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BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

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The Shoemaker. A shoemaker fat on his work-bench sat, With a shoe about half done; His figure was short, and his hair was gray, And his bright eyes twinkled in such a way That you'd have thought he was only in play, Or having a bit of fun.

All labor, said he, appears to be A part of my honored trade; They may dig or teach, or hew or preach; Whatever they do, you will see in each Something that's always within my reach, Or my daily custom made.

The parson may smile as down each aisle His eloquence sonorous rolls; He can only believe, when his sermon is o'er And silence broods o'er the pews once more, That he merely performs what I've done before— For I am a curer of soles. [Chorus.]

The doctor delights, as he knowingly writes A prescription for pain and smart; To think that for aches he can give an ease, And also to think of the coming fees, I'm sure my profession with his agrees; I practice the healing art.

An LL. D. or higher degree Of scholastic lore commanding, May aspire to fame in some science high, And puzzle wise heads with logic dry; And yet he cannot do more than I, To improve the understanding.

The merchant at ease, sends over the seas, And commerce lends aid to his call; But tempests may rally to read his sails, And his cargoes sink under wintry gales, Like me his fortune he sadly bewails, Whenever he looser his awails.

Though hard I may stitch and never get rich, Yet some of more means I can beat; For though of their wealth they make a great show, And scatter their income as fast as they go, There's one thing that I can do, oftener, I know, And that is, make both ends meet.

When ages have sped, and among the dead All other professions have passed, I all alone in my glory shall be, No other employment will any one see; It must be so, for you will agree, My profession is one of the last.

How TO SAVE YOUR TEETH.—Mr. Beecher, who is something of a physician, as well as theologian, farmer, editor, author, lecturer and reformer generally, says:— "Our teeth decay, hence bad breath, unseemly mouths, imperfect mastication. Everybody regrets it. What is the cause? It is a want of cleanliness. A clean tooth never decays. The mouth is a warm place—ninety-eight degrees. Particles of meat between the teeth decompose. Gums and teeth must suffer. Cleanliness will preserve the teeth to an old age. Use a quill pick, and rinse the mouth out after eating; brush and castle soap every morning; and the brush with pure water on retiring. Beware this trifling care upon your precious teeth, and you will keep them and ruin the dentists. Neglect it, and you will be sorry all your lives. Children forget. Watch them. The first teeth determine the character of the second set. Give them equal care.

Sugar, acids, hot drinks, saleratus, are nothing compared with food decomposing between the teeth. Mercury may loosen the teeth, use may wear them out, but keep them clean and they will never decay. This advice is worth more than a thousand dollars to every boy and girl. Books have been written on the subject, but this contains all that is essential.

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILWAY CAR.—Monster.—I'm afraid I'm sitting on your crinoline, ma'am. Affair of young lady.—O, never mind, sir, it's of no consequence; you can't hurt it.

Monster.—No, ma'am, it's not that; but the darned thing harts me!

The Two Valentines.

On the evening of the 13th of February, 1850, two young men sat in a comfortably furnished room in a New York boarding house. A bright fire glowed in the grate, well chosen engravings adorned the walls, and a bright light was diffused about the room from an Argand burner.

Let me introduce the occupants of the apartment as Tom Stacy and John Wilbur, young men of twenty-five or thereabouts, who were known in the business circles as Stacy & Wilbur, retail dry goods dealers, No. — Broadway. They had not been in business long, but were already doing unusually well. They had taken apartments together, one of which is now presented to the reader.

'Had it occurred to you, Wilbur,' asked his partner, removing his cigar, and knocking away the ashes, 'that tomorrow is St. Valentine's Day?'

'Yes, I thought of it this afternoon, as I was walking up to the store.'

'So did I, and to some purpose, too, as I will show you.'

Tom Stacy went to a drawer and drew out a gorgeous Valentine, an elaborate combination of hearts, doves, etc.

'What do you think I gave for that?' he asked.

'I don't know, I'm sure. It appears to be very elegant.'

'It cost me ten dollars.'

