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Select Poetry.

NOT FOREVER.

Not forever are we chastened
By the might of sorrow's hand,
Not forever pass we sighing
Through the stranger's weeping land
There shall come a time of gladness,
When the heart may e'en forget,
In the melody of pleasure,
All the ills that grieve it yet.

Not forever in the valley,
With the yawning gulf below,
Not forever 'mid the briars
Zion's pilgrim bands shall go!
They shall tread with cheerful steps
On the pleasant, sunny hills;
They shall march with mirth and music
While the song the sweet air fills.

Not forever shall the darkness
Of the midnight's lonely hour
Overwhelm the timid spirit
With the terrors of its power,
There shall come the light of morning
To the weary, waiting heart,
And amid the joy of day-break,
Tears and sorrow shall depart.

Not forever have they left us,
Those for whom we shed our tears;
Not forever shall our mourning
Darken long and weary years,
There shall be a joyous meeting
When the reign of death is o'er—
In the house where all is happy,
In the land of evermore.

And forever shall the tear-drops
Vanish from each face away,
And forever in the darkness
Banished where 'tis end'ess day;
And forever death and sickness;
Sorrow, pining, pain and woe,
Shall be known no more nor looked for
In the house to which we go.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A STRANGE STORY.

The truth of the following is vouched for by the San Francisco *Chronicle:*

When Foster, the Spiritualist medium first came to this city and hung out his shingle at the Grand Hotel, he was an object of much curiosity. Among those who went to witness the marvelous manifestations which it was claimed were daily made was a well known gentleman, whose name we are not authorized to give. The gentleman had heard of the slip-of-paper trick, and believing that he knew a thing or two more than Foster did, he resolved to play a sharp game with him. Before going to the medium's room he wrote a name on a slip of paper, which he wrapped and folded tightly in a piece of tinfoil. When he got there, in company with several friends, he handed the little roll of tinfoil to Foster, and awaited events.

The little paper inside the tinfoil contained merely the full name of the gentleman's mother—her maiden and married name. Foster took it, pressed it to his forehead, in that dreamy, listless way he has, and then laid it on the table. Presently he said, "Yes, sir, I have a message for you. There is the spirit of a lady here who wishes me to write you this message." Here Foster took up a pencil, and with many jerks and quirks, wrote:

"Do not remove the remains of your father and myself. Let us rest where we are. Your heart is right, but your judgment is wrong. ——"

The message was signed by both the maiden name and married name of the gentleman's mother. The gentleman turned as white as a sheet, for he at once recognized the message as having been written in the name of his deceased mother. He had long been intending to remove her remains and that of his father from an Eastern cemetery to his vault at Lone Mountain. He had not thought of the matter at all that day. Foster had never seen him before. Neither Foster nor any one else—not even the gentleman's wife—knew what the mother's maiden name had been, hence the clearness, the strange outline of the message, and, above all, the aptness with which it referred to his project with regard to the remains of his parents, gave the astonished gentleman something to think about for days to come.

He did not wait for an answer to his tinfoil puzzle, but started away very much in the condition of the young man who went to church to scoff, but finally concluded to remain and pray.

Next day the gentleman met his friend the Hon. Chas. E. De Long, who had just returned from Japan. To him he told his remarkable experience of the day before. De Long laughed at him for his apparent credulity, and scouted the idea that spirits had anything to do with the message. Nettled at this, the gentleman induced Mr. De Long to go with him to see Foster and judge for himself. That night they both, in company with Howard Colt, called at the Grand Hotel, and were shown into Foster's room. Mr. De Long was wholly unknown to Foster.—They all sat down to the table, and after Foster had smoked a while at his cigar, he said: "I can only get one message to-night, that is for a person named Ida.—Do either of you know who Ida is?"

Mr. De Long looked at Foster with rather a startling look, and said: "Well, yes, I rather think I do. My wife's name was Ida."

