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Poetry.

"Keep a Stiff Upper Lip."

There has something gone wrong,
My brave boy, it appears,
For I see your proud struggle
To keep back the tears.
That is right When you cannot
Give trouble the slip,
Then bear it, still keeping
"A stiff upper lip!"

Though you cannot escape
Disappointment and care,
The next best thing to do
Is to learn how to bear,
If when for life's prizes
You're running, you slip,
Get up—start again,
"Keep a stiff upper lip."

—*Phoebe Cary.*

Don't Stay Late To-Night.

The hearth of home is beaming
With rays of rosy light,
And lovely eyes are gleaming,
As fall the shades of night;
And while thy steps are leaving
The circle pure and bright,
A tender voice, half grieving,
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world in which thou movest
Is busy, brave and wide;
The world of her thou lovest
Is at the ingle side;
She waits for thy warm greeting,
Thy smile is her delight;
Her gentle voice, entreating,
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world, so cold, inhuman;
Will spurn thee if thou fall;
The love of one poor woman
Outlasts and shames them all.
Thy children will cling round thee,
Let fate be dark or bright,
At home no shaft will wound thee,
Then "Don't stay late to-night."

Home Song.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest:
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

House-Cleaning.

The housekeeper giveth a cheerful hop,
And we hear the musical flippety-flop
Of the moisty, misty, maddening mop.

And lo, the maddening horrors rush
Athwart our souls at the soapy gush
Of the slippery, slimy scrubbing brush.

From early morn till evening gloom
We hear the scratching in hall and room
Of the boisterous, busily-bobbing broom.

And now there comes a woesome wail—
That augurs a gen'rally gusty gale—
From a man with his leg in the scrubbing-pail.

—*St. Louis Journal.*

The Memory of His Girl.

Eureka (Nev.) Sentinel.

A Eureka teamster is noted for the affection that he betrays for one of the mules in his outfit, the most obstinate and mangy looking animal in the string, and his tenderness for Nancy, as he calls her, has passed into a proverb. Upon being railed on this peculiarity by a chum, he discoursed as follows: "I used to have a sweetheart back in Injiany that I was orful gone on, and this here cussed mule has so many pints in common that my heart yearns over her. She were as likely a gal as ever run barefooted in a confield, but she were too cussed obstinate to enjoy good health. You never knew just how to take her. She would look you right smiling in the eye and you'd think there were more sugar in her nor in a New Orleans molasses hogshead, and if you'd laid yer hands on her onexpected like, she'd kick the breechin in less than a minute. That's just the way with that mule. I reckon she's cost me nigh onto $500 for harness, saying nothing about a doctor's bill for a broken leg; but you get into a place whar the mud's deep and the rest of the team kerflummixed, and call onto her for assistance, and blast my eyes if she won't pull harself clear out of her hide to help you out of your trouble. That were the very way with Nancy. The Summer 'fore I emigrated I were mighty sick with the ager, and I got the milk fever on top of that, and I were pretty nearly ready to cross over Jordan, but she nussed me, helping her old dad all day, and sit up with me all night till she were a shadder, but she pulled me through, and then she advised me to emigrate to California. I hated to go away; it were like persuading a hungry hoss to leave a pail of oats; but thar war no use, she were bound to hav her way, and I came. That war fifteen years ago, and I hadn't been in the country a month 'fore I got news of her dying. Poor gal! She overdone hersel' takin' care of my worthless carcass, and I never seen no woman since then that were worth shucks compared to her."

GIANTS ON THE EARTH.

A Happy Couple Who Weigh Nearly Half a Ton.

Globe Democrat.

Abnormally developed humanity has always possessed a charm for human beings of medium size. From the days of Goliath and of Gath all the way down through the vista of giants, which includes among its muscular monstrosities the sons of Anak, Og, Gog, and Magog, Fingal, Carmaran, whom Jack the Giant-killer slew, Belzoni Fin McCoole, the Irish giant, Long John Wentworth, of Chicago, and a host of others less known to fame, men of gigantic stature have commanded the admiration of their cotemporaries and the wonder of those who, coming after them, have seen them only through the magnifying glasses of a mendacious legend. The giant has always been in demand. In ancient times, when brains had not nearly as much scope in warfare as now, such a mighty mass of muscle as built up the big bull-dozer who kept the armies of Israel in awe, until David's superior knowledge of the art of projectiles overcame him, was half an army in itself. No record has been kept which shows the esteem in which such terrible men of war were held by their countrymen, but it is safe to presume that the same anxiety which is now aroused by the gout of a Gortschakoff was then called forth by the slightest symptoms of indisposition on the part of a Goliath. Since the days, however, in which the giant's only utility seems to have lain in his fighting power, the race has undergone a marked mental and moral change, and the modern civilized example, instead of setting himself up as a sort of international prize-fighter or a devourer of innocent children, contents himself with becoming Mayor of a city or one of the centers of attraction of a great moral and canvas-covered exhibition.

