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Poetry.

A Septuagenarian Couple.

The following stanzas were not written for publication, but were selected from a mass of papers (by one having access to them) filed away in the *escritoire* of a loving septuagenarian couple of the old school. They had been making the journey of life together for nearly half a century when these stanzas were written, which are known to be authentic. The verses are commended to the perusal of that class of heretics who have adopted the old but often untrue proverb, "Hot love is soon cold." The line entitled "My Husband," were written by the wife on her seventieth birthday, and left on the table in the library:

MY HUSBAND.

Who in my youth said "Dearest come,
For-sake your precious childhood's home,
And with me o'er the wide world roam?"—
My husband.

Who gently led me in the way,
And caused my heart to bless the day
That took me from my home away?—
My husband.

Who at first sounding of alarm
Would fold 'round me his loving arm,
To shield me from impending harm?—
My husband.

Who at first token of distress,
Exhibited by restlessness,
Oft soothes me by his fond caress?—
My husband.

Who, if long, watchful nights there be,
When sleep—sweet sleep—won't come to me,
Will *keep awake* for company?—
My husband.

Who, when I, with each nerve unstrung,
Next moment move round my caves among,
If I should fret, would "hold his tongue?"—
My husband.

When, if in haste, to mar our bliss
One word is thoughtless said amiss,
Who asks forgiveness with a kiss?—
My husband.

Who through all changing scenes of life,
The bright, the dark, the peace, the strife,
Would call me naught but "precious wife?"—
My husband.

When on the couch of suffering laid,
With throbbing pulse and aching head,
Who anxious watches round my bed?—
My husband.

Who, when of kindred dear bereft,
And my sad heart in twain is cleft,
Proves that my *dearest friend* is left?—
My husband.

When overwhelmed with grief and fears,
And through the gloom no star appears,
Who cheers my heart and wipes my tears?—
My husband.

Who, when I've done with all below,
And death's dark waters round me flow,
Would fain with me o'er Jordan go?—
My husband.

MY WIFE.

[In response to her stanzas, "My Husband."]

What maiden, in the days of yore,
Smote me with most tremendous power,
Inflicting pangs unknown before?—
My wife.

Who pitied me in my distress,
And, by one simple little "Yes,"
Changed all my woe to blessedness?—
My wife.

Who did, with look almost divine,
My soul in cords of love entwine,
And gave her priceless heart for mine?—
My wife.

Who to the altar went with me,
Our hearts aglow with ecstacy,
And my good angel vowed to be?—
My wife.

Who, since I to the altar led
My blushing bride, and vows were said,
Has naught but blessings round me shed?—
My wife.

Who, in our pilgrimage below
Has cheered with smiles the passage through
And ever faithful proved and true?—
My wife.

When pressed with sorrow, toil and cares:
Who all my grief and trouble shares,
And half at least my burden bears?—
My wife.

When tempests rage and billows roll,
And human passions spurn control,
Who calms the tumult of my soul?—
My wife.

When storms are hushed and skies are bright,
And shadows dark are changed to light,
Who joys with me in sweet delight?—
My wife.

Who was in youth th' admired of men;
But now, at threescore years and ten,
Is far more beautiful than then?—
My wife.

As down life's rugged steep I go,
With careful, trembling steps and slow,
Who clings to me and helps me through?—
My wife.

Who, when my toilsome days are o'er,
Will meet me on blest Canaan's shore,
And sing with me for evermore?—
My wife.

—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Graphic* writes: "Apropos of beer and coctails, they won't sell a man a drink standing up. I mean that the man who buys must sit down at one of their little tables while he drinks. Barkeepers don't know what to make of it if you walk up to a bar and ask for a drink. Very inconvenient for a man in a hurry. Getting a drink here is as much of an undertaking as getting a dinner. I mean an American dinner. A French dinner lasts about all the time one has to spare after having breakfast.

A JURYMAN'S STORY.

We had been out of court twenty-four hours, and stood eleven to one. The case was a vere plain one, at least we eleven thought so. A murder of peculiar atrocity had been committed; and though no eye had witnessed the deed, circumstances pointed to the prisoner's guilt with unfailing certainty.

The recusant juror had stood out from the first. He acknowledged the cogency of the proofs, confessed his inability to reconcile the facts with the defendant's innocence, and yet on every vote he went steadily for acquittal. His conduct was inexplicable. It could not result from a lack of intelligence; for, while he spoke but little, his words were well chosen, and evinced a thorough understanding of the case.

