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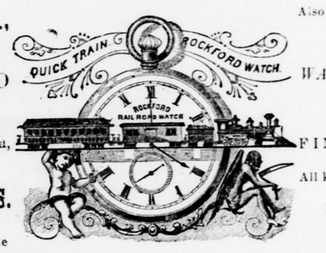

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Select Poetry.

DAISY.

Darling little Daisy,
Scarcely three years old;
Eyes like dancing sunbeams,
Hair of ruddy gold,
Glittering in the sunshine,
Sombre in the shade,
Full of lights and shadows,
Like the little maid.

Silken fringe low hanging
Almost to her eyes;
We don't care it Daisy
Doesn't look so wise.
Wisdom comes with sorrow,
Watered oft with tears;
Let the wisdom linger
Darling, many years.

The sweet ringing laughter
Free from care and pain,
Far out-values knowledge
That wise books contain.
Laugh on, little maiden,
Chatter with the broods;
Frolic with the sunbeams,
Never mind the books.

Now and then a tear drop,
Quickly died away;
Daisy is too happy
For the tears to stay.
Playing in the garden
Through the sunny hours,
All her pretty secrets
Whispering to the flowers.

All about the robin,
With the scarlet breast,
Why he sings so sweetly,
Where he hides his nest;
How the pretty glow-worm
Shows his tiny light,
So the little birdies
Won't be 'fraid at night.

Telling of the meadow
Where the daisies grow:
"Once I was a daisy
Just like them you know;
But I couldn't play much,
'Cause I had no feet,
Till one day mamma picked me,
'Cause I was so sweet."

A Select Story.

MY DEMON.

"When I forsook the college walls of W—, some years ago, I was possessed of--of—"

"Of immense knowledge?"

"No such thing, my friend."

"Learning—lore—old and musty?"

"Nothing of the kind, I do assure you."

"Acquaintance, thorough, vast, varied, with men and things?"

"Far from it. If anything, rather the reverse of all this."

"Shades of the campus! You but joke, my dear fellow. Possessed—and of what, pray?"

"Of a demon!"

My friend interested me; his story was making me curious; but I exhibited a calm exterior, and unperturbed countence. He was dealing in enigmas; I would show him the virtue of laconics. I simply said:

"Indeed!"

"Yes,' said he, "I was possessed of it continually. It haunted me all the the night and all the day. I strove with it, but puissant effort and superhuman exertion were alike puerile and inefficient."

I smiled a little, partly to encourage my friend, and partly to cover the growing interest I felt in his story, (I considered that no person ought ever to get excited.)

"Proceed!" said I.

"The demon, I said, was a desire! That desire to encounter a coquette; to humble her haughty spirit, and subdue her obdurate heart!"

I nodded three times. Each nod was given with deliberation. I eyed him attentively as he continued:

"Look at that person; not tall, to be sure, but well knit, full of grace, and Adonis like."

As he said this, he rose from his chair, and, drawing his coat tight about him, stood erect and turned quite around.

"And those eyes! note them—large, dark, luminous. Just imagine how they shone and sparkled on that night—on the occasion!"

I imagined.

"I was the heir of my rich, bachelor uncle; and scarcely had I entered upon the possession of the wealth his demise had left for my sole enjoyment, and had time to arrange some business matters in the little village which was honored by his name, before the intelligence was conveyed to me that one of the most arrant and fickle of coquettes, was a resident of the white house just across the way.

"I can't begin to tell you how this news delighted me. I was superlatively elated—edified.

"She appeared to be the theme of every tongue. No one spoke of the society of the town without giving her name the preference of first emotion. Her beauty, her voice, her eloquence, her education and accomplishments, her standing, and, above all, her desperate flirtations, her audacious conquests, her cruelty, her—"

"Stop a moment—take breath," said I, interrupting what was like to be an endless chain of substantives.

"According to rumor," said my friend, "no such tyrant was ever before seen. No man ever approached her but he went away with a deadly arrow cleaving to his side, and she laughing at his anguish.

"This was quite enough. I desired to know no more. It was bliss to me—ecstatic bliss. It sank down into the will of my heart, and then, gushing up, it meandered through every vein, nerve, fibre, muscle. It premeated my whole being. I felt nice.

