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Selected Poetry.

I'm Growing Old.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

My days pass pleasantly away,
My nights pass blessed with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptom of decay,
I have no cause to moan and weep;
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold,
And yet, of late, I often sigh—
I'm growing old!

My glowing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
My growing love for easy shoes,
My growing hate for crowds and noise,
My growing fears of taking cold,
All tell me in the plainest voice—
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dimmer in my eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless in my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes—
I'm growing old!

Ah, me, my every laurels breathe,
The tale to my reluctant ears;
And every boon the hours bequeath,
But makes me debtor to the years;
E'en Flattery's honied words declare
The secret she should fain withhold,
And tells me in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old!

Thank for the years whose rapid flight
My sombre muse so sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wings;
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold;
Where all are blest, and none may sigh;
"I'm growing old!"

WHAT IS THE USE?

What is the use of trimming a lamp
If you never intend to light it?
What is the use of grappling a wrong
If you never intend to right it?

What is the use of removing your hat
If you do not intend to tarry?
What is the use of wooing a maid
If you never intend to marry?

What is the use of buying a coat
If you never intend to wear it?
What is the use of a house for two
If you never intend to share it?

What is the use of gathering gold
If you never intend to keep it?
What is the use of planting a field
If you do not intend to reap it?

What is the use in buying a book
If you never intend to read it?
What is the use of a cradle to rock
If you never intend to need it?

Miscellaneous.

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

In one of the fern glens of the upper Alleghenies stands a small log house, which once held a large family—John Riley, the father; Susan Riley, the mother; and children John, Susan, James, Patrick, Sedgwick and little Bess. Bred to hard living, there was not one who shrank to face a catamount, or a bear, or an Indian, or find fault with hard bread and cold quarters.

At the breaking out of the war, the father, John, James and Patrick enlisted—the last as a drummer boy. Sedgwick cried to go, but was told, to his great grief and indignation, that he would have to wait and grow, as he was only twelve years old, and about three feet two. The wife and mother had as big a heart as anybody, and there can be no question but that her heart gave a sharp twang when "old John" and the boys left her; but she, nevertheless, declared that she would have gone herself if they hadn't. They might go, and God speed to them, there was no help for't; and as for her, she had not a doubt whatever that it was decreed from the foundation of the world that she should be left to carry on their business, which was farming and shoemaking, according to the season, all alone, just as she was. And she could do it, if worst came to worst—she was sure of that.

So half the Riley family went from the log house to the war, and half stayed at home. Susan took care of what little there was in-doors, and the mother, according to her statement, "took care of all out-doors," with Susan's help, whenever she was off duty, and with Sedgwick's always. Little Bess was unanimously voted good for nothing yet, but to keep bread and cheese from moulding. Mrs. Riley plowed the glebe with the old one-horse plow, with Sedgwick to ride.—Mrs. Riley planted it with corn and potatoes, with Sedgwick to drop them for her; and, when hoeing time came, she and Susan hoed it, while Sedgwick did the best he could at pulling weeds, and Bess ran actively and noiselessly about, picking up angle worms and treading on the corn hills.

The season wore round thus, and still the indefatigable industry of Mrs. Riley kept appearances very much as they were. The cowshed had several windows, perhaps, not left by the carpenter, and the cow herself showed a hide of hair that pointed several ways; but appearances were, if the truth was known, not so much against Mrs. Riley's management after all. Said cow and cowshed had never been kept in a state of perfect repair.—The hens and turkeys always took care of themselves, and of course they looked as well as ever. The old horse, habitually light in flesh, may have betrayed his ribs a trifle plainer, and possibly the pig was a shaving less fat; but let nothing be said about trifles, where the only wonder is that the woman, left by her husband and three sons, should keep her family together at all, and much more, cultivate her farm. When conscription goes thro' our towns and cities, sweeping every able bodied man away, we shall then see how many women there are like her.

