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THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.

Are there not lonely cottages
In some secure retreat,
Whose garden walks redolent are
With flowery fragrance sweet?
Do not pure zephyr's incense breathe
Into the very door,
And peace and comfort reign within
The dwellings of the poor?

Oh, no, let not such visions blest
Find entrance in the heart,
For they but cause us in their lot
To take a careless part;
But let us thrust such thoughts aside,
Like the fond dreams of youth,
And nerve our hearts and clear our eyes,
To see and feel the truth.

Go through the crowded city—search
Through narrow lane and street,
And see how much of wretchedness
It is thy lot to meet;
No flowers there—no happy birds
The poor man's heart to cheer,
No pleasant words, no merry laugh
To greet thine eager ear.

Come to this chamber, close and dim,
And let thy bosom sigh,
To see those pale, slight, sickly girls
The busy needle ply
All day, and, oh, how oft at night
With weary, aching head,
They labor on unceasingly
To earn their daily bread.

Such scenes as these are common things,
Yet sadder things there be;
Vice, in its native hideousness,
And famine, pale, we see;
But as we gaze, oh, let us not
The poor man's errors blame.
Who knows if we were poor as he,
We would not do the same.

There may be dwellings of the poor,
Where virtue's garb is seen,
But they, oh, rich man, let me say,
Are few and far between.
Then put away the selfishness
Which is within thy heart,
And in the poor man's deep distress,
Take thou an active part.

Seek then the dwellings of the poor,
And mix with coarser things;
Perhaps some act of thine may touch
The virtue's hidden strings,
Oh, strive then with unceasing care,
Thy efforts ne'er cease,
To plant within the poor man's heart
The seeds of love and peace.

An Appeal to the Ladies for Paper-Pulp.

[From a very cleverly written poem in Vanity Fair, we clip the following lines, for the special perusal of the ladies:]

Ladies, bring your rags,
For our literature flags,
From the lack of material for paper.
Bring out iron-mouldy shirts,
Bring out feminine skirts,
Bring out all threadbare wares of the draper.
* * * * * *
Be all cotten sheets frayed,
Into paper sheets made,
Each old night cap to fool's cap converted;
For we must read and write,
Should we have, in the night,
To go sheetless, unnight-capped, unshirted.

Oh! ye teetering belles,
Who wear numberles *ells*
Of entirely superfluous linen,
Can't you spare a few robes
From those swinging hair globes
That you think so confoundedly winning?
* * * * * *
For our troops, without stint,
You scrape monchoirs to lint, [ses;
And your kindness each wounded brave bles-
Should you have left a rag,
Not required for "The Flag,"
Think in what a dilemma the press is.

"Paper rags" is its suit;
And as woman the fruit [edge,
First obtained from the great Tree of Knowl-
Now that the tree's short of leaves,
Let our sweet modern Eves
From their wardrobes replenish its foilage.

Only think! should the press
Have to take a recess,
Of the dread intellectual famine!
No leaders, no news,
No executive views,
No gumption, no gossip no gammon,

We had all better tear
Our duds up and go bare,
Though the cold should our cuticles crinkle,
Than be always full-dressed,
While our minds, sore distressed,
Get no chance to obtain a "new wrinkle."

THE WIFE'S SAVING BANK.

Charles Lynford was a good mechanic in a prosperous business. At the age of twenty-six he had taken to himself a wife, Caroline Eustice, the daughter of a neighbor, who had nothing to bring him but her own personal merits, which were many, and habits of thrift learned in an economical household under the stern teachings of necessity.

It was well, perhaps, that Charles Lynford should obtain a wife of this description, as he himself found it very difficult to save anything from his income.

It was not long before Caroline became acquainted with her husband's failing. She could not feel quite easy in the knowledge that they were living fully up to their income, forseeing that a time would come when their family, growing more expensive, and perhaps her husband's business, though now flourshing, might become less so.

Accordingly, one day, she purchased, from a tin peddler who came to the door a little tin safe, such as children frequently use as a saving bank. This she placed quite conspicuously on the mantelpiece, so that her husband might be sure to see it on entering.

