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Select Poetry.

WE'RE GROWING OLD.

We are growing old—how the thought will
rise,
When a glance is backward cast
On some long remembered spot that lies
In the silence of the past;
It may be the shrine of our early vows,
Or the tomb of our tears,
But it seems like a far off isle to us,
In the stormy sea of years,
Oh! wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now,
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow;
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows rolled
That steered with us from that early mark-
Oh, friends! we are growing old!

Old in the dimness of the dust
Of our daily toils and cares—
Old in the wrecks of love and trust
Which our burthened memory bears.
Each form may wear to the passing gaze
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our latter days
Which the morning never met.
But, oh! the changes we have seen,
In the far and winding way,
The graves in our paths have grown green,
And the locks that have grown gray!
The Winters still on our own may spare
The sable or the gold;
But we see their snows upon brighter hair,
And, friends, we are growing old!

We have gained the world's cold wisdom
now,
We have learned to praise and fear,
But where are living founts whose flow
Was a joy of heart too dear?
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the lore of many a page;
But where is the hope that saw in time
But its boundless heritage!
Will it come again when the violet wakes
And the woods their youth renew?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,
Where the bloom is deep and blue;
And our souls might joy in the springtime
then,
For it never could give us the youth again
Of hearts that are growing old.

Miscellaneous Reading.

HOW IT WAS BOUGHT.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"Papa," said little Susy Weston, climbing upon her father's knee, "what pleases you so much to-day? You have been smiling to yourself all dinner-time."

"Something has pleased me to-day, Susy. If you and Johnny would like to hear the story, draw up your chairs."

"A story," said Mrs. Weston, looking up from her sewing. "May I hear, too?"

"If you will be very good," said Mr. Weston, smiling.

"Let me see, how old are you, Johnny?"

"Twelve, sir."

"Well, my story is about a boy of just your age. It is nearly a year since I first saw him. I was very busy one afternoon last winter, when I saw a little boy coming into the store, whose face attracted my attention at once. It was not a very handsome face, but it was earnest and bright; a strong, good face, if I ever saw one.—The boy was poorly clad, but his clothes were clean and whole.

"'May I see the boss?' he asked.

"'I am the boss,' I answered, 'what can I do for you?'

"'I want to ask the price of a first-rate sewing machine; not a fancy one, sir, but a good worker.'

"'Well, sir,' I said, 'I can give you a good machine for sixty dollars.'

"Sixty dollars. Well, Mister,' said he, earnestly, 'can I work one out? I have every afternoon from half-past two till seven, and I can run errands or do any work about the store. You see, sir, this is how it is. Father died two years ago, and mother, she wants me to stay at school for a year or two longer, but she has to work awfully hard to keep me there. Father was a bricklayer, and mother owns the little house he almost built himself, but that is all. She sews, sir, and she could make twice as much if she only had a machine. But we never can spare sixty dollars, sir, so I thought I would see if I could earn one."

"'But it would take you a long time,' I said; 'if I gave you a dollar a week, it would be sixty."

"'Will you give me that?' he said, his eyes fairly dancing. 'I can come all day Saturday.'

"Can you? Suppose we say a dollar and a half? and if you do well, you can have the machine at a little less than the retail price.'

"You see, Susy, I was interested already in the boy, with his honest, frank face, and resolved, if he was faithful in his duties, to help him along. So we made an agreement, he to give me all his spare time out of school, I to credit him each week with a dollar and a half toward the purchase of a machine.

"Every day he came, punctual to the minute, rain or shine, and he was the most prompt and reliable errand boy I ever employed. Little by little the dollars rolled up on the account until one evening in the fall, I was here, after dinner, just before you and your mother came home from the country, when the door-bell rang, and in walked Harry Cummings, my errand boy.

"'I found this, sir,' he said, 'when I was sweeping out the store,' and he handed me a roll of bank notes I had thought was safe in my pocket.

"'Please see if it is all right, sir,' he said, 'it was under the counter."

"I counted the notes, two hundred dollars, and then taking out one twenty dollar note, said:

"'I should have offered a reward for this, Harry, if you had not found it.'