'Whew!' whistled Wilbur. 'It strikes me you are either very extravagant or very devoted. May I know what fair damsel is to be made glad by the receipt of this elegant missive?'

'That's my secret,' said Tom, laughing. 'I don't mind telling you, however. It's to go to Edith Castleton!'

'I presume you feel particularly interested in the young lady?'

'Not at all. But I told her I would send her a Valentine, *et la voila!* She'll conform to the custom of the day?'

'I had not thought of it,' said John, thoughtfully, 'but I believe I will.'

'And what fair lady shall you select as the recipient?'

got two myself this morning. One's a caricature, (caricature) so mistress calls it. Just look at it.'

Bridget displayed a highly embellished pictorial representation of a female hard at work at the wash tub, the cast of beauty being decidedly Hibernian.

Helen Morris laughed absently, but did not open her letter while Bridget remained—a little to the disappointment of that curious damsel.

Helen slowly opened the envelope. A bank note for ten dollars dropped from it to the floor.

She eagerly read the few words on the paper. 'From St. Valentine.'

'Heaven be praised!' she said, folding her hands gratefully. 'This sum will enable me to carry out the plan which I had in view.'

Eight years passed away. Eight years with their lights and shadows, their joys and sorrows. They brought with them the merry voices of children, they brought with them new made graves; happiness to some, and grief to others.

Towards the last they brought the great commercial crisis of '57—when houses that seemed built upon a rock, tottered all at once to their fall. Do not many remember that fall too well; when merchants with anxious faces, ran from one to another to solicit help, and met only averted faces and distrustful looks? And how was it, in that time of universal panic, with our friends—Stacy & Wilbur.

Up to 1857 they had been doing an excellent business. They had gradually enlarged their operations, and were rapidly growing rich, when the crash came. They immediately took in sail. Both were prudent, and both felt that now was the time when this quality was urgently needed.

By great efforts they had succeeded in keeping up till the 14th of February, 1858. On that morning a note of two thousand dollars came due. This was their last peril. That surmounted, they would be able to go on with assured confidence.

But this, alas! was the rock on which they had most apprehension. They had taxed their resources to the utmost. They had called upon their friends, but their friends were employed in taking care of themselves, and the selfish policy was the one required then.

'Look out for number one,' superseded the golden rule for the time being.

As I have said, two thousand dollars were due on the 14th of February.

'How much have you got toward it?' asked Wilbur, as Stacy came in at half-past eleven.

'Three hundred and seventy-five dollars,' was the dispirited reply.

'Was that all you could raise?' inquired his partner, turning pale. 'Are you sure you thought of everybody?'

remember me, Mr. Wilbur?'

'No, madam,' said he, in perplexity. 'We will waive that, then, and proceed to business. How has your house borne the crisis in which so many of our large firms have gone down?'

John Wilbur smiled bitterly. 'We have struggled successfully until to-day,' he answered. 'But the end has come. Unless we can raise a certain sum of money by two o'clock, we are ruined.'

'What sum will save you?' was the lady's question.

'The note due is two thousand dollars. Towards this we have but three hundred and seventy-five.'

'Excuse me a moment,' said the hostess. She left the room, but quickly returned.

'There,' said she, handing a small strip of paper to John Wilbur, 'is my check for two thousand dollars. You can repay it at your convenience. If you should require more, come to me again.'

'Madam, you have saved us,' exclaimed Wilbur, springing to his feet in delight. 'What can have inspired in you such a benevolent interest in our prosperity?'

'Do you remember, Mr. Wilbur,' said the lady, 'a certain Valentine containing a ten dollar note, which you sent to a young girl occupying an attic in your lodging house, eight years since?'

'I do distinctly. I have often wondered what became of the young girl. I think her name was Helen Morris.'

'She stands before you,' was the quiet response.

'You Helen Morris!' exclaimed Wilbur, starting in amazement. 'You, surrounded with luxury?'

