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Select Poetry.

SABBATH MORN.

BY ADA B. FOSTER.

When ushered in, on piers of light, in Orient the day is born,
A softer sunlight crowns the hills in the deep hush of Sabbath morn.
The faithful plough forgets to work, the loud-voiced loom at length is still,
And on the river's mossy brink in silence stands the weary mill.

The shouting winds are sober now; the brook sends forth a softer chime,
And on the heavy sands of life more slowly roll the wheels of Time.
Upon the dewy air serene fall lower hummings of the bee,
And in a half-hushed madrigal float the bird warbles from the tree.

And mingled with these pastoral sounds come the voice of sweet church bells,
As drift its echoes up the hill and through the wild romantic dell.
The well worn church paths now are trod by light and rev'rent feet of all;
And pensive groups are now pouring forth from the low cot and ived hall.

To where the chapel in the green uplifts its slender spire of white,
Like snowy finger pointing up to shining courts of starry light.
The aged pastor's holy words now soothe, subdue the spirit-strife,
And yearning souls swift plume their wings and soar beyond the clouds of life.

A beacon-light to guide my barque across life's troubled, drowning sea,
A spring-brook in the desert lone, so is the holy day to me.
O God, when off this drooping brow is laid life's weary weight of thorn,
I pray my spirit may find rest in Thy eternal Sabbath Morn.

N. Y. Evening Post.

Miscellaneous Reading.

MYSTERIOUS PORTRAIT.

BY R. G. FRANKS.

In a small but handsomely furnished sitting-room in a London hotel, a young lady was sitting, in an easy chair, before a blazing fire, one dreary November afternoon. Her hat and cloak lay upon the table beside her, and from the eager, impatient glances she turned toward the door at every sound of a footstep on the staircase outside, it was evident that she expected a visitor.

At last the door opened, and a tall, aristocratic looking young man entered the room.

"Oh, Harry, what a long time you have been!" she exclaimed, springing up from her seat. "What does your father say about our—our marriage?" hesitating with the shyness of a bride, at the last words.

"Read for yourself, Helen," replied her husband, handing her an upon letter, and standing opposite her, leaning against the marble mantle-piece, watching intently the expression of her fair young face as she read:

"In marrying as you have done, you have acted in direct deliberate opposition to my wishes. From this day you are no longer my son, and I wash my hands of you forever."

"Oh, Harry why did you not tell me of this before?" exclaimed Helen, as she read the hard, cruel words, looking up through her tears into her husbands face.

"My darling, what was there to tell? How could I know that my father would act in this hard-hearted manner? I knew that he wished me to marry the daughter of a nobleman living near Marston Hall, and so unite the two estates, but I had no idea that he would cast me off for disobeying his wishes. And even if I had known it," he added, fondly clasping his young bride to his heart, and kissing away the tears from her eyes, "I should not have acted differently. My Helen is worth fifty estates, and as long as she loves me, I shall never regret the loss of Marston Hall and its fair acres. But, my love," he continued, more seriously, "there is an end of your promised shopping expedition in Regent Street. You will have to do without diamonds, now that your husband is a penniless outcast, instead of the heir to fifteen thousand a year."

"Hush, Harry please don't talk like that," she said, hurt at this bitter tone; "you know it was not of the diamonds that I was thinking. But what are you going to do, Harry? she continued, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking up sadly into his pale set face. "You cannot work for a living.

"And why not work for a living," he exclaimed, in a determined voice, "because I happened to be the son of a nobleman, brought up and educated without any knowledge or idea of business? But I will work for a living, and show my wife that I am not unworthy of the trust she reposed in me, when she placed this little hand in mine," he added, stooping to kiss the small white hand which rested upon his arm.

It was while pursuing his favorite study of oil painting, among the famous galleries of Rome, that Harry Marston wooed and won Helen Tracy, a governess in an English family residing in Italy, and the orphan daughter of an officer in the English army. Before he had known her a month, Harry, who had been in love—or fancied himself so—with at least half a dozen different young ladies in as many months, felt that he had at last met his fate.

Delighted at the idea of being loved for himself alone, he had not told her of his real position, and it was not until after the marriage ceremony—which took place at the British consulate—was over that Helen discovered she had married the eldest son of a baronet, and the heir to fifteen thousand a year.

