on the table, he went to the river to stop the blood. On his way there he dropped the kerchief, and just as he was returning to the house his intended companion appeared and urged him to start at once for the Pacific coast. Fearing to disturb some one he did not return to the house, but proceeded with his friend, who furnished him with hat, coat and boots as soon as they reached his residence. His bed-fellow slept soundly and knew nothing of his departure. The explanation was clear, and established the innocence of the man who had been convicted; but it could not return him to life.

SLEEP, FAINTING, APOPLEXY.—When a man is asleep, his pulse beats and his lungs play, but he is without sense, and you cannot wake him up.

If a person faints, he, too, is without sense, but he has no pulse and does not breathe.

Apoplexy is between the two; the heart beats, the lungs play as in sleep, and there is no sense as in fainting, but you cannot shake the man back to life.

In sleep, the face is natural; in a fainting fit, it has the pallor of death; in apoplexy, it is swollen, turgid, and fairly lived.

If a man is asleep let him alone; nature will wake him up as soon as he has got sleep enough.

When a person faints, all that is needed is to lay him down flat on the floor and he will "come to" in double quick time. He fainted because the heart missed a boat, failed for an instant, failed for only once to send the amount of blood to the brain. If you place the patient in a horizontal position, lay him on his back, it does not require much force of the heart to send blood on a level to the head; but you set a man up, the blood has to be shot upward to the head, and this requires much more force; yet in nine cases out of ten, if a person faints and falls to the floor, the first done is to run to him and set him on a chair.

In apoplexy, as there is too much blood in the head, every one can see that the best position is to set a man up, and the blood naturally tends downwards, as much so as water will come out of a bottle when turned upside down, if the cork is out.

A Romantic Tradition.

There is a romantic story told of Newport affairs in the last century, which if old to some, may be quite new to many others. It runs thus; That a Mr. Cranston, on a voyage to the West Indies, was overtaken and captured by the pirates.—Seven years went by, bringing no news of the missing man to his wife, who long before the end of that time accounted herself a widow. Laying aside her weeds, she prepared bridal dresses anew to consumate her mariage with a Mr. Russell, of Boston. On the eventful day, the escaped prisoner reached his home to learn the tidings. He called at the house under the assumed name of a friend of the late Mr. Cranston, but when alone with the bride to be, he pushed back the hair from his forehead and pointed to a scar once well known to her. The lady recognized him, and though in anything but a groom-like toilette, she flew to his arms claiming him as indeed hers. Mr. Russell was called in to learn the truth of the old proverb. "There's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip," and to resign his fair prospects. The story runs that the original pair were united over again, and that Mr. Russell gallantly presented the the bride with a wedding portion.

The Burial of a Bee.

A correspondent of the Glasgow *Herald* transmits the following curious incident: "On Sunday last I had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting ceremony, which I desire to record for the benefit of your readers. While walking near Falkirk, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing with them the defunct body of a comrade, with which they flew for a distance of twelve yards. We followed them closely, and noted the care with which they selected a convenient hole on the side of the gravel-walk, the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downwards, to the earth, and the solicitude with which they afterwards pushed two little stones, doubtless 'in memoriam.' Their task being ended, they paused for about a moment, perhaps to drop over the grave of their friend a sympathizing tear, and then flew away to their hives."

A dentist can stop a woman's tooth but not her jaw.

EXAMPLE.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say—
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past:
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet!

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way.
In work and in play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

How the Darlings Keep Cool.

When the female mind sets about making the female body cool and comfortable, fun sets in. If the subject belongs to the better class—the upper two dozen—has on a delicate linen garment next her person called——, well never mind what it is called. It is a garment very low in the neck, brief in the skirt, and deficient in the arms. It is elaborately worked in the bosom. We owe that description to Brown's young man, who is rooming about a mile from the city, looks down upon the grounds of the Hon.——, where on Mondays the wearing apparel of the family flutter and kick upon the line while them naughty breezes take liberties with them.

Over this delicate indelicate garment a pair of French corsets or stays are clasped. The cordage and rigging of this article are really wonderful. What whalebones, what steel clasps, what cords cross and recross, gathering power in the arrangement, until the delicate hands of the fair owner can bring about forty pounds to the square inch.

Over this is thrown the muslin wrapper. And it looks cool and comfortable. But we will wager our best pair of glasses against a Seneca sandstone that a man cannot be found capable of bearing that summer dress one hour.—However, the female form and constitution differ materially from the male. We suppose our fair friends know what they are about, and if they do not, it cannot be helped by us.—*Washington Capital.*

Saturday Night

How many a kiss has been given, how many a curse, how many a caress, how many a look of hate, how many a kind word, how many a promise has been broken, how many a soul lost, how many a loved one lowered into the narrow chamber, how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven, how many a little crib or cradle stands silent now, which last Saturday night held the rarest treasures of the earth

A week is a life. A week is a history. A week marks events of srrrow and gladness, which people never heard. Go home to your family, man in business! Go home to the chair that awaits you wronged waif on life's brakers! Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts flying by!

