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Poetry.

"The Ager."

BY A POET.

Once upon an evening bleary,
While I sat me, dreamy, weary,
In the sunshine, thinking o'er
Things that passed in days of yore;
While I nodded, nearly sleeping,
Suddenly there came a creeping
Up my back like water seeping,
Seeping upward from the floor,
"'Tis a cooling breeze," I muttered,
"From the region 'neath the floor—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember,
It was in that sweet September
When the earth, and every member
Of creation that it bore,
Had for weeks and weeks been soaking
In the meanest, most provoking
Foggy rains that, without joking,
We had ever seen before,
So I knew it must be very
Cold and damp beneath the floor,—
Very cold beneath the floor.

So I sat me, nearly napping,
In the sunshine, stretching, gaping,
And a feeling quite delighted
With the breeze from 'neath the floor;
Till I found me growing colder,
And the stretching waxing bolder,
And myself a feeling older—
Older than I'd felt before;
Feeling that my joints were stiffer
Than they were in days of yore—
Stiffer than they'd been before.

All along my back the creeping
Soon gave place to rushing, leaping,
As if countless frozen demons
Had concluded to explore
All the cuticle—the varmints—
'Twixt me and my nether garments,
Up into my hair, and downward
Through my boots into the floor;
Then I felt myself a shaking,
Gently shaking more and more—
Every moment more and more.

'Twas the Ager, and it shook me
Into heavy clothes, and took me
Shaking to the kitchen—every
Place where there was warmth in store;
Shaking till the "china" rattled,
Shaking till my molars rattled,
Shaking, and with all my warming,
Feeling colder than before,
Shaking till it had exhausted
All its powers to shake me more—
Till it could not shake me more.

Then it rested till the morrow
When it came with all the horror
That it had the face to borrow,
Shaking, shaking as before.
And from that day in September—
Day which I shall long remember—
It has made diurnal visits,
Shaking, shaking, oh, so sore!
Shaking off my boots, and shaking
Me to bed, if nothing more—
Fully this, if nothing more.

And to-day the swallows flitting
Round my cottage see me sitting
Moody, with the sunshine
Just inside my cottage door,
Waiting for the Ager, seeming
Like a man forever dreaming,
And the sunlight on me streaming
Sheds no shadow on the floor;
For I am too thin and sallow
To make shadows on the floor—
Nary shadow any more.

Managing Husbands.

A story is told of a happy wife who, when she was asked how she managed her husband so successfully, replied with a roguish smile, "My dear, I feed him well." There is a great deal in that. Those wives who are entirely dependent upon hired cooks make a sorry show at housekeeping. The stomach performs a very important part in the economy of humanity, and those who are forgetful of this fact commit a serious mistake. Even the lion may be tamed by keeping him well fed.

Idiosyncrasies of Men of Genius.

Most geniuses and men of great talent have been known for some peculiar habit or striking idiosyncrasy. Napoleon would tremble with fear at the sight of a cat: Gen. Elliott, of Gibraltar fame, was always accompanied by a number of them. Johnson liked to imbibe floods of tea or wine, and yet "be none the worse for it." Porson drank everything that came in his way. Visiting once a friend's house, when evening came they desired to feed the lamp, but the bottle was empty; Porson had drunk the spirits on the sly, not knowing it was intended for the lamp. Douglas Jerrold could not bear the smell of apples. Cavendish hated women. If he met one of his own female servants by accident in any part of the house, she was instantly dismissed. Garrick was vain almost to the degree of insanity. Rousseau was vain, and could not write except when dressed as a fop. Bulwer Lytton, it is said, could write best when dressed in a court suit. Marlborough was a miser mended his own stockings to save paying for it, and would walk home ever so late at night rather than pay for a chair. Napoleon did his "thinking" and formed his plans for conquest while pacing in a garden, shrugging his shoulders now and then as if to help and "compress" his thoughts. When Thiers was engaged in his long oratorical displays, he always had beside him a supply of rum and coffee. The coffee he got direct from Mecca. Gibson dictated walking in his room, like Scott and many others. Moliere wrote with his knees near the fire, and Bacon liked to study in a small room, which, he said, helped him to condense his thoughts. George Stephenson used to lie in bed for two or three days, the better to "think out" his plans.

Our Selected Story.

A TRUE STORY FOR BOYS.

I want to tell the boys about a friend of mine whose *faithful performance of present duty* led him into higher positions than he had ever dreamed of filling, and gave him what we would all like to reach—honor and success.

