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## Select Miscellany.

### MON CADET.

O, mon cadet, mon joli cadet!
With his pretty gold buttons and rollicking way,
With his smiles for the ladies, his stares for the beaux,
The pet of the ladies wherever he goes,
Swaggering, swinging, hurrying fast,
No thought of the future, no thought of the past,
Carelessly happy—mon beau debonair;
O, que je t'aime, mon beau militaire!

O, mon cadet, mon joli cadet!
Straight as an arrow, lithe as a fay,
Fickle as fortune, inconstant as chance,
Light as a fairy when leading the dance.
Sliding, gliding, whirling we go,
Murm'ring sweet nothings so softly and low,
Carelessly graceful, mon beau debonair;
O, que je t'aime, mon beau militaire!

O, mon cadet, mon joli cadet!
Now silent and thoughtful, now joyous and gay,
Never dull, never harsh, never stupidly good,
With his laughing eyes saying: "I would if I could."
Whisp'ring, caressing, kissing me too,
In spite of my anger; for what can I do?
He's so strong and so earnest, and then—I don't care,
O, que je t'aime, mon beau militaire!

O, mon cadet, mon joli cadet!
How I will weep when he goes far away,
Out on the plains, 'midst danger and strife,
While all I can do is to pray for his life.
Watching, weeping, waiting the day
That shall bring him again, no more mon cadet,
But my soldier, my lover, my joy and my care,
Que je t'adore, mon brave militaire!

## A GEORGIA CANDY-PULLING.

AND HOW IT WAS SUDDENLY BROKEN UP.

Chicago Ledger.

A party of Georgia girls had arranged to have a candy-pulling at the residence of Mr. Jones, the father of one of the girls. Now, it happened that Mr. Jones had a bachelor brother living with him, a good-natured, kindly sort of a man, but awfully bashful in the presence of women—particularly young women. Uncle Dick, as our bachelor friend was called, had not been notified of the candy-pulling arrangements, the intention of the girls being to monopolize all this sweetness to themselves. On the evening in question Uncle Dick was busily engaged, in the best room of the house, changing his linen, preparatory to a business visit to the village, little dreaming of the calamity that awaited him in the near future. He had already doffed his clothes, and was in the act of crawling into a clean shirt, when a sound smote on his ears that caused him to start and shudder like an aspen. It was the sound of the merry voices of a bevy of young girls approaching the house with a steady tramp. Nearer, nearer they came, this invading host, more terrible to Bachelor Dick than an army with banners. In another moment the rustle of their dresses fell upon his ears like a death knell. They were at the very threshold of the room, and the door was unlocked. Oh, horror of horrors! What was this bachelor forlorn to do to be saved from the fate that seemed awaiting him. "He who hesitates is lost," thought Uncle Dick. There was but one way out of the awful dilemma in which he found himself placed. Quick as thought the unclad man wildly seized his clothes in his arms and jumped behind the wardrobe. Here he perched himself on top of a very high clothes-basket, thinking the unwelcome visitors would be gone in a few minutes. When the girls made their entrance and commenced making preparations for the candy-pulling, Uncle Dick groaned in despair. It took his best balancing to keep from being tumbled off in the very midst of the girls, and the thought that he would be kept a prisoner in this uncomfortable position for two or three hours was anything but pleasant to his feelings.

'Oh, won't we have a jolly time of it?' exclaimed one of the girls. 'With no men to bother us, we can pull candy any way we want it. Why, these awful men would want you to make the candy and pull it for them to eat, and then they would criticise your conduct and actions as soon as their backs were turned!"

'You're right, Jenny. True, every word of it. Put on the candy while I grate a little nutmeg to season it,' quoth another.

And at it they, went, busy as a hive of bees.

Meantime, Uncle Dick, behind the wardrobe, was growing more uncomfortable every minute. The perspiration poured off of him in great drops as he soliloquized to himself:

'Great Scott! Have I got to stay in this awful position until them durned gals make that candy and eat it? Confound me, if I wouldn't rather be tied up by the thumbs the same length of time than to hear them lick candy and talk about sweet hearts. I've a good mind to jump right out o' here and scare them half to death in my shirtail. Bless my soul! if I don't believe this infernal basket will upset with me, anyhow! But I'll try and hold out a little longer.'