Leave your books with complex figures, your dingy office, your dingy shop! Rest with those you love, for heaven only knows what the next Saturday night will bring! forget the world of care and the battles of life which have furrowed the week! Draw close around the family hearth! Saturday night has awaited your coming in sadness, in tears, and in silence. Go home to those you love, and bask in the loved presence, and meet to return the loved embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man, and bless Heaven for giving his weary children so dear a stepping stone in the river, to the eternal, as Saturday night.

Pearls.

Teach self-denial, and make its practice pleasureable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

It is easy to exclude the noontide light by closing the eyes; and it is easy to resist the clearest truth by hardening the the heart against it.

In all differences consider that both you and your opponent are drooping off, and that ere long your very memories will be extinguished.

There are moments when petty slights are harder to bear than even a serious injury. Men have died of the festering of a gnat-bite.

Men's hearts ought not to be set against one another, but set *with* one another, and all against the evil thing or ly.

A man behind the times is apt to speak ill of them, on the principle that nothing looks well from behind.

Public reformers had need first practice on their own hearts that which they purpose to try on others.

Steadfastness is a noble quality; but unguided by knowledge or humility, it becomes rashness.

Next to the man who can answer a question thoroughly, is the man who can ask it clearly.

The more any one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of.

No science is speedily learned by the noblest genius without tuition.

What thou seest, speak of with caution.

An idler boasting to a farmer of his ancient family, laying much stress upon his having descended from an illustrious man who lived several generations ago. "So much worse for you," replied the farmer, "for we find the older the seed the poorer the crop.

A prudent man is like a pin—his head prevents him from going too far.

TOO GOOD A RECOMMENDATION.—A patent medicine vender in one of our principal cities was dilating to a large crowd upon the wonderful efficacy of his iron bitters, pronouncing them the great panacea, and all-patent in building up an iron constitutiou."

"That is so—that is so," said a bystander.

"What he tells you is a fact, gentleman—every word of it."

"Hear that will you?" cried the delighted quack; "Here is a living testimony right before your own eyes— a man who has used the bitters and can recomend them."

"No; not exactly that," replied the old fellow; I have never used the stuff myself, but, you see Steve Jenkins did, and they just saved his life."

"How is that?" questioned some one.

"Well. you see, Steve had taken the bitters just one week before he was shoved in prison for murder. He was stripped of every thing in the shape of iron about him, and yet he made a bar and worked his way out."

"Probably he had whiskey enough in him to furnish a bar," suggested a wag,

"No he did'nt," retorted the first. "He had been taking this man's iron bitters, d'ye mind? and what does Steve do but open a vein in his arm, and take iron enough out of his blood to make a crowbar, and pry the gates open with it and let himself out. Fact!"

The "medicine man" subsided, and no more was heard of him in that quarter.

Alphabet of Short Rules.

Attend well to your business.
Be punctual in your payments.
Consider well before you promise.
Dare to do right.
Envy no man.
Faithfully perform your duty.
Go not in the path of vice.
Have respect for your character.
Know thyself.
Lie not, for any consideration.
Make few acquaintances.
Never profess what you do not practice.
Occupy your time in usefulness.
Postpone nothing that you can do now.
Quarrel not with your neighbor.
Recompense every man for his labor.
Save something against a day of trouble.
Treat everybody with kindness.
Use yourself to moderation.
Vilify no person's reputation.
Watchfully guard against idleness.
Xamine your conduct daily.
Yield to superior judgement.
Zealously pursue the right path.

KEEP YOUR TOP COOL.—The closing words of James Parton in his article on "Artemus Ward" are as follows:

"He was not a deep drinker. He was a man of strong appetite. It was the nights wasted in conviviahty, which his system needed for sleep, that sent him to his grave forty years before his time. For men of his position and cast of character, for all editors, literary men, and artists, there is only one safety—teetotalism. He should have taken the advice of the stage driver on the plains to whom he offered some whiskey, and I recommended it strongly to countless hosts who read this paper every week: 'I don't drink, I won't drink, and I don't want to see any one else drink. I'm of the opinion of those mountains—keep your top cool.—They've got snow and I've got brains; that's all the difference."

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—Away up among the Alleghenies there is a spring so small that a single ox on a summer's day could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many a cultivated farm—then joining the Misissippi it stretches away some twelve miles more till it falls into the emblem of eternity. It is one of the greatest tributaries to the ocean, which obedient only to God, shall roar till the angels, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall swear that time shall be no more. So with mortal influence. It is a rill—a rivulet—an ocean, and is boundless and fathomless as eternity.—*Mirror.*

LIFE.—Men who have half a dozen irons in the fire are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure, who mopes and pines and thinks himself into the mad house or the grave. Motion is all nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental; and yet nine out of ten are wishfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing—the very siren that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest, and will live to most purpose.