Though still in the prime of manhood, his locks were prematurely white, and his face wore a singularly sad and thoughtful expression. He might be one of those who entertain scruples as to the right of society to inflict the death penalty. But no, it was not that; for, in reply to such a suggestion, he frankly admitted that brutal men, like the vicious brutes they resemble, must be controlled through fear; and that dread of death, the supreme terror, is in many cases the only adequate restraint.

At the prospect of another night of fruitless imprisonment we began to grow impatient, and expostulated very warmly against what seemed an unreasonable captiousness; and some not over-kind remarks were indulged in as to the impropriety of trifling with an oath like that under which we were acting.

"And yet," the man answered, as if he was communing with himself rather than repelling the imputation, "it is conscience that hinders my concurrence in a verdict approved by my judgment."

"How can that be?" queried several at once.

"Conscience may not always dare to follow judgment."

"But here she can know no other guide."

"I once would have said the same."

"And what has changed your opinion?"

"Experience!"

The speaker's manner was visibly agitated, and we waited in silence the explanation which he seemed ready to give. Mastering his emotion, as if in answer to our look of enquiry, he continued:

"Twenty years ago I was a young man just beginning life. Few had brighter prospects and none brighter hopes. An attachment, dating from childhood, had ripened with its object. There had been no verbal declaration and acceptance of love—no formal plighting of troth; but when I took my departure to seek a home in the distant West, it was a thing understood that when I had found it and put it in order she was to share it. Life in the forest, though solitary, is not necessarily lonesome. The kind of society afforded by Nature depends much on one's self. As for me, I live more in the future than in the present, and Hope is an ever-cheerful companion. At length the time came for making the final payment on the home which I had bought. It would henceforward be my own; and in a few months more, my simple dwelling, which I had spared no pains to render inviting, would be graced by its mistress.

"At the land office, which was some sixty miles off, I met my old friend George C———. He, too, had come to seek his fortune in the West, and we were both delighted at the meeting. He brought with him, he said, a sum of money which he desired to invest in land, on which it was his purpose to settle. I expressed a strong wish to have him for a neighbor, and gave him a cordial invitation to accompany me home, giving it as my belief that he could nowhere make a better selection than in that vicinity. He readily consented, and we set out together. We had not ridden many miles when George suddenly recollected a commission he had undertaken for a friend, which would require his attendance at a public land sale on the following day. Exacting a promise that he would not delay his visit longer than necessary, and having given minute directions as to the route, I continued my way homeward while he turned back.

"I was about retiring to bed on the night of my return when a summons from without called me to the door. A stranger asked shelter for himself and for his horse for the night. I invited him in. Though a stranger, his face seemed not unfamiliar. He was probably one of the men I had seen at the land office, a place at that time much frequented. Offering him a seat, I went out to see to his horse. The poor animal, as well as I could see by the dim starlight, seemed to have been hardly used. His panting sides bore witness of merciless riding, and a tremulous shrinking at the slightest touch betokened recent fright. On re-entering the house, I found the stranger was not there. His absence excited no surprise; he would doubtless soon return. It was a little singular that he should have left his watch lying on the table.

"At the end of half an hour, my guest not returning I went again to the stable, thinking he might have found his way thither to give personal attention to the wants of his horse. Before going out, from mere force of habit—for we were as yet uninfested by either thieves or policemen—I took the precaution of putting the stranger's watch in a drawer in which I kept my valuables. I found the horse as I had left him, and gave him the food which he was now sufficiently cooled to be allowed to eat; but his master was nowhere to be seen. As I approached the house a crowd of men on horseback dashed up, and I was commanded in no gentle tones, to 'stand!' In another moment I was in the clutches of those who claimed me as their 'prisoner.'

"I was too much stupefied at first to ask what it all meant. I did so at last, and the explanation came—it was terrible! My friend with whom I had so lately set out in company, had been found murdered and robbed near the spot at which I, but I alone, knew we had separated. I was the last person known to be with him, and I was now arrested on suspicion of his murder. A search of the premises was immediately instituted. The watch was found in the drawer in which I had placed it and was identified as the property of the murdered man. His horse, too, was found in my stable, for the animal I had just put there was none other. I recognized him myself when I saw him in the light. What I said I know not. My confusion was taken as additional evidence. And when, at length, I did command language to give an intelligible statement it was received with sneers of incredulity.