In the earlier years of my experience as a printer in Chicago, more than twenty years ago, our firm did a good deal of printing for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, and, because of all this, I came to know a young man who is the subject of my story. He came from Massachusetts; he was poor, and had no influential friend to even give him a letter of recommendation. He sought employment on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, and, after waiting a time, at last secured a position as brakeman on a freight train—salary about thirty dollars a month. He was faithful in this position, and being both intelligent and industrious, he was soon made conductor of the train, with wages nearly doubled. He soon attracted the attention of his superior officers, who saw in him an honest, faithful and conscientious conductor, one not seeking his own ease or pleasure, but constantly devoted to the interests of the company that employed him, so that not many months elapsed before he was made conductor of a passenger train—a more comfortable position, and one yielding a somewhat higher salary. Here I first knew him, and saw in him a modest, quiet, unassuming young man, free from the popular vices, and who tried to be just as faithful and true and devoted to his work as a conductor as though the position had been that of General Superintendent. He did not apparently have a high opinion of his own abilities; there was a total absence of that swagger and strut so often seen in those who come to similar subaltern positions. It seemed as though he thought that to properly conduct his train—to secure the comfort of his passengers and rightly serve the interests of his company—required the full exercise of all the powers God had given him.

One of the sternest and most exacting, and yet one of the noblest, ablest and most conscientious men who ever filled a similar position, was then General Superintendent of the road. This man, Col. C. G. Hammond, watched every employe of the road with an eagle eye. He measured every man, knew the ability of each, and seemed intuitively to know which were the faithful workers and which the lazy shirks. Our young conductor did not escape the keen eye. When he least thought of it his chief was measuring and sounding him, and finding out what kind of metal he was made of; but none ever knew whether he was approved or not, for the chief's look was always stern and cold as ice.

One Saturday morning train No. 4 moved slowly out of Chicago under the care of my friend, who, only intent on doing his work as well as he knew how, seemed to have no higher ambition than to be a good conductor—salary $900 a year. At noon, when he stopped at a station, he found a telegram from the head office, ordering him to leave the train in care of ——, and take the first train for Chicago."

This was an unusual thing. Wondering what could be the matter; conscious that he had tried to do exactly right, and yet remembering how exacting was the General Superintendent, he feared that unintentionally he had fallen under his displeasure. Reaching Chicago late Saturday evening, he found Col. Hammond had gone home, and knowing how strict he was in his observance of the Sabbath, the conductor waited impatiently for the coming of Monday morning, when, with a powerful heart, he presented himself at the office of the Superintendent.

"Good morning, Mr. Hammond; I have received your telegram and come to see what it means."

"Good morning," growled the chief. "I see you have, sir; I have concluded to take your train away from you."

The conductor's heart sank lower than ever. What before was only fearful foreboding, was now painful truth. He had served the company to the best of his ability. He had kept the affairs of his train in complete order, his reports had been carefully and correctly made; and yet, after all, he had lost his position; he knew not why, and he felt that his case was sad indeed. He inwardly resolved that, having missed his calling, he would quit railroading and try some other service, where faithful work would be appreciated. He dared not hope to reverse the decision of the all-powerful official, yet in as calm a voice as he could command, he politely asked the reason for his summary dismissal.

Col. Hammond waited a while before he answered. Then the muscles of his face relaxed a little, and he said: "I want an Assistant Superintendent in my office, and I have called you to take the place."

True worth is always modest, and our thunderstruck conductor could only stammer, "But I am not competent, sir, to fill the position."

"You can do what I tell you; you can obey orders, can't you? That's all you have to do, sir. You will begin work this morning. That is your desk."

The new duties were not as difficult as he expected. At first he had only to obey orders, and carry out the details of work laid out by the chief, and to these duties he brought the same faithfulness and thoroughness that had made him noticeable as a conductor. His elevation did not spoil him or make him vain. He was as plain and modest, and hard-working as before—the salary at first was $1,800.

After a few years' service under Colonel Hammond, and an advance of salary to $2,500, the plain young man was invited to take the office of General Superintendent of a younger road at a salary of $4,000. Distrusting his own ability, he determined to do his best, he accepted the call, and succeeded, until the C. B. & Q., realizing how much they had lost in parting with him, invited him to resume his old position, and secured his services by the tempting offer of $6,000 a year.