"Well," said Foster, "then this message is for her, and it is important. But she will have to come here and receive it."

This was just enough to excite De Long's curiosity, and after endeavoring in vain to get Foster to reveal the message to him, he consented to bring his wife the next night to receive the important communication in person. Accordingly the next evening the same two, accompanied by Mrs. De Long, were ushered into Foster's parlor. They were soon seated around the table, waiting eagerly for the spirits to arrive. After Foster had smoked for several minutes in silence he suddenly said: The same message comes to me, It is for Ida. This is the lady is it?" he asked, as of the spirit. "Oh, you will write the message, will you? Well, all right," and with this he took up a pen and dashed off the following:

"*My Dear Daughter Ida:*"

"Ten years ago I entrusted a large sum of money to Thomas Madden, to invest for me in certain lands. After my death he failed to account for the investment to my executors. The money was invested, and 1,250 acres of land were bought, and one-half of this land now belongs to you. I paid Madden on account of my share of the purchase $650. He must be made to make settlement. Your father,

"—— VINEYARD."

Both Mr. and Mrs. De Long sat and heard this communication read with astonished faces. Mrs. De Long knew that in life her father had business dealings with Mr. Madden; but to what extent, or even the nature of them, she did not know. She was terribly frightened at the *denouement*, for she knew that Foster did not know who she was, or who her father might have been; and when the communication came in so remarkable a way, the surprise of the whole party may be better imagined than described.

Mr. De Long had just enough faith in the correctness of Mrs. De Long's communication to want to see what there was in it, any way. So the next day he called on Mr. Madden, at the Occidental Hotel. Without saying what special reason he had for asking the question, he asked Mr. Madden if there was not some unsettled business between himself and the estate of the late Mr. Vineyard. Mr. Madden thought for a moment, and then said there was. He said several years ago he and Mr. Vineyard had purchased a tract of land together, and their interest was undivided. The land increased and was still increasing, enormously in value, and he supposed Mr. Vineyards daughter desired to let her interest lie untouched, which was the reason why the matter had never been settled up. Besides, she had been absent a long time from the country and was not here to have the matter settled. When informed that Mrs. De Long had only just learned of the investment of her father, Mr. Madden, expressed much surprise. He said he supposed she and her husband and executors knew all about it, but were simply letting the matter rest for the property to increase in value. Mr. Madden then said he was ready to make settlement at any time.—This was readily assented to by Mr. De Long, and accordingly, on Saturday, Mr. [illegible] deed for 625 acres [illegible] his wife, thousands of miles [illegible]

Why it was so he had not the faintest conception. He was under a mysterious influence that chained him to his seat and made him a slave to its power. At last the train slackened its speed and came to a halt, and John found himself moving along with the passengers who were making their exit from the cars. When once outside he discovered that he was a stranger in a strange city. He asked a man where he was. He was told "St. Louis." "But," says John, "I live in Hartford.—I want nothing in St. Louis." The stranger smiled and passed on, leaving our Hartford friend as perplexed as ever.—While standing in his tracks, wondering what to do, he saw at a distance a figure that sent a thrill of joy through his frame. It was his long-lost brother-in-law.

It had been more than a quarter of a century since John had set his eyes on him, and time had worked a great change in his appearance, but for all that our friend recognized him, and ran toward him hallooing at the top of his voice, as if afraid he might disappear. The meeting was a cordial one, and the pair celebrated the event at a stylish saloon where foaming mugs of lager played a prominent part. The next John knew he found himself awake at his home on Park Street. But his dream had made a strong impression, and do what he would he could not forget it. It haunted him all that day, and when he got up the next morning the remembrance of that long ride and the happy meeting clung to him still.—That very day some clerk in the Hartford post-office might have seen a letter addressed to Mr. ——, of St. Louis with the instruction on the end of the envelope, "If not called for within ten days return to John Eiswirth, Hartford, Ct. Mr. Eiswirth says that he sent the letter addressed to his brother-in-law without the remotest expectation of hearing from him. He sent it to relieve his mind, as he confessed that the singular dream harassed him not a little.