Notwithstanding the fact that the harmlessness of the modern giant has become thoroughly well-established, there irresistibly cling to him the romantic recollections called forth by the fairy stories of childhood, and, hence, as a *Globe-Democrat* reporter sat yesterday afternoon, in a parlor of the Lindell, awaiting the arrival of Captain and Mrs. Bates, the married monsters, who are to exhibit with Cole's circus, and to whom he had a few moments previously sent up his card, he could not free himself entirely of the idea that he was about to encounter something terrible. He was, in fact, in the act of nervously glancing at the door which led into the hotel hallway when his eye was caught by a merry, sunburnt face peeping through the transom above it. The features bore so strong a resemblance to those of Andy Clabby, the genial Clerk of the Criminal Court, that the reporter was about to challenge him when the door opened and the Press agent of the circus entered and announced Capt. Bates and wife. The announcement was followed by the entrance of the altitudinous couple.

Their sudden appearance overwhelmed the reporter with surprise. He had prepared himself to see something quite large, but the extraordinary size of the mighty pair was so titterly beyond his expectation that for a moment he stood speechless. The ceremony of introduction aroused him. First he was aware of an abnormally developed bow in black broadcloth, which began in infinite space over his head described the arc of an enormous circle in the air, and compared with which his own sahaan seemed like the most insignificant and flippant of bobs. Then a very large but very pleasant mouth, somewhere up near the ceiling, parted with a merry smile and an expression of gigantic pleasure at meeting the reporter. Then an arm shot out from a shoulder which loomed a few feet above the head of the reporter, who suddenly lost his right hand in a mass of warm and tender folds of flesh. He had shaken hands with a giant—and felt happy. Not less extensive was the graceful greeting proffered to him by the lady; it anything, her bow seemed of larger proportions than that of her spouse. The introduction over, the giant, the giantess, the press agent and the reporter sat down, and conversation on the current topics of the day was in order. It had hardly got well under way before the reporter found himself laboring under an optical delusion of an alarming nature. It is said that to persons leaving the earth in a balloon, the sensation produced is that the earth rapidly descends, while the balloon remains stationary. The delusion which overcame the reporter, after he had become familiar with the size of the giants, was akin to this. The press agent is a medium-sized man, glancing at him after a prolonged survey of the Captain, he had assumed, to the reporter, the proportions of General Dot, while the giants seemed to be people of ordinary size. The reporter took a hasty survey of his own person, which had apparently suddenly shrunk into dwarfish size. Captain Bates, stretching himself upon the lounge, threw forward his well shaped foot. The reporter glanced instinctively from it at his own highly polished No. 11, and became alive, for the first time in his life, to the fact that he possessed one of the most delicate and dainty feet in the world. In fact, he was wondering whether Captain and Mrs. Bates were not taking in a free exhibition of a pair of dwarfs when the male giant rose in his might from the lounge and walked to the window. This brought his proportions in direct comparison with those of various articles in the room, and the illusion vanished. The giants were again giants, and the reporter felt happy that he was still a representative of the medium-sized man.

Both Captain and Mrs. Bates proved to be exceedingly obliging and good-tempered people, and when the reporter expressed a desire to have a good view of them standing alongside of one another, they immediately took up the position desired. As they stood before him, the reporter surveyed them with a critical eye. The result of his observation was that both individually and collectively they were a gigantic success in the most ample meaning of the expression. The Captain is a brunette, fat and well favored, with a frank and open countenance. Mrs. Bates is a blonde, by no means inclined to embonpoint, but yet of well developed form. At first sight she seems taller than her husband, but on a close comparison it is hard to tell which has the advantage, which is not to be wondered at inasmuch as they are exactly the same height—seven feet, eleven and one-half inches. This is tantalizingly close to eight feet, and nature must have been quite careless of the interests of the world's show business when she set her fiat of thus far and no farther within half an inch's length of such desirable round figures.

