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Selected Poetry.

From the Sunday Telegram.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

BY FANNY.

When years, in their flight, lay their weight on hearts
Which once beat gladly and free,
And Old Time his varied change imparts
To every destiny,
It is sweet to revert from present care
To days that will come no more,
And wander again in the place where
We have rove so oft of yore.

It is thus I feel as once more I stand
Within our school-house dear,
And muse on the joyous happy band
That long since assembled here.
Where? oh, where are familiar faces?
Can it be that all are gone?
That those are strangers who filled those places,
And I am alone—alone?

I can fancy myself a child again
As each well-known scene I view;
And I gather links of the broken chain
Of friendships my girlhood knew.
Some sleep 'neath the sod; their gladsome young hearts
Are chill'd; they will never know
The trials of earth, or the tears [illegible]s
From a soul bowed down in woe.

Sleep on, sweet friends; far better is your rest,
In a heavenly home secure,
Than the changeful scenes of the world to test,
And its sorrows to endure.
You are spared the draught of grief and care
That every mortal slips,
And you know not that earth's pleasures fair,
"Turn to ashes on the lips."

A tear for the dead, but a sigh more deep
For those still lingering here
'Mid the scenes of earth, and envy they sleep
Of companions they held dear.
But we're trav'ling on to the distant shore;
Let our souls be firm and true
And our vanished youth we need not deplore
While our goal is ever in view.

This class-room, where often we met of old,
Was but to prepare our minds
For that other school, of studies untold,
Which in future time one finds.
We've learn'd its lessons—some bitter, some sweet;
Experience has made us wise;
And we hallow the past—a theme replete
With joys we now doubly prize.

Selected Miscellany.

From the Phrenological Journal.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

BY A BANKER.

[The rules laid down in the following sketch are applicable, in a great measure, to every pursuit in life. It is a statement of an Englishman's experience, slightly altered to adapt it to American readers. The style is matter of fact, even homely, but none the less apt. We commend it to all young men who hope to rise in life and reap success.]

One day, early in my fifteenth year, I found myself in the High street of Sillerton, with a very ragged coat to my back, and possessed of a capital of four cents. I did not know a soul in the town. Half a century has passed over my head since that day. I have now a professional business worth $15,000 a year. My estate of Goldsworth Hall now yields me $7,500 a year; and I have one or two other little investments not altogether to be despised. I am chief magistrate of Sillerton, a town which has upward of fifty thousand inhabitants. I am, I say, a professional man, and my success, such as it is, has not been achieved by lucky speculation like that of many who succeed in trade. I have run no risks. I have worked my way slowly up the hill, step by step; and my own success has as much astonished me, as their own want of it has, I see, astonished many of those who began life in advance of me. As I have always observed, that to disclose the secret machinery of success acts somehow as an anodyne to the sting of failure, I now purpose to afford this compensation to those to whom I can see that my better fortune has been the cause of some jealousy and heart-burning.

The causes of fame, one of your literary men says, are obvious, while those of fortune are hidden. Hidden, I suppose they are, from foolish, unpracticed men; but, really, they are not very difficult to discover by a man of plain common sense, who is not blinded by self-conceit.

When seventeen I was promoted from message-boy to be clerk in the office of one of the leading attorneys in Sillerton. My salary for three years was $150 and I lived on $125. I am not, however, going to take up time with an account of how I fought with poverty, or of how I made myself a sound lawyer by studying while others were smoking or sleeping.—I have known many men who were as diligent as I was, but who have stuck in the mud, nevertheless. You will hardly make your way in business without being industrious, and without knowing your business—and these qualifications, so far as I have seen, are ordinarily quite sufficient to keep a business which has been made for you, but not to make one.

I saw this very early in life; yet I was not what is called a smart fellow, and luckily I never thought I was. My fellow-clerk, Sam, could write a business letter in a quarter the time it took me.—Then, Sam's letter was neat, sharp, and to the point, while mine was hardly respectable grammar. Conceive, then, the astonishment of Sam, of myself, and of the whole office, when the situation of corresponding clerk—the most dignified and best paid in the office—was given to me. I could not understand it at the time, but subsequently the mystery was made plain to me. Two of those above me had a mark against them for immoral conduct, while the temperament of my friend Sam was not a business one. He had an irresistible tendency, both in speech and correspondence, to let men see what he thought of them. My own letters, I can see on looking back, never fell into this error, and so never got our employer into hot water. So long as we gained our point, and did what was fair ourselves, where was the use of letting one man see that you thought him silly, and another that you thought him dishonest? I took precious good care to see as far as other people, but I took, if possible, greater care that nobody should see how much I saw. My cue was always to make a man, if possible, well pleased with himself, and, at the same time, to make him *feel* that he could not get the better of me.