But after the missive was sent he dismissed the matter from his mind, and might never have thought of it again if something startling had not occurred a day or two since. John was at his home with his family when the postman come to the door and delivered a letter. It was postmarked St. Louis. It was torn open with tremulous fingers, and to their great joy it was found to be from their long-lost relative an answer to the letter which John had forwarded in obedience to his dream. In a large city like St. Louis would seem that a letter asking specific direction might not reach its destination but of course the chances are that it would go straight to the mark, as it did in his case. It appeared by the letter that the St. Louis German had been as much in the fog as they have been in regard to him. The St. Louis man writes that he shall soon come to this city on a visit, and his Hartford friends are delighted at the prospect of a happy reunion. When he dose come John proposes what he dreamed about the lager shall also become a reality."

Proverbs.

They may come for wool and go back shorn.

Love in the beginning is most easily cured.

There is a remedy for everything but death.

Make a bridge of silver for a flying enemy:

The just suffer sometimes for the unjust.

Pray devoutedly and hammer on stoutly.

Let the hen live, though it be with the pig.

He who seeketh danger perisheth therein.

In a plentiful house supper is soon dressed.

What the eye sees not the heart rues not.

The women and the hen are lost by gadding.

She who wishes to see, wishes to be seen.

He who knows the instrument should play upon it.

A good reversion is better than a bad possession.

Though we love the treason, we hate the traitor.

Good expectations is better than bad possessions.

Great persons are able to do grate kindness.

Art may improve but cannot surpass nature.

In the grave we must pack close together whether we like it or not.

Destiny guides and dispcses all things in its own way.

Good seldom or never comes unmixed with evil.

The rich man's blunders pass current for wise maxims.

Nothing is more impossible than to please everybody.

When good fortune knocks, make haste to let her in.

When death knocks at the door he turns a deft ear to all excuses.

The beginning of a cure consists in the knowledge of the distemper.

Nothing becomes a man so well as the employment he was born for.

Among the thousands who wear Alpaca cloth very few know what it is made of. The alpaca goat is a species of the llama, whose home is in the mountains of Peru. It lives on the coarest fare, the scanty herbage of the rocks, and has a beautiful wavy coat of light chestnut brown wool, which is nearly a foot in length, very soft and elastic, and nearly as fine as that of a Cashmere goat. This is sheared off and sent to Eegland, where it is sorted, woven, dyed, steamed, tinged, and turned into the market.

William Cullen Bryant contributes to *St. Nicholas* the following little gem from the Spanish:

"Up the valley's lap,
The dewy morning throws
A thousand pearly drops,
To wake a single rose.

Thus often in the course
Of life's few fleeting years,
A single pleasure costs
The soul a thousand tears."

The heavier cross, the heartier prayer;
The bruised herbs most fragrant are;
If wind and sky were always fair,
The sailor would not watch the star;
And David's psalms had ne'er been sung,
If grief his heart had never wrung.

The last match in the box generally fails to burn; so he who walks in the dark all his life, and strikes for light only on his death-bed, is in danger of awakening naught but a strong odor of brimstone.

THE PRAYER OF LOVE.

Oh! leave me not, dearest one, friendless and stricken,
While Life's surging river runs dark at my feet;
Oh! stay, for thy presence my spirit doth quicken,
And speak to me tenderly, lovingly, sweet;
Ah! dark is my path, and still darker Life's seeming;
The black shades fall thicker wherever I go;
Then stay, for thy smiles throw a light on dreaming,
And lighten the shadows of sorrow and woe.

Then leave me not dearest one lonely and weeping;
Stern Fate casts a cloud o'er my vison to-day:
Oh! be thou my angel-guide, faithfully keeping
A watch o'er my soul on Life's wearisome way;
For something still whispers that, when we are parted.
Hope's last cheerful rays will depart from me too;
Yet still while I wander alone broken-hearted;
I will pray that no sorrow come, darling, to you.