With all this out door labor, Susan Riley did not so far forget "the shop" as to justify the taking down of the old shingle: "Boots & Shus med & minded Heer."

When customers came and left, work before they knew that John was gone, she continued to do it, and did it so well that they kept on bringing, and the good woman had all she could do with her cobbling and farming together, you may be sure.

Meantime she was kept informed tolerably well of the movements of her husband and boys, for though all of them were but indifferent writers, she depended on Susan to decipher the letters when they came, for not a word could she read of good or bad writing—yet they made up in frequency and pith what they lacked in penmanship and rhetoric. Their regiments did duty most of the year in Western Virginia. The Riley's had enlisted in two regiments—the father and youngest son in one, and John and James in the other, and it fared with them about alike

In October a letter came from John, bearing, in rustic but touching phrase, bad news mingled with good;

Camp Green Ridg Sep Twenty

Deer Muther a Grate battles ben fit & wev bet but muther that aint all the 49th got cut up wusent we did and fathers ded I doono muther whall become o poor little pat for thay say hes wundid to but i cant git leve to go seem & wear ordird to march to morrer at 4 oclock with 3 days rashuns & God help us cooddnt ye cum muther wars a terribul thing annihow but father dyed in the thick o the fite jist as i may be God bles ye muther cum if ye can jim wel and sens luv yure sun JOHN

There was enough of natural affection in that rough Riley family—deep, genuine, downright love. If one member possessed it more than any of the rest, it was the mother. Bluntly and coarsely as she always talked, and hard featured as she was to look upon, no poetess ever had a richer vein of human sentiment than Mrs. Riley, and Florence Nightingale herself could not handle a case of aggravated distress more tenderly than she. The news of her husband's death came with a sudden stroke that almost felled her to the floor. But she bore it bravely, till her work was done for that day, and let the younger eyes shed the tears.

"Why don't you cry, mother?" said little Bess, who was sobbing bitterly with Susan and Sedgwick, over a grief she could not understand; but the pale, thin lips of the mother did not move.

In the middle of the night, long after sleep had stolen over the children's sorrow, Susan was awakened by a groan.—She started up, and found her mother sitting in the bed, in the harvest moon that shone through the one window, white as a shrouded corpse.

"Light the candle, Susan," she heard her whisper, and then the terrified girl obeyed, and inquired, hurriedly, if she should bring the camphor or heat some water. Mrs. Riley shook her head, and said, faintly—

"Get the Testament and read."

Susan got the book, and asked where she should read.

"No matter, much. Open somewhere in the middle."

And kneeling by the bed, with the candle in her hand, the young daughter read, with trembling voice, and simple, unlearned emphasis: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God; believe also in me. In my father's house there are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you"

A low, faint cry from the bosom of the suffering woman, and the girl's voice was drowned in the stormy, convulsive sobs that shook the next instant through the strong frame of Mrs. Riley, as if they would rend it asunder.

The deep waters were loosed, and the hoarded tears of half a lifetime now seemed to flow forth in one gush of irresistible sorrow. By and by, the paroxysm passed, and she rose from her bed, breathing long, deep breaths, as if a sweet sense of relief had come over her, and, lying down on her pillow, said softly:

"Good Lord, Thy will be done. Put the book by, Susan, and go to bed."

And the still hours of that moonlight night rolled on to the day, and the unconscious children, unawakened, dreamed their happy dreams, and the oldest daughter—sad, astonished, but weary—went to sleep before the cock crow; but of all within that poor log hut, after midnight passed, the mother's sleep was the sweetest.

Hardly had the toiling woman gathered her fall crops. Few hands made heavy work, and it was slow and weary business indeed to go over the two acres, hill by hill, till all was done. The bulk of the harvest, however, was gathered in (as good a yield as could be expected) when John's letter came; and the very next day, leaving as good directions as she could to Susan, and charging the younger children to mind her, with a promise not to be gone very long, Mrs. Riley was on her way to "Green Ridge" to find her wounded drummer boy.