In the meantime Col. Hammond had become the General Superintendent of the Union Pacific Railroad, running from Omaha to Ogden, where it connects with the Central Pacific Railroad. This Central Pacific road was owned by four or five millionaires who built it, one of whom was its General Superintendent. However good a business man he was, he knew but little about railroading, and under his care the road was anything but prosperous, till the other owners and directors resolved upon a radical and sweeping change.

But where could they find a General Superintendent who had the ability and would dare to reorganize the road and put its affairs upon a better basis. They consulted Col. Hammond and other railroad men, and the result was that, most unexpectedly, our whilom modest and hard-working conductor one day received a telegram asking him if he would undertake the duties of General Superintendent of the Central Pacific railroad at a salary of $10,000. He was satisfied with and appreciated by the C. B. & Q., who proposed to increase his pay to $7,000, and as he preferred to remain in Chicago, he declined the princely offer made by the California road. Then another telegram asked at what salary he would become the chief of the Central Pacific. Almost hoping to discourage his tempters, he telegraphed "$13,000 a year in gold." At once came the answer, "Accepted." So, taken in his own trap, he had nothing to do but to bid adieu to the city that had served him so well, and turn his face toward the land of gold. My story would be too long if I should try to tell you the unexpected difficulties he encountered from the old officers of the road, who had determined that they would not be superceded, and that the new Superintendent should never enter upon his duties—how they wrote his arrival, set the whole press and people of California against him—how, supported by the Directors of the road, he quietly took control, disarmed prejudice, conquered submission, and earned success.

This was nine years ago. He is still General Superintendent of the Central Pacific railroad, one of the most important railroads in the world. With its connections in California, this quiet man, not yet forty-eight years old, now superintends 2,734 miles of railroad and over fifty connecting steamers, besides dictating the tariffs of the China, the Australian and the Panama lines of steamships. While other young men, preferring present ease and comfort to the interests of their employers, were wasting money and time in billiard halls, theaters and drinking-saloons, Albion N. Towne was *at work*, building up *character* as well as reputation, and now fills one of the most important positions in California, and instead of $360 a year, as brakeman on a freight train, he now draws the comfortable salary of $20,000 a year in gold.

"Lucky man," says one. "Luck" had but little to do with it. Modest worth did it. *Work* did it. *Faithfulness in the performance of present duties, however humble,* did it. This untiring *faithfulness* in the humbler duties not only attracted the notice and won the appreciation of his superiors, but fitted him for the higher positions, which, without his seeking, he was called to fill.

I have long desired to tell this story of a young man's faithfulness and consequent success, for I considered it a lesson that boys and young men of the present day can study to advantage.—*Alfred L. Sewell, in Home Arts, Chicago.*

The Bride.

I know of no sight more charming and touching than that of a young and tender bride in her robes of virgin white, led up trembling to the altar. When I thus behold a lovely girl in that tenderness of her years forsake the house of her father and the home of her childhood—and with the implicit confidence and the self-abandonment which belong to women, giving up all the world for the man of her choice; when I hear her in the good old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him "for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, honor and obey, till death do us part," it brings to mind the beautiful and affecting devotion of Ruth—"Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."—*Irving.*

A Printer's Dream.

A printer sat in his easy chair, his boots were patched and his coat threadbare, while his face looked weary and worn with care. While sadly thinking of business debt, old Morpheus slowly around him crept, and before he knew it he soundly slept; and sleeping, he dreamed that he was dead, from trouble and toil his spirit had fled, and that not even a cow-bell tolled for the peaceful rest of his cow-hide sole. As he wandered among the shades, that smoke and scorch in lower Hades, he shortly observed an iron door, that creakingly hung on the hinges ajar, but the entrance was closed with a red-hot bar, and Satan himself stood peering out, and watching for travelers thereabout, and thus to the passing printer spoke: "Come in, my dear, it shall cost you nothing, and never fear; this is the place where I cook the ones who never pay their subscription sums, for though in their life they may escape, they will find when they're dead it is too late; I will show the place where I melt them thin, with red-hot chains and scraps of tin, and also where I comb their heads with scraps of glass and melted lead; and it of refreshments they only think, there's boiling water for them to drink; there's the red-hot grind-stone to grind down the nose, and red-hot rings to wear on the toes; and if they mention they don't like the fire, I'll sew up their mouths with red-hot wire; and then, dear sir, you should see them squirm, while I roll them over and cook to a turn." With these last words the printer awoke, and thought it all a practical joke, but still at times so real did it seem, that he cannot believe it was all a dream; and often he thinks with a chuckle and grin, of the fate of those who save their tin, and never pay the printer.