A Cave of Dead Indians.

A Virginia paper says: "The following information is given us by gentlemen of the highest character and credit, who have seen with their own eyes, touched and tested with their own hands, the wonderful object of which they make report. The workmen engaged in opening a way for the projected railroad between Weldon and Garysburg, struck on Monday, about a mile from the former place, in a bank beside the river, a catacomb of skeletons, supposed to be those of Indians of a remote age and a lost and forgotton race. The bodies exhumed were of a strange and remarkable formation. The skulls were nearly an inch in thickness; the teeth were filed sharp, as are those of canibals, the enamel perfectly preserved; the bones were of wonderful length and strength—the *femur* being as long as the leg of an ordinary man, the stature of the body being probably as great as eight or nine feet. Near their head were sharp stone arrows, some mortars, in which their corn was brayed, and the bowls of pipes, apparently of soft soapstone. The teeth of the skeletons are said to be as large as those of a horse. One of them was brought to the city, and presented to the officers of the Pittsburg Railroad.

"The bodies were found closely packed together, laid tier on tier, as it seemed.—There was no discernible ingress or egress to the mound. The mystery is who these giants were, to what race they belonged, to what era, and how they came to be buried there. To these inquiries no answer has yet been made, and meantime the ruthless spade continues to cleave skull and body asunder, throwing up in mangled masses the bones of this heroic tribe.—We hope some effort will be made to preserve authentic and accurate accounts of these discoveries, and to throw some light, if possible, on the lost tribe whose bones are thus rudely disturbed from their sleep in earth's bosom."

THE LAW OF PLEASING.—In the family, the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your servents if you expect them to please you. Some men are pleasant in the household and nowhere else. We all know such men. They are good fathers and kind husbands. If you had seen them in their own homes you would have thought they were almost angels; but if you had seen them in the street, in their stores, in the counting houses, or anywhere else outside of their own houses, you would have thought them almost savage. But the opposite is apt to be the case with others. When among strangers or neighbors they endeavor to act with propriety; but when they get home they say to themselves, "I have played a part long enough, and now I am going to be natural." So they sit down and are ugly, and snappish, and blunt, and disagreeable. They lay aside those little courtesies that make the roughest path smooth and make the hardest things like velvet, and that make life pleasant.—They expend all their politeness in places where it will bring silver and gold.—*Sunday Mercury.*

HOW FAIR CHINESE DIE FOR LOVE.—In his "Far Cathay" Mr. Medhurst states that one morning he received a card from a wealthy young lady informing him that her betrothed, having passed into an early grave, she had made up her mind to commit suicide on a certain day. To Mr. Medhurst's surprise, his official remonstrances were received with commonplace civilities, and "on the day named the woman did deliberately sacrifice her life in the presence of thousands. A stage was erected in the open fields, with a tented frame over it, from which was suspended a slip of scarlet crape: one end of this she adjusted around her neck. She then embraced a little boy, probably a little brother presented by a person standing by, and having let fall a veil over her face, she mounted a chair and resolutely jumped off it, her little clasped hands saluted the assemblage as her fast-failing form twirled round with the tightening cord."

The 'world' never harms a Christian so long as he keeps it out of his heart.—Temptation is never dangerous until it has an inside accomplice. Sin within betrays the heart to the outside assailant.

After the Storm.

"Arthur, take this letter to your mother, and here is your week's pay. You have a good mother," added Mr. Powell looking intently into the lad's face as he took the missive with a polite "thank you, sir."

The communication to Mrs. Howard ran thus:

"*Dear madam:*—We are sorry to return your son Arthur with this, but repeatedly articles, and occasionally money have been missed from the store. No one but he could have taken it. It is very trying, we assure you, to have such an issue forced upon us, for we had supposed him incapable of any sort of dishonesty.