The feelings of the wife that had so fiercely struggled, well nigh to breaking her heart for her recent loss, were now subdued and tranquil, as conscious that the old relationship had passed away with the husband's ebbing blood—linger only in the silence of the grave; and all the mother awoke within her as she turned from the dead to the living.

She was somewhat nearer to her destination when the cars left her at Shannon Dale terminus—a village with seven houses. How to get conveyance for the rest of the way was the next question.—Not even a cart or oxen could she find. At length an ill-looking negro came along, to whom she at once applied for information.

"Can you tell me where I'll find a team?

"Yes'm"

"Where, then?"

"I'se got one"

"Well, what is it?—a horse, a donkey, or a pair of steers? And what's the wagon? Tell me about it."

"Mule and cart, missus."

"What'll you ask to Green Ridge?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Stay at home with your old mule, ye wicked, swindlin' nigger—to take advantage of a poor lone woman! Ask ten hundred, why didn't ye, when ye ask about it? But ye may make your money out o' somebody else. I'll go afoot."

And off she started, leaving the exorbitant African materially sobered of his grin, and starting after her with an expression of semi-fierceness, as if he half meditated doing something wickeder still

Mrs. Riley saw no cause to repent of her resolution. She had but gone over eight or ten of the weary stretch of miles when an army teamster overtook her and gave her a seat among his powder kegs. The ride, however, was rather a change of xercise than a rest to her, for the road was frightfully bad. From the teamster she learned that the Forty-Ninth Pennsylvania was not within twenty or thirty miles of the spot it was when her son dated his letter, but had moved to or near a place called Sullivan's Pass, taking their wounded with them. The communicative driver furthermore informed her that he was to stop eight miles short of this latter place He declared, after he had heard Mrs. Riley's story, that if he were not in the employ of the government, he would see her clear to the Pass himself, free of charge.

The next foot journey of the resolute widow was exhausting in the extreme—rocks, gullies, marshes, and, above all, the inevitable and omnipresent tangle of laurel brushwood lay across her path, and obstructed her feet at every step. Supporting herself with the thought that her boy had passed over that way, she persevered and struggled through—to find, alas! on arriving, worn out with fatigue, at the place she sought, only ashes and the scattered debris of a departed army! The regiment had been gone two days.

But the persistent woman was not to be discouraged. Resting herself awhile, she set about looking for a team, and after some trouble, she procured a man at a large price, to take her in his cart to the regiment where her boy belonged. As they came within the lines they were hailed and fired upon by a picket, but escaped harm, and in due time the flags and tents of the 49th appeared around the spur of the mountain.

Stopped by a sentinel at the camp line, she inquired for Patrick Riley, the drummer boy, and was told that he was not there That was all the soldier knew about it. Whether he was dead or alive he did not say. She was not to be put off, and a corporal of the guard was summoned, who passed her within the camp, and she hastened forthwith to make inquiries of the colonel himself

"Which way did you come?" asked the colonel.

"By the Plummer road."

"You passed your boy within a mile. I left him, with all my wounded, at Verrico's Station, to be taken off to Harrisburg as soon as they are able. I think you'll find him there. He was badly hurt in the arm."

With all possible dispatch, the widow drove back to the Plummer road to Verrico's Station A company of soldiers was placed around a long, rough looking house with a flag on it, and she knew it was the hospital. The guard stopped the horse long before they reached the building, but Mrs. Riley snatched the whip from the driver ann lashed the beast up to the very door, in spite of opposition—when, springing from the cart, she pushed by the sentinel as quick as thought, and without stopping to hear the epithets of "hag" and "she-devil," that were shouted after her as she passed in, she stood, in another second, in the very midst of the wounded soldiers.

"Patrick Riley!" she shouted out, almost out of breath, and looking about her as if afraid her senses would deceive her.

There was do mistaking the quick, downright tone of Widow Riley. If the boy was there, he would certainly answer.