"Why didn't you grow the other half inch?" the reporter asked, as the Captain and his wife seated themselves.

"Don't you think we have done pretty well?" the giant said, by way of response.

The reporter acknowledged that they had both done full justice to their growing years, and proceeded to elicit from them some particulars about their abnormal development.

The Captain stated that he was born in the year 1856, in Kentucky, of ordinary-sized but honest parents, his father being a man of six feet two inches, what little height he possessed being counterveiled by the fact that his wife was quite an undersized woman. The Captain was the last of twelve children, and when he came into the world he turned the scales at the modest weight of nine and three-quarter pounds. He soon began to grow, however, and when he was six years old he measured exactly five feet nine inches in height. He didn't stop here, however, but at eleven he reached his father's height—six feet two inches, and weighed 230 pounds. From that time until his twenty-fifth year he continued to aspire, and when his aspirations ceased he found himself a giant, lacking only half an inch of an altitude of eight feet, and only sixteen pounds of being a quarter of a ton in weight.

The growing experiences of Mrs. Bates were much similar to those of her husband, save in the respect that she was born great, in addition to achieving further greatness, as she grew in years. Her parents, a Mr. and Mrs. Swan, who tilled the soil on a farm near Halifax, N. S., were medium-sized people, and when a daughter weighing eighteen pounds was born unto them, they naturally felt proud of their achievement. This was a good foundation, and Miss Anna immediately proceeded to build upon it a solid superstructure. This she accomplished so well that at six years of age she was exactly her mother's size, while, on her reaching the age of eleven years, she was six feet four inches high, and weighed 215 pounds. Then she continued adding to her height until she reached the age of twenty-one, when she attained her full growth. At this time she was not nearly as heavy as now, her present weight being 413 pounds. Strange to say, though both Captain and Mrs. Bates have lots of brothers and sisters, none of the latter have developed into even noticeable size. They are quite unconscious of any reason for their greatness; like Topsey, they only know that they "growed," and they are content with the fact without wishing to discover the why and wherefor.

"How about clothes?" the reporter asked, as he took a mental measurement of quantity of broadcloth which had been made up into the Captain's coat.

"Ask my wife," the male giant replied, with a glance at his giantess.

The lady laughed as she made the reporter acquainted with the fact that it took just eighty-five yards of silk to make up the handsome dress which she wore. Then she called upon the Captain to supply some similar particulars, which he did by stating that it took just three times as much cloth to build him a suit as was required to fit out an ordinary man.

"You see," he explained, "it's all in the cutting that the extra expense comes in on my clothes. Now, take my pants, for instance. To cut one side of a leg takes the full width of the cloth, while for a medium-sized man both sides are cut from one width. That's where the difference comes in mostly, and this, in addition to the large size in the clothes, makes it take three times as much for me."

"What size boot do you wear?"

"Well, they haven't got any sizes made up for my foot, which measures just fourteen and a half inches in length, but if they did my boot would be a number seventeen!"

The reporter longed to question the lady giantess upon the boot question, but he lacked the necessary nerve, and the reader will have to rest satisfied with the silk dress statistics.

The conversation then took a general turn, and Captain Bates gave a interesting account of a tour with his wife through Europe, and of meeting the crowned heads, tangible results of which they exhibited in the shape of a magnificent gold watch and chain and a beautiful diamond ring—wedding presents made to them by Queen Victoria.

Then the reporter rose to go, but in his heart he felt that he had not as yet fully accomplished his duty. He started to leave, hesitated, started again, and finally in despair he drew the mighty giant to one side, climbed upon the table, and whispered a query into his ear.

The giant shook his head and smiled, and the reporter got down again and succeeded in making his bow of exit. He had hoped that up stairs there might be on exhibition a seven-foot cradle with a little six-foot Bates in it, peacefully growing in its sleep. In this he was disappointed. There is as yet no prospect of the Captain and his wife becoming the progenitors of a race of modern Anaks.

A dozen men were sitting in a saloon last Sunday when a female voice was heard from an adjacent doorstep: "Well, good morning, Mr. Blank. If I had anything on I'd go with you." There was a mad rush for the door, an eager, expectant crowd, with outstretched necks, peering over each other's shoulders in the direction whence the voice proceeded, and then a return to the vacant chairs, while one of the party asked, "What good does it do a woman to lie that way, anyhow?"

Wit and Humor.