Then I was always good-humored. I was not going to let a man cut me because he had done me an injury—nor, on the other hand, was I going to cut him because I saw that he suspected that I had done him one. While I strove, and I believe with success, to be good-humored and pleasant to every one, I avoided excessive intimacy with any one—having observed that this is almost always the prelude to a quarrel; first comes hot weather, then a thunder-storm, and then cold. I never was "confidential," as it is called, with any one. Was anybody ever so without repenting of it?

I had a hard fight, too, and I was on the other side of thirty before I saw my way to being anything more than a clerk. I saw a good many men get a step or two in advance of me, through luck, but I never consumed my energy in jealous fretting on this account. Nature gave me a good digestion, and I took the affairs of life coolly and with good temper. My chance would come—and even if it did not, though I desired fortune, I was frugal and could enjoy life without it. An uncle of Sam's, I remember, who had much in his power, passed him over in a good appointment. The cause was plain. The young man to whom he gave it was the son of a man from whom the uncle expected something. Could anything have been more reasonable and natural? Yet what did the silly Sam do? He wrote an angry letter to his uncle, full of bosh about "conduct to his own brother's son—the brother who had helped him so generously when he was poor," etc. Now, how can men expect the world to reward them if they won't adapt themselves to it? Do they think that it is going out of its daily path to meet their notions of justice and generosity? No good, it was plain to me, could ever come of being out of humor with any one, and I hardly ever felt the inclination. If a man tried to cheat me, I didn't allow him, but I felt no anger with him. Men pursued their own interests, I pursued mine. I endeavored by good humor, knoweldge of business, and attention, and by scrupulous conformity to the usages of society, to merit the reward which society has to give; and by patience I got it.

I soon saw that, of all things to be avoided by those who have their position to make, is the affection of conventional nonconformity. Who but an ass, Sam used to say, would mind your wearing a cap instead of a hat, if you find a cap more comfortable? and then Sam would glance with contempt at my well-brushed beaver, and at my neat black kid gloves, which I always wore when I had got as far up in the world as to justify the expense. But, ha, ha! Sam, my boy, I used to think, let those laugh who win. I never troubled my head much with what the world *ought* to think; I was not smart enough to put it right, and what it *did* think always seemed to me much the important point.

Nature, I admit, has given me some outward advantages for getting on. Of these I have carefully made the most. I am tall and broad-chested, with gray hair standing erect upon an ample and commanding-looking forehead. My "presence," I have often observed, in the bank of which I am manager, is sufficient to bring guilt and confusion into the face of the man who brings me a doubtful bill for discount, while the heartiness of my laugh—the style of one's laughter is a point to be carefully attended to—and the cordial way in which I can shake hands when I choose, has brought many a strong man's account to the bank. I have always been most attentive to dress—and my costume has been nearly the same for twenty years. I wear a black frock-coat, vest of the same material, with dark-gray trowsers. Since I was made manager of the bank I have carried a gold-headed, cane, with which I walk to and from the office. On the same occasion I bought a gold repeater watch, which I wear with gold seals, in the good old fashion. I must say that I laid aside my old silver turnip with regret; it had kept me true to many a business-engagement in the days of youthful struggle.

MARRIAGE.

I know of nothing which argues more against a man being possessed of a prudent business-like spirit, and is, therefore, more calculated to tell against his business prospects, than marrying on an insufficient or precarious income; but, on the other hand, when he has a certain and sufficient income, and has reached a becoming period of life, there can be no doubt that a prudent and sensible marriage adds to his weight and respectability.

As for myself, I felt the gravity of marriage to be so great that I had been in a position to marry for some years before I could fairly make up my mind to it; but when I got the bank, I began to see distinctly that the inferior social status of a single man was altogether inappropriate and unbecoming to my position.

In choosing a wife I was guided just by the same principles which have guided me in the other affairs of life, and which have led me, not altogether discreditable, I venture to hope. If I did not marry for love, as it is called, at least I did not tire of my wife at the end of three months.—If I did not tell her before we were married that she was an angel, I was never uncivil to her afterward.