"'I am glad I saved you that, sir,' he answered. 'I'll bid you good night.'

"'But you have earned the reward,' I said putting down the twenty dollars, 'will you take it or pass it to the machine money?'

"'Mine, all that! "Oh, sir, pass it to the machine. You see I'd have to tell mother where I got all that money, and the machine is to be a surprise.'

"I never spent twenty dollars with such pleasure in my life, Susy! This was a great lift on the machine, and this afternoon, when Harry came, I told him to pick one out for his mother.

"We selected a first-rate one, handsome too, and I promised him one of our best teachers should go to show his mother how to work upon it.

"When it was on the cart, ready to go, I invited myself to go with Harry and see it delivered. He had asked me to write a note telling his mother it was honestly earned, and I told him I would tell her.

"So away we went, and when we reached the little house, the cart was just turning the corner of the street. Harry opened the door, very softly, and the men lifted the machine into the parlor. Then Harry led me to the small sitting-room at the back of the house, where a pale woman in the widow's dress was sitting sewing busily. She rose and offered me a chair, and I told her I had come to see if I could obtain Harry's services in the store, at five dollars a week. You should have seen the boy's eyes.

"'He can go to evening school,' I said, 'and I will see that he has some time to read and study. I cannot spare him now having had his services so long.'

"'My afternoons and Saturdays, mother," Harry said. "I told you I was not in mischief, I was earning you a present. Come and see.

"And he fairly danced into the parlor, his mother and I following.

"'It's yours,' he said, dancing around the machine; 'all paid for, and lessons on it, too. Ain't it splendid?'

"His mother was as delighted as he expected, and that is saying a great deal.

"'Oh, sir,' she said to me, 'he's been a good son since his poor father died. Every morning, summer or winter, he's up and makes the fire while I am dressing, and while I get breakfast he brings up all the coal for the day, so I won't have to go into the cellar; and every step he can save me he does. But how he ever made all the money to buy a machine out of school hours, I cannot understand.'

"'I got a dollar and a half a week, mother, for errands, and ten or twenty cents extra when there was snow to clean off the sidewalk, or any other odd job, and Mr. Weston gave me twenty dollars.'

"'No, you earned that as well as the rest,' I said, and his mother fairly broke down and cried when I told her all about the roll of money.

"So, Susy, now you know what pleased me so much to-day. To-morrow Harry becomes my errand boy, and I know he will be a faithful one. There is the making of a noble man, Johnny, in the boy who can work steadily and faithfully for months for such an object as Harry had, never taking one cent from his hard-earned money for his own pleasure, never failing in his self-imposed duties. Harry is a boy only twelve years old, but I honor him."

"But papa," said Susy, "you are rich, why didn't you give his mother a machine?"

"Because the pleasure would not have been so great to either Harry or his mother. Think how proud she will be of her good son every time she touches her machine, and how glad he will feel that he persevered so well whenever he sees it.—It is a little sunbeam in the dull routine of business for both of them, as well as for me."

"Any mother would be proud of such a son," said Mrs. Weston, gently, "and when he has a holiday you must let him spend it here. We will be glad to see him, will we not children?"

There was a very hearty "yes, ma'am," and then the brother and sister, thanking their father for the story, opened school books and went busily to their duty for the evening, Johnny wondering a little if he could ever have the self-dial, industry and patience of Harry Cummings.—*Methodist.*

American boys are expected to become manly men. The mother of every boy is expected to teach him to be obedient to parental authority, to the civil law, and to acquire an education—a trade, a business, or an art—something for which he may be adapted and by which he may earn an honest living. This is a privilege, nay more, it is a duty—a duty to self, to family, to friends, to the State, to the nation. When this is done, society has a guarantee for the good conduct and usefulness of each of her sons. When it is neglected, the boys grow up in ignorance and idleness, society is taxed for their support, either in her reformatories, her jails, hospitals or asylums. How much cheaper it would be to have every boy properly educated, trained and disciplined, so that he would be a blessing instead of a curse to the world. He is sure to become one or the other.

Show me the mantlepiece of a house, says a sage, and I will tell you what manner of persons reside therein.

A Little Hero.