"Hallo, Carrie, what's that, eh?" he asked, curiously.

"Only a little purchase I made to-day," said his wife.

"But what is it meant for?" he asked again.

"Let me illustrate," said his wife, playfully. "Have you a ten cent piece about you?"

Charles drew a dime from his waistcoat pocket. His wife taking it from his hand dropped it into the box through the little slip at the top. Charles laughed.

"So you have taken to hoarding, Carrie? My wife become a miser!"

"No, only a little prudent. But seriously, Charles, that is precisely what I want you to do every night."

"What drop a dime into this new fangled arrangement of yours?"

"Exactly."

"Very well, that will be easy enough. A dime is no great harm. But may I know what you are going to do with this newly commenced hoard?"

"Lay it by for a rainy day," answered Caroline.

Charles laughed merely.

This ended the conversation for the time.

The plan thus inaugurated by the young wife was steadily carried out. She was not one of those—of whom there are so many—who enter upon a plan zealously but soon tired of it. In the present case she was fully satisfied of the wisdom of her purpose, and resolved to carry it through. Every morning she called upon her husband for a dime, and every morning it was added to the accumulation. Frequently he had not the right change, but would toss her a quarter of a dollar instead. She would assure him, laughingly, that it would answer her purpose just as well.

More than once Charles bantered her on the subject of her savings bank.—This she bore quite gallantly.

But these were not the only accessions the fund received. Her husband had early arranged to make her an ample allowance for dress—I say ample, though I dare say some of my city readers might not have considered it so; but Caroline, who was in the habit of making her own dresses, provided herself with a good wardrobe at much less expense than some not so well versed in the science of manging could have done.

After considerable calculation, she came to the conclusion that out of her allowance she should be able to make a daily deposit equal to that she had exacted from her husband. Of this however, she thought it best on the whole not to inform Charles, enjoying in anticipating the prospect of being able, at some future time, to surprise him with the unexpected amount of her savings.

At the close of every month the tin box was emptied, and the contents transferred to a savings bank of more pretensions, were interest would be allowed.

When the sums deposited here became large enough, Mrs. Lynford, who had considerable business capacity, withdrew them, and invested in bank and other stocks, which would yield a larger per cent. Of her mode of management her husband was in complete ignorance. Nor did he ever express any desire to be made acquainted with his wife's management. He was an easy, careless fellow, spending as he went, enjoying the present, and not having any particular concern about the future.

At the end of eight years, during which time he had been unusually favored by prosperity in business and uninterrupted health, his books showed that he had not only exceeded his income, but that, on the other hand, he had saved absolutely nothing. Twenty-five cents stood to his credit.

"Running pretty close, ain't it, Carrie? I take credit to myself though, for keeping on the right side of the line. But, then, I suppose you have saved up an immense sum?"

"How much do you suppose!" asked his wife.

"Perhaps a hundred dollars, said Charles Lynford, carelessly, "though it would take a good many dimes to make that."

His wife smiled, but did not volunteer to enlighten him as to the correctness of his conjecture.

So things went on till at length came the panic of 1857, a panic so recent that it will be remembered how universally trade and business of every kind were depressed at this period—among others the trade which occupied Charles Lynfsrd suffered much.

One evening, he came home looking quite serious, an expression which seldom came over his face.

Caroline, who had watched all the signs of the times, was not unprepared to see this. She suspected that her husband's business was affected.

"What is the matter, Charles?" she asked, quite cheerfully.

"The matter is that we will have to economize greatly."

"Anything unfavorable turned up in business matters?"

"I should think there has. I will have but half a day's work for some time to come, and I am afraid that even this will fail before long. You haven't an idea, Carrie, how dull every kind of business has become."

"I think I have," said his wife, quietly; "I have read the papers carefully, and have been looking out for something of this kind."

"Do you think we can reduce our expenses one half?" asked the husband, doubtfully.