A sweet rascal—The sugar beet.

Do light-hearted people have cork souls?

A water-eye way—The entrance to a barroom.

Josh Billings says men usually put broken hearts to soak in whisky.

A lost tart—The only one left in the pantry before a school boy.

If you happen to get a quickened conscience, try and keep it to yourself.

A man may be a teetotaler, and yet partake of the spirit of the times.

If horses chewed tobacco, there would be more horse spittles than there are at present.

Joaquin Miller is writing a play, with a cannibal for a hero. It is hoped that he will fully enter into his subject.

Little things should not be despised. The little toe is the smallest on the foot, but it always has the largest corn.

A country mayor has determined to kill half the dogs in the city, and tan their hides with the bark of the other half.

A Dutchman repeated the adage, "Birds of a feather flock together," thusly—"Birds mit one fedder goes mit themselves."

If you can't get the dollar of your daddies, take your uncle's or your grandfather's. Don't miss a good thing on account of remote relationship.

What is the difference between a tramp and a grocer who weighs his vegetables? One beats his way and the other weighs his beets.

A Florida negro mistook a mule for a ghost, and poked it with a stick. The verdict recited that he came to his death by using too short a stick in probing the unknowable for evidence of a future existence.

Theodore Tilton says: "Forty years from now people will wonder that there ever should have been a discussion on the existence of a hell." Yes, the people who are now forty years old will wonder, undoubtedly.

Young man, remember when going to see your sweetheart, whose father may look with distavor upon your attentions, that a trade dollar, worn in the hip pocket of your pants, is very useful in case of an emergency.

Vinnie Ream is chiseling the government out of $20,000 under the guise of a statue of dear old Farragut. He is represented as saying, "We've met the enemy and he sours!" At least he has a very Vinnigarish expression.

Its all very well to talk about economy, but the difficulty is to get anything to economize. The little baby who puts his toes in his mouth is almost the only person who in these hard times manages to make both ends meet.—*New York Herald.*

There was a period of over one thousand years in the history of this world when doors had no keyholes, and a citizen could be seen feeling all over the door without exciting the least suspicion against his social standing.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The deacon of a Washington church, while counting over the collection money, found an old and faded piece of paper, which proved to be his own nearly outlawed note for thirty dollars, which the holder, unable to collect, had turned into the treasury of the Lord.

A tom cat is a more independent animal than a man. When a man comes home at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, he slips in as quietly as possible, but a tom cat don't seem to care. The later the hour, and the nearer the house it approaches, the louder it will yell.

"My dear!" she remarked through the telephone that ran to her husband's office, "you ought to be spanked for not changing your shirt this morning." But as her husband was out at that moment, the young book keeper who received the message didn't feel like keeping up the dialogue.

The Rev. Mr. ——, after several years of married life, was at last blessed upon a Saturday by the addition of a fine boy to his family circle, which had hitherto consisted of only himself and wife. Upon the same day, the church at which he officiated, received a timely and very much needed donation, over both of which events the reverend gentleman was very much elated, as he communicated them to members of his congregation on his way to church on Sunday. It chanced that in his prayer he alluded to the financial event by returning thanks "for the arrival of a little succor," and was consequently much scandalized when a couple of students in his congregation asked him, after service, whether he referred to the money or the baby.

Schools at Military Posts.

The Secretary of War has issued an order directing commanders of Posts to provide at once suitable rooms for schools, library and reading room, and shall designate an officer to take charge of them, who shall organize the schools and arrange for the hours of study and recitation. While it is left optional with the soldiers whether to attend or not, they are advised to avail themselves of the privilege, and commanding officers are directed to advise and encourage them to do it. When there is a chaplain at a Post he shall act as superintendent of the school, and competent assistants will be detailed from the enlisted men. At any post where there are no competent enlisted men, the necessary number will be furnished upon application of the Adjutant General of the Army. A teacher will receive thirty-five cents a day additional pay, and be relieved from parade, inspection, drill, and guard duty. The necessary school books will be purchased from the Post fund.

The children of officers and solders may attend the schools, as may the children of citizens living at the Post, but the latter will be required to pay a small sum into the Post fund. The Post council of administration will have charge of all the schools. An officer will be detailed regularly by the Department commander to inspect and report to the War Department upon the schools, and suggest methods of improvement.

Bob Ingersoll on Children's Rights.

