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Select Poetry.



A THOUGHT.

BY FATHER RYAN.

There never was a Valley without a faded flower,

There never was a Heaven without some little cloud. The face of day may flash with light in any

morning hour, But evening soon shall come with her shadow-woven shroud.

"There never was a river without its mist of gray,

There never was a forest without its fallen leaf; And joy may walk beside us down the wind-

ings of our way, When lo! there sounds a footstep and we meet the face of Grief.

There never was a sea-shore without its drifting wreck,

There never was an ocean without its moaning wave, And the golden beam of glory the summer

sky that fleck, Shine where dead stars are sleeping in their azure-mantled grave.

There never was a streamlet, however crystal clear.

Without a shadow resting in the ripples of its tide: Hope's brightest robes are broidered with

the sable fringe of fear-And she lures-but abysses girt her path on either side.

The shadow of the mountain falls athwart theflowly plain,

And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above the mountain's head-And the highest hearts and lowest wear the

shadow of some pain, And the sky has scarcely flitted ere the anguish tear is shed.

For no eyes have there been ever without a weary tear,

And those lips cannot be human which have never heaved a sigh, For without the dreary winter there has

never been a year. And the tempests hide their terrors in the

calmest summer sky.

The cradle means the coffin—and the coffin means the grave;

The mother's song scarce hides the De Profundis of the priest-You may cull the fairest roses any May day

ever gave,

But they'll wither while you wear them 'ere the ending of your feast.

So this dreary life is passing-and we move

amid its maze. And we grope alone together, half in dark-

ness, half in light; And our hearts are often burdened by the

mysteries of our ways.

Which are never all in shadow and never wholly bright.

And our dim eyes ask a beacon, and our weary feet a guide,

And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek

the meaning and the key; And a Cross gleams o'er our pathway-on

it hangs the Crucified, And he answers all our yearning by the

whisper "Follow me."

Miscellaueous Beading.

BURTON'S FOURTH WIFE. BY EMMA MOORE.

'I'll never marry a widower;' 'nor a man without money;' 'nor a poor minister;' 'nor a homely man;' nor a real old bachelor, if he is as rich as Crœsus; 'nor

a man with red hair.' Such was the confused ejaculations of a merry band of school-girls, whom their teacher was vainly endeavoring to summon to their studies. At length her bell was heard amid the din of voices all talking at once, and she laughingly exclaimed, Young Ladies, matrimony need not engross your thoughts for some time to come. You will please come and attend to your lessons. Doubtless, when the time comes,

contrary to your present feelings.'

'As she has done, I remain single, I whispered to my companion; 'but I am sure,' I emphatically repeated, 'that I'll mother in-law. They felt a natural anxi-

you will, like many others, act entirely

a laughing girl of sixteen, with jet black hair and eyes, and said to be full of life

and animation. Soon after, I left school, with a letter, signed by the mistress, to the effect that I was now fully qualified to fill any sphere of usefulness to which I might be destined. Mamma had this duly framed and gilded, and I never doubted its truth.-Neither did papa's friend, old Mr. Ashburton. From my earliest recollection he had been our neighbor and visitor, generally accompanied by a Mrs. Ashburton. The village bells had tolled some two months since for his third wife, and rumor asserted that he was already looking for some one to supply her place.-All the widows of marriageable uge, and all the spinsters of every age, were on the alert; and surely the little Ashburtons were never as much caressed as when they were motheriess.

No one could assert that Mr. Ashburton was the picture of grief, as he wended his way up our avenue every week. His visits were universally conceded to my father, and no one was more delighted when they were over than myself. Although I inherited too much of my father's courtesy to treat any one rudely, a sight of his portly figure and sandy wig entering our

being summoned into my father's library, one day, and having the following note

placed in my hand:

Ashburton Villa, Tuesday, A. M.

DEAR MISS EMMA:

"When Adam was made happy for life,
He was the husband of just one wife;
But my bliss has been of higher degree,
As I have already been blassed with these As I have already been blessed with three. What could-mortal man ask more, Than to have you for number four? We cannot tell how the die will be cast, Perhaps, dear Emma, you will be the last."