Wit and Humor.

A celebrated case—The printer's.

A rolling mill—A fight in the gutter.

"Winding up business"—Starting the clock.

A lawyer is to be hanged in Texas. Good beginning. Go on.

An exchange says: "The latest thing in hosiery is a leg." We don't see it.

The latest song out is entitled, "Put your arms around me pet, the old man's eyes are shet."

A baby iz a necessity, but twins alwuzz did seem to me to be ov a spekulative nature.—*Josh Billings.*

"Dying in poverty," says a modern moralist, "is nothing; it is living in poverty that comes hard on a fellow."

The New York *Herald* heads a notice of a sermon on future punishment: "Hell undergoing alterations and repairs."

"Is it possible to fly?" If her father wears a No. 11 boot it is not only possible, but imperatively necessary.

An abandoned wretch affirms that in engaging a wife only a ring is necessary; but nothing short of the cash will secure a good hired girl.

The Connecticut man who invented wooden hams might do a profitable business here by drying snow and selling it for salt.

Despite the change of water Grant experiences in his travels, his health continues good. Probably this is because he doesn't use water.

Spilkins, after having shown his youngest boy how to black his own boots every morning, remarked that "there's nothing like having a little son shine in the house."

Jennie June says a fashionable bonnet can be had for a dollar and a half. And so it can. It is the from six to twenty dollars' worth of trimming that strikes the pocket-book in a sore spot.

Fame is tardy in reaching some men, but if a man is deserving, it is bound to strike him sooner or later. A Berks county editor has had a blue-and-red canal boat named after him.

A train of cars on the Florida railroad the other day passed a man on horseback, and there was a great hurrahing among the passengers until they discovered that the animal was tied to a fence.

The fellow who married her sister to please his dying wife, finds the wife recovering, and don't know what to do with the sister who is now on his hands. That is what ails a German family named Suitz, living in New York.

Time is money; but, judging from the indolent life led by some persons, we think they would be willing to exchange allopathic quantities of time for homeopathic doses of money.

An exchange has a long and carefully written article intended to prove that rum is "a slow poison." The writer will have the sincere thanks of thousands of readers—thousands who will be glad to hear that the poison is slow.

An editor apologized to his readers after this fashion: "We expected to have a death and marriage to publish this week, but a violent storm prevented the wedding, and the doctor being sick himself, the patient recovered, and we are accordingly cheated out of both."

A wag once remarked on seeing a friend after dinner eating a piece of ancient cheese, that it reminded him of Samson killing his thousands, and then improved the parallel by suggesting the identity of the weapon used.

A man, however innocent he may be, is always enveloped in a thick cloud of damaging circumstantial evidence when he leans up against the hotel corner, carefully picks out a wooden toothpick, and tries to light it on the top of a glass cigar case.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Yankee photographer presented a revolver at the head of a gentleman who was sitting for his photograph, with the cheering remark: "My reputation as an artist is at stake. If you don't look smiling I'll blow your brains out." He smiled.

The following is a translation of a bill of fare at a German banquet in honor of Bayard Taylor.

Beer,
Cigars,
Beer,
More Beer,
Cigars,
Beer, Beer, Beer, Beer, Beer,
Beer, Beer, Beer, Beer,
Beer, Beer, Beer,
Beer, Beer,
Beer.

A little fellow being told by a young man to get off his knee, that he was too heavy to hold in that way, made quite a sensation among the persons present by yelling back—"Too heavy, hey? Sister Sal weighs a hundred pounds more than I, and you held her on your knee for four hours last night."

Of all the love affairs in the world, nothing can surpass the true love of the big boy for his mother.—*Galva Journal.* Yes: but let a little chit with a pretty face come into the neighborhood, and see how long that "true love" will hold him. The more idiotic the young female, the more eager will be that big boy to get away from his mother.

An exchange has an article telling "how matches are made." We supposed everybody knew it was by taking a young man and young woman, equal parts, and let them sit up together about six months, telling them a few times in the interval that they should never have each other. Still there may be other ways that we have not heard of.

How to Tell a Good Egg.

This is the season of the year when it is important to know how to tell a good egg. A paragraphist says the surest way is to place it in one hand and smash it with the other. If an odor arises that leads you to believe that a bone boiling establishment and a Limburger cheese factory have telescoped the egg is not good, and you want to throw it away and wash your hands.

THE PHONOGRAPH:

Mr. Barstinglow's Terrible Experience With Edison's Latest Invention.