It was not without some inward misgivings that Harry wrote to his father, telling him of his marriage, which were more than realized by the result, as we have seen by the letter from Sir Philip Marson, which awaited him at his club on his return to England with his bride.

But full of confidence in his ability to maintain himself and his young wife by his own exertions, Harry troubled himself very little about his lost inheritance; and though their new home—consisting of three small, poorly furnished rooms, in a back street—was very different from the grand old mansion to which he had hoped to take his bride, he sat to work cheerfully at his favorite art, and tried hard to earn a living by painting pictures and portraits.

But he soon found that it was not so easy as he thought.

It was all very well when he was heir to Marston Hall, and studied painting merely from love of art, but picture dealers, who in those days, had been all flattery and obsequiousness toward the young heir, now that he really wanted to sell his pictures and sketches, shook their heads, and politely, but firmly declined to purchase.

At last one dreary afternoon, when Harry was sitting in the little room he called his studio, trying to devise some new scheme to replenish his slender purse, the servant opened the door and ushered a white-haired old gentleman into the room.

Placing a chair by the fire for his visitor, Harry inquired his business.

"You are a portrait painter, I believe, sir," said the old gentleman, looking at him through his gold spectacles.

"That is my profession, sir,' replied Harry, delighted at the thought of having found a commission at last.

"Well, sir, I want you to paint the portrait of my daughter."

"With pleasure sir," said Harry, eagerly. "When can the lady give me the first sitting?"

"Alas, sir! she is dead—dead to me these twenty years—and I killed her! I broke her heart with my harshness and cruelty!" exclaimed the old man, in an excited voice.

A strange chill came over Harry, as the idea that his mysterious visitor must be an escaped lunatic crossed his mind; but mastering with an effort, his emotion, the stranger continued:

"Pardon me, young sir. This is of no interest to you. My daughter is dead, and I want you to paint her portrait from my description, as I remember her twenty years ago."

"I will do my best, sir, but it will be no easy task, and yon must be prepared for disappointments," said Harry, when having given him a long description of the form and features of his long-lost daughter, the old gentleman rose to depart; and for weeks he worked incessantly upon the mysterious portrait of the dead girl, making sketch after sketch, each of which was rejected by the remorse stricken father, until the work began to exercise a strange kind of fascination over him, and he painted and sketched face after face, as if under the influence of a spell.

At last one evening, wearied with a day of fruitless exertion, he was sitting over the fire watching his wife, who sat opposite, busy upon some needlework, when an idea suddenly flashed upon him.

"Tall, fair, with golden hair and dark blue eyes! Why, Helen, it is the very picture of yourself! he exclaimed, starting from his seat, taking his wife's fair face between his two hands, and gazing intently into her eyes.

Without losing a moment, he sat down and commenced to sketch Helen's face and when his strange patron called the next morning, Harry was so busily engaged in putting the finishing touches upon his portrait that he did not hear him enter the room, and worked on for some moments, unconscious of his presence, until, with the cry of "Helen! my daughter!" the man pushed him aside, and stood entranced before the portrait.

After gazing for some minutes in silence, broken only by his own half suppressed sobs of remorse, the old man turned slowly around to Harry and asked him, in an eager voice, where he had obtained the original of the picture.

"It is the portrait of my wife," said he.

"Your wife, sir! Who was she? Where did you marry her?" said the old man excitedly. "Pardon me for asking these questions," he added, "but I have heard lately that my poor Helen left an orphan daughter, and for the last six months I have been vainly trying to find the child of my lost daughter, so that, by kindness and devotion to my grand child, I might, in part at least, atone for my harshness toward her mother."

Harry had commenced to tell him the story of his meeting with Helen in Rome, and their subsequent marriage, when the door opened, and his wife entered the room.

Perceiving that her husband was engaged, she was about to retreat, when the old gentleman stopped her, and after looking her full in the face for a moment exclaimed:

"Pardon me, madam—can you tell me your mother's maiden name?"

"Helen Treherne," replied Helen wonderingly.

"I knew it! I knew it! exclaimed the old man, in an excited voice. "Thank God, I have at last found the child of my poor lost daughter."