Respectfully yours,
AARON ASHBURTON. I burst into an irrepressible laugh, such the scroll nothing but a joke, and was much surprised on glancing at my papa, to see him looking as grave as a judge.— He placed a note in my hand in which the billet-doux to myself had been enclesed, saying that Mr. Ashburton was a man

of good sense, and like an honorable gen-

tleman, had first requested his permission to address me. The note was as follows: DEAR SIR,-If agreeable to Miss Emma and yourself. I should like, as soon as your-daughter can make it convenient, to enter once more into the matrimonial state. You know my ample means: and, if Miss Emma consents, I will, on our marriage day, endow her with one hun-dred thousand dollars. Hoping, when, next I address you, to be able to sign my-self your affectionate son-in-law, I am

"Yours faithfully,"

"AARON ASHBURTON." I could endure the scene no longer, and eluding my father's grasp, and donning my hat, ran to tell my bosom friend, Lucy, of the bliss in store for me. We were if you don't survive, but I myself will be number five."

That night, mamma, after tea, came in-Mr. Ashburton; and I, a thoughtless child, yielded to the entreaties of my pa-

It was not my father's method to neglect business, so I was dispatched to my room to write my reply. I sat down to my writing-desk, chose my best paper and pen, when the idea of being anybody's fourth wife, and I only seventeen, struck me as being very absurd. I imagined how Mr. Ashburton must look divested of them being older than myself." "Not for twenty millions!" I cried,

"will I sign away my happiness."

And as I thought of Gerard, with his stalwart, young frame, raven locks, and fine teeth, his kind heart, and fortune yet to make, I thought I would tell him of my dilemma.

I had just commenced, "My dear Gerard-Something so strange and ludicrous has happened. Come up to-morrow and I will tell you all,"—when papa tapped at the door, saying, pleasantly, "Well, Emma, my reply has been sent, and ere

this Ashburton is a happy man."
"What!" I cried. "O! papa, what have you done?"

"Den't be excited, child." he answered; "here is the copy of my reply."
"My DEAR SIR.—Yours of the 8th instant is just received. I feel highly honored by your proposal, and my daughter will write her acceptance at once.'

"Yours very sincerely," "EDWARD STAUNTON." "You see. Emma, I have left all senti-

ment to you.' "Oh. papa," I repeated, "what have vou done!

But tears and entreaties were of no avail. Fapa's dignity could not be compromised, and I was obliged to write an acceptance, which I did in the following

"DEAR SIR .- In obedience to my father's demands, I accede to your proposal. "Yours, &c., "EMMA S."

Imagine me now presiding over Mr. Ashburton's establishment. A few short weeks since, a thoughtless school-girl, now addressed as "mother" by six children! One day the new gardener said to me as Gerard, where are all the old ladies?-I was helping myself to hot-house flowers;

never—no, never, as long as I live, marry ety to know something of the character of the new mother of their grandchil-At the time I made this remark, I was dren, and made various efforts to judge, and said, If I meet the happy Mr. Ashpersonally. Shortly after my settlement in my new home, I had been indulging ing in a forlorn feeling of homesickness: as in arranging my husband's wardrobe, pression. What he said was intended I had unexpectedly found among his treasures, three locks of hair carefully pre-served. One labeled, "My sainted Ellen," No. 2, "My sainted Maria;" and the first wife instead of Mr. Ashburton's to die? The third, "My departed Susan."

"How came I," I cried; "ever to marry such a Bluebeard?" Here Jane appeared to summon me

down to see my husband's mother-in-law. An image of my own dear mother rose in my mind, and I bounded down in hot haste to throw myself into her arms.-What was my disappointment to see a total stranger surveying me through her spectacles with a penetrating gaze?"

"Well!" she exclaimed, "has Aaron really made such a fool of himself as to bring a child to preside over his house? mittances.

Why, he had children enough already for

To which I mentally responded, "Too

many by half." She went on, "Really, it's enough to make my daughter Ellen wish herself back in this world of trouble-

Seeing me in tears, she checked herself and said, "Well,dear! What's done canparlor inspired me with a desire to leave not be undone, and we must make the it. What was my amazement, then at best of it; but I have come on purpose to advise you. I have reared ten children all except nine, who are dead; and you cannot begin to train them too young.— Have my boxes and trunks up to Ellen's room-she will be glad to see her grand-

mamma." Human nature could endure no more, and I was about retreating from the room, on the plea of obeying orders, when I ran into the extended arms of another mother-in-law, who had just arrived.