The pot of syrup was placed on the fire to boil; the girls drew up their chairs and formed a semi-circle around it, and were just ready to launch out into a regular old-fashioned gossipping match, when one of them checked matters by saying:

'Katy, isn't there rats in that wardrobe? It appears to me that I hear something rattling around in there.'

'So do I,' quoth another of the party.

'Just you go and see,' said Katy. 'There might be rats in there.'

She stealthily approached the wardrobe, opened it, and cautiously peered in. But she failed to find any rats. Had she listened a little more carefully, she would, in all probability, have heard the beatings of Bachelor Dick's heart which at that moment was thumping against his chest at a rate that threatened to alarm the whole party.

'Perhaps it was another noise we heard,' suggested one of the girls.

'Yes,' answered another, 'it seemed to behind the wardrobe.'

Acting on this hint, one of the girls was just preparing to extend her researches in that direction, when another one yelled that the candy was burning. They all, as one girl, rushed to the rescue of the burning pot of sweets, and for the moment forgot all about the rats, greatly to the relief of Uncle Dick.

'Thank the Lord—thank the 'Lord!' exclaimed the old bachelor to himself, as he breathed a mighty sigh of relief. "If that gal hadn't said the candy was burnin,' she was a goin' to stick her head right behind here. Just like a woman—always a peepin' about in every place.'

The candy was stirred a little, turned around a couple of times, and some of the fire taken from under it, when the girls began to talk about pretty feet—a subject of no small interest to the feminine mind.

'There is the handsomest foot in the party,' exclaimed one of the girls, as she held up her skirts just enough to expose her pedal extremities to the view of her companions.

Now, if there is any one thing nude Dick dotes on more than another, it is a handsome foot, especially if it is joined to a handsome woman, as was the case in this instance. He no longer felt the uncomfortableness of his position behind the wardrobe, so absorbed was he to get a look at the "prettiest foot in the party." In straining his neck out to get a view of the anatomy on exibition, he leaned over a little too far, lost his balance, and tumbled heels over head into the middle of the room the basket over his head and his shirt around his neck.

The scene that followed can be more easily imagined than described. With a simultaneous yell and a screech that nearly lifted the roof off the top of the house, the terrified girls shot out of the room as if they had been propelled from a cannon—some making their exit through the doors and others disappearing like shadows through the windows, leaving Uncle Dick master of the field, and it was an hour or two ere they fully realized what had happened.

Dick was not a whit less frightened than the girls. He had the courage, however, to bolt the doors and hold the fort until he completed his toilet. He vows that this episode, in which he was made to play the leading role, has made an ending of candy-pullings in that settlement for many years to come.

A DISAPPOINTED CHINAMEN.—Yesterday morning a Chinaman came into Youngsworth's chop shop with a basket containing about half a bushel of yellow-bellied, warty-back toads, which he offered to dispose of at six bits per dozen, calling them "flogs." When told that they were not frogs, but toads, and unfit to eat, the Chinaman looked unhappy. He evidently thought he was bringing to town a luxury that would be snapped up almost instantly at a big price. Said he: "Toad, toad—you calls him toad?" Certainly," said Youngsworth, "regular toad—no good." "What for him no good? Me thinkee you foole me. Him walked all same flog, him talkee all same flog; what for him toads?" and John looked as if he suspected the toad talk was a job to get his "flogs" for nothing, John was assured his game was "no good," and he finally turned sadly away, yet he held on to his toads and carried them off in the direction of Chinatown. It appears that the poor fellow had lugged his load of toads, all alive and kicking, too, all the away from the town of Sutro, having found them about some pond down that way.—[Virginia (Nev) Enterprise.

SPLITTING A SNAKE.—'Pshaw,' said Czardine, as he seated himself in our sanctum, "the snake stories that are going about are all too thin. Why, just look here. Last spring I went out into to the woods. I took an umbreller along, which I laid onto some rocks. Well, sir, about an hour afterwards I went to get my umbreller, as it had begun to rain a little. I took holt of the handle, and as I gave it a shove something began to tear, and as the umbreller flew open a live black snake fell to the ground split in two from its head to its tail. The confounded critter had actually swallered my umbreller, and I never noticed it until I shoved up the durn thing and split the animile from stem to stern."

John Henry reading to his wife from a newspaper: 'There is not a single old woman in the House of Correction.' There, you see—don't you?—what wicked creatures wives are! Every woman in that jail is married.'

'It is curious,' said she, 'but don't you think, John, dear, that some of them go there for relief?'