In a few words Mr. Treherne explained how he cast off his only child, on account of her marriage with a poor officer, and refused to open her letters when she wrote, asking for forgiveness.

"But thank heaven!" said he, when he had finished his sad story, "I can atone in some measure for my harshness toward my Helen by taking her Helen to my heart and making her my daughter."

It is needless to add, that when Sir Philip Marston heard that his son had married the heiress of one of the finest and oldest estates in the country, he at once wrote a letter of reconciliation to Harry, and, after all, Helen eventually became mistress of Marston Hall, in whose grand old picture gallery, full of old masters, no painting is more valued or treasured than "The Mysterious Portrait."

The Honest Thief

There once lived in St. Petersburg an aged man, who, though poor, had always been noted for strict honor and integrity, and whose whole course of life was regular as clock-work. Each morning he left his modest dwelling precisely at the same hour, passed through the old clothes'-market to his bureau, and after six hours' labor was accomplished, returned by the self-same route. His garments were shabby of long service, and the covering on his cap was worn to shreds. The urgent solicitation of his daughters finally induced him to replace the latter article, and seeing some of a green color one day in a window, he went in and inquired the price. The shopman, however, refused to sell them, on the plea that they were already bespoken, and offered to show him others of a different hue; but the old man had set his heart on green.

"Well, then," said the man, "if you must absolutely have it, take it, and, if needed, I can finish one by to-morrow in its place.'

The bargain was accordingly concluded, and the next day no small excitement was created by the appearance of the cap, which elicted from his colleagues smiling congratulation on his successful purchase.

Two days afterward, the heat being intense in the bureau, he felt in his pocket for his handkerchief, in order to wipe his face, and he drew forth, to his great astonishment, one of the fine India foulard silk. He showed it to his colleagues, and inquired if he had by mistake appropriated another person's property; but one and all disclaimed all knowledge of it, and agreed unanimously that it must be a surprise from one of his daughters.

"Children," said he, upon his return to his house, "who has done this? Do you wish to make me vain in my old age?"

His daughters also declared their ignorance of the matter, and, after random guesses, finally made up their minds that it must have been put into his pocket by their cousin, who spent the last Sunday with them, and the handkerchief was carefully put aside by their father.

On the following day, as he was carefully spreading his coat-tails in order to seat himself at the desk, he felt something hard in both pockets, and putting in his hand, brought out from one a gold watch, and from the other a well-furnished purse. This time his reason was overwhelmed; but, after a long reflection, he formed a sudden resolution. He had been more punctual than the other officials, determined to say nothing of his discovery, and as soon as the office-hours were over, he went directly to the chief of police, and solicited a private audience. He then produced the watch and purse, and related the history of the handkerchief. After the chief had fully possessed himself of all the particulars, he said:

"It is very singular! Has nothing of the kind ever happened to you before?"

"Never before last week."

"Have you made any change in your dress within that time!"

"No."

"Recollect."

"Oh, yes; certainly! I bought a new cap!"

"Tell me how and where you bought it"

The old man told him everything connected with his purchase; upon which the chief laughed heartily, and exclaimed:

"Poor, honest man that you are, you have become a member of a gang of thieves. Do you not perceive? Their twenty caps of the same shape and color were to serve them as a mark for recognition, and as every pickpocket seeks to divest himself as quickly as possible of his stolen goods, they have taken you for an accomplice and transferred those articles to your pockets. We are greatly indebted to accident and to you. Take this money, and buy another cap from one of the magazines; then bring this one back immediately; for as I hope to have the whole gang in my power to-morrow, you must not run the risk of being arrested also."

The old man went into a shop and purchased another covering for his head; but as he was about to tie up his cap in his handkerchief, in order to take it back to the police-officer, he found in the crown, to his no small surprise, a small piece of lace. He hastened to delived this fresh booty into the hands of the chief, who again burst into a peal of laughter when he beheld the despairing countenance of the honest thief.

The necessary measures were immediately taken. Two dozen detectives were made acquainted with the form of the cap, and simultaneously, at precisely the same hour, every possessor of the sign was placed in durance vile.

The Church of God.