Burlington Hawkeye:

It happened that Mrs. Barstinglow was going down to Keokuk for a few days, and Mr. Barstinglow was inconsolable. At one time he protested that she should not go; he could not endure the lonesome house during her absence. And then again he declared that if she must go, he would neglect his office, and let his business go to the bow wows, and he would go with her. At length, however, she persuaded him to be reasonable, and on her repeated assurance that she would not remain away longer than three days, he consented to let her go. He even bought her a ticket, and ordered a carriage and paid for it, two days ahead, lest his resolution should give way, and he should forbid her going from him. And from that time until her departure, Mr. Barstinglow spoke in subdued tones, and moved about with the air of a man whose heart was buried under mountains of grief.

Before she left the house, Mrs. Barstinglow set the phonograph in the sitting room, behind the clock. Then she kissed her disconsolate husband, and begged him to preserve his precious life for her sake while she was gone.

Every day, during her three-day visit in the Gate City, she received a letter from her mourning husband, begging her to come back, and telling her how lonesome he was without her, and how like a grave the empty house seemed, and how the hours dragged over his aching heart with leaden feet. And in three days she came home, and filled the solemn house with sunlight and laughter again.

The evening after her return to Burlington she took down the phonograph.

"I wonder what was said last in its hearing? It must have been something while we were discussing my visit. Or it may have caught some of your poor, longing moanings while I was away."

And then she turned the crank.

"Lord, no," croaked the phonograph, in tones of hearty reassurance, "no danger of that; she is safe in Keokuk for three days; saw her safely off, myself, this morning. Light your cigar while I light another lamp and make the room look cheerful."

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Barstinglow, in a countenance of amazement, "what on earth is it saying?"

"Oh, some nonsense some of your visitors have talked into it some time or other," replied her husband, nervously, "people talk all kinds of stuff in a phonograph, you know. They say anything for talk."

Mrs. Barstinglow looked only half convinced, and gave the crank another turn.

"This is devilish good whisky, Bartsy," ejaculated the machine, very earnestly. "You don't get it in Burlington, do you?"

Mrs. Barstinglow gave a little shriek.

"My dear," said her husband, looking now quite as worried as he had when he was begging her not to go to Keokuk, "put it away; somebody has had it out in the stable, and it might say something perfectly shocking, you know. Put it away."

But Mrs. Barstinglow, upon whom the spirit of investigation had descended with great power, ground away, and the phonograph, in a voice marvelously like her husband's, went remorselessly on.

"Not much; they don't make this kind now. It's some old Monongahela, copper distilled, that Mrs. Barstinglow's mother gave her for medical purposes three years ago. Fill up, there's plenty of it, and I can replace it with any kind of beverage when it's gone. The old girl won't know the difference."

Mrs. Barstinglow felt herself turning to stone, but the next turn of the crank brought out an uproarious:

"Ha, ha, ha! Here's to the o. g.!"

That fanned her cheeks into a flame.

"For mercy's sake, Malachi Barstinglow," she shrieked, "what does this mean?"

Mr. Barstinglow now looked as though he really did wish she had never gone to Keokuk.

"It's just as I tell you," he said, with an effort to look unconcerned that was like a humorous book, a collossal success, so far as its utter failure was concerned, "somebody has been talking all sorts of nonsense into it, just for talk's sake. How else could it get hold of such dreadful stuff in our dear little home, lovey?"

Mrs. Barstinglow didn't say, but she turned away, and the phonograph asked carelessly;

"Throw around for the deal?"

She thought she would faint, but she didn't, and the pitiless machine proceeded to remark, with a variety of voices:

"It's my age."

"You'll have to straddle that blind if you come in."

"Give me two cards."

"Chip one."

"I'll see your little one and raise you a couple."

"Push the bottle this way, Ben."

"Ain't you going to stay in, Harry?"

"Can't stay on a pair of sixes."

"Call you."

"Two small pair, kings to head."

"Tens and deuces. Take the pot."

"Barsty, get us something to eat. Old girl left the cupboard keys, didn't she?"

"Lord, yes; told her I was going to keep batch, at home, to save expenses, and keep out of bad company."

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho! ho! ho!!!"

"Oh," yelled Mr. Barstinglow, unable to contain himself any longer, while his wife, more dead than alive, leaned over the phonograph and ground away at the crank, in a dazed kind of way, "Oh, keep it up! That's right! Keep her a going! Grind it all out! Dog gone the diabolical piece of black art and the vile assassin that invented it. Keep it up! That's right! Believe a senseless diabolical piece of monstrous mechanism rather than you husband. Keep her agoing. Keep it up!"