"Oh, mother," gasped a weak boy's voice, and a tangled heap in one corner stirred, and rushing towards it, the faithful woman saw her poor little drummer boy sitting up, but so changed that none but his mother would have known him

"Poor Pat! you've had a sorry time, that's clear."

And here the wonderful energies of the mother, which had kept up so long as her child was to be searched for (God's angels bear up with hands the strength of mothers in such emergencies,) gave way now that her child was found, and she sank down almost fainting upon the straw pallet before her.

"Look up, mother, and don't ye feel bad. I'm all right," said the plucky little fellow, "my arm's hurt so I shan't drum no more; but now you're come, I feel like I could lick off the rebels with one hand!"

Mrs. Riley soon recovered, and set about nursing her boy.

She came in the nick of time, for his arm had just been amputated, and he was some what feverish. Probably his mother's care was the only thing that saved him. In a week he was able to go home with her; and, just as the November winds were beginning to blow, Pat took his old place by the crackling fire in the log house, among the Upper Alleghenies, and told his story of the war.

John and James are still in the army—as noble soldiers as ever carried muskets. Mrs. Riley shows them the same free, fearless, uncalculating love that she exhibited in the case of the slain husband and the wounded young drummer—a love that can sacrifice generously, but not till it has struggled dutifully. She has passed through a hard experience, and it has made her a better woman, though her religion is of a blunt, positive kind; and she makes Susan tell the absent boys, when she writes, to trust in the God of their mother, and "never doubt but He'll see to 'em."

A Post Office Curiosity.—A letter was posted at the post office in New London, a while since, bearing the subjoined minute, though somewhat indefinite address: "To my sister bridget, or else to my brother Tim malony or if not to my gude mothor in law who come to america but did not stay long and went back to the ould country in care of the Praste who live in the parish of bateanbuoy in Cork or if not to some Dacent Neighbor in Ireland."

NO ONE TO LOVE.

No one to love in this wide world of sorrow,
No tender bosom our fortunes to share,
No loving face from whose smiles we may borrow
Soothing in sadness and hope in despair.

Pity the heart that doth silently languish,
Hiding its grief 'neath a summer day smile,
Mourn for the spirit that, prone in its anguish,
Sings while the bosom is writhing the while.

No one to love in the wide world around us,
Why should we care if we prosper or fail?
None will rejoice when the laurel hath crowned us;
None will lament when our glory wanes pale.

We are but wanderers, o'er the earth roving,
No one will follow our footsteps with pray'r;
No quiet home, with its true hearts and loving
Waiteth our coming to shelter us there.

Oft will a laugh that is sweetest and lightest,
Trill with wild anguish our hearts to the core;
Oft will a glance that is kindest and brightest
Mind us of those we shall never see more.

And when the garlands for beauty's adorning
Bear the loved blossoms of those who have fled,
Oft will affection, unmindful of scorning,
Turn from the living to weep for the dead.

From the Chicago Post

AMONG THE MILLINERS.

BEAU HACKETT AS A FASHION REPORTER.

I was fowling in the marshes of Calumet when I received your note. I was preying remorselessly upon the feathered tribe generally, with a double-barreled shot gun. My ammunition was about exhausted. I had started with a quart bottle full of powder in my breast pocket, but that all was gone except a 'snit.'—My shot pouch was almost empty, too, but I did not care for that. A man can hunt well enough without shot if he only has plenty of powder—the kind that flies to the head.

Your message arrived in good time to be heeded. I had just got a splendid duck—by falling of a log into a stream of muddy water. I felt so much elated by my success that I was ready to quit. Only a few hours previous to that I had slain a dozen of the plumpest ducks I ever saw. Before I had time to collect them together the owner appeared upon the field of carnage, and informed me that they were his ducks, and were not wild, and never had been. The owner's name was Drake You can imagine how I felt when I learned that my ducks were all Drake's. I gave them up, like a reasonable man, and charged him nothing for killing them. I can be generous whenever I want to.