A man broke a chair over his wife's head a week or two ago. When he got to jail and the clergyman undertook to talk to him he displayed a great deal of penitence. He said that he was very sorry that he had permitted his anger to get the master over him, and, to suffer him to do such an act, because it was a good chair, one of those good old fashioned Windsor chairs, which was an heirloom in his family, and he knew that he never could replace it.

## HOW I BECAME AN EDITOR.

We have two papers at Voxville, the Terrifier and the Avenger. The Terrifier is a red-hot, fire-eating Democratic sheet, and the Avenger pulls off its coat and spits on its hands for the Republican side of the ticket. The destinies of the Terrifier are presided over by Thompson—a Democrat of the most approved style; one who had, according to his editorals, left a limb on every battle-field of the civil war, and one, as he emphatically asserted, who was still engaged in business at the old stand and always ready to dispose of a few more limbs for the sake of his bleeding country. Phil Watterson, the editor of the Avenger, was an Ohio man and a Republican of the deepest dye. He also occasionally favored his readers with a little of his personal record during the "late unpleasantness.' He affirmed frequently that he had swam in blood up to his neck on every battle-field of the war, and had twice waddled across the Atlantic ocean in search of aid for his stricken country. Both editors were, of course, bitter personal enemies, and the way they poured chained-lightning into each other's ranks would have made a volcano tremble, grow pale and take down his sign. Last summer the editor of the Terrifier went North to be gone three weeks, and just before he left he came to me and requested that I assume control of the Terrifier during his absence. I told him that I was inexperienced and would make a failure of the thing, but he said he knew I wouldn't, and begged so hard that I finally accepted the position—feeling as blue and sick about it as a dog, though, all the time.

'Now, Vox,' said he, 'I want you while I'm absent to give old Watterson of the Avenger and his white-livered crew the best in the shop—just literally rip 'em to pieces in every issue—don't leave 'em a hair on their heads, and I'll write red hot letters occasionally just to let e'm know that I'm still kicking. Good-bye, old fellow, and don't fail to knock old Watterson sky-high.' I shuddered and felt cold all over, for Watterson was a powerfully built man and the equal of Yankee Sullivan any day. He left, and summoning up all the courage I could command, I went down to the office the next morning and began work. I hastily clipped a lot of miscellany for the outside, dashed off a few locals, and then sat down to sling off something 'red-hot' for Watterson and his crowd. I sat for an hour and couldn't get up the ghost of an idea until at last I was reminded of a little story I once heard about Watterson. Rumor said that he had married a widow up in Kentucky for her money, and then had poisoned her and shot his mother-in-law to prevent her telling, and then had fled to Mississippi with his ill-gotton gains. This I worked up in all its horrid details; described the brutality of the villain—the beauty and accomplishments of his innocent victims—and finally wound up by denouncing Watterson in terms that would make the Okolona States or the Lemars Sentinel burst wide open with envy. In my closing sentence I struglingly advised the citizens of Voxville to hang Watterson immediately—spoke of the danger of having such a man turned loose on good society, etc., etc., or not (and confess here, confidentially that I added a few sensational paragraphs, merely for effect)—I wanted something to make the Avenger stand on its head, and that article filled the bill exactly. When it was finished I called in the foreman, read it to him and asked his opinion.

'Oh, excellent!' said he, 'but I tell you, Mr. Vox, you'd better look out for your scalp after this thing sees the light—Watterson is a regular old grizzly, and he'll make things devlish warm for you.'

I trembled and was inclined to destroy the article, but that would never do now since I had shown it to the foreman. So I gave it to him and told him to "set it up." Then I went down town and purchased three revolvers. The next day the article came out in pointed slang—two columns and a half, and contained enough exclamation points to stock a circus troupe. After the paper had been delivered, I could see groups of excited men all down the street reading the article and gesticulating wildly in the direction of my office, and I'll tell you honestly my blood ran cold. I endeavored to compose myself, however, for I knew I'd have to fight Watterson that very day. I got my pistols ready, sent the office boy down town to get me three or four Bowie knives, and then sat down to puruse the Herald. I sat there nearly all—somehow I didn't fell the least bit hungry—that day, so I didn't go home to dinner. I hung to that office like a dog to a bone. Toward four o'clock I heard a rumbling trampling noise down stairs, and I knew that it it was Watterson coming up with a crowd of friends. In he came, a club in one hand and a copy of the unfortunate article in the other!