I chose my wife because, having known her for several years, she appeared to be prudent, sensible, and economical, and likely to manage my house creditably; and, on the whole my expectations were reasonably well fulfilled. I may add that she was good-looking, which I frankly confess that I regard as an advantage in a woman. We were not blessed with any family; and when she was called away from me last year I did feel very queer and lonely. But when two agree to journey through life together, it is plain that one must die first. I dedicated such an amount of time to grief as the world has seen fit to require and sanction; but I did not allow myself to sink into a morbid and sentimental condition. The period of legitimate grief having expired, I resumed my attention to business, and I am not ashamed to say that I was able to resume my interest in it.

GOSSIPING.

There are, I think, few common habits more fatal to business reputation than a habit of chattering. When I hear a young man starting in life ready to deliver his opinion at a moment's notice on the questions of the day, I mark him as one whom *I* shall certainly not be the first to send business to. No man should presume to engage the attention of the company by talk, unless his age and position are markedly superior. No unmade man should ever talk to the company. I feel that I can not give too great weight to this important truth. By talking, you not only allow others to take note of your vanities and weaknesses—and we all have our share, only some are cleverer in hiding them than others—but by the mere fact of talking, you affront men of age and position, and thus make them indisposed to help you. They think, and think rightly, that it is for age to talk and for youth to listen. But even among those of your own standing, young man, with your way to make, be advised. Nature has given you two ears; keep both fully employed. You have but one tongue; let it enjoy plenty of leisure.

RELIGION.

If conformity in details be desirable for those who wish to do well in the world, it is strictly indispensable in matters intrinsically important. For any one to talk irreverently of, or conduct himself with levity toward any institution of church or state is what I have never been able to tolerate; and it is a style of conduct which I am glad to say, society is certain to visit with its severest displeasure. Busy as we used to be in the office all the week when I was a young man, I rejoice to say that I never was once willfully absent from church, either forenoon or afternoon; and, higher considerations apart. I may say that I know of no better way for a young man to show that he possesses a steady and tractable spirit, deserving advancement and encouragement, than by regular attendance at church. Nor do I know anything which tells more justly, against a young man's prospect in business than neglect of the ordinances of religion.

ENTERTAINMENT.

I have said that I cultivated silence in company, yet I took care not to be morosely taciturn. I listened with deference and interest to the conversation of my elders and social superiors, and was always ready to laugh at a joke, provided it was proper and harmless. And when my age and position became such as to call on me to lead the conversation, I could amuse the young fellows, too, with harmless tale and anecdote. What I have always avoided, both as junior and senior, was the delivery of views and opinions.—I never, in my recollection, said a word to the prejudice of any one, or ever said a word which could hurt the feelings or prejudice of any respectable member of society. My aim was always to impress those whom I met with a feeling that I was a sound, cautious, good-tempered man of business, and *of business aims.*

HORSES.

If I have a taste for anything besides business, it is what I believe no man ever suspected. I am fond of horses; and what is more, I am a good judge of a horse. But no man ever heard me talk of horses. Even since my success in business became decided, I have not indulged myself in keeping a horse. The young man who wants to succeed will do well to follow my example. If he allows himself even to talk about any amusement for which he may have a taste, it is astonishing how soon he may have a reputation fixed upon him for being knowing in it. He will have plenty of rivals eager to talk of him as a good shot, a good fisher, knowing in horses—being well aware that such a reputation is certain to be most injurious, probably fatal, to his business prospects.

DRINKING AND SMOKING.

