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POETICAL.



For the Record.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

Sitting in the twilight lonely, Watching evenings gathering gloom...

Ah, the days are long and dreary, As they move on one by one...

Teach me to be contented, When the wind is soft and low...

I know that I must journey, Ever through life's path alone...

Faith, who ever pointing upward, Toward the calm serene way...

Watching o'er their erring sister, And although I seem alone...

Life is very short and fleeting, Soon the sad dream will be o'er...

Meet to never know a parting, N'er to hear "farewell" again...

NELLIE.

MISCELLANY.

From Peterson's Magazine.

HOE OUT YOUR ROW.

BY MRS. N. McCAUGHY.

The youngest son stood with his fair bride upon the threshold of the old farm house...

It was the fourth time a similar presentation had been made in the old homestead...

The old man wrung the band of his son, and stooped down to kiss the cheek of his fair new daughter...

The old homestead seemed deserted and drear as a last year's nest. The aged pair sat down by their own hearth-stones alone...

Their Western home was a humble one, and plenty of work for willing hands within it...

'Now, father,' said Dominie Ned, as he walked up to the stand, 'I must give you my wedding present; and he laid before him his beautiful copy of the Testament and Psalms...

'I love Thy commandments above gold, Yes, above fine gold.'

'Now, perhaps we had better sing our evening hymn, and after worship, let the little ones tramp off to bed.'

'Then all drew up about the fire and told over tales of other days. William told how he had hooed out a pretty hard row in the new place...

a luxury. Besides you shall not suffer. These little self-denials, you know, are almost unavoidable, if we would fairly hoe out our row.'

George, like a sensible man, took his wife's advice; and the satisfaction he felt, as he paid down the money promptly and took his receipt...

Ellen ransacked her memory for economical sauces and gravies, to take the place of old Debby's golden butter and yellow cream...

Steadily onward he hooed his row until the place was all his own. The old home had put on a new face out-doors and in...

There were files of agricultural papers on the broad shelf of the little library, and a choice selection of miscellaneous books above them...

George was respected and known by all his neighbors, and the stranger, who shared but for a night the generous hospitality of his broad hearth-stone...

Years sped apace, when one ruddy October, a circular autograph letter went round the circle of brothers, bidding them all come to the golden wedding...

There was a racket of merry, youthful voices, as the grandchildren romped through the old halls, but grandfather's face was brimful of smiles...

Carrie was the daughter-in-law who lived nearest home, so the care of the feast fell upon her. 'Grandma must not stir from her rocking-chair until all was upon the table...

The evening lamp was lighted, and a little fire was burning in the open fire-place, as all were seated in the old home-room...

William, the eldest born, stepped forth from the little group, and advancing to his gray-haired father, remarked: 'It is twenty-two years since the first of us went forth from this roof to make his way in the world...

At the village grocery, one evening, the loungers were 'wishing' and one said: 'Now, listen to my wish. I wish I had so much money that 'twould take a seventy-four gun ship loaded down with needles so deep that if you put another needle in 'twould sink her, and all these needles to be worn out in making up bags to hold my money. Kin ye beat that wish, 'Lije?'

'Lije,' said the other, replied, with something like a contemptuous sneer, 'Pshaw, if you're going to wish, why don't you wish for something whilst you're about it? I wish I had so much money, that what you've wished for wouldn't pay the interest of mine so long as ye could hold a red hot needle in your ear.'

'A DRINKING STORY WITH TWO 'PINTS'—An old inebriate named Billy, in one of our Western towns, was induced by the eloquence of a local preacher, to forego the intoxicating cup and join the church of old Billy...

'I love Thy commandments above gold, Yes, above fine gold.'

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'I love Thy commandments above gold, Yes, above fine gold.'

George and Ralph compared farmnotes, and altogether, the evening passed as only such gatherings, by such a hearth-stone, ever can. It is only such training that can produce such results...

Well Born People.

Parents transmit their organization and character to their children. What father or mother is there who would not wish to leave his issue a great estate of human virtue...

Among the decent people of Europe, Kings of all others, are the most ill-born. Where do all the rich families of New England go in the third generation? Look over Boston and see whence come the noble talents...

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Drowning the Squirrel.

When I was about six years old, one morning going to school, a ground squirrel ran into his hole in the road before me, as they like to dig holes in some open place, where they can put out their head to see if any danger is near...

At a certain cross roads in the State of Alabama, stood a small grocery or whisky shop previous to the war, where bust head and chain lightning were dealt out to the thirsty and unwashed at the small sum of 5 cents a drink, or 20 cents a quart...

About three miles from the grocery was a settlement meeting house—an old tumble down, dilapidated affair, only used on certain occasions, when a circuit rider happened to pass that way...

The preacher and congregation looked aghast at such profanity, and each peered in to his neighbor's face to detect some sign of guilt. Quiet was at length restored, however, and the sermon proceeded; but ere ten minutes had elapsed the ominous 'damna you' again electrified the audience...

The effect was electrical. Giving one started and terrified glance at the intruder, the preacher sprang through a window, carrying sash, glass and all with him, and set off at a break neck pace through the woods, closely followed by his horror stricken congregation who had piled out of the building pell mell after him...

The old lady eyed him savagely for a few moments, and burst forth in a tone of reckless defiance: 'Yes, and damn you, too! I had nothing to do with getting up this Methodist meeting, and you know it too!'