In speaking of children he said that, in his opinion, they have all the rights we have, and one more, the right to be protected. If women have been slaves, what shall I say of the little children; of the little children in the alleys and sub-cellars; the little children who turn pale when they hear their father's footsteps; the children of poverty, the children of crime, the children of brutality, wherever you are, my heart goes out to you, one and all. I tell you that they have the same rights that we have, and we ought to treat them as though they were human beings; they should be reared by love, by kindness by tenderness, and not by brutality. When your little child tells a lie, don't rush at him or her as though the whole solar system was going into bankruptcy. Be honest with the child; tell it you have told hundreds of them yourself, and it don't pay. A tyrant will always have liars for children. I thank Mother Nature that she had put ingenuity enough in the breast of a child, when attacked by a brutal parent, to throw up a little breastwork in the shape of a lie. Suppose a man as much larger than you are than a five-year-old child should rush at you with a liberty pole in his hand, and ask you in a voice of thunder, "Who broke that plate?" there is not a man or woman of you but what would swear that you never saw the plate, or that it was cracked when you got it. So, I say to you, be honest with them, and you will succeed in bringing up children who will be an honor to themselves and to you.

When your child commits a wrong, take it in your arms; let it feel your heart beat against its heart; let the child know that you really and sincerely love it. Yet some Christians, good Christians, when a child commits a fault, drive it from the door and say, "Never do you darken this house again." Think of that! And then these same people will get down on their knees and ask God to take care of the child they have driven from home. I will never ask God to take care of my children unless I am doing my level best in the same direction. But I will tell you what I say to my children: "Go where you will, commit what crime you may, fall to what depth of degradation you may, you can never do anything that will shut my door, my arms, my heart to you. As long as I live, you shall have no more sincere friend."

A "Parallel Case"

Yesterday, a ragged, shivering middle-aged man called at a house on Sibley street and asked for food, but the lady of the house called out:

"Why don't you work for your food?"

"I would if I knew where I could find work," he promptly replied.

"There's a place down town where you can saw wood and earn your dinner," she continued.

That seemed to stick him for half a minute, but he finally said, with great solemnity:

"Madam, let me state a parallel case. There is a place in heaven for you, but you don't want to die till you are driven right to it."

She pondered over his philosophy for a few seconds, and then called to the cook to pass out half a loaf of bread and some meat.

Hell as it Used to be, Before Beecher's Time.

The following description of the place of eternal torment, by Rev. J. S. Farnis, C. S. R. R., was published by authority in England, and was designed for the instruction of the young:

"We know how far it is to the middle of the earth; it is just 4,000 miles; so if hell is in the middle of the earth it is 4,000 miles to the horrible prison of hell. Down in this place there is a terrible noise. Listen to the tremendous, the horrible uproar of millions and millions of tormented creatures, mad with the fury of hell! Oh! the screams of fear, the groans of horror, the yells of rage, the cries of pain, the shouts of agony, the despair from millions on millions! There you hear them roaring like lions, hissing like serpents, howling like dogs, and wailing like dragons. There you hear the gnashing of teeth, and the fearful blasphemies of devils. Above all you hear the roar of the thunder of God's anger, which shakes hell to its foundations. But there is another sound like many waters. It is as if all the rivers and oceans of the world were pouring themselves with a great splash down on the floors of hell. Is it really the sound of waters? Are the oceans and rivers of the earth pouring into hell? No. What is it, then? It is the sound of oceans of tears running down the millions of eyes. They cry forever and ever. They cry because they are in darkness. They cry because they have lost all the beautiful heaven. They cry because the sharp fire burns them. * * * The roof of hell is red hot; the walls are red hot; the floor is like a thick sheet of red hot iron. See, on the middle of that red hot iron floor stands a girl. She looks about sixteen years of age. She has neither shoes or stockings on her feet. The door of this room has never been opened since she first set foot on this red hot floor. Now she sees the door opening. She rushes forward. She has gone down upon her knees on the red hot floor. Listen, she speaks. She says: "I have been standing with my bare feet on this red hot floor for years. Day and night my only standing place has been this red hot floor; sleep never came to me for a moment; that I might forget this horrible burning floor. Look at my burnt and bleeding feet. Let me go off this burning floor only for a moment—only for a short moment. Oh! that in this endless eternity of years, I might forget the pain only for a moment." The devil answers her question. "Do you ask for a moment—for a moment to forget your pain? No, not for one single moment during the never ending eternity of years shall you leave this red hot floor."