When a young man, I was a member of a debating society in our town. I never spoke except then the business of the society was considered. My reason for being a member was that a good many men of influence belonged to it, with whom I had thus an opportunity of becoming acquainted. My friend Sam was a distinguished member; and I recollect going to his lodgings one night out of curiosity, when he had a meeting of his choicest friends. They were drinking *toddy*—a composition which I hate; indeed, I hate all spirits; and as to smoking, it is a method of employing time which has always seemed to me suitable only for those of weak intellect. I was prevailed on, I remember, to try a pipe—faugh! It was the first time and the last. They tried to encourage me to "persevere," by holding out the prospect that by so doing I should become a smoker in time. Dare say I might have succeeded in making myself a slave to an expensive and idiotic habit had I chosen; but I should by learning to smoke, be putting down the smallest item to the credit of my account with Fortune, was what I could not see; much less did I see that any balance was thereby likely to accrue to *Profit.* I thought it as well to reserve my perseverance for somewhat different objects. So much, I suppose, for not being smart. But the talk was the wonderful thing. "What was love?"—"Did men act from free-will or from necessity?"—and I fancy that they drank whiskey-and-water, smoked their vile tobacco, and muddled the small modicum of brains which God had given them, two or three nights a week in this way. If there is anything for which, from my boyhood, I have found it difficult to hide my contempt, it is a man occupying himself with poetry, metaphysics, and such stuff, instead of giving himself to the honest and obvious work of life, and pocketing the honest payment for it. I well remember how my clothes smelt of tobacco next morning, and what a fright I was in lest our master should notice this. I was, however, at the office as usual half an hour before regulation time, and I can remember that I got a job to do which would have fallen to Sam had he been there in time. It put half a sovereign in my pocket—a sum not to be despised in those days.

FINALE.

Now I do not mean to say, in giving the above sketch of my own animus, that men have not arrived at fortune whose mental machinery would, if dissected, show a very different arrangement of wheels and pivots. Sheer audacity will sometimes do wonders, especially in life. Yet I think my own plan has been about as sure and easy a one as can be followed. If I were to name one advantage of mind which I have had over other men, I should say it is this—I was a sensible fellow *as a young man.* By reason of pride, conceit or being over-ambitious, you will often see a man between his twentieth and twenty-fifth year commit an error which he never has a chance of retrieving. Opportunity gone is gone forever. He is thrown off the line—shunned—so to speak, and the rest of life is embittered, not only by the consciousness of failure, but by the consciousness that he has only his own vanity to blame for the failure.—Generally I have noticed the causes of a man's failure are distinctly visible to every one but himself. I have known men with capital business heads, and with all the inclination to work, the mystery of whose lives—inscrutable to, and undreamt of by, themselves—lay in their manner; shy, retiring fellows, who never make acquaintances, but allow any man to cultivate them; hence their tendency is inevitably downward in the social scale. A shy man, whose mental cuticle is so tender that the blood comes at every scratch, may, perhaps, succeed as a clergyman, or a doctor, or chance may put him in a safe business position, but to push his way through the rough and thorny brushwood which besets the outset of a business career, is what he need never try.

Know your business, scrupulously respect the world's conventionalities, face it boldly, receive its kicks and its cuffs—of which you will have a good allowance at starting—with invincible patience and good humor, and it will come round to you in time. But it is a coy mistress, and one with many lovers. Unless you woo with perfect self-mastery, and with knowledge of its ways, your suit will not prosper.

LOT SKINNER'S ELEGY.

Lot Skinner was the meanest man
That ever saved his neck;
He grudged the very breath he drew,
As if it were a cheque.

When he was in the grocer line,
And turning fruit to gold,
He'd bite a raisin straight in halves
To make the weight he sold.

He never gave a dime away,
He never lost a pin,
A ninepence saved rejoiced him more
Than taking ninepence in.

Of counterfeited bills he used,
The best of every kind,
Which in the way of trade he kept
To swap off on the blind.

"'Tis little things that make a pile,"—
(This maxim he could trust,)
So when he sawed his pile of wood,
He always saved the dust.

He had but one book in the house,
And that he never read!
'Twas called "Economy of Life,"
And did him good he said.

At last it cost so much to live,—
Per day some twenty cents—
"I won't stand this," he only groaned,
And died to save expense.

Adieu, thou scrap of lifeless clay!
Thou pale ink human blot!
This line shall be thine epitaph—
"*An unproductive Lot!*"

SOME REMARKS ON MEN.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

The Suspicious Man.

Suspicion, a little of it, is most as good as wisdom, but it is one of them kind of diseases that men are not to have small. It is like the measles—if they have it, they have it all over.

A suspicious man is most always a cunning man; and a cunning man is generally a rogue.

What the happiness of a suspicious man consists in I never could tell. It is certainly not in friendship, for he is afraid to trust his own brother; it cannot be in conversation, for he believes every man lies; nor in affection, for he looks upon artlessness, even of children, as the germs of fraud.

If a man is born with this trait, it is away the stoutest one he has got, and about the only one; for suspicions are like sheep sorrell, a vinegary weed, that runs every generous plant out of the soil.

If a man learns to be suspicious, it only proves that he has been to bad schools, where not much of anything else was taught.