In the city of Hartford, Conn., lives the hero of the true story I am about to relate—but no longer "little," as the perilous adventure which made him famous in his native town happened several years ago.

Our hero was then a bright active boy of fourteen—the son of a mechanic. In the severe winter of 1835, the father worked in a factory, about a mile from his home, and every day the boy carried him his dinner across a piece of meadow land.

One keen, frosty day he found the snow on this meadow nearly two feet deep, and no traces of the little footpath remaining. Yet he ran on as fast as possible, plunging through drifts, keeping himself warm by vigorous exercise and brave, cheerful thoughts.

When in the midst of the meadow, fully half a mile from the house, he suddenly felt himself going down, down!

He had fallen into a well. He sank down into the dark, icy water, but rose immediately to the surface. There he grasped hold of a plank which had fallen into the well as he went down. One end of this rested on the bottom of the well—the other rose about four feet above the surface of the water.

The poor lad shouted for help until he was hoarse and almost speechless, but all in vain, as it was impossible to make himself heard from such a depth, and at such a distance from any house. So at last he concluded that if he was saved at all he must save himself, and begin at once, as he was getting extremely cold in the water. So he went to work.

First, he drew himself up the plank, and braced himself against the top of it and the wall of the well, which was of brick and quite smooth. Then he pulled off his coat, and taking out his pocket-knife he cut off his boots, that he might go to work to greater advantage. Then, with his feet against one side of the well, and his shoulders against the other, he worked his way up, by the most fearful exertion, about half the distance to the top. Here he was obliged to pause, to take breath and gather up his energies for the work yet before him. Far harder was it than all he had gone through, for the side being from that point covered with ice, he must cut with his knife, grasping places with his fingers, slowly and carefully all the way up.

It was almost a hopeless attempt, but it was all that he could do. And here the little hero lifted up his heart to God and prayed fervently for help, fearing that he could never get out alone.

Doubtless the Lord heard his voice, calling from the deep, and pitied him. He wrought no miracle to save him, but breathed into his heart a yet larger measure of calmness and courage, strengthening him to work out his own deliverence.

After this, the little hero cut his way upward, inch by inch. His wet stockings froze to the ice and kept his feet from slipping, but his shirt was quite worn from his shoulders ere he reached the top.

He did reach it at last—crawled out into the snow, and lay down for a moment to rest—panting out his breath in little white clouds on the clear frosty air.

He had been two hours and a half in the well!

His clothes soon froze to his body, but he no longer suffered with cold, as full of joy and thankfulness, he ran to the factory, where his father was waiting and wondering.

The poor man was obliged to go without his dinner that day, but you may be sure he cared little about that, while listening with tears in his eyes to the thrilling story his son had to relate to him.

He must have been proud of the boy that day, as he wrapped him in his own warm overcoat, and took him home to "mother."

And how that mother must have wept and smiled over the lad, and kissed him and thanked God for him!

I have not heard of the "little hero" for two or three years, but I trust he is growing up into a brave, heroic man, and I hope he will never forget the heavenly friend who did not forget him in the hour of his great need.

There is an old saying that truth lies at the bottom of a well.

I trust that this brave boy found and brought up from there this truth: God helps those who help themselves.—*Grace Greenwood.*

ABSENCE.—When a friend dies and is buried, there's an end of him. We miss him for a space out of our daily existence; we mourn for him by degrees that become mercifully less; we cling to the blessed hope that we shall be reunited in some more perfect sphere; but so far as this earth is concerned, there's an end of him. However near and dear he was, the time arrives when he does not form a part of our daily thought; he ceases to be even an abstraction. We go no more with flowers and tears into the quiet cemetery; only the rain and the snowflakes fall there; we leave it for the fingers of Spring to deck the neglected mound. But when our friend vanishes unaccountably in the midst of a crowded city, or goes off on a sea voyage and is never heard of again, his memory has a singular tenacity.

He may be to all intents and purposes dead to us, but we have not lost him.—The ring of the door-bell at midnight may be his ring; the approaching footstep may be his footstep; the unexpected letter with foreign postmarks may be from his hand. He haunts us as the dead never can.