"The mob spirit is inherent in men—at least in crowds of men. It may not always manifest itself in physical violence. It sometimes contents itself with lynching a character. But whatever its form, it is always relentless, pitiless, cruel.

"As the proofs of my guilt, one after another, came to light, low mutterings gradually grew into a clamor for vengeance, and but for the firmness of one man —the officer who had me in charge—I would doubtless have paid the penalty of my supposed offence on the spot. It was not sympathy for me that actuated my protector. His heart was as hard as his office; but he represented the majesty of law and took a sort of grim pride in the position. As much under the glance of his eye as before the muzzle of his pistol, the cowardly clamorers drew back. Perhaps they were not sufficiently numerous to feel the full effect of that mysterious reflex influence which makes a crowd of men so much worse, and at times so much better, than any one of them singly.

At the end of some months my trial came. It could have but one result. Circumstances too plainly declared my guilt. I alone knew they lied. The absence of the jury was very brief. To their verdict I paid but little heed. It was a single hideous word, but I had long anticipated it, and it made no impression. As little impression was made by the words of the judge which followed it, and his solemn invocation that God might have that mercy upon me which man was too just to vouchsafe, sounded like the very hollowest of all hollow mockeries. It may be hard for the condemned criminal to meet death; it is still harder for him who is innocent. The one, when the first shock is over, acquiesces in his doom, and gives himself to repentance; the heart of the other, filled with rebellion against man's injustice, can scarce bring itself to ask pardon of God. I had gradually overcome this feeling in spite of the good clergyman's irritating efforts, which were mainly directed towards extracting a confession, without which, he assured me, he had no hope to offer. On the morning of the day fixed for my execution, I felt measurably resigned. I had so long stood face to face with death, had so accustomed myself to look upon it as merely a momentary pang, that I no longer felt solicitous save that my memory should one day be vindicated. She for whom I had gone to prepare a home had already found one in heaven. The tidings of my calamity had broken her heart. She alone, of all the world, believed me innocent; and she died with a prayer upon her lips that the truth might yet be brought to light.

All this I had heard, and it had soothed as with sweet incense my troubled spirit. Death, however unwelcome the shape, was now a portal beyond which I could see one angel waiting to receive me. I heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and nerved myself to meet the expected summons. The door of my cell opened and the sheriff and his attendants entered. He held in his hand a paper. It was doubtless my death warrant. He began to read it. My thoughts were busied elsewhere. The words 'full and free pardon' were the first to strike my preoccupied senses. They affected the bystanders more than myselt. Yet so it was; I was pardoned for an offense I had never committed.

"The real culprit—none other, it is needless to say, than he who had abused my hospitality—had been mortally wounded in a recent affray in a distant city, but had lived long enough to make a disclosure, which had been laid before the Governor barely in time to save me from a shameful death and condemn me to a cheerless and burdensome life. This is my experience. My judgment, as yours, in the case before us leads to but one conclusion—that of the prisoner's guilt; but not less confident and apparently unerring was the jugment that falsely pronounced my own."

We no longer importuned our fellow-juror, but patiently awaited our discharge on the ground of inability to agree, which came at last.

The prisoner was tried and convicted at a subsequent term, at the last moment confessing his crime on the scaffold.

Waste and Want.

Either man must be content with poverty all his life, else deny himselt some luxuries and save to lay the basis of independence in the future. But if a man defies the future, and spends all he earns (whether his earnings be one or ten dollars a day), let him look for lean and want at some future time—for it will surely come, no matter what he thinks. To save is absolutely the only way to get a solid fortune. There is no other certain mode. Those who shut their eyes and ears to these certain facts will be forever poor, and in their obstinate rejection of truth mayhap will die in rags and filth. Let them die so and thank themselves. But, no! They take a sort of recompense in cursing fortune. Great waste of breath. They might as well curse the mountains or the eternal hills. For I can tell them fortune does not give away good and substantial goods. She sells it to the highest bidder, to the hardest and wisest worker for the boon. Men never make so fatal a mistake as when they think themselves creatures of fate; 'tis the surest folly in the world. Every man may make or mar himself, whichever he may choose. Fortune is for those who by diligence, honesty and frugality place themselves in a position to grasp hold of fortune when it appears in view. The best evidence of frugality is the five dollars or more standing in your name at the savings bank. The best evidence of honesty is diligence and frugality.