The poorest old soul had mistaken the crowd for the devil, and concluded to propitiate, if possible, the wrath of his satanic majesty by denying all complicity in the affair. 'The world is full of such people.'

POPPING THE QUESTION—All ladies know by instinct how the question of questions should be asked, so asked as to make it tell. But very few men know how to ask it gracefully. Love stricken youths often act so on occasions of this kind; in fact, like the moose and lizards, and the worst of it is that those of them who would make the best husbands often spoil their chances by floundering ridiculously at the critical moment...

HIT THEM AGAIN.—Henry Ward Beecher, in his discourse on Sunday, said that some men will not shave on Sunday, and yet they spend all the week in shaving their follow men; and many folks think it very wicked to black their boots on Sunday morning, yet they do not hesitate to black their neighbors' reputation on week days.

Punch says: 'Women are said to have stronger attachments than men.' It is not so. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know of a woman being attached to an old bonnet? Echo answers: 'Never?'

Somebody writes the following order for A. Johnson: Lower him carefully, Lower him preferably, Lower, and lower, and lower, Where mortal hath never been before.

The smallest and most contemptible object that is near us obscures the most noble which lies beyond.

It was a light-headed chimp who sang, 'O, were I but a moonbeam.'

A man in New Orleans is so upright in all his dealings that he won't sit down to eat his meals.

A beggar's stand in Paris is advertised for sale by auction.

Why is a pig in a parlor like a house afire? Because the sooner it is put out the better.

What most resembles a cat looking out of a window? One looking in.

Nuisances—Cross old maids, mischief-making women, grumbling old bachelors, dilapidated side-walks, squalling children, ragged postal currency, and a man who is too hoggish to take his home paper, but borrows one of his near neighbor.

As a rule no man marries his first love. It is hard to give any reason for this except that it secures to have always been a fact.

The Old woman and the Crows.

The toadymism that sees a 'camel in the cloud,' and even propitiates the devil himself, rather than brook opposition—finds a fitting illustration in the following:

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Tricks of a Juggler.

The far-famed Robert Heller cannot be satisfied with his legitimate triumphs before an audience, but occasionally does a neat thing for his own amusement, very much to the surprise of those who happen to be present. On Saturday last, while passing an itinerant vender of cheap provisions, Mr. Heller suddenly paused and inquired: 'How do you sell eggs, Auntie?'

'Dem eggs,' was the response; 'dey an a pickyunc speeces—fresh, too, last one of 'em I hiled 'em myself, and know dey's fust rate.' 'Well, I'll try 'em,' said the magician. 'Have you pepper and salt?'

'Yes sir, dere dey is,' said the sable saleswoman, watching her customer with intense interest.

Leisurely drawing out a penknife, Mr. Heller proceeded very quietly to cut the egg exactly in half, when suddenly a bright, new twenty-five cent piece was discovered lying embedded in the yolk apparently as bright as when it came from the mint. Very coolly the great magician transferred the coin to his vest pocket, and taking up another egg, inquired: 'And how much do you ask for this egg?'

'De Lord bless my soul! Dat egg! Deo fact an, boss, dis egg is worth a dime, shure.' 'All right,' was the response; 'dere's the dime—Now give me the egg.'

Separating it with an exact precision that the colored lady watched eagerly, a quarter eagle was most carefully picked out of the centre of the egg, and placed in the vest pocket of the operator, as before. The old woman was thunderstruck, as well she might have been, and her customer had to ask her price for the third egg two or three times before he could obtain a reply.

'Dar's no use talkin', marris', said the bewildered old darkey. 'I can't let you had dat ere egg, nebaw, for less dan a quarter. I declare to de Lord I can't.'

Very good,' said Heller, whose imperturbable features were as solemn as an undertaker, 'dere is your quarter and here is the egg. All right.'

As he opened the last egg, a brace of five-dollar gold pieces were discovered snugly deposited in the very heart of the yolk, and jingling them merrily together in his little palm, the savant coolly remarked: 'Very good eggs, indeed. I rather like them, and while I am about it, I believe I will buy a dozen. What is the price?'

'De price!' screamed the amazed daughter of Ham. 'You couldn't buy dem eggs marris', for all de money you's got. Nol dat you couldn't. I see gwine to take dem eggs all home, I is, and dat money in dem eggs all 'longs to me. It does dat. couldn't sell no more of dem eggs nebaw.'

Amid the roar of spectators, the benighted African started to her domicile 'to smash dem eggs,' but with what success we are unable to relate.

Some people talk a great deal about ministers and the cost of keeping them, paying their house rent, table expenses, and other items of salary. Did such croakers ever think that it costs \$35,000,000 to pay the salaries of American lawyers; that \$12,000,000 are paid out annually to keep our criminals, and \$10,000,000 to keep the dogs in the midst of us alive, while only \$6,000,000 are spent annually to keep 5,000 preachers in the United States? These are facts, and statistics will show them to be facts. No other thing exerts such a mighty influence to keep this republic from falling to pieces as the Bible and Ministers.

A Son of Erin, driven to desperation by the stringency of the money market and the high price of provisions, procured a pistol and took to the road. Meeting a traveler, he stopped him with, 'Your money or your life.' Seeing Pat was 'green,' he said, 'I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you all my money for that pistol.' 'Agreed,' Pat received the money and handed over the pistol. 'Now,' said the traveler, 'hand back that money, or I'll blow your brains out.' 'Blaze away, my hearty,' said Pat; 'niver a drop of powder there's in it.'

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