

ANNABEL LEE.

By Edgar A. Poe. It was many and many a year ago, in a kingdom by the sea...

THE TREE THAT NEVER FADES.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN. "Mary," said George, "next summer I will not have a garden..."

THINK OF IT—How idly and flippantly the word of death is said! Who can tell what a day will bring forth!

MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE.—The worst of all mockeries is a marriage without love, a yoking together, but without a union...

The most tender-hearted man we ever saw was a shoemaker, who always shut his eyes, and whistled, when he ran his awl into a shoe.

UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.

By Horace Greeley. Universal Education! Grand, inspiring idea! And shall there come a time when the delver in the mine and the rice swamp...

Not the warrior, then, or the statesman, nor yet the master worker, as such, but the teacher, in our day, leads the vanguard of humanity.

THINK OF IT—How idly and flippantly the word of death is said! Who can tell what a day will bring forth!

OLD AON.—There is nothing more miserable than an old man that would be young again.

A SOLDIER'S FIRST DUTY.

By Napoleon and the Soldier. A French veteran, with one arm, was seated before the door of his neat cottage on a pleasant evening in July.

"I had marched for six hours, without pausing to draw breath, for we knew that repose was certain death."

"John," said he, "'tis all over here. Just leave me and join your column as quickly as you can."

"I forbid your staying." "Captain, you might just as well forbid a woman talking."

"You are an insolent fellow." "Very likely, captain; but you must come with me."

The tone of good company is marked by the absence of personalities. Among well-informed persons, there are plenty of topics to discuss, without giving pain to any present.

"Boys, it did me good; and always remember that sincere prayer will do you good too."

"The man speak the truth, sire," said one of his followers.

"Then opening his pelisse, he took the cross which decorated his inside green coat and gave it to the boy."

SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.—A late Norfolk (Va.) paper contains the following advertisement. Presuming Mr. H. H. Hollady has sold the girl, we publish his advertisement merely to show how slavish degradation and brutalizes the human mind.

An Irish gentleman, seeing a heap of rubbish in his court-yard, called a servant and asked him why he did not cart it away.

"Why, your blockhead! make a hole large enough to hold the dirt—and rubbish too," replied the Irish gentleman.

THE RAZOR STROP MAN.

Many of our city readers will remember Smith, the razor-strop man, who attracted crowds at the corner of Spruce and Nassau-streets, and at other places, to witness his odd way of trying and disposing of his wares.

"Some folks say that it is right to drink alcohol, because it is a good creature of God. Well, grant that it is so; so is castor oil, and so is vinegar a good creature of God; but is that a sufficient reason for a person to drink it three, four, or a dozen times a day?"

"But allowing alcohol is a good creature of God, are there not other good creatures, such as beef, pork, puddings, pies, cloths, dollars, and fifty others of the same sort?"

"Some say that wine is a good creature, because our Savior once turned water into wine. Very good! but then he didn't turn rum, gin, whiskey, logwood, cocculus, indigo and cock-roaches into wine, like some people do."

A little girl, hearing it remarked that all people had been once children; artlessly inquired: "Who took care of the babies?"

CHEMISTRY FOR GIRLS.

This is properly styled a utilitarian age, for the inquiry, "What profit?" meets us every where. It has entered the temples of learning, and attempted to thrust out important studies, because their immediate connection with hard money profits cannot be demonstrated.

"I take my pen, not to utter a dissertation on female education, but to insist that young ladies be taught chemistry. They will therefore be better qualified to superintend domestic affairs, guard against many accidents to which households are subject, and perhaps be instrumental in saving life."

Physicians in the country rarely carry scales with them to weigh their prescriptions. They administer medicines by guess, from a tea-spoon or the point of a knife. Suppose a common case. A physician in a hurry leaves an over dose of tartar-emet, (generally the first prescription in cases of bilious fever), and pursues his way to another patient, ten miles distant.

Dr. H. H. Hollady has sold the girl, we publish his advertisement merely to show how slavish degradation and brutalizes the human mind.

Opinion may be considered as the shadow of knowledge. If our knowledge be accurate, our opinions will be just. It is very important, then, that we do not adopt an opinion too hastily.

stances, she knows that pickles rendered green by verdigris are poisonous, that the white of an egg is an antidote.

CURING BACON WITHOUT SMOKE.—Oh, the trouble folks have taken to smoke and roast their bacon.

"To make the best bacon, fat your hogs early and fat them well. By fattening early you make a great saving in food, and well fattened pork makes better bacon than lean pork."

"The meeting of the waters.—The New York Mercury tells the following improbable story: We sat down upon a curb stone and laid some, the other night, we did—witness the operations of Tommy S. with a pump, which he mistook for a former friend of his, and with whom he was anxious to make friends."

"As a trying time, I know," said Tommy; "but there's no use sheddin' tears on the 'casion. We're just as good friends as ever we was."

"Partially recovering from our laughing fit, we rose and begged of him to cease molesting a harmless, unoffending pump."

DEATH ASLEEP.—We so converse every night with the image of death, that every morning we find an argument of the resurrection. Sleep and death have but one mother, and they have but one name in common.