This is the kind of hell that preachers portray to scare out a better living for themselves than you have left for your own family.

Man's Better-Half.

"Outside" pockets are concealed by trimmings.

Brigham Young's widow is gradually marrying.

Young girl, before you elope, be sure your mother knows your route.

Eve never looked through Adam's overcoat pocket for letters from other women.

They are very particular—they wouldn't allow a mail wagon to stop opposite the women's hotel in New York.

It must have been a Western school where the mistress told one of her big girls to "decline love." The big girl simperingly replied, "Decline love, Miss Jones? Not me; I'd as soon think of declining marriage!"

A young lady said a pretty good thing the other evening. She has many admirers among the limbs of the law, and, on being asked how she escaped heart-whole, said she supposed it was owing to the fact that "in a multitude of counsellors there is safety."

No matter how thoroughly you clean the house, the wife of the next man who moves in will declare that it is not fit for hogs to live in, and will slop suds around over everything, trying to make it fit for hogs live in.

"Do you like to go to church?" said a lady to Mrs. Partington. "Law me! I do," replied Mrs. P. "Nothing does me so much good as to get up early on Sunday morning, and go to church and hear a populous minister dispense with the gospel."

One noble thing about the Stewart Hotel for Women, just opened in New York, is, that it recognizes in its plan that women ought to receive better pay for their work than they do—so as to be able to board there.

"I'm ashamed of the age in which we live!" said a Lowell maiden of thirty-eight. "You may be ashamed of yours, but I'm not of mine," replied a nineteen year old companion. And it wasn't much of a nose that turned up, either.

"You are a little dunce," playfully remarked a young man to his sweetheart the other day. "And you the block," was the complacent reply, as she seated herself upon his knee and burrowed her head under his left ear. Such is love's young dream.

A Georgia husband recently sued out a writ of *habeas corpus* to recover his wife from the possession of his father-in-law, but the upright Judge dismissed the suit on the ground that the parent was entitled to the services of his daughter until she was twenty-one.

Maine husbands come a trick on talkative wives. A man tells his wife that he is going to Ansaguaatansogowmongoingo fishing. He then requests all his friends to call at his house and inquire his whereabouts. When he returns, the poor woman is exhausted and doesn't speak again for a month.

The last snake story is to the effect that a party of school girls in Pennsylvania were attacked by rattlesnakes, and that the girls, to scare the snakes, exposed their red skirts, upon which the reptiles ran away. Now let every devoted wife whose husband is attacked by snakes, shake her red skirts at them.

Some one has discovered that short young ladies generally get married quicker than tall ones, and the former make the best wives. This will be a source of great consolation to the four-feet young ladies who have been looking gloomy and sad because their new bonnet won't show above the pew back at church.

Mr. Dicks is one of the admired young gallants of Wooster, Iowa. Two girls claimed his escort from a social gathering. He politely offered an arm to each, but that arrangement didn't please the rivals, who quarreled in the street. Mr. Dicks declined to interfere in the controversy. He stood aside, and told them to settle the question between themselves. They did so by a long and severe fight, in which hair and clothes were torn, faces scratched and fingers bitten. At length one was vanquished, and Mr. Dicks gave his arm to the victor.

A small rearing youngster out at Fort Wayne, in Indiana, had the misfortune to suck a kernal of corn into its windpipe the other day. The doctor was sent for in haste, and announced that it would be necessary to perform the operation of tracheotomy to save the child's life. The Hoosier mother, familiar with a practice of domestic surgery of a different sort and not pleased with the idea of having the child's windpipe cut open, seized the sufferer by one leg, and holding him up, head downwards, administered sundry resounding spanks. There was a sound not unlike the name of a pop-gun, and the kernel of corn was ejected with great force. The child was at once relieved and recovered of course.

Variety.

Variety is a necessity of life. The man that lives upon one kind of food must deteriorate in body; the student who gives all his thought to one idea will become crochety; while the devotee to a single phase of religion will in time be a bigot, which is but another name for a monomaniac. Sameness is the border-land of insanity.

There is many a man living a life of excessive toil or of idleness, of so fixed a routine that he is partially insane. It should be the aim of every man to so arrange his life as to bring into it a good degree of variety, if he would secure physical, mental, and moral health. In this particular, division of labor often works mischief to the individual, however advantageous it may be to the community. Imagine the stupidity that must creep over the mind of a man who spends year after year pointing pins! It may be well to enquire as to whether or not the social and business framework of society is not doing much to reduce some of its members to a state little better than monomania.—*John*

Useful Information and Unnecessary Education.