After so many repeated successes it is not strange that I felt ready to leave the field. I read the cabalistic line of your message, 'come up and do the openings.' I wanted to come bad enough, but I had no idea what the missive meant. There are so many openings in the world, so many things that can be opened. There are letters, for instance; letters that belong to you and letters that don't: and there is champagne that can be opened; so can ink bottles, so can a bank, so can oysters (*can oysters*) When I arrived at oysters I stopped awhile, and it occurred to me that I had caught your idea. Somebody was going to open a can of oysters (the first of the season, may be,) and you wanted me to report the affair. Accordingly I came to the city in great haste, my speed being accelerated by a knowledge of the fact that my powder was all gone, and there is no good powder outside of Chicago. I was disappointed, not disagreeably, however, when I was informed that the grand season of opening millinery and straw goods had arrived, and that I was wanted to make a tour of Lake street, and make an article on the fall fashions

I felt complimented when I was told that I was the man for the position, because I had a more intimate acquaintance with milliners, and could get information from the fair sex better than any body else I am susceptible of flattery, a little, and I felt complimented, but I mistrusted my ability. I have not had much experience in reporting I wrote local items for three days on a country newspaper six years ago, and some of them are going the rounds of the press yet.—I ought to have had them copyrighted for they are never credited to me. I will give one of them—the first I ever wrote—and which is re produced in the papers every month or two. It is pretty good, and will give you an inkling of my style:

'Accident.—Yesterday a team attached to a wagon rushed madly down one of our principal streets a distance of a mile or two, and were only prevented from running away by a gentleman, who, at the hazard of his life, seized them by the reins and stopped them. We are fearfully and wonderfully made.'

If you hear of anybody that wants to engage a man to write that sort of items all the time, I wish you would let me know it.

I commenced at the foot of Lake street to do the fashions. I went through the great union depot from one end to the other, and up stairs and down, but I could find no millinery store there. I then struck out boldly up Lake street, came to a large house nearly opposite a large house on the opposite side of the street. I am thus precise in giving localities that the public may know where the best millinery store is to be found. A reliable gentleman, to whom truth is a greater stranger than fiction, told me that the second story of the large house on the opposite side of the street was a bonnet and straw goods establishment. That was the information I was looking for, and I bounded up stairs

'Like a wild gazelle,'

if I may be allowed to institute a comparison. At this time I was absorbed in deep meditation, thinking how I should begin my article, and whether I should puff anybody. I was abstracted, I think, and I sailed up the stairway with my body bent forward about nineteen degrees from the perpendicular, a pencil under my arm and a reporter's book over my right ear. I reached the head of the stairs suddenly, inasmuch as I was going very rapidly, and as a consequence of my abstractedness, or something else, I drove my head plump into a bonnet that the proprietress was showing to a customer. I was terribly frightened, and tried to stammer an apology, but it was no go.

The proprietress looked reaping machines at me. I threw my pencil down and begged pardon for smoking in her presence, thinking it was a cigar Told her I hoped I hadn't smashed anything, and she smiled a little and said I hadn't. Then I felt better, and told her I was a reporter. Then she looked milder than ever, and said, 'Oh, indeed!' and immediately afterward she became insufferably inquisitive, asked me a volley of incomprehensible questions, and stared at me all the time, as though she was counting the plaits in my shirt ruffles or the links in my watch chain or the brilliants in my breastpin, or anything else you like.

'Are you long hand or short hand?' she asked.

'Neither,' said I, 'I am a new hand, and I rather dislike the business, as far as I've got.'

The proprietress conducted me through a long hall into a large room occupied by about twenty bonnets and sixty milliners, saleswomen, etc. I did not look at the bonnets for the first half hour, but devoted myself exclusively to taking an inventory of the young ladies.

'This is a charming bonnet—golden dun—Marie Stuart front,' said the lady-in-chief.