Some fifty years ago, perhaps a little anterier to that period, says the Mechanicstown (Md.) *Clarion*, a gentleman by the name of Winebrenner, raised in the Glades settlement of this county, between Frederick and Woodsboro', went to Frederick and studied Divinity under the teachings of the Rev. Jonathan Helfenstein, of the "German Reformed Church," so-called at that day. He was a tall, portly, good-looking man, with long arms and sharp, bony, pointed fingers. We believe he was regularly ordained as a Minister of the Reformed Church, and was regarded as a fine pulpit orator; but believing that the old school system of getting religion was not sufficiently progressive enough, and too devoid of passional attractiveness to keep pace with the times, he began as a revivalist aspiring to a higher sphere in religious polemics. The Rev. John Winebrenner, for that was his name, took a new departure in the school of reformation; he believed in immersion and woods meetings, and creating a revival in the pure air under the canopy of the azure blue. He also believed in feet washing. "The groves are God's holy temples," and the "rivers and creeks are God's brooks of running waters to wash away the sins of the world." Thus reasoned this piously inclined and fervent preacher of the Gospel. With this idea in his head the Rev. Winebrenner was fired with a new zeal for the love of God and the conversion of sinners. He was not expurgated from the old church, but took his departure from the Classis and Synod under which he was raised, and established a method of his own, or as he said he was going to found anew the primitive CHURCH OF GOD. He was sincere, zealous and enthusiastic and soon had a large number of followers. He made proselytes hither and yon; it was lo, here! and lo, there! and many approached the mourners bench and were converted, and added to the household of the elect! The Rev. gentleman first turned from the Western sun to the East, in search perhaps of the Star of Bethlehem. He left the Glades settlement on the Western side of the Monocacy and removed in the direction of Uniontown, East of the Monocacy near Pipe creek.—From Israel's creek, where he first immersed many of his disciples, he proclaimed the glad tidings. "To your tents, O Israel!" and old Isaac Appler said his words were words of joy and holiness! As his followers and disciples increased in numbers, they dropped the personal pronoun of "Winebrennarians," and assumed the more imposing and awe-inspiring nomenclature of THE CHURCH OF GOD. After tarrying for some time in Uniontown, where he was very popular, the Rev. gentleman went to Harrisburg, where in addition to expounding the oracles of God verbally, he established a newspaper, devoted to disseminating the peculiar views he entertained upon Christian unity and the spread of Gospel Truth. His success appeared to be great. Subsequently, we believe, the Rev. Winebrenner left Harrisburg, and resided for some time at Troxell's old place on Tom's creek.

And now we are told in Pennsylvania, in Cumberland and Dauphin counties particularly, the Church of the New Dispensation has largely increased in numbers and spread all over the great West, until the Eldership of the church of God is regularly established in eleven of the States of the Western Continent, with a working organization in as may more.—Recently at Mt. Carroll, in Carroll county, Illinois, a council was held—the Tenth Triennial Council—in which 200 Elders participated. Its proceedings were marked with unanimity, and the Mt. Carroll *Courier* says the Council has made a vivid and favorable impression in that locality.

The Rev. Winebrenner preached in as many as 15 or 20 places, probably more, in this county, and his familiar face and voice is still remembred by many persons. He was a close reasoner, an impressive speaker, profoundly versed in biblical lore, and made his mark on the sands of time. There is no telling to what height and influence the Church of God may yet reach in the United States.

BE HAPPY NOW.—How old are you? Twenty-five? Thirty? Are you happy to-day? Were you happy yesterday? Are you generally happy? If so, you have reason to judge that you will be happy by and by. Are you so busy that you have no time to be happy? And are you going to be happy when you are old, and you have not much to do? No; you will not. You have a specimen of what you will be when you are old. Look in the face of to-day. That is about the average. That will tell you what you are going to be.—What you are carrying along with you is what you will have by and by. If you are so conducting yourself that you have peace with God, and with your fellow men and with your faculties; if every day you insist that duty shall make you happy, and you take as much time as is needful for the culture of your social faculties, you will not be exhausting life, and it will be continually replenished. But if you are saving everything up till you get to be an old man, habit will stand like a tyrant, and say, "You would not enjoy yourself before, and you shall not now." How many men there are who have ground and ground to make money, that they might be happy by and by, but who, when they have got to be fifty or sixty years old, have used up all the enjoyable nerve that was in them. During their early life they carried toil and economy and frugality to the excess of stinginess, and when the time came that they expected joy, there was no joy for them.