The Old Man's Funeral.

I saw an aged man upon his bier,
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year—
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
And woman's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud.

Then rose another hoary man and said,
In faltering accents, to that weeping train,
"Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast.
Nor when the yellow woods let fall the ripened mast.

Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues when the bright sun is set.

And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor can I deem that nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
For when his hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

Many men think they are supporting a newspaper, when in fact they only owe the printer.

Wisdom.

Printing office proverb—A still tongue makes a full stick.

To be truly useful in life is of more importance than all else.

People who are always prepared for the worst generally get it.

Idleness is the dead sea that swallows up all virtues, and is the self-same sepulchre of a living man.

"He was generous to a fault." That is just what is the matter with most of us. We treat our faults too kindly.

People are never made so ridiculous by the qualities they possess as by those which they affect to have.

There are two difficulties of life—men are disposed to spend more than they can afford, and to indulge more than they can endure.

If the heart does not go with the head, the best thoughts give only the light. This is why science is so little persuasive, and probity so eloquent.

Consider yourself the guardian of the character of those who may be absent, as you would wish others to guard your character in your absence.

He who labors for the elevation of the masses has a noble though oftentimes a thankless task. The duties are arduous, the struggles great; yet the results sought are worthy all sacrifice and effort.

Beecher preached lately on death, saying that the horrors of death are all of heathen origin and that civilized people should die philosophically, like gentlemen, self-possessed, and preserve their equipose to the last.

Keep to your calling; let no man induce you to abandon that which you have studied for years, in the vain attempt to learn a new trade in a month. Success springs from industry and perseverance.

The world wants more sunshine in its disposition, in its business, in its charities, in its theology. For ten thousand of the aches and pains and irritations of men and women we recommend sunshine. It soothes better than morphine. It is the best plaster for a wound.

"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change "a bit." If you take off another you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another the whole of "it" remains. It you take off another it is not "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a "habit" you must throw it off altogether.

"Read the Bible every day of your life," said Dr. Johnson. "Read and revere the sacred page; a page which not the whole creation could produce, which not the conflagration shall destroy; in Nature's ruin, not one letter lost."

There are some exceptions to the general rule, that no man should run in debt. It may be better for one to owe something on a house and lot than to move from house to house every year or so and pay a high rent. It may do for a farmer to incur a small debt on a new piece of land, or on some improvement, but be cautious. A small debt will sometimes stimulate to industry and economy, but a large one will often weary and finally come off victorious.

I think a great many professors of religion are just like backgammon boards. They look like stately books; and on the back of them is inscribed in large letters, "History of England," "History of the Crusades;" but when you open them you find nothing but emptiness, with the exception of dice and counters. And many men bear the name "Christian" who are inside all emptiness and rattling nothing. —*Bethune.*

The greatest of all power is thought power. That it may multiply most rapidly and produce its greatest effects it is essential that there should be no barrier placed in the way of free speech. The right of free speech rests on simple justice. Free speech is the basis of progress in knowledge, the guaranty of liberty, the antidote of revolution, and the cornerstone of religious freedom. The churches ought to be the first to rally in defense of free speech, for they are its children.—*Dr. Foote.*

Idleness is the mother of vice, and a boy who is allowed to grow up in idleness is pretty sure to be a vicious man. The parents of such boys have a fearful responsibility resting upon them when they let their sons run about at late hours of the night instead of keeping them at home reading good newspapers and books, and training then into moral habits, so as to become respectable men instead of idlers, rum-drinkers, gamblers and loafers, which is sure to be the case with the night runners and day idlers. Then the responsibility is increased. Give the boys plenty to do, and you will preserve their morals. Better a tired body than a vicious mind.

An Unique Advertisement.

Everybody has heard the old story of the silent man, who, riding over a bridge, asked his servant if he liked eggs, to which the servant answered, "Yes." Nothing more passed until the next year, when, riding over the same bridge, he turned to his servant and said, "How?" "Poached, sir," was the immediate answer. This story has just been thrown into the shade in Italy.

When Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, A. E. 79, a theatrical representation, as everybody knows, was going on in the Amphitheatre. A certain Langini, having got permission to open a theatre on the ruins of the ancient city, announced the opening night in the following advertisement:

"After a lapse of more than eighteen hundred years, the theatre of this city will be opened with 'La Figlia del Reggimento.' I solicit a continuance of the favor bestowed upon my prepecessor, Marcus Quintus Martinus, and beg to assure the public that I shall make every effort to equal the rare qualities he displayed during his management."

How a Claim was Pushed Through Congress.

Redfield's Letter to Cincinnati Commercial.

It is a problem why this class of business (private claims) cannot be transacted by some special court. A gentleman who had a claim of several thousand dollars for service specified, discouraged at the prospect of payment, gave up all hope of success. Then his pretty young wife put on her best dress and went boldly day by day to the capitol, stood in the lobby from morning until night, talked with the members, and brought her woman's wit to bear upon the opposition. During the last night she stood three hours in the lobby, keeping her eyes steadfastly on the men who had promised her their votes. The claim was allowed. She came home almost fainting to her little children; she had of course a good cry. Her husband said: "I owe that money directly to my wife; I never could have got it." Two of the members said to me: "The pretty young wife gained that, no doubt."

"Wasn't his claim just?" I asked.

"Oh, yes."

A fine commentary on our Congress, whether the claim was just or false. If false, on the honor of the men who were blinded by a pretty face; if just, on the necessity that could drag a modest wife into so public a place, before the money earned last year by the husband would be handed to him.

Bob Ingersoll on Stanley Matthews.

Bill Chandler remarks that Bob Ingersoll says of the explanation Stanley Matthews made in open Senate, that it reminds him of a traveler who was going through a country which had been infested with a noted desperado, whose name was a terror. The traveler was on his journey on horseback when he fell in with a fellow-traveler. After they had jogged on a mile or two together the traveler said to his companion:

"I hope we will not be molested by this celebrated thief who has plundered hereabouts, for I have a large amount of money and have no weapon."

"I think not," said his companion.

After some further progress, the two alighted at a spring to drink. As the traveler stooped to dip up the water his companion pounced upon him, demanding his money or his life, adding:

"I am the thief you have dreaded meeting."

Strangely enough, the traveler showed fight, and it was only after a tough tussle that he was overcome.

"Now give me your money," demanded the thief.

"I have no money," said the traveler.

"What in hell made you fight so, then?" cried the thief.

"Well," replied the traveler, "I told you I had a good deal of money and no weapon, and I hated to be caught in such a silly lie."

Joy and Sorrow.

Cornhill Magazine.

It is a noticeable fact that while many of the animals nearest to man in degree of intelligence express their plans in distinct vocal utterances, comparatively few seem to utter any sounds of joy or satisfaction. Singing birds are, of course, a striking exception, if, as seems probable, their entire warblings express sensations of pleasure. In the case of the dog, for example—though, according to Mr. Darwin, he has a special bark for his moments of supreme delight—the sounds of distress and of vepation are much more marked than those of satisfaction. The predominance of sorrowful over joyous utterance in the lower animals is illustrated in the familiar fact that no animal except man is capable of laughing, even though (according to Mr. Darwin) some of the anthropoid apes rise to something like a smile of pleasure. When man is defined or described as the laughing animal, this means not that he laughs more than he weeps, but simply that other creatures do not laugh at all. In man, who has well marked sounds both of joy and grief, we may trace a similar predominance of painful over pleasurable utterance. It is an old reflection that weeping precedes laughter by a considerable interval in the individual experience. Mr. Darwin tells us that he first observed unambiguous traces of a smile in two of his children when they were 45 days old, whereas, as every mother knows, new-born infants are wont to greet the world with something indistinguisable from a doleful cry.

Adults are not allowed to cry, at least in good society; and with respect to these it is of course true that laughing outweighs crying. But though we are not allowed to cry, we may do a good deal in the way of grumbling, repining and murmuring. And it is certainly true of a good many people we know, that they much oftener complain of the circumstances and events of their lives than express themselves as pleased and satisfied with them.

Wit and Humor.

A miss-take—getting married.

You can't plant cats too early, nor is it possible to get too many in a hill.

A good listener.—Enthusiastic young lady—"You are fond of music, Colonel?" Colonel F.—"Music? Aw—yes, I think I may say I like—aw noise of—of any kind."