'Yes, she is,' I replied, 'but her hair is a little too red.'

I discovered my mistake when it was too late to correct it. That's my luck.

As soon as the divine little milliners learned who I was, they gathered around me in a circle, and all were anxious to see who could say the most and best things. One was descanting upon the beauties of a chip bonnet, and another handed me a bunch of grapes to examine. I bit one of the grapes, and got my mouth full of broken glass. Then I thought I would rather report a camp meeting than a millinery store; then I thought I wouldn't, and I mustered my courage and made another note in my note-book, (grapes, not sour, but sharp.) My tongue bled fearfully, and I spoiled my best embroidered handkerchief wiping away the blood. The circle diminished, and the crew (perhaps I should say bevy) came closer. I began to want fresh air severely. Too many females in a close room render the atmosphere oppressive.

'This is beautiful,' said a charming creature with pearly eyes and black teeth, 'this is a dear duck of a bonnet.'

'Is it a wild duck?' said I, 'I've had enough of wild ducks, especially if they belong to a man by the name of Drake.'

'Price, seventy-five dollars,' she continued, paying about as little attention to me as a man of my qualifications could expect.

I asked her if she would sell it in small lots, and how much one of the straws would come to, but before I had finished the question she was showing me something else.

The ladies became less timid as they became more acquainted and approached so near me when they wanted to give me a bonnet to look at, that my ruffles were in danger of being crushed. They piled bonnets upon me till I had both arms full and the top ones began to fall off, and every time I stooped to pick up one I dropped two. It required some skillful engineering to keep from being engulphed in the ocean of crinoline that surrounded me; and in making a desperate effort to escape from one billow that came fearfully near me, I plunged both feet into a magnificent French chip bonnet (that was the name of it,) with a Marie Stuart or Louisa Jane Susan Smith front, I forget which There was another crash of glass artificials, a bunch of wheat was crushed to flour, and a fine blush rose blushed for the last time.

The milliners all screamed—the circle was broken; some rushed one way and some another, and some rushed in an opposite direction. I rushed to a window and measured the distance to the ground with my mathematical eye. I had not mane up my mind exactly when a ten-year-old who I had not seen before (I think she was an apprentic) sung out in a shrill voice, 'Ma says if you don't pay her for the last shirt she made for you she'll prosecute you in the court-house.'

I should have been proud to know that I had an acquaintance there if I had not been in a hurry. I threw myself out upon the sidewalk without breaking a bone, and—I still live. When next I go to report a millinery affair I shall go in a full suit of armor.

I am, feelingly, Beau Hackett.

An apothecary's boy was lately sent to leave at one house a box of pills, at another six live fowls. Confused on the way, he left the pills where the fowls should have gone, and the fowls at the pill place. The folks who received the fowls were astonished at reading the accompanying directions! "Sallow one every two hours."

A newspaper, in noticing the presentation of a silver cup to a contemporary says; "He needs no cup; he can drink from any vessel that contains liquor—whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spile of a keg, or the bunghole of a barrel."

An English writer says of the militia of London, that the captain of one of the corps averred it was dangerous to make the rear take close order, for fear it would pick the pockets of the front rank.

The beautiful tresses of young ladies are beau-strings.

How He Lost a Customer.

A few days since a well-dressed woman entered a store on Chesnut street. She looked like the wife of a man who had suddenly made money by army contracts Her "harness" was good, but the wearer evidently was but lately accustomed to indulge in finery. She entered the "principal depot" of a citizen, who, among other proprietary articles, is the inventor of a celebrated hair tonic.

As she entered, the proprietor was behind the counter, a matter rather rare for him, and with his hat on his head. He personally waited on her, asking, with his best smile, "What can I show you ma'am?"

"Why, your hair tonic"

"Here it is, ma'am"—producing a bottle of the article.

"This is what makes hair grow, does it?"