"Then I drew myself up, every feature beaming with the one thought—vast, illimitable it seemed—and swore, by the ashes of my sires and my demised bachelor uncle, and by that guardian genius which never deserts me in any emergency, that I would teach this haughty and cruel tyrant what it is to maltreat my sex.

"The night of the fete came. I drew on my low, patent leathers, over a pair of immaculate silk stockings, shook ambrosial fragrance into my snowy kerchief, and was off to meet and subdue the all-dangerous siren.

"As I passed along the way I thought of nothing save the coquette and the triumph I had in anticipation I argued to myself!

"A parcel of illiterate country dunces have been swelling her triumphs with a list of unmeaning and dishonorable deceptives, and hence her fame.

Proud of a bright complexion and a little money, spoiled by flattery and the want of competition, a creature that would be eclipsed burned up, in the blaze of a city soiree.

"And you resolve to have revenge for the wrongs done her victims; to attack her and teach her a lesson!"

"Right. And as I rang the bell at my friend's door, I mumrured. "Rural belles ought not to be too confident too saucy."

"A few moment more found me sitting by a sweet modest girl, to whom in the confusion of a crowd much more numerous and dazzling than I I expected, some one had introduced me in so hurried a manner as to leave each one in ignorance of the other's name.

"I looked at her —she was a Venus!

"I danced with her—she was a sylph!

"I heard her sing—she was an angel!

"Absolutely, the village coquette was quite forgot; she had utterly passed from my mind in the seducing loveliness, the simple, modest grace, the exquisite air of elegance and propriety which my charming acquaintance exhibited.

"At length I remembered. I took my gaze from her countenance and looked around for the object of my former curiosity. A superbly dressed girl was dancing near us, all feathers, flounces, jewels, blazing, rustling, laughing aloud, smiling on this gentleman, whispering to that one, suffering a third to hold her hand, and a fourth to tie her shoe.

"This is her," said I to myself. This is the terror of our country swains. What mistaken ideas of beauty! Ah! what course uncultivated taste. But 'tis plain they have never seen pictures and statuary. They have never read poetry. They are ignorant of true beauty.

"Then I withdrew my gaze. My eyes again rested on the face of my charming friend.

A creature so beautiful I had never seen before. From that moment, I, too, believed in broken hearts.

"Here was Shakespear's Juliet," but where is the "Romeo?"

"The thought made me turn as if a revolution divine had dawned upon my soul.

"A moment afterwards I was called to the dance, and asked the pleasure of a waltz with her.

There was a sweet smile on her plump, rosy lips, as she replied:

"'I have refused three already. I said I was engaged."

"Our eyes met. If love ever flashed in a glance, I had kindled in the bosom of this angelic creature a flame like that which was every moment burning more ardently in mine.

"Our eyes met again. Wonderful, wonderful orbs, to be the source of such delight! to be the windows through which so much heavenly bliss can be poured in upon the soul!

"I took her hand as it nestled cosely upon her knee. It was small and white and soft—like nothing else in nature.

"'You will not refuse me!"

"I said this in a tone soft and low, I drew her gently, as zephyrs kiss the open flowers. I whispered in her ear. I grew bold and saucy, and her eyes flashed up to mine with a perfect satisfaction, which told me my conquest was complete.

"The dance was over. An engagement with a friend hurried me away.

"'I will see you again, soon," I whispered, as I left her side.

"I strode along the floor like an emperor, and in the height of my triumph encountered the gentleman who had given me so flaming an account of the village coquette.

"Well, my boy," I exclaimed with great suavity of manner, I have thus far neglected to be introduced to your wonderful coquette, but I think I could meet her without danger."

"Meet her!" with a look of surprise, 'meet her! Why, fellow, you have been bending over her, entranced, an hour by the chronometer. A dozen people have been watching you."

"The truth flashed upon me. I was seized by fear and trembling. I looked around me. Twenty grinning faces were bent upon me with the malace of fiends.

"Look here," said my friend, a while afterward. "You came here to teach a lesson. As the object of that lesson has not profited by it learn one yourself."

"He guided me to another apartment. There before my eyes, sitting beside, and gayly chatting with another fellow—handsome, like myself—was the coquette.

"'He's from the city," said my friend. Then all the rascals around laughed.

"He's just out of college," said another. Then they all laughed again.

"I heard the gentleman ask her to dance."

"I have refused six," she said, with the same sweet smile she had given me.