"I think we may be able to do so. Both of us are well supplied with clothing, and will not need any more for a year at least. This will cut off considerable expense. Then there are a great many little superfluities you are accustomed to buy, little things which you are kind enough to bring home to me frequently, which I can do very well without.—Then we can live more plainly, have less pies and cakes, and I have no doubt it will be an improvement as far as health is concerned."

"What a calculator you are, Carrie," said her husband, feeling considerably easier in mind. "I really think, after all you have said, that it won't be hard to live on half our usual income—for the present, at least. But," and his countenance again changed, "suppose my work should entirely fail—I suppose you couldn't reduce our expenses to nothing at all, could you?"

"That certainly surpasses my powers," said his wife, smiling; "but even in that case there is no ground of discouragement. You have not forgotten our savings bank, have you?"

"Why, no, I didn't think of that," said her husband. "I suppose that would keep off starvation for a few weeks."

His wife smiled.

"And in those few weeks," she added "business might revive."

"To be sure," said her husband.—"Well, I guess it will be all right. I will try not to trouble myself about it any longer."

The apprehensions to which Charles Lynford gave expression proved to be only too well founded. In less than a month from the date of the conversation just recorded, the limited supply of work he had been able to secure failed, and he found himself without work of any kind, thrown back upon his own resources.

Although he had anticipated this, it seemed unexpected when it really did come upon him, again he turned home in a fit of discouragement. He briefly explained to his wife the new calamity which had come upon them.

"And the worst of it is," he adedd "there will be no better times till spring."

"Do you think that the business will revive them?"

"It must by that time. But there are five or six months between. I do not know how we are going to live during that time."

"I do," replied his wife, quietly.

"You?" exclaimed her husband, in surprise.

"Yes, your income has never been more than six or seven hundred dollars a year, and I have no doubt we can live six months on two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Yes, certainly; but where is that money to come from? I don't want to get in debt, and if I did I should not know where to borrow."

"Fortuately, there is no need of it," said Mrs. Lynford. "You seem to forget our little savings bank."

"But is it possible it can amount to two hundred and fifty dollars?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes and six hundred more," said his wife.

"Impossible!"

"Wait a minute, and I'll prove it."

Caroline withdrew a moment, and reappeared with several certificates of bank and railroad shares, amounting to eight hundred dollars, and a book in which the balance was deposited to her credit.

"Are you sure you haven't had a legacy?" demanded Charles, in amazement. "Surely, a dime a day would not produce this?"

"No, but two dimes a day have, with a little extra deposit now and then. I think, Charles, that we can ward off starvation for the time."

"All this I owe to your imprudence," said Charles, gratefully. "How I can repay you?"

Charles Lynford remained out of emploment for some months. The next spring, as he had anticipated, business revived, and he was once more in receipt of his old income. More than two thirds of the fund was still left, and henceforth Charles was not less assiduous than his wife in trying to increase it.

The little tin savings bank still stands on the mantlepiece, and never fails to receive its deposit daily.

AN ASTONISHED DEALER.—A dealer advertised eye-glasses, by the aid of which a person could easily read the finest print. A well dressed man called at the counter one day to be fitted to a pair of spectacles. As he remarked that he had never worn any, some were handed to him that magnified very little. He could look hard through them upon the book set before him, but declared he could make out nothing. Another pair of stronger power were saddled upon his nose, but unsuccessfully as before. Further trials were made until at length the almost discouraged dealer passed to him a pair which magnified more than all the rest of his stock. The customer, quite as impatient as the merchant at having to try so many, put on the last pair and glowered through them at the printed page with all his might.

"Can you read that now?" inquired the dealer, pretty certain that he had hit it right this time, at any rate.

"Sure, not a bit," was the reply.

"Can you read at all?" said the merchant, unable to conceal his vexation any longer.

"Rade at all, is it?" cried the customer, "there's not a single word among them that I can identify the futures uv.'

"I say, do you know how to read?" exclaimed the dealer, impatiently.