'No wonder you are surprised. Life has strange contracts. The money which you sent me seemed to have come from God. I was on the brink of despair, and made application for the post of companion to a wealthy lady. I fortunately obtained it. I had been with her but two years when a gentleman in her circle, immensely wealthy, offered me his hand in marriage. I esteemed him. He was satisfied, and with that I married him. A year since he died, leaving me this house and an immense fortune. I have never forgotten you, having accidentally learned that my timely success came from you. I resolved if fortune ever put it in my power, I would befriend you as you befriended me. That time has come. I have paid the first instalment of my debt. Helen Eustace remembers the obligations of Helen Morris.'

John Wilbur advanced and respectfully took her hand. 'You have nobly repaid me,' he said. 'Will you also award me the privilege of occasionally calling upon you?'

'I shall be most happy,' said Mrs. Eustace, cordially.

John took a hurried leave, and returned to his store as the clock struck one. He showed his delighted partner the check, which he had just received. 'I haven't time to explain,' he said; 'this must at once be cashed.'

SAYINGS OF JOHN BILLINGS.—If you want to get a sure crop, and a big yield for the seed, sow wilde oats.

A man running for office, puts me in mind of a dog that's lost—he smells over everybody he meets, and wags himself all over.

Large bodies move slow, 'tis ere proverb don't apply to lies, for the bigger the lie the faster it goes.

If a man professes to serve the Lord, I like to see him do it when he measures onions as well as when he hollers glory hallelujah.

Marrin for love ma be a little risky, but it is so honest that God kant help but smile on it.

It is highly important, when a man makes up his mind to be a rascal, that he should examine himself closely, and see if he ain't bet'er constructed for a phool.

Garters with diamond buckles are worn with the new hoops of Paris.—Exchange paper.

The new hoops are quite prevalent in this city, but we observe no buckles. Most of the garters are of red tape and tied above the knee.—Memphis Bulletin.

We have seen but few of them. Those we have noticed are of different styles. Some of them look like strips of calico fastened with a belt buckle. Some of the stockings are striped, and ornamented at the top with a fringe of lace about two inches deep, which falls gracefully over the knee. We shall give fuller reports as our investigation proceeds.—Paducah Journal.

A pew in a Congregational meeting house is thus advertised for sale in the Amherst (Mass.) Express: A pew in the meeting house of the first parish in Amherst is for sale. The man that owns the pew owns the right of a space as long and wide as the pew is from the bottom of the meeting house to the roof, and he can go as much higher as he can get. If a man will buy my pew and sit in it on Sundays, and repent and be a good man, he will go to heaven, and my pew is as good a place to start from as any pew in the meeting house.

Cheerfulness and occupation are closely allied. Idle men are very rarely happy; how should they be? The brain and muscles were made for action, and neither can be healthy without vigorous exercise. Into the lazy brain crawl spider-like fancies, filling it with cobwebs, that shut out the light, and make it a fit abode for "loathed melancholy." Invite the stout handmaiden, brisk and busy thought, into the intellectual chambers, and she will brush away forever such unwholesome tenants.

'Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?' asked the master of an infant school. 'I have,' shouted a six year old at the foot of the class. 'Where?' inquired the teacher, amused by his earnestness. 'On the elephant!' was the reply.

'Well, Annie, how did you get along with that stupid fool of a lover of yours? Did you succeed in getting rid of him?' 'O, yes, I got rid of him easy enough. I married him, and have no lover now.'

A Dutchman carried two mugs to the milkman instead of one, as usual, and being asked the meaning of it, replied: 'Dis am vor te millich, an' tis vor te vater, an' I will mix tem zo as to zoote myself.'

An English army friend, upon being told that he could not spell "helm," shot his mouth off in the following style, 'If a haich, and a he, and a hell, and a hem, don't spell elm, what the ell does it spell?'

Some people maintain that a lawyer's position is doubly perilous, because he often has other people's "deeds" to account for as well as his own.

A dentist of our acquaintance says that it is much easier to take the Tartar off a woman's teeth than off her tongue.

Why are women hard on clothes? Because when they buy a new suit they wear it out the first day.

A man who had a scolding wife, being asked what he did for a living, replied that he kept a hot house.

Neither false curls, false teeth false calves, nor even false eyes are as bad as false tongues.

Write your name, by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the