Dolly Varden noses are the latest out. Old topers have 'em. "Santa Cruz" and "Old Jamaiky" get up the most stunning styles,

KEEP TOILING.

Ho! traveler, o'er the mountain steep,
Why sink beside the way?
The night is dark, but never weep,
Soon will arise the day;
Toil on with firm, undaunted heart,
Until the top is won;
Strive on and fill the worker's part,
Until the toil is done.

Ho, eagle, soaring in the sky,
Sink not again to earth,
But towards the clouds of heaven fly,
Where had thy spirit birth.
Fly on, with strong, undrooping wing,
And give no look below,
Until you hear the angels sing,
And see God's roses blow.

Oh! toil then up the steep of Fame,
Look straight toward the prize,
And win for thee a hero's name,
To live when others die,
Have faith in God and thus toil on,
And never sit thee down,
And say, "I'll never see the dawn,"
Toil on and win the crown!

Longevity.

BY DR. DIO. LEWIS.

Long life comes of inheritance and good habits. We rarely see a very old person who is not descended from a long-lived ancestry. But this old man my have brothers and sisters who died early. For the most part, this difference comes of differing personal habits. In order to live long we must inherit the capacity, and this inheritance must be supplemented by good habits. The two must go together. No matter though a man's parents may have lived a hundred years, if he is a glutton he will not probably survive seventy years.

The person who promises long life is of medium size, good lungs, slow pulse, good digestion, strong teeth, firm muscles, tough skin, corse hair, with smallish head and quiet, cheerful temper.

It is rather too late to advise a man with reference to possessing these qualities, or with reference to the parents of whom he has been born, but it is not too late to advise any or every man with regard to his personal habits. These constitute the most important factor.

Among the more important habits I name the following:

One must live in the strong sun-light. Even a slight shadow means bad digestion with plants, animals and men. A plant removed from the window to the back end of the parlor, even though it be light enough there to read, soon becomes pale and refuses to grow. A woman who spends her days within doors becomes pale and sickly.

Good air is important. An unventilated house produces an irritable condition of the tissues. Then instead of that unconscious, perfect working of the several parts, there is a feverish friction which prematurely exhausts the vital forces.

Temperance is vital. Temperance in food is especially important. One may drink wine, or beer, or spirits to occasional intoxication, and live to old age, but a big eater rarely reaches seventy years. A bottle of wine will make a man stagger and talk like a fool, but it will not clog and foul his system like a Thanksgiving dinner.

There is no system of diet or class of food which can justly present special claims; it is moderation, temperance.—And no definite rules can be given. The food must be adapted to the individual and to his occupation. A young man is at work upon a farm mowing, digging and perspiring. Two pounds of solid food are needed. But he changes to the house-life and sitting of a college. His food, as to quantity and quality, must be reduced at least fifty per cent. The fool, I repeat, must be adapted to the person and his occupation. But, I am again asked for some rules. The larger my experience, the more extended my observation, the less becomes my confidence in definite dietetic rules. It is safe enough to say that Americans eat too much; that their food is too rich, in too great variety, and badly cooked.

Beyond this I do not venture. Every person must observe his own experiences and conscientiously regard their suggestions. A man who won't do this is not likely to follow any definite rules given by another, and at best is hardly worth saving.

Another important condition of longevity is regular and abundant sleep. I have never read the details of a remarkably old person's life in which "early to bed" was not a feature. One may seem to thrive for awhile on six hours' sleep, but his life will not be a long one. To reach ninety years you must have at least eight hours' sleep. More than two hours should come before midnight.

A certain amount of exercise is necessary to longevity; but hard work is not necessary. Neither hard work, nor great muscular development are needed. Indeed it is doubtful if they are not rather unfavorable. Great moderation here, as in food, is most favorable to length of life.—Gentle labor, in the country, as in moderate farming, is, on the whole, most favorable. It is practically desirable that the occupation should be an agreeable one, adapted to the tastes, and that it shall satisfy the ambition.