"Out wid ye!" shouted the Irishman, throwing down the spectacles in a huff "If I could read, what 'ud I be after buyin' a pair of spectacles for? Ye chate the paple wid the idea that yer glasses 'ud help 'em to rade print aisy; but it's a big lie it is! Ah, ye blackguart, ye thought I'd buy them without tryin' 'em!"

☞ A humorous young man was driving a horse which was in the habit of stopping at every house on the roadside. Passing a country tavern where were collected together some dozen countrymen, the beast as usual ran opposite the door, and then stopped in spite of the young man, who applied the whip with all his might to drive the horse on. The men on the porch commenced a hearty laugh and some inquired if he would sell the horse. "Yes," replied the young man, "but I cannot recommend him as he once belonged to a butcher, and stops whenever he hears the calves bleet."—The crowd retired in silence.

☞ 'What's that ar a pictur on?" asked a countryman in a print store, the other day, of the proprietor, who was turning over some engravings. 'That, sir, is Joshua commanding the sun to stand still.' 'Du tell! Which is Josh, and which is his son?'

COMPOSITION FOR LEATHER.—One of the very best compounds known to us for rendering leather boots and shoes almost perfectly water proof, and at the same time keeping them soft and pliable, is composed of fresh beef tallow, half an ounce, yellow bees-wax, one ounce, and one-eighth of an ounce of shellac. Melt the tallow first, and then remove all the membrane from it; add the bees-wax in thin shavings, and when it is melted and combined with the tallow, and the shellac in powder, and stir until it is melted. Bees-wax is one of the best known preservatives of leather. This compound should be applied warm to the boot or shoe, and the soles should receive a similar application to the uppers. In using it, a rag or a piece of sponge should be employed, and the boot or shoe held cautiously before the fire or stove until the compounds soaks into it. Care must be exercised not to expose the leather too close to the fire. If the boot be blackened and brushed until it becomes glossy before the application. A little vegetable tar mixed with the foregoing composition makes it more adhesive and improves its quality for walking in the snow. A liberal application of this composition every two weeks during winter will keep boots and shoes that are worn daily waterproof and soft.

AGE OF POULTRY.—C. N. Bement writes to the American Agriculturist as follows: "It is easy to judge of a plucked fowl by the state of the legs. If a hens spur is hard, and the scales on the legs rough, she is old. Examine the head also. If the under bill so stiff that it cannot be bent down, and the comb is thick and rough, leave her, no matter how fat or how plump, unless a tough case is prefered. A young hen has only the rudiments of spurs, the scales on the legs smooth, glossy and fresh looking, whatever the color may be; the claws tender and short, the nails sharp, the under bill soft, and the comb thin and smooth.

An old goose when alive, is known by the rough legs, the strength of the wings, particularly at the pinions, the thickness and strength of the bill, and when plucked, by the legs, the skin under the wings, by the pinions and bill and the coarsness of the skin. Ducks are distinguished by the same means, with this additional mark, that a duckling's bill is much longer in proportion to the breadth of its head, than the bill of an old duck.

FROST BITE.—In a late number of the British American Journal there is an article by Dr. Belin on the treatment of frost bite. His own plan, which, he says, has been approved by a large experience, is, after applying cold water or snow for a few minutes, to immerse the frozen part in warm water containing a sufficient quantity of ground pepper or mustard; as one or the other of these articles is to be found in almost every house, it is consequently always available. If portions of the ears or face are affected, pieces of flannel coming out of the hot liquid are to be applied and frequently repeated until circulation is restored. In a few minutes a tingling sensation will be felt; and in a short time vitality will be restored, unless the frost has penetrated too deeply. If the whole thickness of a member was frozen, including the principal blood vessels and bone, no treatment can restore vitality.

☞ Time is an old novelist who takes pleasure in printing his tales on our countenances. He writes the first chapter with a swan's down, and graves the last with a steel pen.

☞ Poverty is often despair. A poor fellow went to hang himself, but, finding a pot of gold, went merrily home. But he who had hidden the pot went and hung himself.

☞ Universal love is like a mitten, which fits all hands alike but none closely; true affection is like a glove which fits one hand only, but sets closely to that one.

