

at home, my heart, and

Home-keeping hearts are happier,  
For that whereonder they know not where  
Are full of trouble and full of care;  
To stay at home is best.

Wet and homeseick and distressed,  
For where they wander they know not where  
Are full of trouble and full of care;  
To stay at home is best.

And are buffeted and beaten and blown about  
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;  
To stay at home is best.

When stay at home my heart, and rest;  
Thy bird is nestest in its nest;  
I've all that flutter their wings and fly  
He's hovering in the sky  
To stay at home is best  
—Longfellow

**HUMOROUS.**

A night-gown is a fast-sack.  
A good thing to be snip—A button.  
Even the laziest boy can catch a lick  
At a night-gown.

A noise that can be felt—A broom.  
A broom.

The iron horse works with one ear—The

**HUMOROUS.**

A night-gown is a nap-sack.  
A good thing to be fast—A button.  
Even the laziest boy can catch a flick.  
A noise that can be felt—The brooms tick.  
The iron horse has but one ear—The engineer.  
"I am measured," said the life insurance agent to his victim.  
Every harness-maker leaves traces of his work behind.—*Free Press*.  
The man who threw up his employer's name, must have been sick of him.  
What is a rivulet? A small stream.  
What is an inlet? A small tavern.  
The Philadelphia *Bulletin* says salary pay in a circus is the greatest pay anywhere.  
Leonidas was one of the original headheads. He held the pass at their copyline.  
A good whisky sling: Sling the bottle to the window.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.  
There is not much danger when in "men's coats and dogs;" but when it's "men and dogs!"  
Some one who believes that "bravely the soul of wit" writes: "Don't call me a Chicago par-cumbers. They'll eat me up."—*Chicago Herald*.  
No two feet. He comes on a bicycle.  
In the first transports of delight the happy father rushed into the room, exclaiming: "My boy! my boy!"  
Young man, when you make a management keep it. By failing to do you are liable to be sued for breach of promissory note.  
On one respect Cleopatra's needle has the advantage of most emigrants. It brings plenty of characters from its last

centage of most emigrants  
of characters from

[illegible]

per village; the richer  
no longer there to co

Tourist—“I say, boy, what’s the ham?”  
 Tourist—“That hill yonder?” Boy—“Dunno.”  
 Tourist—“Don’t know? What! lived?”  
 Tourist—“Here all your life and don’t know the name of it?” Boy—“No; the hill was there afore I come’d.”

“Why, Franky!” exclaimed a motherly friend’s table, “I never knew you ask for a second piece of pie at home.”  
 “I never knew I want no use,” replied Franky, smilingly, as he proceeded with his piping. —*Boston Transcript.*

A London magistrate sent a man to prison for cutting a cat’s tail off. Served him right, the magistrate thought, for cutting off a cat’s tail when he might have had it cut off at the right place, in the neck. —*Merita.*

hem, where thousands

"I'm on the press," said John Henry as he folded his girl in one sweet embrace. "Well, that's no reason why you should try to pi the form," she replied, as she rearranged her tumbled curls. "I'm a little tired," said John Henry, and she pinned up her hair, which had come undone.

"Counting an Attack" is a head to toe talking medicine advertisement now making the rounds of the press. The head line may be in bad company, but it is none the less true that counting is an attack that oftentimes is stronger than a three-year-old steer, and as constant

certain that those

"Ah," said old Mr. Middlerib, watching an exciting chase between his nephew and the old man, "the whip while the child is young is saving time that threatened to be wasted when his parent cleared out at the distance of a mile. Ah, truly has it been said, 'The child is father of the man.'"

*—Hurlington Hawkeye.*

wide, are joined together by a trained eye.

ward went prancing down the street  
toward two children who were playing  
in the sidewalk. Remembering the  
warning, and seeing the danger, the  
father of the two children (herself scarcely  
five years old) called out: "Sister,  
come into the house, or Hough's horse  
will horn you wit up to God."—*Har-  
vard Courant.*

**Live Up to the Mottoes.**

There is no use in putting up the motto  
"God bless our home," if the father is  
rough and the mother is the spirit of dis-  
courtesy and rudeness is taught by par-  
ents to their children, and by the older to the  
younger. There is no use in putting up

markable, as well as  
is that used in the

Il motto, "The Lord will provide, while the father is shiftless, the mother is shiftless, the boys refuse to work, and the girls busy themselves over gewgaws and dainties." There is no use in putting the motto "The greatest of these is charity," while the tongue of the backslider is disengaged at the tea-table. There is no use in placing up conspicuously the motto, "The liberal can do with his money as he pleases," while the money chinks its clink in the pocket of the head of the household, while the household is groaning to get out and see the world, and there are dollars and dimes for wine, tobacco and other luxuries, but positively not one cent for the

for some time past; and

thorough. In how many homes are these mottoes standing—let us say, hanging—sarcasms, which serve only to point out the faults and adorn a satire! The beauty of a quiet life, of trustful, hopeful and free-handed, free-hearted, charitable lives, is one of surpassing loveliness, and those who have lived such lives shed their own incomparable fragrance, and the world knows where to find them. And they still remain fresh and fatless when the colors of the pigment have faded, and the dross have faded, and the very frames have rotted away in their olden days.—*Christian at Work.*