Respectfully,
R. POWELL & Co."

Mrs. Howard perused the note and then, without looking up from her sewing, gently bade her boy remove and thoroughly dry his evercoat, whitened by the driving snow. But she could not just then look upon that young and joyous face. He should not know a breath of the foul suspicion, but should go to his pillow unconscious of the stain on his good name. In the morning she would visit the firm.

While Arthur slept, his mother passed the anxious hours in alternate watchings by his bedside and prayers at her own.—The restraint which she had placed upon herself was now removed. Toward daylight the storm subsided, and the morning dawned on a fair day. The calm comforted her, and when Arthur rose from the breakfast table, she said cheerfully:

"I am going out this morning, dear, and you must remain at home. Be a good mother to brother and sister, and if any work comes in remember carefully all particulars: but first run out and sweep me a clean crossing through the fresh snow."

Quickly wrapping herself, she proceeded to the gate. She stood resisting against it and gazed on the pure scene—the trees, the hedges, the roofs of buildings, every nook and crevice piled up with the glistening snow. But purer than all was her son Arthur—in her eyes the fairest feature of the picture. His clear eye was "not that of a thief!" and the mother's face beamed upon him with confiding love.

At this moment Mr. Powell came toward mother and son. Mrs. Howard received him as calmly as she had his letter, bidding Arthur run over to Mrs Ames, to Old John's, and to one or two other childless homes, and sweep off their paths, Mr. Powell was full of regrets and apologies for the note sent on the previous evening. Accidently the real culprit had been discovered, and Arthur fully cleared.

"The firm wished him back. They will increase his wages, give him every opportunity for improvement, in short they will atone, if possible, for the cruel wrong so hastily done."

Mrs. Howard replied, "On one, and only on one condition can he return, and that is, that neither he nor any of the clerks in your employ learn one word of this affair. I would not have him suffer the knowledge of this suspicion for worlds. I would not have his self-respect injured."

The next morning found Arthur in his accustomed place, and the pleasure with which he that evening communicated to his mother his delight and astonishment at a sudden increase of salary, was without a shadow. Years after, the firm proposed receiving Arthur into it, and in response to his glad thanks, Mr. Powell placed his hand on his shoulder and said:

"No thanks my boy. Thank your mother. Only on the shining shore can you know her worth."

EXPANDING THE LUNGS.—Step out into the purest air you can find; stand perfectly erect, with head and shoulders back, and then fixing the lips as if you were going to whistle, draw the air through the lips into the lungs. When the chest is about half full, gradually raise the arms, keeping them extended, with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after gently foreing the arms backward and the chest open reverse the process by which you draw your breath till the lungs are empty.

This process should be repeated immediately after bathing, and also several times through the day. It is impossible to describe to one who has never tried it, the glorious sense of vigor which follows this exercise, is the best expectorant in the world. We know a gentleman, the measure of whose chest has increased some three or four inches during as many months.—*Dr. Paine.*

FALLEN MAN AND WOMAN.—Man, sunk below his natural level, hates and effects to despise the height where he has walked. Woman, fallen from her fair estate, looks ever back to it with longing and regretful eyes. He proclaims himself not worse than his fellows; endeavors to pull those above him down to his flat. She admits her fault; deplores it; is glad there are women so much better and more fortunate than she; strives to have hope for the future, and listens with bounding blood to every voice that brings back to her the spotless past. Never does she quite renounce morality; humanity claims her to the last. Miserable, down-trodden, wholly forsaken, she looks up from the dross and the mire and hears the lark of her love singing at the gates of heaven.

There are many men who appear to be struggling against adversity, and yet are happy; but yet more, who, although abounding in wealth, are miserable.

Unmarried Women.