Nobody but a fool would lay aside all caution to undertake to go through this world like a lamb frisking his tail; but nobody but a rogue would learn any more suspicion than he was actually obliged to.

The Wise Man.

Wisdom is a six-horse team, with a careful driver on the box. Yea! a wise man is an iron-clad elephant chewing his cud.

But this world is full of wisdom that never comes out of its hole; that always roosts on the top limbs of a tree and hoots at the wayfaring men, but cannot show him out of the wilderness.

These kind of wise men are like old guide boards at the crotch of the roads with the lettering all washed off—wooden prophets worse than the news.

Wisdom is made out of faith and virtue and truth, seasoned with toil and experience, and scented with modesty. This kind of wisdom is full as glorious as it is scarce.

But experience without doubt, is the boss school-master of worldly wisdom.—He taught Adam and wife their first lesson, and he has never been out of a job since. His schools keeps all day Saturdays and Sundays too and has but one vacation in it, and that is when all hands are asleep.

But say what you will, wisdom is a rare bird anyhow. There is lots of folks that can show you the mule that kicked them last, but it takes one of your classical scholars, one of your blooded wisdomers to point out the mule that is going to kick next.

Buy wisdom, my friends, whenever it is in the market, for she is a harp with 1200 strings.

The Effeminate Man.

The effeminate man is a weak poultice.

He is a cross between a root beer and ginger pop, with the cork left out of the the bottle over night.

He is a fresh water mermaid lost in a cow pasture, with his hands filled with dandelions.

He is a tea-cup full of whipped sily bub—a kitten in pantaletts—a sick monkey with a blonde mustache.

He is a vine without any tendrills—a fly drowned in sweet oil—a paper kite in a dead calm.

He lives like the butterflies—nobody can tell why.

He is as harmless as a cent's worth of spruce gum, and as useless as a shirt button without any button-hole.

He is as lazy as a bread pill, and has no more hope than a last year's grasshopper.

He is a man without any gall and a woman without any gizzard.

He goes through life on his tiptoes and dies like cologne water spilt on the ground.

Keep Warm and Save Your Life.

Within thirty days from to-day there will be many deaths which might be prevented by warmer clothing. Many a fatal case of dysentery is caused by the want of a woollen undershirt, or an extra blanket at night. The sudden changes of temperature which occur at this season of the year are very trying to the constitution. People with weak lungs quickly feel the effect of them. Frequently the thermometer falls many degrees within a few hours. Not only the feeble, but robust and strong persons suffer from such great variations of temperature. When the weather grows cold rapidly, the pores of the skin are suddenly closed, and the result frequently is a bad cold, which may hold on all winter and terminate in consumption, or a fatal attack of dysentery, or that dreadful disease the typhoid fever.

If the day seems ever so warm and bright, it is much safer to wear plenty of underclothing at this season. In the evenings the dews fall, and it grows chilly very suddenly. At all times, even when it feels the warmest, one experiences the difference which is so marked, between the autumn atmosphere and that of summer. There is something more than the mere difference in the temperature, it may be in the electricity. An occasional fire in a room dries the wall and purifies the atmosphere. A little timely attention to all these things would prevent a great deal of the disease and suffering which are among the ills to which humanity is liable.

There are many ready made coffins at the cabinet shops and undertakers—little, short, tiny coffins—which are going to be filled up soon by little children—some of them as sweet, beautiful children as anybody's but your own; and just to think of it—the coffins might be left empty, and the little children might be left in their homes to play, and frolic, and make those homes bright, if only warm shoes and stockings, which would keep little feet dry, and warm clothes and soft woolen blankets, were more plenty.

Do not bother yourself to hunt up a missionary. Be sure that whenever you send a pair of warm shoes to a needy child, a good enough missionary, though you do not see him, always travels inside of them. In warming feet and warming bodies you warm hearts also; and besides, it warms your own heart to do this.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A SCALLAWAG.—"Thomas A. Hamilton," says the Memphis *Avalanche*, "the sugar thief, the white-livered perjurer and the apostate to the Confederate cause, has returned to the unfortunate city which he curses by his loathsome habitation. He is more pestiferous than the lice and locust of Egypt, than siroccos, tempests, hurricanes and whirlwinds. Smallpox, yellow fever, phthisic, rheumatism and gout are all bad enough, but they are blessings in comparison with the leprous scourge called Hamilton. As no grass never grew where the feet of the renowned Huns trod the earth, so does the rich carpet that sods the green fields wither and crisp under the blighting tread of Hamilton's cloven hoofs. When he enters a garden, the full-blown flowers all turn to touch-me-nots, and hang their heads in modest blushes of shame. The birds hush their matin songs at his approach, and fly away as if some evil genius had poisoned their fragrant bowers. The dogs bark at him with a kind of melancholy howl, and when he approaches a barn yard the chickens crow in a long mournful drawl."