A PRETTY ROMANCE.—There is a pretty romance, or rather superstition, connected with Lake Copack, N. Y.. that lingered in the remembrance of a few of the oldest persons that frequented the island in est happiest days; "On a midsummer night, between the hours of twelve and one, and often during the harvest moon, a beautiful lady with golden curling hair, clad in a white flowing robe, may be seen quickly rowing a light skiff for a moment only toward the middle of the lake, where she will suddenly disappear. It is the spirit of a maiden (so the story runs) seeking for her lover who was drowned in the lake many years ago."

Franklin said: "A newspaper and Bible in every house, and a good school in every district, are the principal supproters of virtue, morality and civil liberty."

Wit and Humor.

An early riser—the sun.

"Katy Did" is here

Our *devil* says the prettiest girls he ever saw live in Waynesboro'.

A young lady in town says: "Go it while you're single, when you get married you can't."

An Oregon toast, over a glass of the ardent: "Here's what makes us wear old clothes."

The editor who publishes a paper that makes nobody mad has been dead these many years. He left no decendants.

Man fishing below the dam: boy comes along and inquires: "Got any bites?" Man replies, "Lots of'em!" Boy drawls out,—"Y-e-s under your hat!" race between boy and stone—boy a little ahead.

A man named Oats was hauled up recently for beating his wife and children. On being sentenced to imprisonment the brute remarked that it was very hard if a man was not allowed to thrash his own oats.

"Why do you drive such a pitiful looking carcas as that? Why don't you put a heavier coat of flesh on him, Pat?"

"A heavier coat of flesh on him! By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him now!"

A school teacher asked a new boy "who made the glorious universe?" but the boy couldn't tell; so the the teacher got a raw hide and told the boy if he didn't tell he would whip him. The boy looked at the whip and snivelled out, "Please, sir, I did; but I won't do it again!"

An exchange tells of a girl who hated her lover to such an extent that, when he called to see her on Sunday evening she threw both her arms around his neck and squeesed him almost to death. The youth was so allarmed that he didn't call again until the next evening.

A dandy studdering about a tavern took up a pair of spectacles which lay on the table, put them on his nose, and turning to the lookingglass, said: Lanlord. how do these become me? Don't you think they improve my looks?" "I think they do," replied the lanllord, "they hide part of your face.

Study your interests closely, and do not spend any time in electing Presidents, Senators and other smaller officers, or talking of hard times when spending your time in whittling store boxes, etc.,

Take yours time and make calculation, don't do things in a hurry, but do them at the right time, and keep your mind as well as your body employed.

As four or five darkies were passing an agricultural implement store, the other day, one of them, pointing to a cultivator, said:

"A man can jist sit on that thing and ride while he's ploughing."

"Golly" replied the other, "the rascals was too sharp to think of dat 'fore de nigger was free."

Not long ago, a religious society in Connecticut met to decide what color they should paint their meeting house. Some proposed one color and some another.—At last one said; "I move that we paint it rum color, for Deacon Smith has had his face painted that color for a number of years and it grows brighter and brighter every year.

A negro on his death-bed declared that he wanted to make his peace with eternity. Said the father confesor to him: "Now, Cæsar, are you quite sure you have forgiven all your enemies? Do you freely forgive your neighbor Brown, for the great injury he has done you?" "I say massa, if I dies, den I forgib him; but if I gets well, den dat nigger better look out for himself, sar; dat's all."

DID SHE LOVE.—"Martha, dost thou love me?" asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his fondest heart's feelings had been offered up. "Why, seth, we are commanded to love one another are we not?" she answered. "Ah Martha! but dost thou regard me with that feeling which the world calls love?" "I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have tried to bestow my love upon all; but I sometimes think that perhaps thou art getting more than your share."

A newly-fledged Philadelphia doctor recently settled in Havana, Ill., and his first case was a boy, who, while shelling pop-corn, got a kernel up his nose. The Doctor examined the case, looked at the patient's tongue, and then ordered a fire to be built. When that was done, the doctor told them to hold the boy over the fire until the kernel got hot enough to "pop out." The old man went up stairs and got his gun, but while he was loading it the doctor escaped.

An incident is said to have occurred recently in Chatham street, New York, where a countryman was clamorously besieged by a shopkeeper.

"Have you any fine shirts?" said the countryman.

"A splendid assortment, sir. Step in sir. Every price and every style."

"Are they clean?"

"To be sure. Step in sir."

"Then," said the countryman with great gravity, "you had-better put one on for you need it."