This one was a complacent looking old lady, fat and good-natured, and informed me at once that "She was the mother of as school-girls only indulge in, thinking the sainted Maria, and had come purposely to see how she liked me for a stepmother to her little pets."

I introduced the old ladies, and left When little lips speak words of praise; them to have their rooms prepared, and And little feet tread wisdom's ways, their grand-children put in presentable How good and happy are the days! order. On my return, I found them in dog would have been, if shut up in the The flower that blooms, the bird that sings about as aminble position as a cat and same room. Each one was asserting that all the good looks and intelligence belonged to her side of the house. The question had not the slightest interest for me, and all participation in the argument was prevented by the entrance of my husband, with an open letter in his hand. After greeting our guests, he informed me that rive by the evening train, as she deemed it her duty to give his young wife the benefit of her experience of bringing up chil-

No pen can describe the confused state of our mansion during the invasion of these mothers in law. They only agreed on one subject, and, unfortunately that quite merry over the poetical proposal, was myself. They thought I was too Lucy exclaiming: "Who knows, Emms, young; that I did not preside with dignity; that I was not fond of children, and much too fond of dress, &c., &c. Advice was showered upon me from morning unto the council, and, dazzled by the bait til night. At the table, the six children, held out, gave her influence in favor of three grandmothers, and husband, engaged in reminiscences of my predecessors. Each mother insisted that her daughter's portrait should be added to the number.

I thought that my patience would be death. entirely exhausted before the old ladies She took their departure. The likes and dislikes of their daughters had been rehearsep and rehearsed to me, their wishes in ed; until one day I retired to my own and enjoy either. room, intending to lock the door for a to hear my husband's former history, and who shall be the most obsequious. commenced recounting the three weddings and three death-bed scenes, and the funerals, ending with an intimation that my husband had had the three deceased ladies buried together in a semicircle, leav-

ing places for two more graves. So, dear,' he affectionately remarked, you may console yourself by thinking that you are the last wife he expects to have. The tablet will be placed in the centre when he dies, with this appropriate

inscription, 'Our husband.' The climax has now been reached. wife, and the fourth mother to the children, and almost lost my indentity-but this partnership in death I could not toldrew it from my finger and threw it from me, giving way to such an indignant outon one side, dropped a stitch in her stocking, let her snuff-box roll on the floor, and by her screams brought all the grandmothers into my apartment. Such a hnbbub! Each one was trying to praise her own decendants to the detriment of the rest. I endeavored to rise and reach my own room, and the effort effectually aroused me. When I opened my eyes, a laughing eye was glancing into my face, and a loving arm thrown around me, and I was greeted with the exclamation, 'Why.Emma, darling, what have you been dreaming about this bright sunny day? Why are you so excited? Quite bewildered, I exclaimed, 'Why.

And the portraits? And the children? 'What old ladies, and what portraits, and children?' he responded. I found you in dreamland, in your favorite arbor, where your mother bade me seek you.' When I had laughingly rehearsed my

dream, Gerard joined in my merriment, burton. I shall certainly challenge him. But immediately his voice assumed a softer tone, and his eye a more gentle exsolely for my ear, however. He could not have taken a more favorable opportunity

to urge his suit; and so I became Gerard's

Hot lemonade is one of the best reme dies in the world for a cold. It acts promptly and effectively, and has no unpleasant after effects. One lemon properly squeezed, cut in slices, put with sugar, and covered with half a pint of boiling water. Drink just before going to bed, and do not expose yourself the following day. This remedy will ward off an attack of chills and fever if used properly. Capital letters-Those containing re-

Godspeed the plowshare! Tell me not Disgrace attends the toil Of those who plow the dark green sod,

Or till the fruitful soil. Why should the honest plowman shrink From mingling in the van Of learning and of wisdom, since

Godspeed the plowshare, and the hands That till the fruitful earth. For there is in this world, so wide, No gem like honest worth.

'Tis mind that makes the man?

And though the hands are dark with toi And flushed the manly brow. It matters not, for God will bless The labors of the plow. A LITTLE SONG.