'Did you scrawl this, you low bred, knock-kneed son of a gun?' said he, brandishing the club, and glaring at me like a Bengal tiger. My courage began to rise all at once—the Vox's are terrors when they get their blood up—and I calmly stated that I had written it and that I would write it again if I had a chance.

'Well, you die!' shouted he, springing upon me. I grappled him and we mixed up awhile, turning over tables, chairs, benches, ink, etc., until finally I got the better of him somehow—I hardly know how it was myself—and I sat down on that man and beat him with his own club until I grew tired, and the club looked like an old shirt, when I dragged him to the window and then threw him out. Turning around I saw a head poked in through the doorway, and I knew that his friends were hanging around out there, anxious for the latest telegrams in regard to the affair. I went out, and seeing three or four of them in the hall, pleasantly informed them that their chief was waiting for them on the payment below, and if any of them prefered to decend by way of the window I was ready to accommodate them. But they didn't seem to yearn for it and filed mournfully down the stairs, while I went back into my sanctum to patch myself up and view the ruins. The foreman came in with his whole force, took my hand and swore with tears of joy in his eyes that I was a 'bigger man than Dennis Kearney.' That night when I returned home I was shot at nineteen times! The next day I was shot at five times through the office window, and I tell you I began to feel dreary—the thing was becoming a little too frequent—I didn't care to become an everlasting target for the whole town. Contrary to his own expectations and greatly to my relief, Thompson returned that night, and after I had told all, he wept and hugged me 'till I thought he intended to indulge in fits. I'm out of editorial harness now, and I've gained enough experience to last me several centuries.—*Brandon Republican.*

## TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

The court and jury, as well as the spectators, generally enjoy the scene when a lawyer, in an attempt to badger or brow-beat a witness, comes off second in the encounter. A correspondedt recalls an amusing inctance of this sort which happened a few years ago in an Albany court room.

The plaintiff, who was a lady, was called to testify. She got on very well and made a favorable impression on the jury under the guidance of her counsel, Hon. Lyman Tremaine, until the opposing counsel, Hon. Henry Smith, subjected her to a sharp cross-examination. This so confused her that she became faint, and fell to the floor in a swoon.

Of course this excited general sympathy in the audience, and Mr. Smith saw that his case looked badly.

An expedient suggested itself, by which to make the swooning appear like a piece of stage trickery, and thus destroy sympathy for her. The lady in swooning had turned purple red, and her face suggested the new line of attack. The next witness was a middle aged lady. The counsel asked:

"Did you see the plaintiff faint a short time ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"People turn pale when they faint don't they?"

A great sensation in the court, and an evident confusion of the witness. But in a moment she answered, "No, not always."

"Did you ever hear of fainting where the party did not turn pale?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever see such a case?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"About a year ago."

"Where was it?"

"In this city."

"Who was it?"

By this time the excitement was so intense that everybody listened anxiously for the reply. It came promptly with a twinkle in the witness' eye and a quiver on her lip, as if from suppressed humor.

"'Twas a negro, sir."

Peal after peal of laughter shook the court room, in which the venerable judge joined. Mr. Smith lost his case not to say his temper.

## "I CAN SWIM, SIR"

During a terrible naval battle between the English and the Dutch, the English flag-ship, commanded by Admiral Naborough, was driven into the thickest of the fight. Two masts were soon shot away and the main-mast fell with a fearful crash upon the deck. Admiral Naborough saw that all was lost unless he could bring up his ships from the right. Hastily scrawling an order, he called for volunteers to swim across the boiling water, under the hail of shot and shell. A dozen sailors at once offered their services, and among them a cabin boy.

"Why," said the Admiral, "what can you do, my fearless lad?"

"I can swim, sir," the boy replied; "if I be shot I can be easier spared than any one else."

"Naborough hesitated; his men were few and his position was desperate. The boy plunged into the sea, amid the cheers of the sailors, and was soon lost to sight. The battle raged fiercer, and as the time went on, defeat seemed inevitable. But just as hope was failing, a thundering cannonade was heard from the right, and the reserves were bearing down on the enemy. By sunset the Dutch fleet was scattered far and wide, and the cabin boy, the hero of the hour, was called in to receive the honor due him. His modesty and bearing so won the heart of the Admiral that he exclaimed:

"I shall live to see you have a flag-ship of your own."

