ON A CROPPED MAIDEN.

She's rosy, bright and fair,
And cuts her curly hair
Like a mop.
But I love her, that I do,
From her dainty little shoe
To her crop.

How studious she looks
As she's working at her books—
Maiden sage.
But sometimes there will unfurl
A naughty little curl
O'er the page.

Then the rosy head she shakes,
Which matters only makes
Rather worse;
For the curly little pate
Becomes, instead of straight,
The reverse.

I wonder how a fay,
If she wore her hair this way,
Would appear?
Though I'm certain that to me
No other could be
Half so dear.

But she says I mustn't laugh,
And "will not stand" my chaff—
She's too big;
"She will cut off all her hair,"
And, "if I don't take care,
Wear a wig!"

PURE FOOD.—It is no economy to use inferior food. It is a saving of money and time and health to give a higher price for what we eat, if it be fresh and perfect, than to obtain it for less on account of its being wilted or old or partially decayed. Some people prefer to make their meat tender by keeping, which means that decomposition is taking place; in plainer phrase, it is rotting. Such meats require less chewing and may appear very tender, but it is a physiological fact that they are not digested as easily or as quickly as solid fresh meat. When a vegetable begins to wilt it is no longer that vegetable, because a change of particles has taken place, and in such proportion it is unnatural—it is dead—and to eat it tends to death. One of the most horrible forms of disease is caused by eating sausages which have been kept a long time; more common in Germany than elsewhere. Scarcely anything saddens us so much in passing through some of the by-streets and the more eastern avenues as the sight of the long kept meats and shriveling vegetables which are sold to the unfortunate poor at the corner Dutch groceries. But the poverty stricken are not the only sufferers; the richest men come in for their share, for themselves and for their families in proportion, as the mistresses of their splendid mansions are incompetent or inattentive to those household duties, the proper performance or neglect of which makes all the difference between a true wife and a contemptible doll. With all the high sounding advantages or high sounding "Young Ladies' Boarding Schools" and "Institutes" and all that, with all the twaddle about learning French and German, and music and æsthetics, how many of these paint-like girls are any more fit to take charge of a man's household than to navigate a ship or calculate a parallax?—[Hall's Journal of Health.

HARD PAN APHORISMS.—Any kind of an honest job is better than no job at all.

Take a dollar a day for your work if you can get no more.

A man's best friends are his ten fingers.

When evil days come, as evil days will, no man deserves the title of gentleman if he does not take honest work to do, regardless of social influences.

When country boys come to the city, if they will hold on to the old sweet ways they can defy the world.

Keep your grip on the hard pan of principle and good conduct, and you will be men of good name and good fortune.

When a boy fills a house with bugs, he is all right, provided he don't run after humbugs. He has the makings in him of a great naturalist.

A good farmer is better than a poor doctor, and a good horse-shoer is better than a bishop who preaches sermons that nobody wants to hear.

A good day's work of what you can best do is the hard pan to which all must come.

Society says one thing, and nature says another.

Work is good medicine.

—THE story that Miss Minnie Rail, a charming young lady of Keokuk, Iowa, was hugged to death by her lover in his ecstasy at her having consented to marry him, is denied by the doctors, who say she died of heart disease, which was stimulated into fatal action by the intense happiness of the moment. The doctors are probably right, but even were it otherwise, there is no use in citing the case as a warning to other girls. Most of them are physically sound about the heart, and will take the chance of being crushed by any man whoever bore arms.

—THE following distressing accident has been seriously related: A man went into a house and picked up a gun. Of course he didn't know it was loaded. It went off. So did the man. And the who owned the gun would give $50 to know where they went.