When little hands are clean and white, And little faces sweet and bright, The little hearts are glad and light.

When little eyes have learned to read What little minds should early heed. How fast will spring truth's precious seed

Life is made up of little things,

Who Rules.

Ahd every hour has angel-wings.

Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is-compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable for her sake.

She pinches our feet with tight shoes or he had just received a letter from his third chokes us with tight handkerchiefs. or mother-in-law, saying that she would ar- squeezes the breath out of our body by tight lacing.

She makes people sit up by night, when they ought to be in bed; and keeps them in bed in the morning when they ought sure you that we have taken a large quanto be up and doing. She makes it vulgar to wait on one's self, and genteel to lie idle and useless.

rather stay at home, eat when they are or compound of drugs in the market. not hungary. She invades our pleasure and inter-

rupts our business. She compels people to dress gayly whether upon their own property or that of others, whether agreeable to the word

of God or the dictates of pride. She ruins health and produces sicknesss, destroys life and occasions premature

She makes fools of parents, invalids of children, and servants of all.

She is a tormentor of conscience; a despoiler of morality and an enemy of reregard to their children frequently repeat- ligion, and no one can be her companion

She is a despot of the highest grade full his wig; then pictured myself walking season of brief quiet. But the mothers of intrigue and cunning, and yet husbands thing as Christian discipline, and that a down the aisle of the village church, at in-law were not no easily evaded. One and wives, fathers, mothers, daughters, man cannot live an obnoxious life and the head of the six Ashbertons, three of was at my side with her knitting work sons and servants, black and white, have vet sit at the communion table? Let this was at my side with her knitting work and snuff box, prepared for a social chat. She said it was natural that I should like slaves, and vie with one another to see to hear my husband's former history and who shall be the man and the church will mean more than it and the communion table? Let this lion times a million. This is quickly cleansing process go on kindly but firmly, and quicker still pronounced.—

But no man is able to count it. You can be the libe the man and the Church will mean more than it.

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.—A story of real life, of a class of which the State is prolific, is related by the Califonia papers. In 1850 a young man named Osborne, who had recently arrived at the mines from the east, penniless and friendless, was taken sick. He told his condition to a fellow adventurer, named Hitchcock, who was a little better off, and the latter promised to "see him through." The promise was kept, and when, after two mouths of illness, Osborne arose from his bed, his had endured the trial of being the fourth friend handed him \$250 to bear his expenses and procure tools, saying to him, 'If you ever get able you may pay me back, but do not worry yourself any erate. When the old lady, glancing at in trying to make the money too qick. my wedding-ring, pronounced it to be the very one worn by her daughter, I angrily borne sent Hitchcock \$1250 with the following note: "I'll pay interest on friend-His labors proved remunerative, break, that the eld lady jerked her cap and by 1872 he was worth \$350,000. While in San Frncisco he by accident met and recognized his friend. When they parted after several days' companionship, Osborne gave Hitchcock a sealed backage, with the injunction that it should not be opened until he was on the cars. There Hitchcock found that it contained a deed for one-sixth of a rich silver mine with a small note containing the words: "Interest on friendship." Hitchcock has sold his interest for \$80,000.

SAD CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.-Maggie Lowerhill, aged eight years who lived at Oldham, near Paterson, N. J., was bitten about five weeks ago by a small dog. The slight wound soon healed, but a few days ago she suddenly went into convulions at the sight of a glass of water. Dr. ed the gate when the little girl ran after

him and called.— 'Doctor come back.' He waited until she caught up to him and she asked,—

'Doctor did you tell mother I am going

The kind hearted doctor replied,— 'Oh, my child, I hope you will not die. 'But,' replied Maggie, doubtfully, and with just the shadow of a tremor in her voice, 'you must have told mother that I am going to die, for she is crying just as

hard as she can! The old doctor turned his moistening eyes and hastened away. Maggie ran back into the house. She was soon seized with another convulsion which resulted

in the county.

The Best Medicine for Trouble. Don't try to quench your sorrow in

ble. Ten to one the fatal drink will again be sought, till its victim sinks a hopeless, pitiful wreck. Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, hit you filth. Let them die so and thank themsomething else hard; pitch into something | selves. with a will. There's nothing-like-good, solid, substantial, absorbing, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake. thinking about them. You want sweet. awake and keep your wife awake by toss-

There are some great troubles that only it, you who are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It has proved its efficacy since first Adam and Eve left Paradise behind them weeping for their beautiful are diligence and frugality.