"Yes, ma'am; you'll find a little pamphlet inside the wrapper with many certificates from people who have been bald."

"Humph! What's the price?"

"A dollar a bottle ma'm—six bottles for five dollars."

"You re *certain* it'll bring hair on?"

"It never fails unless the hair is destroyed by disease."

"Well, I've got a bald spot on the top of my head. I'd give five hundred dollars to have it covered again."

Proprietor said he had no doubt the tonic would accomplish the result and the lady ordered a half dozen to be sent to her house. Proprietor took the address. As the lady turned to leave the store, proprietor removed his hat, showing a head whose crown was innocent of covering.

"Well I declare!" exclaimed the lady, transfixed, looking at him in blank surprise.

"What is it, ma'am?"

"Why, I swear if you ain't bald yourself."

Proprietor was about to rejoin, but the lady continued:

"I don't want that hair grease o' yourn I jest believe you're a lying."

Proprietor attempted to explain, but the lady wouldn't listen. She couldn't be made to believe that a man could make "hair grease" to restore other people's hair, when bald himself. She left, advising him to grow a crop of hair on his own head before undertaking to furnish a recipe to cover the heads of other folks.

The moral is, when bald people sell hair tonic they should keep their hats on.

Personal Influence.

Every one is endowed, each for himself, with a special gift of salutary influence, a peculiar benign power, which he can no more get another to employ for him than one flower can get another to breathe forth its fragrance, or one star depute to another its shining. Your individual character the special mould and temper of your being is different from that of all other beings, and God, in creating it, designed it for a particular use in his Church. Your relations to your fellowmen are peculiar to yourself, and over some minds—some little group or circle of moral beings—you can wield an influence which it is given to no other man to wield. Your place and lot in life, too, is one which has been assigned to you alone, For no other has the same part been cast. On your particular part no other footsteps shall ever leave their print. Through that one course, winding or straight, rapid or slow, brief or long protracted, in any other course shall the stream of life flow on to the great ocean. And so to you it is given to shed blessings around you, to do good to others, to communicate, as you pass through life, to those whose moral history borders or crosses yours, a heavenly influence, which is all your own. If this power be not used by you, it will never be used. There is work in God's Church which, if not done by you will be undone.

A Tough Srory.

Stephenson, a country shopkeeper, was one day trying to sell Joe a pair of pegged boots. The old man gave the article offered a fair examination, and decided not to purchase.

"Nice boots," said Stephenson.

"Yes, very nice boots," said old Joe, "but I can't afford 'em"

"Why, they are as cheap as any they make," said Stephenson, "only two dollars."

"Yes, only I don't keep any hired man," returned Joe.

"Hired man! what do you want of a hired man?" asked Stephenson.

"Well, I should want a hired man if I bought them boots." said Joe, his eye twisting up with even more comical leer than usual; "the last pair of boots I had, pretty near ruined me."

"How was that?" asked Stephenson.

"Why," said Joe, "all the time I wore them boots, I had to take two men along with me with hammers, one on each side, to nail on the soles every time I lifted my feet"

The storekeeper made no more efforts to sell boots to Joe.

A Blacksmith having been slandered was advised to apply to the courts for redress. He replied with true wisdom "I can go in my shop and work out a better character in six months than I can get in a court house in a whole year."

Found a Friend.—"Who goes there?" said an Irish sentry of the British Legion at St. Sebastian. "A friend;" was the reply. "Then stand where you are, for by the powers you're the first I've found in this murtherin' country."

Mrs. Partington on Cosmetics.