And Mrs. Barstinglow did keep it up. She kept it up and listened to that phonograph swear and shout and howl; she heard it shriek, "Oh, my eye! my eye!" She heard it tell some one to let some one else "have it again in the same place;" she heard it warn somebody to "hold his head over the stove-hearth, and not let his nose bleed on the carpet," and at last, as it assured her very thickly and with some difficulty, that it was "a ban' of jorry goo' fuf-fuf-fellows," and that it "won' hie won' g'ome till mor'ing," she ground it into silence, and sank back, speechless and breathless, while Mr. Barstinglow took it out into the back yard and smashed it into so many and such small fragments that it couldn't reproduce even a steamboat whistle.

And now, when people go over to the Barstinglow's to spend a pleasant evening, and happen to say, "What have you done with the phonograph, Mr. Barstinglow," it affords the visitors entertainment for the rest of the evening to study the different expressions which creep over the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Barstinglow, while Mr. Barstinglow, as he answers the question, thinks he would give ten thousand dollars if he could find out how the members of the paragraphers' association tell lies so easily and make them sound so marvelously like the truth.

An Initiated Tramp.

We have before maintained that the tramps scouring about the country are a regularly organized fraternity, having a general understanding with one another, and having a ritual of questions and answers. Their uniform appearance, their periodical visits to the same places, their regular calls at the same house where they have procured food, all points to this. Sheriff Walls, of this city, has found curious emblems about them, has studied their character and listened to their conversation, until he can tell a regularly initiated tramp from an impostor. The following amusing dialogue took place between the sheriff and one of a squad of tramps recently committed to jail:

"From whence came you?"

"From a town in New York called Jerusalem."

"What's your business here?"

"To learn to subdue my appetite, and to sponge my living from an indulgent public."

"Then you are a regular tramp, I presume."

"I am so taken, and accepted, wherever I go."

"How am I to recognize you as a tramp?"

"By the largeness of my feet, and general carnivorous appearance."

"How do you know yourself to be a tramp?"

"In seeking food, by being often denied, but ready to try again."

"How gained you admittance into this town?"

"By a good many long tramps."

"How were you received?"

"On the end of a night policeman's billy, presented to my head."

"How did the policeman dispose of you?"

"He took me several times around the town to the south, east, and west, where we found the city marshal, police judge and the jailer, where a great many questions were asked."

"What advice did the judge give you?"

"He advised me to walk in upright, regular steps, and to denounce tramping."

"Will you be off or from?"

"With your permission, I'll be off very quick."

"Which way are you traveling?"

"East."

"My friend, you are now at an institution where the wicked are always troublesome and the weary are as bad as the rest. You will now be conducted to the middle chamber by a flight of winding stairs, consisting of five or more steps. Instead of corn, wine and oil, the wages of the ancients, yours will be bread and water for five days. When your company escape from this, divide yourselves into parties of three each, take a bee-line for Portland or Bangor, where in the winter they usually run free soup houses, and you may be pardoned on condition of your never returning." Pointing to Edmunds, the turnkey.) "Follow your conductor, and fear no danger—if you behave yourself," — *Boston Post.*

Why Young Men Remain Single.

Chicago Tribune.

It is said that the extravagance of girls is the chief reason why so many young men remain single rather than marry girls whom they could not support in their ante-marriage style. There never was a more absurd charge made than this. The average young man is more extravagant than the average young woman, and the young man who is afraid to marry because girls are extravagant is usually the most extravagant of his class, and does not desire to marry, because, in order to support a wife and children, he would have to cut off his own extravagances. In the majority of cases, the wife is the cause of actual saving to the husband. Before marriage he lived clear up to his income, saved nothing and owned nothing. After marriage he saves money, because he is compelled to, and usually owns the house he lives in. Before marriage he was not obliged to economize, because he did not look beyond the present, with its enjoyments. After marriage he is required to economize, because he has to regard the future, with its responsibilities. With regard to the question of expenses, this writer very well says: "Girls' expenses are confined almost wholly to their dress; young men's expenses are confined—no, they are not confined to anything; they run wild. A young man of the class alluded to will frequently spend as much in one night among his companions, as would support a wife for a week. Franklin said that 'One vice will bring up two children.' Then, two vices should certainly support one wife, and most of the young men of the day could easily give up two, and still have a large variety on hand."