Marriage, with its home-loves and moderate excitements, is particularly favorable to long life.

The absence of all unholy ambitions of anger, hatred and jealousy, and the presence of an aimiable, cheerful, hopeful temper contribute greatly to our stay in this world.

Camels, angry cats and cross wives always have their backs up.

CHEOPS.—Have any of our readers an adequate conception of the vast size of the Egyptian Pyramids? A man who has lately returned from thence, and has visited the great pyramid of Cheops, wading in the deep sand fourteen hundred feet before he had passed one of its sides, and between five and six thousand feet before he had made the circuit, says, that taking one hundred city churches of the ordinary width, and arranging them in a hollow square' twenty-five feet on a side, you would have scarcely the basement of the pyramid. Take another hundred and throw the material in the hollow square and it would not be full; pile on all the bricks and mortar in the city of New York, and the structure would not be so high and solid as this great work of man. One layer of bricks was long since removed to Cairo for building purposes, and enough remains to supply the demands of a city of half a million of people for a century to come, if permitted to use it with perfect freedom. Cheops was built 2,123 years before the Christian era.

THE OPEN DOOR.—The daughter of a poor widow had left her mother's cottage; led astray by others she had forsaken the Guide of her youth and forgotten the covenant of her God. She had entered upon that path of sin which leads down so quickly to the chambers of death.

Fervent, believing prayer was now the mother's only resource, nor was it in vain. He who heareth the cry of the afflicted, heard the cry of that poor widow.

Touched by a sense of her sin, and anxious to regain that peace to which she was a stranger, late one night the daughter returned home.

It was near midnight, and she was surprised to find the door unlatched. "Never, my child," said the mother, "by night or by day has the door been fastened since you left. I knew you would come back some day, and I was unwilling to keep you waiting for a single moment."

Oh! how does this simple story set before us the tender compassion and love of our Father in Heaven, and his readiness to receive back his wandering ones. "Thou Lord, art good, and ready to forgive, and art plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon Thee."

The Waterbury *American* tells the following story: "A gentleman visiting here from the West went to visit an old schoolmate who lived here. After a conversation about old times, the subject of the boarding house where they used to live was brought up. Mr. A. asked Mr. B., the visitor, if he remembered the two girls, daughters of the couple who kept the boarding house. "Remember them! exclaimed Mr. B., "you're right, I do.—Regular old maids, too; wonder if they have got their false teeth yet. Don't believe they have if they had to pay for them. Ha? ha! ha! They were a precious pair weren't they Jack?" During this time A's face grew long, turned red, and all colors of the rainbow, and he finally shouted out: "There, you've gone far enough, Mr. B., *one of those girls is my wife!*" With that A. shot off like a rocket, and B., after recovering himself, went in and took someting, and immediately started for the city.

Old Colonel S——, one of the State Senators of Minnesota, tells this of himself:

He was going down to St. Paul to join the session, when a train-boy passed through the car, and approaching the old Colonel and shoving his wares into his lap, sung out:

"Buy a deck of cards, sir?—only half a dollar."

Turning to the lad with an expression of countenance calculated to impress him with the enormity of the offense, the Colonel slowly and solemnly said:

"My son, I never play cards; I am a member of the church."

"O!" exclaimed the disgusted urchin; "I thought you was a member of the Legislature."

During a class-meeting held several years since by the Methodist brethren of a Southern village, Brother Jones went among the colored portion of the congregation. Finding there an old man notorious for his endeavors to serve God on the Sabbath and Satan the rest of the week, he said:

"Well, Brother Dick, I'm glad to see you here. Haven't stole and turkeys since I saw you last, Brother Dick?"

"No, no, Brudder Jones; no turkeys."

"Nor any chickens, Brother Dick?"

"No, no, Brudder Jones; no chickens."

"Thank the Lord, Brother Dick! Thats doing well, my Brother," said Brother Jones, leaving Brother Dick, who immediately, relieved his over-burdened conscience by saying to near a neighbor, with an immense sigh of relief:

"If he'd a said ducks, he'd a had me."