"That is a new article for beautifying the complexion," said Mr. Bibb, holding up a small bottle for Mrs Partington to look at. She looked up from toeing out a woolen sock for Ike, and took the bottle in her hand. "Is it, indeed?" said she; "well, they may get up ever so many costroms fer beautifying the complexion, but, depend upon it, the less people have to do with bottles for it the better. My neighbor, Mrs. Blotch, has been using a bottle a good many years, for her complexion, and her nose looks like a rupture of Mount Vociferous, with the burning lather running all over the contagious territory." Mr. Bibb informed her, with a smile, that this was cosmetic for the outside and not to be taken internally, whereupon she subsided into the toe of Ike's stocking, but murmured something about the danger of its "leaking in," nevertheless. Ike, meanwhile, was rigging a martingale for Lion's tail, securing that waggish member to his collar and making him appear as if scudding before the wind.

BY THE WAY.

What is a quartermaster? The man who gives the poor soldiers one quarter and keeps the rest himself.

If a pretty woman asks you what you will bet, answer that you will lay your head to hers.

"Beautiful *weather*," as the gentleman said when he chanced to get a tender piece of mutton on his plate one day at dinner.

Mr. Noggins, speaking of a blind woodsawyer, says, "while none ever saw him see, thousands have seen him saw."

A dashing and fashionable widow says she thinks of sueing some gentleman for a breach of promise, so that the world may know she is in the market.

A man named Oats was hauled up recently for beating his wife and children. On being sentenced to imprisonment, the brute remarked that it was very hard a man was not allowed to thrash his own oats!

We were told that, the other day, a literary gentleman being rather badly off for pens, sat down to write with a headache. It is, we believe, a painful operation, but a great saving of quills.

☞"John," said a stingy old hunk to his hired man, as he was taking dinner, "do you know how many pancakes you have eaten?" "No." "Well, you have eaten fourteen." "Well," said John, "you count and I'll eat."

☞A school boy, being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like it upon the Italian system of penmanship—the heavy strokes upward, and the down ones light."

Latour lost his leg at the battle of Leipsic After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in a corner of the room. "None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog," said his master; "you know you are glad, for now you will have only one boot to clean instead of two."

Speaking of muddy roads, a recent tourist says the roads of Normandy remind him of a Highland road in the West, where a friend vowed he once met a man sounding a hole with the butt-end of a driving-whip. He asked him what he was doing, and he replied: "Sir, I have found my hat, but I have lost a horse and gig some place hereabouts."

Jones, since his marriage, has taken to talk slightingly of the holy estate.—Brown was telling him of the death of a mutual friend's wife, whom the "disconsolate" had courted for twenty-eight years and then married. She turned out to be a perfect virago, but died two years after the wedding. "There," said Mr. Jones, "there's luck! See what a fellow escaped by a long courtship!"

☞A corporal in a West Virginia regiment went home on furlough, and at its expiration, applied for an extension in the following style: "My dear Commander, it is with pleasure I Takes my pen in hand to inform you I am taken off the Mumps, and hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing But if there are danger, or if you think there are, Report to me immediately at Buckhanon and I am at your command my dear Commander, Mumps or no Mumps."

☞A writer beautifully remarks that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune and mere crime set no barriers between her and her son.—While his mother lives, a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affections flow from a pure fountain, and cease only at the ocean of eternity.

A lady at sea, full of apprehension in a gale of wind, cried out among other exclamations, "we shall go to the bottom. Mercy on us, how my head swims!"—"Madam, never fear," said one of the sailors, "you can never go to the bottom while your head swims."

Mrs. Partington has a friend in the army. Being asked one day what his station was, she replied: "For two years he was lieutenant of horse marines, and after that he was promoted to be captain of a squad of sapheads and minors."

A western editor strikes the names of two subscribers from his list because they were hung. He says he was compelled to be severe, because he did not know their present addresses.

The false gentleman almost bows the true out of the world. He contrives so to address his companions as civilly to exclude all others from his discourse and make them feel excluded.

Most of the rebels are pledged to pay ten-fold what they are worth, and when they die, says Prentice, there'll be the devil to pay.

A soldier being asked if he met with much hospitality while in Ireland, replied that he was in the hospital nearly all the time he was there.

A man was recently arrested in Detroit, he having deserted four wives and five regiments.