Jonah ought to congratulate himself on how much safer he was in the whale's belly than he would have been in an iron-clad man-of-war.

A Minnesota father, who has five grown up daughters, has sued the county. He claims that his residence has been used for a court house for the past two years.

Sidney Smith once rebuked a swearing visitor by saying, "Let us assume that everything and everybody are damned, and proceed with our subject."

"All flesh is grass," remarked a dry preacher, in the midst of a wearisome discourse. "Then I guess you're hay," half audibly observed a sleepy fellow in one of the wall pews.

The melancholy days have come—
The saddest of the lot:
When dusters are too cool to wear
And ulsters are too hot.
—*Courier-Journal.*

The following may be seen on a tombstone in a town near Dublin:

Here lies the body of John Mound,
Lost at sea and never found.

There is a new song out entitled, "Snuggle me up close in your arms, dearest." "Snuggle" hasn't a very euphonious sound, but it seems to have the right meaning though.

An Irishman who stood near the third base, watching a game of base ball, was sent to grass by a foul, which struck him under the fifth rib. "A fowl, wuz it? Begorra, I thought wuz a mule."

An eastern editor throws up the sponge with the remark that "it don't pay to run a paper in a town where business men read almanacs and pick their teeth with the tail of a herring."

They say that Tennyson's last poem closely resembles the "Northern Farmer" in style. Then we're sorry for it, that's all. It must wear pantaloons a mile too big in the seat, and scoop in potatoes with a knife.

"How many feet long was the snake?" asked a person of a traveler, who had just related a story of his encounter with a boa killed by him. "One hundred and ninety-two inches," was the reply; "snakes have no feet."

Not long since a distinguished literary man was crossing the common, when a policeman, observing him treading upon the grass, growled: "Don't you see that sign, 'Keep off the grass?'" "Certainly I do," was the reply, "I am doing all I can to keep it off."

A Kansas school ma'am has introduced a new feature in her school. When one of the girls misses a word, the boy who spells it gets permission to kiss her. As a result, the girls are becoming very poor spellers, while the boys are improving.

"Come, wife," said Will, "I pray you devote,
Just half a minute to mend this coat,
Which a nail has chanced to rend."
"'Tis 10 o'clock," said his drowsy mate.
"I know," said Will, "it's rather late,
But it's never too late to mend."

Congressman Wood's new tariff bill imposes a tax of thirty-five per cent on "matches of all kinds." Young persons about to enter the matrimonial state should remonstrate at once. The tax is onerous. What is needed is a tax of about ninety-five per cent on long engagements.

"What's that?" he asked his landlady, as she set his cup by his plate. "Coffee," was the prompt and decisive reply. "Ah," innocently remarked the boarder, with an air of interest, "and what is it made of?" And there was silence around the table for the space of half an hour.

Pettengill says that the first "returning board" of which he has any recollection was a shingle in the hand of his father. The three—father, son and shingle—used to hold frequent committee meetings in the back shed, but the returns came in so swiftly that a fair count was impracticable.

"Anna, dear, if I attempt to spell Cupid, why cannot I get beyond the first syllable?" "I don't know, indeed, Joe; why is it?" "Because, when I come to C U, of course I cannot go any farther."

G. F. Train likes N. P. Banks very much, but he says the trouble with him is petty personal vanity. "I was standing with him in the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other evening, and he continually looked around to see if the crowd was admiring him. It never occurred to him that I, and not he, was the object of attention."

A clerk in a Philadelphia book-store, thinking to annoy a Quaker customer, who looked as though he was fresh from the country, handed him a volume, saying: "Here is an excellent essay on the rearing of calves." "Thee had better present that to thy mother, young man," was the spontaneous reply of the Quaker.

A Georgia farmer smeared his hogs with tar to rid them of fleas, and turned them loose in the woods. At night they did not return to the pen as usual, and in the morning he found them stuck together, the tar making them adhere in a mass. They might have gone home, nevertheless, by concert of action, but it isn't in a hog to harmonize.

An Elizabeth street mule kicked a C. B. & Q. baggage-master the other day. The baggage-master turned, laid his hands on the mule's neck and crupper-holder, shouted, "Illinois, 23, 817!" and the family in the house across the street ran down in the cellar to escape the tornado. The veterinary surgeon told the Elizabeth street man that it was no use to have the blacksmith mend the shoes, because the mule could never walk on them legs again. The baggage-master walked down to the depot, yawned, stretched himself, and said he wished business would pick up, he was getting too fat and lazy for anything.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Turnip Head and Geo. Combe's Joke.

