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Poetry.

BABY'S PRAYER.

When the evening shadows gather
Round about our quiet hearth,
Comes our eldest born unto us
Kneeling humbly to the earth.
And with hands enclasped tightly,
And with meek eyes raised above,
This the prayer he offers nightly
To the source of light and love:
"Bless my parents, Oh! my Father!
Bless my little sister dear;
While I gently take my slumber,
Be thy guardian angels near!
Should no morning's dawn e'er greet me,
Beaming brightly from the skies,
Thine the eye of love to meet me
In the paths of Paradise!"

Selected Story.

My First Turkey Hunt.

When we first moved down on Green River, Kentucky, where we now reside, people told us that there were a good many turkeys near our place; that they used to forage around the fence only a short distance from the house. I was then a youth of eighteen; never saw nor hunted anything larger than quail, rabbits, &c., having always lived in a thickly settled part of the State, and as might be expected I was on the *qui vive* for turkey every time I chanced to go out any distance. When I went out in the woods or fields I took my gun along expecting to find an old gobbler sitting on most every stump waiting for me to pop him over.

It did not take long, though, to convince me of my error, and to find that if I wanted a turkey I would have to hunt for it the same as other game. In the latter part of the winter my father hired a long, lank specimen of the genus *homo* by the name of Sam, who assumed to be a mighty hunter; had trapped in Arkansas, and had killed more turkeys than he could carry lots o' times. His stories of turkey hunting only increased my desire to draw a bead on one of those noble birds. We shouldered our guns one afternoon, and I struck out into the "flats." There had been a snow fall of a couple of inches in the forenoon, and Sam prophesied a turkey sure.

We tramped about for something near an hour, when all at once Sam declared he saw one. After warning me to make as little noise as possible he commenced slipping on the object, while I followed close to his heels. After getting within gun shot we found it to be only a black log, much to Sam's chagrin. After walking a mile or two farther we came to a large hollow log, in which the snow had blown several feet, and there, fresh in the new fallen snow, was a turkey track, made on entering the log.

Sam squatted down before the hole, and after squatting awhile declared he saw it, at the same time leveling his rifle. After taking deliberate aim he cut loose, but as no sound was heard indicating success of the shot he called for my gun, which, by the way, was an army musket, and I handed it to him, which, after aiming with great pains, sent a handful of B. B.'s crashing through the other end of the log. Sam laid the guns down and commenced peering into the log.

"See him, Sam?" says I. "No; but I hear him. Crawl in and get it," replied Sam.

I came closer and looked in. The log was full of smoke, and so dark I could not see two feet from the end, and as I thought not very inviting I declined going in.

"Go in and get your turkey," urged Sam.

I replied by telling him to go in himself, which for some reason I could not account for, he refused to do.

I went down the log towards the opposite end, and finding a soft place applied the toe of my boot with considerable vigor and soon had a hole into the hollow.

I called Sam, and while he proceeded to enlarge the hole, I commenced loading my gun to be ready in case of emergency.—Sam tore up the log several feet, and presently yelled out "Here he is—come and pull him out."

I looked, and sure enough there was something.

"Why don't you pull it out," asked Sam again.

I began to get suspicious and to think something was wrong or Sam would take hold himself. After finding I would not dig out game shot by some one else, Sam cautiously ran his arm in and caught the turkey by the tail feathers, and drew it forth and deposited it on the ground; yes, a sure enough *turkey*, but surnamed *buzzard*. Sam's face was a study as he eyed the bird, literally cut to pieces. It blew or hissed something like a goose for a while, and after flapping about some time flew off. Sam and I watched the ill-fated carrion eater out of sight before either of us spoke.

We silently shouldered our guns and wended our way homeward, finding no more game. As if by mutual consent neither of us mentioned the circumstance after arriving home, not caring to be the butt of so good a joke. Since that snowy afternoon I have caused many a turkey to "bite the dust," and have in my possession a beard measuring 10½ inches that I took off an old gobbler I killed not far from the seat of that adventure. And I have always found that when a man kills a turkey, no matter where, he is always willing to go after it.