☞ 'I go through my work,' as the needle said to the idle boy. 'But not till you are hard pushed,' as the idle boy said to the needle.'

☞ Why are the Government greenbacks like the Jews? Because they are the issues of Abraham, know not if their redeemer liveth.

☞ He who gets angry in a discussion while his opponent keeps cool, holds the hot end of the p[illegible]

☞ Modesty in a woman is like color on her cheek—decidedly becoming if not put on.

A SMART WOMAN.—A nice, respectable lady, not a thousand miles away, had long noticed, to her dismay, that her "worser half" was growing foolishly suspicious and jealous of her. She resolved to teach him a lesson.

Some evenings since, as he was leaving, she told him he need not hurry back—she would not be lonely—she wished her ducky to enjoy himself, etc. Benedict smelt a veritable *mice* under that hypocracy, and resolved to be avenged. About eight o'clock, "an individual," about his size, might have been seen creeping cautiously along to the door, and noiselessly Benedict peeped in. Just as he expected, there were—a pair of boots, a coat on the back of a chair, and a hat on the table. Benedict shivered like an aspen leaf, as he stopped, pulled off his boots, and drew a pistol from his coat pocket. With "resolution flashing from his eye," he made tracks for the bed-room. There he was, kneeling at the bedside, coat and vest off, and head on the pillow.—Miserable villain—his time had come.

"Say your prayers, villain—your time is short," and a flash and a report told that the bullet had sped on its fatal mission.

"Help, murder, watch! Oh, is that you?" and madam popped her little head up from the foot of the bed.

Benedict seized the body, and it was—a miscellaneous collection of old coats, vests, pillows, handkerchiefs, and the like, made up for the occasion.

"I say, my dear, what does all this mean?" exclaimed the husband, with a blank, sheepish look.

"Well, dear," replied the wife, "I did get lonely, after all, and just amused myself by dressing up that puppet, and making believe you were at home. I'm sure, I didn't think you'd suspect."

"There, there," said the chagrined husband, "say no more about it; I tho't it was a robber; dear creature, I'm so glad it didn't hit you."

Benedict now repeated, "Now I lay me," etc., and went to bed, resolved not to watch any more at present.

MYSTERY OF THE HUMAN HAND.—Insuing from the writ is that wonderful organ the hand. "In a French book," says Sir Charles Bell, "intended to teach young people philosophy, the pupil asks why the fingers are not of equal length. The master makes the scholar grasp a ball of ivory, to show him that the points of the fingers are then equal. It would have had been better had he closed the fingers upon the palm, and then have asked whether or not they correspond. This difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand purposees, as in holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen, a pencil, or engraving tool, in all of which secure hold and freedom of action are a mirably combined." On the length, strength, and perfectly free momements of the thumbs depends, moreover, the power of the human hand. To the thumb, indeed, has been given the special name Polfex, from a Litan verb, meaning to be able, strong, mighty, because of its strength—a strength that is necessary to the power of the hand, being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb the power of the fingers would be of no avail, and accordingly the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb is the special mark of the human hand, and particularly that of a clever workman. The loss of the thumb almost amounts to the loss of the hand.

CURE OF DRUNKENNESS.—A physician at one of the Paris hospitals had just cured a case of delirium tremens brought on by excessive drinking, by the singular remedy of subjecting the patient to the constant influence of the vapor of spirits. The plan is not new, having been long used in Sweeden to radically cure drunkenness. The persons addicted to drink are shut up in a cell, and all the food supplied them is impregnated with brandy. At the end of four or five days they become completely disgusted with the taste and smell, and they come out radically cured. The slighest smell of spirits at last makes them shudder.

☞ A Mr. Stokes of Trenton, lately sued Judge Narr of the True American, for damages, for having put his marriage among the deaths. Although the editor offered to make it all right by putting Stokes' death among the marriages, the indignant Benedict would not accept the *amende honorable*. Damages six cents.

☞ A woman is very likely to keep her first lover a long time—unless she happens to find a second.