The woman whose husband died last night may marrry again within a cluster of months. Do you suppose a week passes by when the woman whose husband disappeared mysteriously ten years ago does not think of him? There are moments when the opening of the door must startle her. There is no real absence but death.

House cleaning is about over.

WAITING ALONE.

'Tis hard to part with those we love—
To snap the fine-wrought chain
That pure affection's hands have wove,
Nor meet on earth again,
In youth, the heart's soft tendrils torn,
Round other hearts will cling;
But weary age, when called to mourn,
Is aye a lonely thing.

Upon the mountain's desert peak
Soft summer showers descend;
In vain the swelling streamlets seek
A common course to wend;
One dashes down the rocky side,
Joins the broad river's wave,
Till in the Eastern ocean's tide
It makes its gloomy grave.

The other, far Western lands,
A pleasant fountain glides;
Soon in some mighty lake it stands,
Lost 'mid the gathering tides.
But lo! the vapers soon ascend,
In clouds surpassing fair;
The clouds their tides of glory bend,
Those streamlets meet in air.

And thus, on earth, we're forced to part
From those dear friends we love;
And thus the fond and faithful heart
Shall join the lost above.

To Bury or to Burn.

This is still an absorbing topic, and with all that is said against the former, the "Churchman" says:

Just now the effort is making to throw as much obloquy as possible upon interment; and by way of doing this, it is attempted to make it out that the prejudice in its favor is from religious bigotry. We have been afraid that the well-meaning but mistaken zeal of a few will undertake to put the cause of burial upon a false footing, and to defend it by untenable arguments.

There is no doubt that during the period of active decomposition there is evolved a certain amount of deleterious gases. But that these continue in their virulence forever, and that (for example) a cemetery in which during forty years burials had taken place would therefore be at that time forty times as insalubrious as it was at the first interment, is a mode of reasoning which we must perforce challenge.—The facts ought to be ascertained and scientifically tested, before any vague inductions are allowed.

This thing is very certain. The Mosaic law was very precise upon many matters relating to health. Its minuteness the Christian would feels that it can dispense with, because of the larger liberty of the Gospel. But the Old Testament and the New alike recognize the practice of interment. Now we contend that this would not have been the case had the practice been necessarily detrimental to the human race. More than this Scripture asserts it as the natural destiny of man's body to return after death to the earth. Therefore we cannot believe that any extended corruption of the earths surface is possible from the continuance of interment. That must be affirmatively shown before the cause of cremation can stand. Vague declamation will not do.

Again, it must be shown that the process of cremation does not equally or in part infuse into the atmosphere the same dangerous elements. That is not yet established. The common notion is that fire purifies everything; but that is an idea that will not stand for a moment when carefully analyzed. It is possible through combustion to disseminate very deadly elements. It was a trick of the subtle poisoners of the 15th century to burn deadly substances in chambers where their victims were to lodge, secure that, after all apparent trace of the process had disappeared, the poison would lurk in tapestries, clothe the walls, and enter into the system of the persons to be destroyed.—Because the evil is not perceptible (and we grant that cremation may obviate that) it does not follow that it is non-existent.

Cremation must show affirmatively its positive and decided superiority over burial, before it can appeal for a hearing and a trial. We need not say that it is a heathen custom, and that the Christian Church decided on its practice against it, when there must have been an overwhelming prejudice in its favor of the resurrection of the body. It is the sign of fellowship in the Lord's death. It has from the earliest date distinguished the people of God from unbelievers. We do not say it was confined to the Israelites any more than now it is peculiar to Christian peoples, but it has always been a distinction which the Church in each of the dispensations has maintained. And when a mode of disposing of the remains of the dead is proposed, which cannot fail to shock the tenderest feelings of nearly all Christian believers, it ought to show a very strong case before it is fairly entitled to a standing in the tribunal of public opinion.

Unless it can do this, it must submit, as the lawyers say, to a non-suit.

A good telescope, with a three and a half inch aperture, virtually brings the moon within one thousand two hundred miles of the observer, or within one two hundredth of its real distance. Lord Rosse's telescope brings it within forty-two miles, so that objects two hundred and seventy feet long are discernible.—Baer has calculated that an instrument of ten times the power of Rosse's would be required to bring the moon within a German mile, at which distance the body of a man can be perceived.