Profanity.

A correspondent of a medical turn of mind in Skull Valley, Arizona, mentions a scene that occurred in a village in Illinois, where dwells a magistrate named Helser.

The minister of that village one day received a call from a soldier and a blushing maid, who wished to be married at once.

On being asked for the marriage license the "boy in blue" declared he had none—and, moreover, that he needed none, as he had known the girl for four years, and they liked each other, and didn't want license or permission from any one.

The clergyman assured him that without a license he could not perform the ceremony. The lover entreated without avail, when the parson rather impatiently remarked:

"You had better take the girl and go to Helser."

"Go to h—l yourself, sir" was the reply, and the couple indignantly "evaded the premises" with the conviction that profanity was not by any means confined to the army.

Your Ticket, Sir.

On one of our Georgia railroads, some years ago, there was a conductor named Snell, a very clever, sociable, gentlemanly man, a great favorite with the company he is connected with and the traveling public in general—fond of a joke, quick at repartee, and faithful in the discharge of his duties.

During the past year, as his train, filled with passengers was crossing a bridge, over a wide stream, some seven or eight feet deep, the bridge broke down, precipitating the two passenger-cars into the stream.—As the passengers emerged from the wreck they were borne away by the force of the current.

Our friend Snell had succeeded in catching hold of some bushes that grew on the bank of the stream, to which he held for dear life.

A passenger less fortunate came rushing by. Snell extended one hand to him, saying;

"Your ticket, sir; give me your ticket!"

You may imagine the effect of such a dry joke in the midst of the water.

Dying of Respectability.

A man who in the midst of his family receives a bill larger than he expected, may walk up and down the room and tear his hair, and rove in his excitement and no one blames the extravagance of his conduct. Men in the stock market may be wild with excitement as the prices are going up or down, and they are making or losing money, and this is only a reasonable diligence in the pursuit of business. But the moment a man wakes up to the necessity of seeking the kingdom of God, or the Church begins to be earnest about the salvation of souls perishing of sin at her gates, we are told that this is enthusiasm, fanaticism, madness. The fact is, brethren, we are dying of respectability! Afraid to be in earnest in the great work of the soul's salvation, lest we be reproached for our zeal and earnestness, as if it were possible for us to be too much in earnest when the immortal interests of ourselves and our fellowmen are at stake. Our churches are dying of respectability!

Clear Case.

In one of th northern towns of New York resided an old Dutchman by the name of S——, whose son was not making the wisest disposition of the property which he had received from the old man. At least so thought the anxious parent.

How to put a stop to Bill's extravagance was the question.

After everything else had failed, he resolved upon a desperate measure.

Application was made to the proper authorities, and a court was appointed to decide upon the question of Bill's sanity.

After the organization of the court the old man was the first witness called upon the stand.

The following were the questions of the counsel, with the answers of the anxious parent:

Counsel. "How long, Mr. S——, since you first thought your son was becoming insane?"

Mr. S——. "A little over a year."

Counsel. "Please state to the jury what it was that first awakened your suspicion."

Mr. S——. "He jined the meetin'!"

Counsel. Well, Mr. S——, what else did you see in his conduct that led you to doubt his sanity?"

Mr. S——. "He gave the minister a load of hay!"

It is needless to say that nothing else of importance appearing against Bill, he was allowed to retain the management of his own affairs.

Living Better.

A Western brother writes his experience in a religious meeting:

"In one of our settlements lived John Rogers, and a very clever man he was; his chief and only fault seemed to be in occasionally taking a little too much bad whisky.

"He generally attended the religious meetings at the school-house, and one day he took his seat near the door.

"The brothers one after another told their experiences and made their confessions.