The prediction was fulfilled when the cabin boy, having become Admiral Cloudsley Shovel was knighted by the King.

A young lady teaches Sunday school (in the summer) at Swampscott, Mass is in the habit, after the regular lesson is ended, of asking questions in natural history. Last Sunday she asked: "What bird is large enough to carry a man?" A little girl held up her hand and said: 'I know a lark.' 'Oh, no,' said the teacher, 'larks are not large enough to carry men.' 'Yes, they are,' said the youngster. 'My papa goes away for two or three days, and mamma says he's gone off on a lark.'

'You seem sad and dejected to-night, Claude, dear.' 'Yes, darling, men of my emotional nature are easily affected by the smiles or frowns of fortune.' His washerwoman had discharged him.

## NANTUCKET A GENERATION SINCE.

New York Observer.

Nantucket is a community of cousins, so continuously have the descendants of the original proprietors intermarried, and thus it is that a family secret can have there an extensive circulation without destroying its private character. The island was originally owned as common property, except the town lots. A person having one share in the common lands was entitled to pasture one sheep. This share was called a "sheep's common." Eight "sheep's commons" were equal to one "cow's common," and the owner of two "cow's commons" could pasture one horse.

Thousands of sheep were pastured upon the island, and in the spring of the year the great annual shearing took place. This, until recent years, was the great day of Nantucket. During these festivities, extending over two or three days, strangers from the "main" were attracted thither. The droves, which, perhaps, had wandered unshepherded during the whole winter, were secured in pens, and the few men who were not at sea, and the boys who expected some day to go to sea, attended faithfully to their duties of washing and shearing, while the whole female population would prepare sumptuos picnic dinners. The scenes were often very picturesque, and have been seized upon by story tellers and romancers.

Of course, in a settlement where whaling was the principal occupation, the number of men at home was usually comparatively small. But the young men who staid at home had no better opportunity to display their gallantry; for the young ladies are said to have had an understanding among themselves not to encourage the attentions of a youth who had not harpooned at least one whale. Perhaps to this is due a considerable portion of Nantucket's success on the sea.

The island reached its most prosperous condition in 1840, when there were over nine thousand inhabitants. When petroleum was discovered oil became cheaper, whaling began to decline, and the gold fever of 1849 enticed the more adventurous away. The stocks on Brant point, where so many vessels had been built, were deserted. The once busy lanes and streets became empty, and to-day grass grows up through the cobble stoned pavements, and the town-crier who tells the good people whenever a sword-fish has arrived in the market or war has been declared in Europe, breaks almost a dead silence. Since 1860, the population having fallen to barely 3000, some 400 ancient houses have been pulled down, but there are enough left to hold twice the population.

## A SMART BOY.

A young man called on his intended the other evening, and while waiting for her to make her appearance, he struck up a conversation with his intended brother-in-law. After awhile the boy asked:

'Does galvanized niggers know much?'

'I really can't say,' replied the much amused young man.

And then silence reigned for a few moments, when the boy resumed his conversation:

'Kin you play checkers with your nose?'

No, I have never acquired that accomplishment.'

'Well, you'd better learn—you hear me?'

'Why.'

'Cause Sis says that you don't know as much as a galvanized nigger, but yer dad's got lots of stamps and she'd marry you anyhow; and she said when she got hold of the old man's sugar she was a-going to all of the Fourth of July percesbuns and ice cream gum sucks, and let you stay at home to play checkers with that hollyhock nose of yourn.'

And when Sis got her hair banged and came in, she found the parlor deserted by all save her brother, who was innocently tying the tails of two kittens together and singing:

Oh, I love the Sabbath School.'

## WHY MEN DIE.

An indignant subscriber to a newspaper went into the office a few days ago and ordered his paper stopped, because he differed with the editor in his views on subsoiling fence rails. The editor conceded the man's right to stop his paper, and remarked coolly as he looked over the list.

'Do you know Jim Sowers, down at Hardscrabble?'

'Very well,' said the man.

'Well, he stopped his paper last week because I thought a farmer was a blamed fool who didn't know that timothy was a good thing to graft on huckleberry bushes, and he died in less than four hours.'

'Gracious! is that so?

'Yes; and you know old George Erickson, down on Eagle Creek?'

'Well, I've heard of him.'

'Well,' said the editor gravely, 'he stopped his paper because he was the the happy father of twins, and we congratulated him on his success so late in life. He fell dead within twenty minutes. There's lots of similar cases but it don't matter: I'll just cross your name off, though you don't look strong, and there's a bad color on your nose.'