AFFLICTION.—Stangely do some people talk of "getting over" a great sorrow; ever-leaping it, passing it by, thrusting it into oblivion. Not so. Not one ever does that—at least no nature which can be touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way to pass through the ocean of affliction is solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf narrows and narrows before our eyes.

A man down in Lynn, Mass., it is said made so many pairs of shoes in a day, that it took two days to count them. He was a smart one, but not equal to a mason in New Hampshire, who built so many miles of stone wall that it took him all that next day to get home again.

Wit and Humor.

The word love in the Indian language is "schemleudamourtchwageretar."

Why is a bad picture like weak tea?—Because it is not well drawn.

How long did Cain hate his brother.—As long as he was Abel.

An honest hack driver has been found in New York. He is to be killed, stuffed and placed in Barnum's museum.

Why is a thief on a garret an honest man? Because he is above doing a bad action.

The coquette, who wins and sacks lovers, would, if she were a military conqueror, win and sack cities.

He who takes an eel by the tale and a woman by the tongue, is sure to come off empty handed.

O. W. Holmes says that crying widows mary first. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

Franklin says; "If any one tells you that a workmen can become rich otherwise than by labor and saving, do not listen to him—he is a poisoner."

Greely says there will be no doughnut crop this year. He says the cold March weather killed the buds on all the dough trees.

The manner of advertising for a husband in Java is by placing and empty flower pot on the portoco roof, which is as much to say, "A young lady is in the house. Husband wanted."

If a sweet disposition does not come to a lady by nature, it will come to her by express—if the express brings her a new bonnet.

Before hanging a man in Louisiana they let from fifteen to forty newspaper reporters interview him for three weeks. The poor fellow is then not only willing but anxious to be hung.

The Dutchman who had a rush of blood to the head, and turned himself heels up to make it rush back again, has since died of strabismus in his spinal contortions.

A minister who had received a number of calls and could not hardly decide which was best, asked the advice of his faithful African servant, who replied, "Massa, go where de most debble."

An editor in Ohio says he was never happy but once, and that was one warm day when he lay in the laps of two blooming maidens, being fanned by a third, and kissed by all three.

The Belfast Journal says that there is a man in that city whose boots are so large that he can't turn around in much less space than a quarter of an acre. He got stuck on the depot grounds the other day, and they had to put him on the turn table to set him pointed right.

A Dutch women kept a toll-gate. One foggy day a traveler asked, "Madam, how far is it to B——?" "Shoost a little ways," was the reply. "Yes, but how far?" again asked the traveler.

"Madam, is it one, two, four, or five miles?" The good womrn ingeniously replied, "I dinks it is!"

A gentleman named Dunlop remarked that he had never heard his name punned upon, and did not believe it could be done. "There is nothing in the world more easy, sir," remarked a punster. "Just lop off half the name and it is Dun."

Belfast has a dog which goes for the doctor when anybody is sick, without being asked. "We once had a little cur," says the Bangor *Commercial*, "that would not only "go for" the doctor, but anybody else that passes the house, and when no one was sick, either."

Two eminent clergymen of Brooklyn—the one an Episcopalian and the other a a Unitarian—met in crossing Wall Street ferry. Joking being in order, the churchman said, "Brother——, if I were not an Episcopalian, I would be a Unitarian." "Why so?" was the question. "Because I always had my mind made up to be either something or nothing," was the answer.

Julius, of a nob-ob chickens cost ten dollars, what will a pair come to?"

"Who bought em?"

"What yer ask dat for?"

"Kase, of my wife bought em, I could tole what they come to, mighty quick."

"What?"

"Two potpies and a fricassee."

"Look here culled frien' don't come your circumambient jokes on dis chile, or he'll broke yer jaw short off by de handle, hear dat."

A clever old lady, apparently just arrived on a train from the country, entered one of the refreshment rooms at the Springfield (Mass.) Railroad Station the other day, and said she had left her parasol on the settee. A general search commenced and lasted for some time. Finally one of the waiters asked the old dame when she had left it to which she answered, after counting up on her fingers, "Well, it was just three years ago last Fourth of July." There was a general roar, much to the astonishment of the old lady, who wenn away with a very puzzled look upon her countenance.