"One, Sam Brown, told his experience (he was well known in the community as a cold-hearted, close-fisted, selfish man, who compelled his family to live principally on hog-meat and corn-dodgers, hardly ever treating them to the taste of wheat bread, though abundantly able). He went on to confess his sins and short-comings to his brethren and sisters, and asked their prayers that he might be enabled to live better than he had been living.

"He said 'he knew that he had lived in a very poor way,' and, in short, 'he had not lived as well as he ought to live.'

"This last sentence caught the ear of Rogers, who sat listening in a half dreamy state, and, forgetting the time and place, he exclaimed.

"Then why in the world don't you buy a barrel of flour and live better?" and immediately darted out of the door. The congregation was thunder-struck, and so was Tom Brown; but the effect was good, for Brown ever after lived better."

Model Tavern keeper.

Old "Dexter," in Deleware County, New York, kept a country tavern. He never would confess to being out of any brand of liquor, though the fact was that he never had anything to drink but raw whiskey, which he bought at a grocery every morning, and brought home in a Shader pail.

One day a stranger called for a bottle of small beer. The old man said he had got it, and forthwith commenced a search under and behind the bar.

After waiting patiently for some minutes his customer expressed a doubt as to whether the house afforded the article in question.

"Yes," said the landlord, "I have got small beer—always have it; but to-day it is so mighty small that I can't find it."

The customer then asked for a mild cigar.

This rather stumped the old man, for he never kept anything in that line but "short sixes," and the old-fashioned "long-nines." Handing out a box of each, he said: "I don't exactly know what you mean by mild cigars; but here is some about a half a mild long and some more about a mile and a half—so you can take your choice."

The Happy Man.

I noticed a mechanic among a number of others at work in a house erected but a little way from my office, who always had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced as a sunbeam upon his countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. "No secret, Doctor," he replied. "I have one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she has a word of encouragement for me; when I go home she always meets me with a tender kiss; and she is sure to be ready with my meals; and she has done so many things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak unkindly to any one." What influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and to make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful. —*Dr. Franklin.*

Division of Spoils.

The following story has merit. It is literally true (or was in the time of it).

Skipp and Town were proprietors of a line of omnibusses, once popular, now among the things that were, In their employ was a driver named Jemmy—a good man, careful to get all his fares, civil to his passengers, deferential to his employers, and, in fact, quite without a fault; but Jemmy had a queer habit.

At the end of every trip he retired for a few minutes to the hay-mow, and every effort made to find out the nature of his errand there was a failure.

If any intruder made his appearance, Jemmy descended at once, and took his seat quietly upon his box.

Impelled by an intense desire to find out the reason for so strange a whim, one of his employers hid himself one day in the hay-mow, and awaited the return of Jemmy.

In good time he ascends the stairs, looks cautiously about him, takes off his hat, and empties into it some small silver, the proceeds of his trip. He proceeds to divide the money carefully into two piles, repeating, as each piece was counted:

"Sixpence for old Skipp, sixpence for Jemmy," and so on to the end. But there was an odd sixpence. "Now," says Jemmy, "I wonder what I ought to do with that odd sixpence? I do all the hard work; am out in all weather; that ought to be mine; but hold on! Skipp furnishes team and stage and feed, and so forth I guess, on the whole, we'll throw up for that."

Up goes the sixpence with a fillip.

"Head, by gracious! Skipp wins it! Well, let him have it this time."

Up jumps the employer,

"Hold Jemmy! I won that last sixpence fairly. If you hadn't given it to me, you never should have driven a stage for me again!"

Two Objects.

A real jolly good fellow was Dr. ———. I was introduced to him just as the steamer North Star was leaving her dock at New York for Europe.

For the first twenty-four hours "Richard was himself;" but that fell destroyer, who spares neither age, sex, nor condition—sea-sickness—seized him, and nothing more was seen of the jolly doctor for several days after.

We had left the Banks, and were steaming along beautifully, when one morning I saw the doctor's head emerging from below.

But what a face!—long, lugubrious, distressed—his hair not cared for, dress untidy, eyes blood-shot. I could scarce believe this apparition was the jolly doctor who had kept us all in a roar the first day out.