George Combe did not lack for shrewdness. It is related in a biography of him, recently published, that a medical man in Edinburgh, with the help of a friend who was a painter, once modeled a turnip into the shape of a human head. A cast was taken from this model, and was forwarded to Combe, with the request that he would favor the sender with his observations on the talents and dispositions indicated by the head. It was added that the cast was from the skull of a person of uncommon character. Combe instantly detected the trick, and got Abram, who had some reputation in his private circle as a verse-maker, to write a parody on the "Man of Thessaly," which was pasted on the brow of the cast, and then it was returned:

There was a man in Edinburgh,
And he was wond'rous wise;
He went into a turnip field
And cast about his eyes.

And when he cast his eyes about,
He saw the turnips fine;
"How many heads are there," says he,
"That likeness bear to mine."

"So very like they are, indeed,
No sage I'm sure could know,
This turnip head which I have on
From those which there do grow."

He pulled a turnip from the ground,
A cast from it was thrown;
He sent it to a Spurzheimite,
And pass'd it for his own.

And so indeed it truly was
His own in every sense;
For cast and joke alike were made
All at his own expense.

The author of the attempted hoax called on the following day and assured Combe that he had meant no offense, but only a jest. Combe replied that if the author was satisfied with his share of the wit, no feeling of uneasiness remained on the other side.

Theodore Tilton—How he Was Avoided on Shipboard.

A correspondent who crossed the ocean in the steamer that bore Tilton to a foreign shore, says:

In former years when Tilton sailed the seas over, loving friends came in swarms to see him off, and flowers, cheers and benedictions went with him. This time, so poor has he grown in the esteem of man and womankind, he had only his two little boys to cry him adieu, and was forced to take his paid attorney along in order to be certain of one decent person to talk to.

Out of 170 cabin passengers of the good ship City of Richmond, including a remarkably diverse range of nationalities, and an unusually high grade of culture, he was a social leper.

During the whole voyage he was steadily shunned, and in all conversations was metaphorically spit upon. Shipboard is ever the most companionable of places. Tilton is colloquially one of the most gifted of men, even allowing for his herculean vanity. But he could not have been more hopelessly isolated in the heart of Sahara. Nobody looked at him, nobody spoke to him. The first day out he ate at the table near a handsome young Southern lady, and she quietly, the next meal, had the chief steward change her seat. There was no ostentation in the act. It was merely the subdued but decisive deference any well-bred person would pay a polecat. Of goodly figure and striking face, he has been a pariah Apollo the entire journey. Except Judge Fullerton, whom he has hung to night and day, and a tough little Russian, who has occasionally played chess with him, Theodore Tilton has been as remote and banished in this steamer-load of neighborly travelers as though he were clinging to a spar, shipwrecked and alone, in mid-ocean.

Child-Life.

Douglas Jerrold wrote thus pleasantly of child-life: "Blessed be the hand that prepares pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth.—Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted person who showed him a kindness in the days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself, at this moment, as a bare-footed lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, where, with longing eyes, he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole day at work in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, which was streaked with red and white, he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver said a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now, here at a distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper.—The carnation has long since withered, but now it blooms afresh."

The Affable Man.

A mother and her babe were among the many passengers waiting at a Western depot recently. She had the child carefully wrapped up, and this fact attracted the attention of a fellow with a three-story overcoat, and rusty satchel in his hand. Sitting down beside her, he remarked:

"Cold weather for such little people, isn't it?"

She faintly nodded.

"Does he seem to feel it much?" continued the man.

She shook her head.

"Is it a healthy child?" he asked, seemingly greatly interested.

"He was up to a few moments ago," she snapped out; "but I'm afraid he has smelled so much whisky around here, that he'll have the delirium tremens before night!"

The man got right up and walked out of the room, and was afterward seen buying cloves.

Odds and Ends.

"Brush off your mouth" is the latest.

Tom Thumb is worth $100,000—exactly $33,333.33 1-3 per foot.

The reason newspaper editors are so little inclined to push themselves for office is that they get all the abuse they want without being candidates.

