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My Rose Garden.

[illegible]

Baby's Skies.

Would you know the baby's skies?
Look in his mother's eyes.
Heaven's own tint and blue
Make the baby's glorious weather.
Heaven, how you grow from here,
Keep your heart from dusty fear,
Keep your lips from foul conversing
Lest the baby think to follow.
—N. Nicholas

Variety.

A cash light—A head light on an express train.

Why is the letter "o" like a lamb? Because it is the beginning of "sheep."

Dare everything and nothing is a venture. Many prudence signal it as Temerity.

Why is a quakers face like a mouse? Because it was never seen before.

Miss Logan says when a will may come on, she means to engage her house to a plumber.

The first compositor in English history—William the Conqueror.

A great young man has a vile set of acquaintances, and a prize fighter has a nice service.

The faith of writing acquaintances is not a good one, when the mailing is done with leaves.

An economist says he can live on seven cents a day, but he can live only one day in that manner.

Why didn't the last dove return to the ark? Because she had sufficient grounds for remaining away.

"All is vanity," remarked a traveler pedler the other day. "What's life to me but holler and the sell?"

Why should it be easy to break into an old man's house? Because he could be broken and his locks are lost.

They tell a story in New York of a man who was late to dinner, and, on his arrival, was accused of having three hands, one of them being a little behind hand.

"Sylvanus," said Simon, "what does a young fellow look like when galivanting his sweetheart through a shower?" "Why," replied Sylvanus, "he looks very much like the representation of a rainbow."

A doctor attending a patient who was very ill, apologized for being late one day by saying that he had to stop to see a man who had fallen down a well. "Did he die the sooner, doctor?" groaned the patient.

The Southern papers are mystified over the recent visits of cyclones and hurricanes, and an aged Scotchman during remarks: "I dinna ken why men can't be content down a little, what's the use of buying mules and constructing a family?"

A lady who was married half an minutes for his 10 temper, said she had the misfortune tempered husband to the world. "Why, how is that?" exclaimed one of her friends. "Why, you see, he is always in a rage," was the extraordinary reply.

When Mr. Thompson was conversing with a pretty girl and engaged to remain his best against a gentleman, she softly whispered: "I would dearly tongues would wear the thoughts that arise in me;" but he only said, "Oh, by the bonds of a vanished hand."

"Blue," said a clergyman to one of his parishioners, whom he saw with his hair in curling papers. "I have designed your hair to wear, He would have curled it for you." "So did he, when I was a child," was the reply. "but he thinks now I am old enough to do it myself."

"There, sir, what's the law from Dublin to Glasgow?" inquired a son of the Emerald Isle one day at the clerk of a shipping office. "Eighteen shillings," replied the clerk. "Is what d'ye charge from my ye a-sow?" "Oh, is, sir, for a pig, and he goes free." "Well," replied Pat, "look from my pig."

"Dan," asked Simeonson Marrowfat the other evening, as he sat by his parents in the midst of a conversation, "what is the Sun, Dolores?" "Tomorrow, Jerry," returned Mr. Marrowfat. "Then he goes to bed," pursued the inquisitive boy, and they all felt that the Sun was and behind the door might well be sent old people.

Some children are fond of low-working chairs engaged in sewing. Little girl on the floor playing with her doll, from which she has just broken the lower half of one leg. Enter big brother with dance dolls. Brother exclaims, "Shame! I don't believe the girls of my family." And Polly asks the big brother, "Are fellows the fiddle of the fair?"

A divine found a sorrowful counselor, one Sunday morning, on long times, to admonish our worldly pastor, who, in the course of his discourse, mentioned the fact that for the past year he had worked hard for other people, a year before that he had been plying his vocation for himself, and the year before that he had been plying his vocation, toiling, with disinclination, for the salvation of the sinner. Presently a woman, who was a parishioner, came into the parlor and solemnly said to Sylvanus, "where is your father, Sylvanus?" "Gone to the meeting?" "Oh, I mean the young lady." "He has gone to the experience."

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A lady who was married half