"Well, my dear doctor, how do you feel by this time?"

"Feel!" said he—and there was an unmistakable earnestness in his eye—"feel! why I feel as though I had but two objects in life now; one is to put my foot once more on terra firma; and the other, to find out and whip the fellow who wrote 'A Life on the Ocean Wave!'"

A Disappointed Wife.

A downcast looking woman, about forty years old, called at a lawyer's office on Griswold street, yesterday, and asked the attorney if he could see to a little business for her. He replied that he could and she explained:

"My husband went to the Black Hills about four months ago."

"Yes, I see. That is desertion and good grounds for a divorce," he replied.

"I don't want no divorce, sir. What I want is for him to send me some money."

"And he won't?"

"Well, he hasn't sent any yet."

"And what can I do?" asked the lawyer.

"Put a lawsuit on him [illegible]" she asked [illegible]

He gloomily replied that the court had no jurisdiction in such cases and that he could do nothing.

"Why, if I was a lawyer I could put a suit on him in an hour—I know I could!" she protested.

He shook his head.

"Well, all right!" she said, as she rose to go. "I thought lawyers had some get-up to 'em, and always held my breath when one passed the house, but this thing has opened my eyes. You don't know any more than I do, sir, and I don't know anything! Good day, sir!"

The Old Scales.

The owner of a cotton farm, who was sadly in need of pickers, approached an old darkey on the public square yesterday, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Come Ned, you picked cotton for me last year and I want you again."

"I dunno, massa."

"Come along and get in the wagon, I've good cotton, and I'll give you six bits a hundred."

"Well, it jes' depends on one thing."

"What's that?"

Is you got that same ole par scales?"

"No, bran new pair."

"Well, dat bein de case, I'll go wid you."

An Actress' Nervousness.

Laferriere, says a French journal, has been playing "The Poor Idiot" in the provinces. At one small town the stock company was very nervous about playing with the great star, especially a hapless woman who was cast for the mother, and with whom Laferriere has the crack scene of the play. It is in the fifth act, at the moment that the idiot begins to recognize and distinguish the persons that are around him; then she rushes to him and, folding him in her arms, shrieks:

"My son, I am your mother!"

At every rehearsal Laferriere encouraged her. "Don't be nervous," he would say; "keep cool. All you have to do is to cry "My son, I am your mother,' and embrace me."

"Oh yes, but, M. Laferriere, I am so frightened to play with you."

All went well through the first four acts and in the wait before the fifth Laferriere went to the actress' dressing room to cheer her.

"Keep up a stiff upper lip," he said cheerfully; "you know what you have to do. The whole play leads up to that scene. I reckon on you. My son, I am your mother, and embrace me."

"Yes, yes; 'my son, I am your mother!' I shall not forget."

The curtain rose. Laferriere was playing with even more than his furious vigor. The crisis comes and the lady clasps him to her bosom:

"Now, then," he whispered encouragingly; then, taking up his part, yelled:

"Who is this woman? Who is she?"

"My mother, I am thy son!"

Then the actress uttered a piercing shriek, as Laferriere's teeth met through the fleshy part of her arm.

Old Sol Prognosticates.

"Shew! niggers, dat ole gentlemen is jess bin foolin' away ob his time!" said Si, as one of the crowd spoke of Norcross running for Governor.

"Well," said the other darkey, "he's bin kervortin' round de State moughty peert!"

"But he hain't bin runnin' for Gubner, I tell yer!" said old Si.

"Yas, he has, man!"

"Mebbe you tink so, nigga', but lemme tell yer dat when dem dar voters is all counted out ne' Wensdy dat ole man'll be ob de 'pinion dat he'z bin crawlin' for de last six weeks back'ards on his belly fasser dan a 'backer worm from frunt ob a coal ob fire!"

Carving a Turkey.