Never lose your respect; if that is lost, all is lost.

Undertake nothing without thoroughly considering it.

Flowers weep without woe, and blush without crime.

Cultivate a Home Feeling.

O, ye fathers and mothers who have sons and daughters growing up around you, do ye ever think of your responsibility in this regard—your responsibility for keeping alive the home sentiment in the hearts of your children? Within the limit of your means, remember that the obligation rests upon you to make their home the pleasantest place upon this rolling earth, to make the word "home" to them the synonym for "happiness." I would not have you import the vices of the outside world into your homes for any purpose; but I have you go to the verge of what is moral, to provide at home those things which entice young and growing persons away from home. And let me assure you that you had better spend your mony in doing this than in ostentation or luxury, and far, far better to spend it thus than to amass a fortune for your children to squander in the future. And not only as regards amusements, but also comfort and refinements—for children to have a keen appreciation of these thing— this is much the best policy.

Don't send your boy to school in ill-fitting garments—collar all awry and chafing his neck, buttons missing, and shoes down at the heel. Don't make a warehouse or clothes-press of his bed-room. Don't feed him on sour bread, and tough meat, and dissension and misrule spoil the hours he spends at home. Don't do any of these things if you can possibly avoid it; especially don't do them for the purpose of laying up money for his future use. The richest legacy you can leave him is a lifelong, inextinguishable and fragrant recollection of his home, when time and death have forever dissolved the enchantment. Give him that, and he will, in the strength of it, make his own way in the world: but let his recollections of home be repulsive, and the fortune you may leave him will be a poor compensation for the loss of that tenderness of heart, and purity of life, which not only a pleasant home, but the very memory of one would have secured. Remember this, too, that while he will never feel grateful for your money when once you are under ground, he will go to your green grave and bless your very ashes for that sanctuary of quiet, comfort, and refinement into which you may, if you possess the means, transform your home.

A Successful Conundrum.

"John has never given you a ring?" said Katie's sister to her one day. John was Katie's lover.

"Never," said Katie with a regretful shake of her head.

"And he never will until you ask him for it," pursued the sister.

"Then I fear I shall never get one," was the reply.

"Of course you never will. John is too stupid to think of such things; and as you can never pluck up courage enough to ask for one, it follows that you will never get one."

This set Katie to thinking, and to what purpose we shall see.

That evening her lover called to see her. He was very proud and very happy, for the beautiful girl by his side had been for several weeks pledged to marry with him as soon as his business could be properly done, and John was a grand, good fellow, too, notwithstanding his obliviousness to certain polite manners.

"John," said Katie, at length, looking up with an innocent smile, "Do you know what a conundrum is?"

"Why, it's a kind of a puzzle—a riddle," answered John.

Do you think you could ask me one I couldn't guess?"

"I don't know. I never thought of such things. Could you ask me one?"

"I could try."

"Well, try Katie."

"Then answer this: Why is the letter (D) like a ring?"

John puzzled his brain over the problem for a long time, but was finally forced to give it up.

"I don't know, Katie. Why is it?"

"Because, replied the maiden, with a very soft blush creeping up to her temples, "*We* cannot be *wed* without it."

In less than a week from that date, Katie had her engagement ring.

A FORTUNE IN ITSELF.—Civility is a fortune itself; for a courteous man generally succeeds well in life, and that even when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Malborough is a case in point. It was said of him by one contemporary, that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend, and by another, that it was more pleasure to be denied a favor by his Grace than to receive a favor by most men. The gracious maner of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislike, even at a time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of every country is full of such examples of success by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we may recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, and indeed, individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to strangers, his affability, or the reverse creates instantaneously a prepossession in behalf of, or awakens unconscious prejudice against him.

The pride of mankind is great. A family living in Hoboken was awakened by unusual noises in the house, and on turning out saw the eldest hopeful rushing around in his suspenders, brandishing a new Weston, and shouting, "There is a man in the house." A lengthy search failed to show any foundation for the young man's warlike demonstration, when he mildly informed the breathless and exhausted tribe that it was his birthday.—He was twenty-one.