Eden. It is an official remedy.

All good physicians in regular standing prescribe it in case of mental and moral disease. It operates kindly and will, living on disagreeable sequella, and we astity of it with most beneficial effects.-It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in the materia medica, and comes She makes people visit when they had nearer to being a "cure all" than any drug And it will sicken you, if you do not take prostrate.

Yell,' said the boy, each brick has the stood

> JONAH OVERBOARD.-Last week the Brooklyn Tabernacle excommunicated a will raise one, and see if he will raise his out ob de ground, an' gets up as high as member for conduct disgraceful of the neighbor. I will see if raising one will Christian profession. He had long been raise all the rest.' warned and admonished; but failing to cease his evil practices, he was by unanition as publicly announced as his reception five years before had been published. Brethren of the Churches, is it not time that our religious societies be cleaned of their unfaithful members? Will not the world have more respect for the Church when it is understood that there is such a does now. The greatest dangers to Christianity to-day are not those who are writing against it, but the professors of religion who carry around contribution plates | 288,000; and a year or 365 days 105,120, and communion cups, and stand prominent at prayer-meetings, while they are known as defrauders, slanderers, or inebriates. You wonder why the old Gospel ship has such rough weather. It is because you have a Jonah on board. Pick him up and let him drop over the sides very gently, and the sea will cease its raging. It is very hard to do so, but better Jonah go to the bottom than the entire vessel. One rotten apple will spoil the whole barrel. - Christian at Work.

UNUSUAL LONGEVITY .- The Denton

Union, Caroline county, Md., says: "Mrs. Hester Authors, who resides a bout four miles from Templeville, just over the Delaware side of the line, is said to be 112 years old. She was present at the signing of the Declaration of Independence, at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, in 1776, and was then 14 years of age. She has a daughter with whom she is now living, the third child after marriage, who is 76 years old. The old lady is quite active, and visits Philadela year to see her grandchildren.

"Philip Money, a resident of Glassbcrough, New Jersey, died at the residence of his son, in Haddington, Delaware, on Friday last, aged 106 years. He had recently visited his son, saying he had come to die, and while there was taken ill, his illness resulting in his death. His son, living at Harrington, is 72 years of age."

ENERGY .- Energy is omnipotent. The clouds that surround the houseless boy Neer of Paterson was sent for, and al- of to-day are dispersed, and he is invited though when he arrived the little girl was to a palace. It is the work of energy .apparently all right again, he saw that it The child who is a beggar this moment, was a case of genuine hydrophobia that in a few years to come may stand forth would undoubtedly prove fatal, and he the admiration of heroes! Who has not sends it to you. quietly told the little girl's mother and seen the life-giving power of energy? It took his leave. He had about half reach- makes the wilderness to bloom as the rose; whitens the ocean; navigates our rivers; levels mountains; paves with iron a highway from State to State; and sends through with the speed of lightning, messages from one extremity of the land to the other.-Without energy, what is man? A fool, a

> TIME.—Time is life's tree from which ome gather precious fruit, while others lie down under its shadow, and perish with hunger. Time is life's ladder, whereby some raise themselves up to honor, and renown and glory, and some let themselves down into the depths of shame, degradation and ignominy. Time will he to us what, by our use of the treasures we make it; a good or an evil, blessing or a curse.

You may know an old bachelor by the No postage on county papers now with- fact that he always speaks of a baby as

Saving and Having. Either a man must be content with rum or narcotics. If you begin this, you poverty all his life, or else be willing to must keep right on with it, till it leads deny himself some luxuries, and save, to you to ruin; or if you try to pause, you lay the base of independence in the future. ning sun. to the sorrow you seek to escape. Of all all that he earns (whether his earnings be fairs—The visitor. wretched men, his condition is the most one dollar or ten dollars every week,) let wretched men, his condition is the most one dollar or ten dollars every week,) let who, having sought to drown his him look for lean and hungry want at Why do white sheep eat more than black grief in drink, awakes from his debauch some future time, for it will surely come, ones? Because there are more of them. with shattered nerves, aching head and no matter what he thinks. To save is depressed mind, to face the trouble again. | absolutely the only way to get a solid for-That which was at first painful to con- tune; there is no other certain mode on difc of a fashionable belle. template, will, after drink, seem unbeara- earth. Those who shut their eyes and ears to these plain facts will be forever poor, and for their obstinate rejection of pled under foot? A shoemaker's. the truth, mayhap will die in rags and