☞ Why are the stars the best astronomers?

Because they have studded the heavens for centuries.

The Printer.

"I pity the printer," said uncle Toby.

"He is a poor creature," rejoined Trim.

"Why so?" said my uncle.

"Because, in the first place, (continued the Corporal, looking full upon my uncle,) because he must endeavor to please everybody. In the negligence of a moment, perhaps a small paragraph pops upon him; he hastily throws it to the compositor—it is inserted—and he is ruined to all intents and purposes."

"Too much the case Trim," says my uncle with a deep sign, "too—much—the—case."

"An' please your honor," continued Trim, elevating his voice, and striking into an implorable attitude, "an please your honor, this is not the whole."

"Go on, Trim," said my uncle, feelingly.

"The printer sometimes," pursued the Corporal, "hits upon a piece that pleases him mightily, and he thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers; but alas, sir, who can calculate the human mind? He inserts it and it is all over with him. They forgive others but they cannot forgive a printer. He has a host to print for, and every one sets up for a critic. The pretty Miss exclaims, why don't he give us more poetry, marriages and *bon mots?*—away with these stale pieces.—The politician claps his specs on his nose, and runs it over in search of a violent invective; he finds none; he takes his specs off, folds them, sticks them into his pocket, declaring the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes. Every one thinks it ough to be printed expressly for himself, as he is a subscriber; and yet after all this complaining would you believe it, sir, (said the honest Corporal, clasping his hands beseechingly,) would you believe it, sir, there are some subscribers who do not hesitate to cheat the printer out of his pay! Our army swore terribly in Flanders; but they never did anything so bad as *that?*"

"Never!" said my uncle Toby, emphatically.

How to Find Speech.

Mr. I—— affronted his wife, who, to punish him, resolved to act dumb when ever he was present, and so well did she maintain her resolution, that nearly a week passed away during which not a word did she utter in his presence. She performed her household duties as usual, but speak she would not. He tried to coax her out of her whim, but in vain. At last he tried the following plan to overcome her resolution, by working on her curiosity—the most ungovernable of female propensities. Returning one evening from his employment, his lady met there as usual, mute. He immediately commenced a vigorous search throughout the room. The closet was examined, the bedroom, drawers, boxes, shelves; everything that could be thought of was dishauled. His wife was struck with astonishment at his unaccountable behavior, and as he proceeded in his search, she became nervously anxious to find out what he was looking for. What could it be? She looked in his face to glean, if possible, from his expression the object of his search; but no go, he was sober as a judge. He lifted the edge of the carpet, looked under the table cover, and finally approached her chair—looked under it, and even went so far as to brush her dress partially aside, as if what he sought might be there. She could stand it no longer. She burst out; "Bob, what are you looking for?" He smiled, and answered, "Your tongue, and I have found it."

Talmudic Proverbs.

Even when the gates of prayer are shut in Heaven, those of tears are open.

When the righteous dies, it is the earth that loses. The lost jewel will always be a jewel, but the one who has lost it—well may he weep.

The reward of good words is like dates; sweet and ripening late.

To slander is to murder.

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend—be discreet.

The camel wanted to have horns, and they took away his ears.

Descend a step in choosing a wife, and mount a step in choosing a friend.

If there is anything bad about you, say it yourself.

One eats; another says grace.

He who is ashamed will not easily commit sin. It is a good sign in man to be capable of being ashamed.

☞ A mamma, who had succeeded in getting her own seven daughters "well off her hands," has determined to extend to others the benefit of her system. She is going to open a class for the instruction of young ladies in the art of husband catching. It is to be called the "School of Design."

☞ Why is a handsome foot so much admired?

Because "All's well that ends well."

☞ In what colors would you paint a storm at sea?

The wind blue (blew) and the sea *rose.*

☞ The little hand that can make a pie is a continual feast to the husband that marries it.