The oldest railroad man in San Francisco at active work is the driver of a dummy on the Sutter street railroad. He is eighty-two years of age and works fifteen hours a day. His father was 102 years old, and his grandfather lived until he was 118.

A St. Louis man has a little girl who has an incurable mania for swallowing dimes, nickels, and other small change. The other day she resumed specie payment at the solicitation of some castor oil and her coin balance was one dollar and fifteen cents.

A learned Jewish rabbi in Berlin has decided that oysters are not fish, but plants, and may therefore be eaten, although the law of Moses prohibits the eating of fish without scales.

Dr. J. G. Holland, who has been one of the most popular lectures, has been advised by his physicians to decline all engagements for the coming season on account of his somewhat impaired health. Dr. Holland is said to have made nearly $120,000 by lecturing.

Alexander H. Stephens is now enjoying better health than for many years past. The secret of his strange vitality is said to be a remarkably sound stomach, which, during his long illness, has never failed to perform its functions.

No one can fancy the feelings of a newspaper man when he hears a delinquent subscriber whom he has but twenty-four hours before vainly implored to "settle that little bill," yell out on Sunday, "Put me down $50 for the good of the cause," when they are "raising the church debt."

One of Mr. Edison's chief characteristics is said to be a strong reliance upon himself. In other words, he never gets discouraged. When it was suggested to him to try a diamond-pointed needle for the phonograph he said: "I intend to, but I cannot get the lapidaries in New York to make just what I want. So I am going to rig up the necessary mechanism and make a diamond-pointed needle myself."

The French are most excellent epigrammatists, and it now appears the famous quatrian of Swift's, which everyone thought was original, is in fact a translation from the French of Scevole de Sainte Martha. Swift's verses run thus;

"Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool.
But you yourself may serve to show it,
Every fool is not a poet."

It is confidently asserted, and it is undoubtedly true, that even at this day there is not a civilized country in the world without thousands of foolish people who s... "believe in dreams." One of the prettie... German epigrams, bye the bye, that "... Maternal Love," by Wernicke, refers ve... pleasantly to dreams, and has thus be... arrayed in an English dress:

"Ere yet her child has drawn its earli... breath,
A mother's love begins—it grows till deat...
Lives before life—with death dies not—bu... seems
The very substance of immortal dreams."

A newspaper of Jan. 8, 1821, mentio... an extraordinary and absurd performa... by the Postmaster of Lismore, Irela... then in his 97th year. He traveled f... wager from that town to Fermoy in a b... garvin oyster tub drawn by pig, a badg... two cats, a goose, and a hedgehog, with a large red nightcap on his head, a pig driver's whip in one hand, and in the other a common cow's horn, which he blew to encourage his team.

There are two things in life which every man thinks he can do better than any other man; one is to poke a fire and the other is to run a newspaper. No man ever saw the first named operation conducted by another but his fingers itched to get hold of the poker. And the man who, in the secrecy of his own heart, does not think he could conduct and shape the model newspaper of the world does not live.—*New York Times.*

It is told of Robert Lincoln that wh... he was a boy—student at Phillips Acad... —his father having just been made P... dent—he, with divers other students, p... ed some innocent but mischievous pr... on the citizens of Exeter, such as ma... amusing changes of gates and signs i... night time. The citizens naturally di... like it, and the students, with the exc... tion of Lincoln, were called to the justi... office next morning to answer for ... mischief. Then forth stepped young ... coln, in a manly way, and said: "I see ... the reading of the warrant that many ... my school comrades are charged w... committing offences last evening ag... good order and the peace and dignit... this pleasant village. I was in comp... with many of the parties mentioned in th... warrant, and if they are guilty of ... charges therein set forth, I am eq... amenable before the law. I therefore ... before proceedings commence, that ... warrant shall be amended by having ... name inserted with the rest of my co... rades, for I do not desire any perso... shoulder any responsibility rightfully b... longing to myself." No objection b... made, the warrant was amended, als... certificate of summons, and all the stude... including the President's son, were fin...

Not Sorry.

You will not be sorry for hearing be... judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For holding an angry tongue.
For stopping the ear to a tale-bearer.
For disbelieving most of the float... scandal.
For refusing to kick a fallen man.
For being kind to the distressed.
For being patient toward everybody.
For doing good to all men.
For walking uprightly before God.
For laying up treasures in heaven
For asking pardon for all wrongs
For speaking evil of no one.
For being courteous to all.