But, no! They take a sort of recompense in cursing fortune. Great waste of breath! They might as well curse the mountains and eternal hills, for we can her ribs. tell them fortune does not give away her calm, sound sleep, and to eat your dinner real and substantial goods. She sells A sensitive girl sas broken off the with appetite. But you can't unless you them to the highest bidder, to the hardest, match because he said the had a foot like work. If you say you don't feel like work, wisest worker for the boon. Men never a rasin-box. and go loafing all day to tell Dick and make so fatal a mistake as when they Harry the story of your woes, you'll lie think they are mere creatures of fate; 'tis the sheerest folly in the world. Every ing, spoil her temper and your own break- | man may make or mar his life, whichever fast the next morning, and begin to-mor. way he may choose. Fortune is for those row by feeling ten times worse than you who by diligence, honesty, and frugality, place themselves in a position to grasp hold of her when she appears in view.time can heal, and perhaps some that The best evidence of diligence is the sound never will be healed at all; but all can be of the hammer in your shop at seven o'helped by the great panacea, work. Try clock in the morning. The best evidence of frugality is the five hundred dollars or more standing in your name at the sav-ings bank. The best evidences of honesty

THE BOY AND THE BRICKS .- A boy hearing his father say 'Twas a poor rule that would not work both ways,' said, 'Is father applies this about his work, I will test it in my play.' So setting up a row of bricks three or four inches apart, he tipped over the first, which, striking the guess the bugs won't hurt 'em. Let 'em second, caused it to fall on the third. which overturned the fourth, and so on through the whole course, until all the bricks lay "I say, Sambo, does ye know what

knocked down his neighbor which stood next to him; I only tipped one. Now I He looked in vain to see them rise.

'Here, father,' said the boy, 'is a poor mous vote cut off, and his excommunica- rule; 'twill not work both ways. They knock each other down, but will not raise each other up.

men, I am sorry to say, are alike active stop whenever he hears a calf bleat." in knocking each other down, but are not inclined to help each other up.'

lion? The reply is very simple—a milcount 160 or 170 a minute; but let us suppose that you go as far as 200, then an hour would produce I2,000; a day, 000. Let us suppose now that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so, and was counting still, he would not even now, according to the usually supposed age of our globe, have counted near enough. For to count a billion he would require 9,512 years, 342 days, 5 hours and 20 minutes, according to the above rule. Suppose we were to allow a poor counter 12 hours daily for rest, eating and sleeping, he would need 19,025 years, 319 days, 10

hours and 45 minutes.

THE INFLUENCE OF DAILY HABITS.-The daily habits of every boy and girl are materials with which they are building up their characters, and every repeti tion strengthens them for good or for evil. Justice, benevolence, honor, integrity and self-control are no ephmeral blossoms that a day's sunshine can call into being and a night's frost can wither and kill. They grow slowly and develop gradually, but once rooted firmly in the heart and trained by constant exercise they will prove phia on the cars, unattended, once or twice sturdy, healthy, long-lived plants that will bear rich and abundant fruit. It is not enough to teach, we must learn to train. It is not enough to tell the child what is right, we accustom him to love its atmosphere. So with self-culture. If we would become nobler and more virtuous, we must habituate ourselves to the constant exercise of pure thoughts, generous affections, noble and disinterested deeds.

WILL YOU MIND THAT NOW ?- 'Father, what does a printer live on?' Live on? the same as other folks. course. Why do you ask, Johnny?"

'Because you said you hadn't paid any-

'Wife, spank that boy.' 'I shan't do it.'

'Why not?' 'Because there is no reason to do so.' 'No reason? Yes, there is. Spank him, I tell you, and put him to bed. 'I shan't do any such thing. What in

the world do you want him spanked for?" 'He is too smart.' Well that comes of your marrying me.