We are leaving behind us the days in which perpetual maidenhood was considered a disgrace; yet there is still a certain stigma attached to unmarried women, and one of the great social problems of the day is to explain why there are so many marriageable women who are never married. Some say that it is owing to an excess in numbers of women over men, in consequence of which there are not husbands enough to go round. This, however, is disproved by statistics. Take the world through, and the figures show that there are as many men in it as there are women. Others attribute it to the expensiveness of modern life. Men do not marry because, it is said, they cannot afford to. But the fact is, that no man who truly loved a woman ever hesitated to become engaged to her and eventually marry her because of poverty. Certainly, men and women are as prone to marriage now as in any period of the world's history. Nevertheless, there are many women wanting husbands, and not getting them. Every social circle is full of them.

They are pretty, they are accomplished, they are sensible, and under proper training they would make excellent wives and mothers; but they never get a chance. What seems to be needed is a more thorough method of bringing men and women into social contact with each other. Love must have some basis to build upon, and the constant companionship of the sexes affords the exact foundation which is needed.

The older inhabitants of Boston, have many recollections of a certain French shopkeeper, familiarly known as Johnny Lepine. On one occasion a customer found Johnny in high glee. "Ah!" said Johnny, chuckling, "I've made $10,000 this morning!" "How is that, Mr. Lepine!" Oh I've just been going over my shelves and have marked up all my prices twenty per sent, which comes to more than $10.000."

Are there not a good many Johnny Lepines who want twenty per cent of water put into our currency, so that they can thus mark up their stocks or hand, and think themselves the richer for the false measure?

Deeds are fruit, words are leaves.

Things past may be repented, but not recalled.

He who has no charity merits no merits no mercy.

Your only treasures are those you carry in your heart.

To him who wills the way is seldom wanting.

The strictest justice is the greatest mercy.

The best substitute for coal? Warm weather.

"John," said a clergyman to his man, "you should become a teetotaler: you have been drinking again to-day." "Do you ever take a drop yoursel,' meenister?" "Yes, John; but you must look at your circumstances and mine." Very true, sir," said John; "but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?" "No, John, I cannot tell you that."—"Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his ain door clean."

There is as much merit in catering to the humorous side of nature as to the sober and sedate. Men and women were made to laugh and to indulge in pleasantries just as much as to pray and fast. Because a face is uncomonly long instead of wide it does not follow that its possessor is a first-class saint. We would as soon trust a countenance got up on the broad as the long gauge.

The world failing to end in accordance with the last prediction of the Adventists, their newspaper organ comes out in new type and every preparation for permanence. "After all," says its editor, "may it not be true that we are the simple minded, foolish people the world at large esteems us to be, and our hopes mere dreams?"

A saloon-keeper in one of the towns where the Women's Whiskey War is raging, made a center shot when he replied to a lady who asked why he kept his windows glazed and a screen in front of the door, that it was to hide the temperance men when they came in for a drink.'

A man in Main writes that he has discovered a sure cure for consumption in mullein leaf tea, sweetened and drank freely every day from three to six months. The mullein leaves, unless from young plants, must be gathered before July 25, and dried in the shade.

When we have come to understand the reason why we live, and distinctly perceive the end and aim of existence here on earth, it is a pleasant task to trace back the path by which the Divine goodness conducted us, and to observe that all was wisdom and love.

There is a good deal of sound wisdom in the suggestion of the farmer: "If you want your boy to stay at home, don't bear too hard on the grindstone when he turns the crank."

A gloomy companion can sigh and groan the most cheerful person into despondency.

Opportunities are like flowers that fade at night: seize them, therefore while they last.

It is better to do a great deal of thinking than a great deal of drinking.

Wit and Humor.

When a Milwaukee paper remarked recently "The lilac bushes are budding," a reader said excitedly, "You lilac Satan."

Said an Irish justice to an obstreperous prisoner on trial. "We want nothing but silence, and but little of that."

The patrons of Husbandry in Wisconsin have started a newspaper entitled the *Mowing Machine.*

A man complaining of a sunstroke, was asked what he meant, as he looked in good health. "Twin boys by the favor of my wife," he answered.