There is nothing a young unmarried man likes better than to go to a dinner at the house of a friend and to be asked to carve the turkey. He never carved a turkey in his life, and with an old maid on one side of him watching him closely; and on the other side a fair girl for whom he has a tenderness, he feels embarrassed when he begins. First he pushes the knife down toward one of the thigh-joints. He can't find the joint, and he plunges the knife around in search of it until he makes mince meat of the whole quarter of the fowl. Then he sharpens his knife and tackles it again. At last, while making a dig, he hits the joint suddenly, and the leg flies into the maiden lady's lap, while her dress-front is covered with a shower of stuffing. Then he goes for the other leg, and when the young lady tells him he looks warm, the weather seems to him suddenly to become 400 degrees warmer. This leg he finally pulls loose with his fingers. He lays it on the edge of the plate, and while he is hacking at the wing he gradually pushes the leg over on the clean tablecloth, and when he picks it up it slips from his hand into the gravey dish and splashes the gravy around for six square yards. Just as he has made up his mind that the turkey has no joints to its wings, the host asks him if he thinks the Indians can really be civilized. The girl next to him laughs [illegible] he will explain his views upon the subject after dinner. Then he sops his brow with his handkerchief and presses the turkey so hard with the fork that it slides off the dish and upsets a goblet of water on the girl next to him. Nearly frantic, he gouges away again at the wings gets them off in a mutilated condition, and digs into the breast. Before he can cut any off, the host asks him why he don't help out the turkey. Bewildered, he puts both legs on a plate and hands them to the maiden lady, and then helps the young girl to a plateful of stuffing, and while taking her plate in return knocks over a gravy-dish. Then he sits down with the calmness of despair and fans himself with a napkin, while the servant clears the table. He doesn't discuss the Indian question that day. He goes home right after dinner and spends the night trying to decide whether to commit suicide or to take lessons in carving.

Carrying a Ladder.

Did you ever see a person carry a ladder? He puts it on his shoulder, or maybe he puts his head between the rounds and has one of the sides resting on each shoulder, and having it nicely balanced walks along. A man with a ladder is an interesting object in a crowded street. He looks at the end before him, but the end behind he cannot see. If he moves the front end to get out of the way of a person, away goes the rear end just as far in the opposite direction, and the slightest turn of his body, only a few inches, will give the ends a sweep of several feet, and those in the way may look out for bruised hats and bumped heads; while the window glass along the street is in constant danger from the unseen rear end of the ladder. When a small boy, I was carrying a not very large ladder, when there was a crash. An unlucky movement had brought the rear end of my ladder against a window. Instead of scolding me my father made me stop, and said very quietly: "Look here, my son, there is one thing I wish you always to remember; that is every ladder has two ends." I never have forgotten that, though many, many years have gone, and I never see a man carrying a ladder or other long thing but what I remember the two ends. Don't we carry things beside ladders that have two ends? When I see a man getting "fast" habits I think he sees only one end of that ladder, and that he does not know that the other end is wounding his parent's hearts. Ah! yes, every ladder has two ends, and it is a thing to be remembered in more ways than one.

A preacher not long since asking to stay all night at a country house was refused by the lady. Knowing her to be a member of the church, and generally pleased to entertain ministers, he began to quote Paul to her, hoping she would take the hint that he was a preacher. He had hardly got out "for thereby some have entertained angels unawares;" when she said, "but angels, sir, would not come with tobacco in their mouths." The preacher left without further ceremony.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pork is cheap; so is hair oil.

Western hatters are growing rich since the election.

A good sermon is like a kiss—it requires two heads and an application.

If you know a mean thing about your neighbor, get it copyrighted.

And now is the season for the girls to get chaps on their lips.

A Hartford negro's feat is to drive nails into wood with his forehead.

No money is better spent than that which is laid out for domestic comfort.

A French proverb runs, "tell me whom you love, and I'll tell you what you are."

When is a candle like a tombstone? when it is put up for a late husband.

The darkest scene we ever saw, was a darkey in a dark cellar hunting for a black cat.