'See here, Mister Editor,' said the subscriber, looking somewhat astonished. 'I believe I'll just keep on another year because I always did like your paper, and come to think about it, your're a young man and some allowances orto to be made," and he departed satisfied that he had made a narrow escape from death.

The difference between a cat confined in a bag and the wind sighing through a dilapidated house is that one cries through a sack and the other sighs through a crack.

## A WORD TO THE FARMERS.

Farmers let us stop, but yet go on.

Let us stop complaining of hard times and unite in trying to improve matters.

Let us stop abusing our merchants before we force them in self-defense to abuse us; for their enterprise and foreign credit have kept the wolf from many a door during the last eight years, and the most of them are as clever and generous as we could wish them.

Let us stop cursing the lawyers, for we have found them as true to us when their services were demanded, as any class of our people.

Let us stop abusing the money lenders, for like farmers and all other men they are entitled to the market price for their commodity, and it is due to our improvidence when that price is too high.

Let us work out our destiny, in a profession that is as honorable now as it was in the days of our fathers, with envy for none, and good feeling towards all.

Let us cease saying hard things of the good old Democratic party, and give it full credit for the many benefits it has bestowed upon us since 1875, and remember that the man who wants office is not necessarily a better man than the one who holds office.

Let us stop importing our supplies from abroad and unite in developing the resources of our country, and determine to bend all our energies to building up our cities, towns, villages, counties and State.

## BORN TO BE GUILLOTINED.

Paris Correspondence London Standard.

A case is shortly to come before the Paris Assizes which goes to prove that he who is born to be guillotined may expose his life with impunity on the most sanguinary battle-field. Sagnier enlisted at the outbreak of the Franco German war in the now famous Ninth Cuirassiers quickly rose to be a corporal, and took part in the heroic charge made by that regiment at Woeth. "I heard the bullets," he said to the judge, "rattle like hail on my breast-plate." He was unhorsed by a stab from a bayonet, and finally picked up from among the dead.

As soon as he recovered from his wounds he took service again, and was one of the defenders of Strasbourg. There he was wounded again by a shell splinter, and after the capitulation of the city he was sent a prisoner to Germany and confined in the city of Breslau. On returning to France he settled in Paris and became a whitesmith. As he was a very intelligent and clever workman he might have lived happily and comfortably on his earnings, but he grew discontented, his temper soured, he imagined himself the victim of perpetual persecutions, and could not resign himself to the misfortune of not having received the Cross of the Legion of Honor for his bravery during the war.

He took to drinking absinthe, and his brain thereby became so much affected that he had to be confined in a lunatic asylum. He left it cured, and the doctors who have examined him in connection with the horrible crime to which he has confessed, state that he is quite responsible for his acts. To come to that of August, last year, about 9 o'clock in the morning, a young woman, Mme Delachaume, who had gone to the cemetery of St. Ouen to pray at the tomb of her sister, was suddenly attacked by a man armed with a hammer as she was kneeling at her sister's grave. The brute, after knocking her down, trod her under foot, and finally, after battering in her skull with the hammer, left her weltering in her blood, but not before having robbed her of a cross she wore, and also of her watch and chain. Two other ladies had been assaulted and robbed in the same cemetery. The police at last succeeded in arresting Sagnier and charged him with all three crimes; for the two last mentioned he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. As for the capital charge, Sagnier explains it by alleging a fit of madness brought on by drink. He said:

"I went to the cemetery of St. Ouen with my mechanic's hammer to fasten the cross on the grave of my little daughter who died recently. I had prayed fervently for her. All at once I saw the cross and watch chain of the kneeling lady beside me glisten in the sunshine. A bad thought took possession of my brain, and I struck without knowing what I did.

A GOOD WOMAN.—A good woman never grows old. Years may go over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman we never think of her age—she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed upon her cheek. That rose has not faded. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor; in the church the devout worshiper and exemplary Christian. Who does not love and respect the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy—who has been the friend of man and God—whose whole life has been a scene of kindness and love, a devotion to love and religion? We repeat, such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If a young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue; and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets ever fresh and ever new.

Fourteen men can get together at a hotel, borrow all the tobbacco the landlord has, spit all over the floors, and make themselves believe they are a State convention.

If you want to be happy yourself, strive to make others happy.