"Why do you keep yourself so distant? said a fair one to her lover." "Because," said he, "distance lends enchantment to the view." What a villain!

A Boston man was cursing an editor the other day when he fell dead. Several similar instances have been lately reported. Men should be careful in speaking of anything sacred.

At a late meeting of a New England debating society the following question was argued: "Can the watermelon be successfully cultivated on sandy soil; in a rural town of four thousand inhabitants, and a theological institute, located near by, containing one hundred and twenty students studying for the ministry?"

A Western gentleman smokes a cigar while milking his cow, and the other night, absorbed in thought, he lowered his head, the lighted end of the cigar touched the cows flank, and away the milker went across the alley, as though kicked by an army mule.

An ox that had been eating fermented grain, which was in preparation for making ale, became intoxicated, and was offered for sale by his owner as "corned" beef.

"Well, neighbor, what is the most Christian news this morning?" said a gentleman to a friend. "I have just bought a barrel of flour for a poor woman."—"Just like you! Who is it you have made happy with your charity this time?" "My wife."

A prisoner in petty court was asked by the Judge whether he had any counsel. "Yes," he said, "I had engaged an old bald-headed fellow to defend me but I don't see him round, and I guess he's out for a drink."

"Pat," said a traveler, "why did you make the stone wall around your shanty so thick?" "Why please yer honor, I hear they have extrornory high winds in Ameriky, so I thought if I built it about as thick as it was high, if it should blow over it would be just as high as it was afore, yer honor.

A man with some wit and a very long nose met a neighbor one frosty morning, who sang out, "Halloo, Smith, I met the end of your nose back here a piece, and saw it was completely frozen." "No fault of mine," said the undisturbed Smith; "I rubbed it as far as I could reach."

A lost cow was lately advertised by the following notice, which was posted on trees and fences near the owner's building:

"Strayed or stolen—A large Red Kow, with Yaller specs on her left side, and a pair of white specks on her right ear. She is about seven or eight years old, and belongs to a widow with a short tail. Ten dollars will be given to anybody who will return her to Newark:

"Gune 17, 180072."

A few years ago, a hungry company sat down at the well-spread supper-table of a Sound steamer, upon which one of the dishes contained a single trout of moderate size. A serious-looking individual at once drew this dish towards him, saying apologetically, "This is a fast day with me." His next neighbor, an Irish gentleman, immediately inserted his fork in the fish and transferred it to his own plate remarking, "Jasus! sir, do you suppose nobody has a sowl to besaved but yourself?"

In a Detroit police court recently, when a man was about to be tried for assault and battery, he brought forward his boy, ten years old, as a witness. The justice asked the lad if he knew the nature of an oath, and the boy said his father had explained it. "What did he say?" asked the justice. "He said," replied the boy, "that if I didn't swear that the other fellow struck first he'd tan the whole hide off my back." He wasn't used on the stand.

A young Boston mechanic saw an overcoat in a second-hand clothing store, which he thought he would be glad to possess at a reasonable price. 'How much?' he asked. "Twenty-one dollars," was the answer. "The usual haggling took place, and the mechanic started to leave the store. "How moosh you git?" asks the merchant. "Three dollars.' "Take it, then. I shall shust be ruin of myself. I only make two dollars of dat coat, so help me gracious."

A doctor called on a cholera patient, a German. Prescribed. Next day found patient well. "Well," said the doctor, "the medicine brought you out?" "No, sir; I didn't take it."

"What did you take?" "I ate sauer-kraut and turnip sauce." So the doctor wrote in his memerandum, "Sauer-kraut and turnip sauce good for cholera." Next week another call. Irishman this time. Prescribed sauer-kraut and turnips. Next day called; found the Irishman dead. So he wrote opposite the old memorandum, "Sauer-kraut and turnip sauce good for a Duchman, but death to an Irishman."