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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.

Look not to the past for pleasure, Nor yet to the future turn, For the past has filled its measure Let it lie in memory's urn.

MONEY AT INTEREST.

BY MRS. A. E. DARR.

It is twenty-five years since my little story began, and I wonder what made me remember it to-day! Nothing in the surrounding circumstances...

From the Dead. In a town of Northern New York a poor man went to his grave by a disease of the brain...

On Christmas eve, near midnight, when lights shone brightly from homes far and at hand, and the snow lay crisply on the ground...

THE SABBATH.—The Sabbath day is the beautiful river in the week of time. The other days are troubled streams whose angry waters are disturbed by the countless crafts that float upon them...

There is nothing so tends to shorten the lives of old people and to injure their health, as the practice of sitting up late, especially when there is a grown up daughter in the family.

SOLOMON RAY. BY HENRY W. HALL. A hard, close man was Solomon Ray; Nothing of value he gave away;

THE TERRIBLE PLAYFELLOW. One day—there came into a country town in the south of Germany a man leading a big dancing bear.

A SHREWD FATHER.—About a year ago, if I remember rightly, a story went the rounds which credited that ingenious gentleman, the Western man, with having successfully carried out one of the most original plans for getting his daughters comfortable settled in life without any cost whatever to himself.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women, superior to others who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed to, and at ease in the society of men, superior to her sex in general?

A YOUNG MAN.—A Kentucky paper gives the following account of a huge infant, named Derow Edward Chambers, and born two years and a half ago, in Barren co., that State.

NEW EVERY MORNING.—How many bright things there are in the book of Lamentations! It has a sad title, and in our happy moods we should hardly think of turning its leaves.

"Music at Home." There was a time when a gushing paragraph with this heading illuminated the pages of every issue of every weekly...

To Line the tip of a Hat With. Breach of trust is worse than stealing outright.

WIT AND HUMOR. A woman says she cannot pray; but she will shoot the first man who sells her husband liquor.

Two babies were shipped several hundred miles by express in Oregon, recently, and arrived at their destination all right; but the express agent was almost worn out telegraphing ahead for milk, shingles for spanking, and other purposes.

A philosophical Kentuckian who had but one shirt, and was laying in bed while the garment was drying in the yard, was startled by an exclamation from his wife that the calf had eaten it.

This is the way a Kentucky candidate for office greets a voter: "Howdy, howdy, howdy?" "Howdy?" "How do you do?" "Tollable." "How are you?" "Tollable."

Under the head of "Religion" southern paper says: "Last Sunday evening as brother Slemmer was passing the hat for contributions at the Baptist Church, a graceless scamp from Possomhollow named Sikes, flung a handful of Bungtown coppers into the hat with such force as to knock out the crown, and spill the money of the Lord upon the floor."

A Yankee gentleman, escorting a British friend to view the different objects of attraction in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid monument, when the Yankee said:

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"Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted in local historical matters. "Did it hurt him much?" "Hurt him?" said he, "he was killed, sir."

"Ah!" he said on "the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing its height layer by layer. "Well! I should think he would have been, to fall so far!"