When a man turns a hand spring over a rocking chair, he [inwardly] swears at his wife.

Her face is a garden of flowers, is the title of a new song, but flowers is evidently a misprint for flour.

"If there's no moonlight, will you meet me by gaslight, dearest Juliana?" "No. Augustus, I won't. I'm no gas metre."

If a man would find out how many men take stock in him, let him draw a draft on himself and try to get it cashed.

The magician who astonished his audience by changing a canary bird into a rabbit, has a formidable rival in the man who turned a bushel of potatoes into a barrel.

It pleases a woman to see a man hold a plate of refreshments upon his knee at a party. He can't do it without turning his toes.

A Cincinnati swell told his tailor that he wouldn't pay for that last epilepsy." It was discovered that he meant "bad fit."

Reflection is a flower of the mind, giving out a wholesome fragrance; but reverie is the same flower, when rank and running to seed.

Take out a policy is the fashionable expression at present, where previously when one man was attempting to talk another one to death.

"Brother, why didn't you ask the stranger to pray?" "Because," reprovingly observed the deacon, "this ain't no place for [illegible] jokes. That man's a candidate [illegible]

A girl having rebuked her brother for using the term "sweat," the latter bitterly remarked, when it's a horse, he is sweaty When it's a man, perspire is the word; but when its a young lady like you, she only glows."

When I was young, I had thoughts of marrying, and I began to look for a wife that all women would speak well of; but I never found her. I have wasted my time —*Chinese Proverbs.*

I take it for granted that the natural not the acquired, man is the companion. Learning, wit, gallantry, and good breeding are all but subordinate qualities in society, and are of no value, but as they are subservient to benevolence, and tend to a certain manner of being or appearing equal to the rest of the company.

A Prussian general was inspecting some military stables. "What do I see here," he said, in tones of thunder to the Sergeant, "cobwebs?" "Yes. sir, was the respectful reply; "we keep them here to catch the flies and prevent their teasing the horses."

A lad who borrowed a dictionary to read returned it after he got through, with the remark: "It was very nice reading, but somehow it changed the subject very often." It was his sister who thought the first icecream she tasted was a little touched with frost

"I wish, says a shrewd thinker, "that I had ingenuity enough to steal without being caught, because reputation and respect in the world are pleasant things to secure.

It is said that the human breath poisons the air, and that the trees have to keep it pure by sucking the poison out. It seems that a great many people are put into the world for nothing but to make hard work for the trees.

Sentencing a criminal to be hanged, a Missouri judge recently delivered himself of this considerate reflection: "If guilty you deserve the fate which awaits you; if innocent, it will be a gratification to you to feel that you were hanged without such a crime on your conscience; in either case you will be delivered from a world of care."

A little knowledge leads the mind from God. Unripe thinkers use their learning to authenticate their doubts; while unbelief has its own dogma more peremptory than the inquisitor's. Patient meditation brings the scholar back to humbleness. He learns that the grandest truths appear slowly.

They attempted to take one of Barnum's new giraffes across Rhode Island last week. according to a Boston paper, but just as the animal was on the line it reached over and ate up half of a haystack in Connecticut, and when the farmer came out and attacked the Connecticut end, the Massachusetts end got mad and kicked a man in Boston and nearly killed him. It created a good deal of excitement at the time in Rhode Island, and most of the people stopped out of the State until it was over.

Fort Benton Record.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

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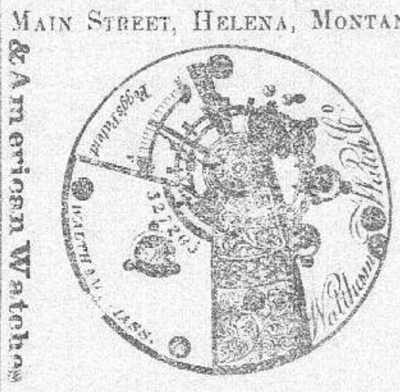

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