A sensible woman and mother, writing concerning the ignorance of the simplest principles of hygeiene shown by a large proportion of the people, says:

I went to see a child the other day; the youngest of nine children, whose mother, otherwise intelligent, showed the most astonishing ignorance about treating the commonest things. Seeing me feeling the child's pulse, she said she knew nothing about the pulse, even where to find it. That she always left to the doctor. She had not thought it necessary to send for one yet, though the child suffered from several internal pains and had a high fever, and she admitted that she did not know what was the matter with him. She said she had tried everything, and a doctor couldn't do more. On inquiry, I found that among the multitude of remedies recommended by the good neighbors, and which she had zealously administered, one was egg-shell tea, and another a good rubbing down with spirits of turpentine and vinegar.

I have known a young girl, who prided herself on her accomplishments, when her baby brother was crying with cold and neglect on the floor, say: "If it was mine I'd spank him good," and no doubt she would.

A young couple I once knew with their first child, a bright little thing just beginning to walk. I have known the father time and again, because the baby wouldn't stop crying when he told it to, to spank it till it couldn't cry any more. He would make it mind, and succeeded so well that when he spoke to it, even his stern look, when badly hurt, would stop its crying instantly, and its little dry sobs went to my heart. You will call this man cruel, but he did not mean to be. He thought he was doing his duty in forcing his babe to obey him. He didn't know any better; and the most of the cruelty practiced toward the helpless little ones is the result of ignorance.

You may think I have cited extreme cases, but I know they can be multiplied in almost any neighborhood, even among those who have a good common school education.

Now, what sense for pupils to learn all about the different countries in this world, even to knowing the names and exact location of streams in remote corners of Maine or Siberia; to learn all that can be taught about the planets and fixed stars—the higher mathematics—and be in utter ignorance of the commonest needs of the human body?

How many daughters are "educated" till they are totally unfit to be wives and mothers in any sense; parents too often slaving and pining, getting up before daylight paring apples to dry after dark, that their girls may be kept in the high school until they graduate. If they go in with the constitution of an ox, too often they come out pale, broken down victims of various forms of weaknesses and aches. In short, chronic invalids, all ready to marry, for of course, none of them expect to be old maids.

The boys can stand it rather better. They use their muscles to a good purpose in their games in the open air. Put veils and clinging skirts on a boy, and then see how he will run and jump.

And now, ye wise, good educational boards, let me beseech you as parents and philanthropists to have every teacher in your primary and high shools qualified both in precept and example to teach their pupils how to be well. It this implies for the growing ones two or three hours for study and classes, and the remainder of the day helping their parents and each other in domestic duties, and working and playing several hours, if possible, in the sunlight and open air, then all the better for that sweetness of temper, purity of life, and efficiency, both of body and of mind, which alone will redeem us as a nation from the weakness which threatens to be our ruin.

A Queer Courtship.

The Providence *Journal* says: One long summer afternoon there came to Mr. Davidson's the most curious specimen of old bachelors the world ever heard of. He was old, gray, wrinkled and odd. He hated old women, especially old maids, and wasn't afraid to say so. He and Aunt Patty had it hot whenever chance drew them together, yet still he came, and it was noticed that Aunt Patty took unusual pains with her dress whenever he was expected.

One day the contest waged unusually strong, and Aunt Patty left in disgust and went out into the garden.

"That bear!" she muttered to herself, as she stopped to gather a flower which attracted her attention.

"What did you run for?" said a gruff voice behind her.

"To get rid of you."

"You didn't get rid of me, did you?"

"No. You are worse than a burdock burr."

"You won't get rid of me, either."

"I won't, eh?"

"Only in one way."

"And that?"

"Marry me."

"What! Us two fools get married! What would people say?"

"That's nothing to us. Come, say yes or no; I'm in a hurry."

"Well, no, then."

"Very well. Good-bye, I shan't come again."

"Stop a bit—what a pucker you are in."

"Yes or no!"

"I must consult—"

"All right, I thought you were of age. Good-bye."

"Jabez Andrews, don't be a fool. Come back, I say. Why, I believe the critter has taken me for earnest. Jabez Andrews, I'll consider.