The birds are merry.

Birds and Bugs.

The entomologists, or bug-hunters, who go about hunting butterflies and bugs, are an institution. Their business is to study the nature and habits of insects, and the necessity of their work is shown by such facts as are to be found in the reports to Congress.

The "army worm," after it had given but little trouble for a hundred years, destroyed millions of dollars worth of grain in 1861. The wheat midge and Hessian fly destroyed several million dollar's worth of wheat in New York in a single year. It is said that Maine could raise 100,000 bushels of wheat a year but for the ravages of these two insects; and the loss to the Southern planters by the "cottonball worm, the army worm," and the 'chinch bug' is enormous. The "wire worm' alone consumed in one department of France nearly a million dollars' worth of grain, and caused deficient harvests for years. In Germany whole forests were consumed by the larvae of a species of worm, and thousands of fir trees had to be cut down. These are facts that make entomology on economic studies. The agriculturist classifies insects into friends or foes of his crops, as they are carnivorous or herbivorous. The work of protection is well done by birds. In France the government extends its protection even to buzzards and rooks, because each of the former consume about 6,000 field mice yearly, and the latter an incalculable number of white worms. In Hungary, afterwards in Prussia, to the discomfiture of Frederick the Great, the sparrows were found to be the farmer's best friend.

Over fifty species of insects prey upon cereals and grapes, and as many on our field crops. These well-known species ravage garden vegetables, and fifty attack the grape vine, and their number is increasing. About seventyfive species make their annual onset upon the apple tree, and as many the plum, pear, peach, and cherry. Over fifty species infests the oak, twenty-five the elm, seventy-five the walnut, and one hundred prey upon the pine. Each year witnesses the attacks of new enemies. The killing of insect-eating birds steadily increases noxious insects.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The following are the opening sentences of an address on this subject by Mrs. Skinner:

Miss President, feller wimmen, and male trash generally: I am here to-day for the purpose of discussing woman's rights, re-cussing her wrongs and cursing the men.

I believe sexes were created perfectly equal, with the women a little more equal than the men.

I also believe that the world would to-day be happier if man had never existed.

As a success man is a failure, and I bless my stars that my mother was a woman. [Applause.]

I not only maintain their principles but maintain a shiftless husband besides.

They say man was created first. Well, 'spose he was. Aint first experiments always failures?

If I was a betting man, I would bet $2.50 they are.

The only decent thing about him was a rib, and that went to make something better. [Applause.]

And then they throw into our face about taking an apple. I'll bet five dollars that Adam boosted her up the tree and only gave her the core.

And what did he do when he was found out? True to his masculine instincts, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian bend, and said, "Twan't me; 'twas her;" and woman has had to father everything mean and mother it too.

What we want is the ballot, and the ballot we're bound to have, if we have to let down our back hair and swim in a sea of sanguinary gore. [Sensation.]

THE FIVE CRADLES.—A man who had recently become a votary to Bacchus returned home one night in an intermediate state of booziness. That is to say, he was comfortably drunk, but perfectly conscious of his unfortunate situation. Knowing that his wife was asleep, he decided to attempt gaining his bed without disturbing her, and by sleeping off his inebriation, conceal the fact from her altogether. He reached the door of his room without creating much disturbance, and after ruminating a few moments on the matter, he thought if he could reach the bedpost, and hold on to it while he slipped out of his apparel, the remainder of the feat would be easily accomplished. Unfortunately for his scheme a cradle stood in a direct line with the bedpost, about the middle of the floor. Of course, when his shins came in contact with the aforesaid piece of furniture, he pitched over it with a perfect looseness; and upon gaining an erect position, ere an equilibrium was made he went over it backwards, in an equally summary manner. Again he struggled to his feet, and went headforemost over the bower of infant happiness. At length with the fifth fall, his patience became exhausted, and the obstacle was yet to be overcome. In desperation, he cried to his sleeping partner:

"Wife! wife! how many cradles have you got in the house? I've fallen over five, and here's another afore me!"