One thousand polygamous marriages took place in Utah in 1877.

Odds and Ends.

Perfumed ink is something new and sweet for lovers.

A tax on profane language would raise more revenue than the Moffett drink register.

Jay Gould used to peddle maps in Delaware. Jim Keene used to peddle milk in Shasta.

A Texas paper wants Texas divided into twelve States, with twenty-four Senators in Congress.

In many instances where a newspaper abuses a man it looks as though it wanted something.

It is easy to despise all earthly things when we reflect that we must die and leave them all behind us.—*St. Jerome.*

The Supreme Court of Alabama has decided that a doctor can be brought up as a witness and made to give a medical opinion for nothing.

God holds a mortgage against every man's life, and if the interest isn't paid voluntarily and fully—why, the whole thing goes to the devil.

The President, it is said, enjoys even to uproarious laughter, all the sarcastical things said about his administration. He must be on a broad grin constantly.

In ancient days the precept was, "Know thyself." In modern times it has been supplanted by the far more fashionable maxim, "Know thy neighbor and everything about him."

A Nevada politician was elected on the merits of one single speech. All he said was: "Fellow countrymen, follow me to yonder saloon."

The proposal to tax the larger salaries of Methodist ministers one per cent. for the relief of the ministers who receive small salaries is growing in favor. It was adopted at the recent session of the New England Conference.

We find the following item in an Illinois paper: "M. ——, who has been in retirement for a few weeks after marrying and burying three sisters, came up smiling to the altar yesterday, having begun on a new family."

A marriage notice is not considered complete without the name of the officiating clergyman; and yet custom sanctions the publication of death notices without any mention being made of the doctor's name.

There is a class of dead-beats in every community who expect to get their newspaper for nothing, as well as being fed and clothed at the expense of others. They ought to be shipped to some place where they would be compelled to earn an honest livelihood.

A Philadelphia man is under bail for $500 for trial for the larceny of one cent. According to his story, a neighbor gave him ten cents and asked him to buy a bucket of coal for her. He took the fuel to her, but forgot to pay her the one cent received as change, and she caused his arrest.

Personalities are sometimes severe. A gentleman said to a surgeon, "My daughter is very ill; she sometimes falls in a swoon, and continues for hours without understanding." The surgeon answered: "Well, she is not as ill as I feared, for I have actually known cases in which people were so afflicted that they remained all their lives without understanding."

When two men look around at each other in the street they feel as mean as if they had been caught sheep-stealing. It is different with women. Two of the sex will turn square around after they have passed each other, take an upward survey of each article of attire worn by the other, slowly and critically, until their eyes meet, when a cold stare will be exchanged, and then both will start on their several ways looking as sweet as roses in June.

Insanity is wonderfully on the increase in California. As an illustration of the proportion of insane to sane as compared to the rest of the United States and France we will give some figures. There is one insane person in California to each 160; in the United States in general, one to 343; in France, one to 440 inhabitants. This is a fearful showing, and the subject is worthy of consideration by the most eminent physicians in the land. What is the most remarkable thing about it is that the proportion has doubled within the past ten years, and quadrupled in eighteen years. The whole number in the State is placed at 4,283.

Daniel Webster and Thomas H. Benton passed several years in the United States Senate without speaking to each other. On one occasion a number of Cabinet officials and members of Congress went to inspect a newly invented gun which was to be tested on the Potomac River. It unfortunately happened that the gun burst and killed several persons. Benton was saved by means of a friend reminding him in time of the possibility of an accident, and requesting him to move further off, which he did. He regarded this as a warning from the Almighty and deemed it his duty thereafter to cultivate kindly feelings with his fellow-men. He made advances of friendship to Mr. Webster, and was met in a cordial spirit. They "buried the hatchet," and were friends ever afterwards.

Her Love Affair.

A Southern paper says that some months since a young lady, twenty-five years of age, went into Botetourt county, Va., from an adjoining county, and took charge of a school. The lady with whom she boarded soon thought she could see an attachment spring up between the schoolmarm and her son of eighteen; but when she approached the lady on the subject, she was told that her son was altogether too young to be attractive in her eyes. So she dismissed all suspicion at once. Friday evening the school closed, and on Saturday the teacher left for home. Sunday morning, after the rest of the family had left for church, this young man followed on; and now they are one flesh. It seems that when packing her trunk to leave, she took care to put in nearly all of his clothes, and had also made arrangements to have some one meet him with conveyance a few miles from home.