"I don't want any considering, I'm going. Becky Hastings is waiting for me. I thought I'd give you the first chance, Patty. All right, good-bye."

"Jabez! Jabez! That stuck-up Becky Hastings shan't have him! [illegible]

Wisdom.

He who does no harm does nothing.

How to be wise—Don't imagine that you know everything.

No man can avoid his own company, so he had best make it as good as possible.

Indolence never sent a man to the front; Industry never left a man in the rear.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

He who is not willing to fill the place he is fitted for will find no place fitted for him to fill.

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

Never rebuke children before company; It destroys their self-respect, and their respect for yourself.

The difference between a fool who has been through college and a fool who has not, is that the latter knows he is a fool; while the former does not.—*Cook.*

The more a man minds his own business the more he is talked about and the more annoyance he is subjected to at the hands of impertinent busy-bodies.

We care not what the business or calling of the man may be—teacher, merchant, manufacturer, farmer, dry laborer, or what not—he should never make a promise that he does not intend to fulfill to the very letter.

The character of a wise man consists in three things: To do himself what he tells others to do; to act on no occasion contrary to justice, and to bear with the weakness of those about him.—*Samuel Smiles.*

The way for a man to truly succeed is to do what he thinks best worth his doing, in the way he thinks it ought to be done. Let him never step aside from his part, either for profit or praise, and he will have all the success that is possible to him; and all that is worth having.

To find one who has passed through life without sorrow, you must find one incapable of love or hatred, of hope or fear—one that hath no memory of the past and no thought of the future—one that hath no sympathy with humanity, and no feeling in common with the rest of the species.

Every true hero grows by patience. People who have always been prospering are seldom the most worthy and never the most strong. He who has not been compelled to suffer, has probably not learned to be magnanimous; as it is only by practice and fortitude that we can know what it is to overcome evils, or feel the great pleasure of forgiving them.

Husbands, if you wish to preserve the happy, smiling face you thought so beautiful at the marriage altar, from wrinkles and premature age, do not fail to clean your feet before coming into the house; put your boots in the proper place instead of leaving them in the middle of the floor; hang your coat away instead of throwing it off on a chair, and place your hat on the rack instead of tossing it on the floor or table.

The Hearts of the Lowly.

One day, three or four weeks ago, a gamin, who seemed to have no friends in the world, was run over by a vehicle on Madison Avenue, New York, and fatally injured. After he had been in the hospital about a week, a boy about his own size, and looking as friendless, called to ask about him and leave an orange. He seemed much embarrassed, and would answer no questions. After that he came daily, always bringing something, if no more than an apple. Last week, when the nurse told him that Billy had no show to get well, the strange boy waited around longer than usual, and finally asked if he could go in. He had been invited to many times before, but had always refused. Billy, pale and weak and emaciated, opened his eyes in wonder at the sight of the boy, and, before he realized who it was, the stranger bent close to his face and sobbed:

"Billy, can ye forgive a feller? We was allus fighting, and I was allus too much for ye; but I'm sorry. 'Fore ye die won't ye tell me ye haven't any grudge against me?"

The young lad, then almost in the shadow of death, reached up his thin, white arms, clasped them around the other's neck, and replied:

"Don't cry, Rob—don't feel bad. I was ugly and mean, and I was heaving a stone at you when the wagon hit me. If you'll forgive me, I'll forgive you, and I'll pray for both of us."

Rob was half an hour late the morning Billy died. When the nurse took him to the shrouded corpse, he kissed the pale face tenderly, and gasped:

"D—did he say anything about—about me?"

"He spoke of you just before he died. He asked if you were here," replied the nurse.

"May I go—go to the funeral?"

"You may."

And he did. He was the only mourner. His heart was the only one that ached. No tears were shed by others, and they left him sitting by the new-made grave, with heart so big that he could not speak.

If, under the crust of vice and ignorance there are such springs of pure feeling and true nobility, who shall dare affirm that the doctrine of utter depravity is true.

Sleeping on one Side.

Sleeping on the right side, in addition to permitting a free action of the heart, has the great advantage of favoring the escape, through the pyloric orifice in the stomach, of that organ's contents by gravitation, the stomach then lying in an inclined position from left to right, which it also assumes when one is in the erect attitude. For people who limit themselves to light or easily digested suppers, or who go supperless to bed, the posture of rest may be a matter of indifference; but to individuals inclined to rotundity, or to indulge in hot suppers and accompaniments, the best way