We let our blessings grow mouldy, and call them curses.

We fear men so much because we fear God so little.

Do the duties of to-day, and leave the cares of to-morrow till they come.

If, as atheists affirm, creation came by chance, what a sublime chance it was.

The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor.

Dispute and borrowing, cause grief and sorrowing.

Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no power to make scholars.

Wit and Humor.

Why is Sunday the strongest day of the week? Because all the others are week days.

Which of the twelve apostles wore the largest hat? The one that had the largest head.

A St. Paul woman who used to keep three girls, now does her own work cheerfully. She found her husband throwing kisses at them.

A Philadelphia youth was recently married to a girl who had refused him eighteen times. He wishes now he hadn't asked her but seventeen.

"this summer ladies are going to dress their hair as they did three hundred years ago," says an exchange. This makes some of the ladies pretty old.

Why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way, and then another?—Because she can't turn it both ways at once.

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.

The year of jubilee has come! The sewing machine agents of Indianapolis are using each other as targets for pistol practice. Now let other cities follow the example till it becomes a tidal wave.

If a lady in a red cloak were to cross a red field in which was a goat, what wonderful transformation would probably take place? The goat would turn to butter and the lady into a scarlet runner.

You may talk yourself into a bronchial affection, but you can't convince a Vermont woman that there won't be a death in the family if she dreams of seeing a hen walking a picket fence.

Some man never lose their presence of mind. In Milwaukee last week a man threw his mother-in-law out of a window in the fifth story of a burning building, and carried a feather bed down stairs in his arms.

A Quarrelsome couple were discussing the subjects of epitaphs and tombstones, and the husband said: "My dear, what kind of a stone do you suppose they will give me when I die?" "Brimstone, my love," was the affectionate reply.

John Randolph met a personal enemy in the street, one day, who refused to give him half of the sidewalk, saying that he never turned out for a rascal. "I do," says Randolph, stepping aside and politely raising his hat. "Pass on."

The average Burlington, Iowa saloon keeper must be bad indeed. A learned divine in that city recently addressed one of them as follows: "Wretched man!—If the bed of the river was bank high with the suds of salvation, and a June rise of piety coming down the mountains, there wouldn't be enough to wash your feet."

Lord Chancellor Eldon, who was well known by the nickname of "Old Bags," in one of his shooting excursions unexpectedly came across a person who was sporting over his land without leave. His lordship inquired if the stranger was aware that he was trespassing, or if he knew to whom the estate belonged. "What's that to you?" was the reply; "I suppose you are one of Old Bags' keepers." "No," replied his lordship, "I am old Bags himself."

It is related of a certain New England divine who flourished not many years ago, and whose matrimonial relations are supposed not to have been of the most agreeable kind, that one Sabbath morning while reading to his congergation the parable of the Supper, in which occurs this passage: "And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them; I pray thee have me excused. And an other said, I have married a wife, and therefor cannot come"—he suddenly paused at the end of this verse, drew off his spectacles, and looking round on his hearers said with emphasis: "The fact is my brethren, one woman can draw a man further from the kingdom of heaven than five yoke of oxen!"

GRASS WIDOW.—"Sam, did you see dat hoss I had last fall?"

"No, I did not."

"He was a great hoss—I called him my "Prairie Steed."

"What did you call him your "Prairie Steed" for?"

"Cause he eat so much grass."

"How much did he used to eat?"

"Bout six or seven acres at a lick."

"He must have been very expensive."

"He was, 'cept he saved my life once."

"In what manner was it done?"

"Why, you see, one day I took my gal out ridin on de prairie, and when we got out in de middle ob de prairie an pooty soon I looked around an seen dat de prairie had cotched on fire."

"Then you were in a predicament."

"No; we was in de prairie all de time.'

"How did you get safely out?"

"Why, I only had to unhitch de hoss and he eat up five or six acres ob de grass all around us, but de worst ob all, Sam, he eat up de gal!"

"Horrible!"

"Yes, Sam, he was horrible hungry to do dat."

"What was the reason he did so?"

"I couldn't find out till I got home."

"What did you find out then?"

"Dat de gall was a *Grass Widder!*"