Man's Better-Half.

California refuses to permit women to practice law.

An industrious bread winner is the best kind of a man for a young lady to "go for."

When they say that a man is homespun they often mean that his wife spins him around home.

This is a world of second-hand goods. Every pretty girl has been some other fellow's sweetheart.

"Marriage? Pooh! Don't men shun it?" exclaimed the maiden aunt. "Indeed they don't," replied her lovely neice.

It is authoritatively announced that it is proper to refer to the phonograph as a "she"—because it repeats everything it hears.

It's now that the careful housewife,
Holds an egg to her ear,
And offers to bet the servant girl
That—"there's a chicken in here."

Ladies must not read this:

We've got a new silver dollar to bet that every lady in this Territory will turn this paper upside down to read it.

A Minnesota girl has been serving on a railroad as a brakeman in male attire. She gave a civil answer to the questions of a passenger, when her sex was at once suspected.

The latest novelty is a bracelet that fits any arm, and when passed over the hand instantly adjusts itself to the wrist.

If a man beats his wife in Kentucky hereafter he can be made to work on the streets for sixty days, and the usual wages for such labor paid to his wife.

What is a flirt? A young lady of more beauty than sense; more accomplishments than learning; more charms of person than grace of mind; more admirers than friends; more fools than wise men for attendants.

Laura (with a novel)—"Oh, if this tale were only true, and I were the heroine!" Kate—"What! with all her persecutions, her misery?" Laura—"Ah! but then, dear, remember she does get a husband after all!"

"Miss, will you take my arm?" "Yes, sir; and you, too." "Can't spare but the arm, miss," replied the bachelor. Then she said: "I can't take it, as my motto is, go whole hog or nothing."

A man must have his pants all one color, but a woman can sew a yard of red flannel around the bottom of an old calico dress and have an elegant underskirt.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Don't you think," said a husband in a mild form of rebuke to his wife, "that women are sometimes possessed of the devil?" "Yes," was the answer, "as soon as they are married."

A Texan bride, after the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, gracefully stepped forward and requested the clergyman to give out the hymn:

This is the way I long have sought;
And mourned because I found it not:

A Vicksburg wife informed her husband the other morning that she was working herself into the grave for the want of a girl, and as he went out, she leaned back and fell to weeping. The children were making a noise in the hall as he passed out, and he called out: "You want to stop this racket! Your mother won't live a week, and when you get a stepmother here next spring, she won't put up with such fooling!" When he came home to dinner, his wife met him with a smile, and said: "Isn't ours' a cosy little home, Richard, with only our little family to look after?"

The Light of Science on Bible History.

The agitation of the question whether the sun stands or moves, discussed by a colored preacher by the name of Jasper, is suggestive of the question whether or not the school of modern theology has made any progress in the past few centuries, and if so, what does its progress consist of? Mr. Jasper very stubbornly insists that the Bible says that the sun rises and sets. From this he concludes that the sun therefore moves. "For," says he, "the Bible is a book of Divine revelations; hence we have no right to doubt any of its statements." This reverend expounder of the gospel goes further, and fortifies his conclusions by showing that it is impossible to attribute to this saying a figurative interpretation, for in another passage the Bible states that Joshua performed a miracle. This miracle was no less a performance than the instantaneous stoppage of the sun. Now Mr. Jasper very correctly infers that if the sun did not revolve around the earth there would have been no miracle in Joshua's performance. In this inference he certainly exhibits good logic. Yet in the face of these facts that unmistakable developed truths of astronomy have long since been accepted by leading theologists, and this then leads to the conviction that as between revealed truths made personally visible to the senses of reason and revelations made dependent for credulity upon faith, modern theology has chosen the former—for otherwise Mr. Jasper's enunciation could not consistently be ridiculed in the face of the unmistakeable evidences of scriptural revelations in favor of his theory. Galileo, less than two hundred and fifty years ago, when the church ruled the State, was prosecuted for attempting to teach the doctrine now recognized by the learned professors of existing religious creeds, and the records show that he was compelled to renounce his belief and pronounce adherence to the faith in which the colored preacher, Jasper, expresses belief and for which he is universally ridiculed. This change of position by the theological profession leads to the inference that while the laws of the Scriptures are maintained and held by them to be Divine, the narrations are no longer looked on as infallible. In other words the inference is that the scriptural historical review is now looked upon as Moses and the laws Divine. Upon no other basis can this revolution of theological opinion be accounted for.—*Omaha Bee.*