'What do you mean?' I mean just this, that the boy is smarter than his father, and you can't deny it. He knows enough to see that a man, printer or no printer, can't live on nothing, and I should think you would be askamed of yourself not to know as much.

CUT THIS OUT,-Boil poke root and new milk, equal parts, and give it to the patient until it produces sleep, and it will cure bydrophobia.

Have your fruit cans ready.

Wit and Anmor.

The oldest Western settler-The eve-

must add physical pain and degradation But if a man defies the future and spends The article chiefly sold at most fancy

Decoration Day Every day in the

What trade is it whose works are tram-

Family physicians are carefully noting the promising state of the green apple

A Lebanon (Ky.) gent, in ardently greeting a long-parted wife, broke one of

A Maine husband, wanted to bet his wife that she could hip a panther, but she saw the joke and refused to try.

Samuel Gettings, of Springfield, Ohio, is the father of 22-children. It is to be hoped that with all his Gettings he got understanding.

An Irishman was once asked if he had

ever seen a red blackberry. "To be sure

I have, replied Pat-"all blackberries are red when they are green!" A Maud Muller laughed heartily at a young haymaker when the yellow jackets got up his nankeen trousers, but when

they got up her'n it wasn't so funny. Landlady, fiercely-"You mum't occupy that bed with your boots on." Boarder-"Never mind; they're an old poir. I

rip anyhow! makes de corn grow so fast when you put the manure on it?" "No, I don't hardly. "Now, I'll jist tell you: when de corn begins to smell de 'fumery, so it hurries

possible so as not to breathe de bad air."

A wag, with the word 'whoa,' brought a horse driven by a young man to a dead stop. 'That's a fine beast of yours,' says the wag. 'Yes, a pretty good sort of an animal, but he has one fault. He was 'My son,' said the father, 'bricks and once owned by a butcher, and is sure to

Mr. Parker, of the Woburn (Mass.) Journal, wrote his deader last week in COUNTING A BILLION.—What is a bil- rhyme, as follows:

"A daughter was wanting, At last we have found her: A healthy nine-pounder.'

Bob Peters was too bashful to pop the question, but he sent a ring to Clara with "This ring that's enclosed will you please

to retain?

May it grace your dear hand when we next meet again; I'm aware 'tis a trifle, but still it will show What I tremble to ask, yet am dying to know."

Its Cost.-Mr. Hammond, the revivalst, spoke to a man standing in a crowd at Quincy, Ill., a short time ago, inquiring how he felt. 'Do you see anything green?' said the man, pointing to his eye, as much as to say he was not a subject for conversion. 'No, my friend,' Mr. H. replied, 'but I see something red-your nose-and it cost \$5,000 to paint it, if you paid for the drinks."

SUNDAY WORK .- An old Western farmer, who was anything but religious, had hired a devout negro, and to get some Sunday work out of him had to resort to specious devices. One morning Sambo proved refractory—"he would work no more on Sundays. The master then argued that in case of necessity, even the Scriptures allowed a man to get out of a pit on a Sabbath day, a beast that had fallen in. "Yes, massa," rejoined the black, "but not if he spent Saturday diggin' de pit for de berry purpose!"

A young bachelor who had been appointed sheriff, was called upon to serve an attachment against a beautiful young widow. He accordingly called upon her and said: 'Madam, I have an attachment for you.' The widow blushed, and said his attachment was reciprocated: 'You don't understand me; you must proceed to court.' I know it is leap year, sir, but I prefer you to do the courting.' thing for your paper, and the printer still P. this is no time for trifling; the Justice is waiting.' 'The Justice! why, I prefer a parson.

Nonplussing A Barber. - Persons who visit burber shops would give a premium for a barber who would not insist upon their 'hair cut,' or submitting to a shamboo' when they only wished to be shaved. A man who called at a tonsorial establishment succeeded in nonplussing a most persistent knight of the razor. The barber insisted upon giving transieut customers a 'shampoo,' and T. C. peremptorily demanded why such a request was made. Then a little colloquy ensued

something like this: Barber—'Your head's very dirty, sah.'
T. C.—'Well, I know it is, and I want

Barber-Want it dirty! Why, what T. C. Well. I'm a College and I want to hire the my head