"'But you will dance with me?"

"And off they went, sure enough. All that evening until I left they were together. They were one and inseparable—so they seemed.

"The next day I learned they were engaged.

"A week later, and they were married."

Select Miscellany.

The Paper We Use.

Paper car wheels are composed entirely of paper rings pressed together under a weight of six tons, and then fastened by means of bolts, and steel tires put on them, when they are ready for use. Laid loosely the rings stack as high as the shoulders of an ordinary man. Under treatment they sink to the thickness required. If the tire should wear or fall off the wheel, or the train run from the track, there would be no danger of their breaking, as they are very flexible and would spring.

A paper ball can be rendered so solid that nothing but a diamond tool can cause an indentation into it. At the mill is a square block of compressed paper fastened on a turning lathe and so that if a fine steel chisel is held against it when moving, instead of cutting the paper it will break the chisel into a hundred pieces. The strength is astonishing. You can take £5 note of the Bank of England, twist it into a kind of rope, suspend 339 pounds upon one end of it and not injure it in the slightest degree.

Bath-tubs and pots are formed by compressing the paper made of linen fibers and annealed—that is, painted with a composition which becomes a part thereof and is fireproof. The tubs last indefinitely, never leak, and put in the fire will not burn up. They can beat on them with a hammer and not injure them.

Plates compressed and annealed are very durable. You cannot only wash them, but drop them upon the floor and stand upon them. The fork can be used for any practical purpose, and the knife can always be kept sharp.

Paper can be substituted for wood, converted into picture frames and colored like walnut, cherry and the like. Bedsteads are fashioned the same as car wheels, only of long strips instead of rings. They are very beautiful and lasting. Cooking or heating stoves are also annealed, and it is impossible to burn them out. They are less costly than iron. A house can literally be constructed of and furnished with every convience in paper.

The Five Obedient Husbands.

There were five of them together, and it was late. They had been drinking. Finally, one of them looked at the clock and said: "What will our wives say when we get home?"

"Let them say what they like to. Mine will tell me to go the mischief," responded No. 2.

"I'll you what we will do. Let us meet here again in the morning and tell our experiences. Let the one who has refused to do what his wife told him to do when he got home, pay for this evening's entertainment."

"That's a good idea. We will agree to that." So the party broke up and went to their respective homes.

Next morning they met at the appointed place and began tell their experiences.

Said No. 1.

"When I opened the door my wife was awake. She said: "A pretty time of night for you to be coming home. You had better go out and sleep in the pig pen, for that's what you will come to sooner later, anyhow. Rather than pay for all we drank last night, I did what she told me to.—That let's me out."

Next!

No. 2 cleared his throat, and said:

"When I got home, I stumbled on a chair, and my wife called: "There you are again, you drunken brute!—You had better wake up the children, and stagger about for awhile, so that they can see what a drunken brute of a father they are afflicted with." I thought the best thing I could do under the circumstances was to obey; so I woke up the children, and staggered around until wife hinted to me to stop. She used a chair in conveying the hint. That lets me out."

Next!

No. 3 spoke up, and said:

"I happened to stumble over the pan of dough, and my wife said:—Drunk again. Hadn't you better sit down in that pan of dough?" So I sat down in it and that lets me out."

Next!

No. 4 said.

"I was humming a tune, and my wife called out: "There you are again! Hadn't you better give us a concert?" I said, "certainly," and began to sing as loud as I could, but she told me to stop, or she would throw something at me, so I stopped. That lets me out.

Next!

No. 5 looked very disconsolate. He said: "I reckon I'll have to pay.—My wife told me to do something none of you would have done, if you had been in my place."

"What was it."

"She said: "So you thought you would come home at last! Now had'nt you better go out to the well and drink a couple of buckets of water just to astonish your stomach? That was more than I had bargained for, so its my funeral."—*Texas Siftings.*

When the teacher asked what was the feminine of tailor, a small boy on a front seat in a public school in Brockton, Mass., promptly exclaimed "Dressmaker," and was greatly delighted that he was able to get in the answer first.

The Mechanism of Man.

Wonders at home by familiarity cease to excite astonishment; but hence it happens that may know but little about the 'house we live in'—the human body: We look upon a house from the outside, just as a whole or unit, never thinking of the many rooms, the curious passages, and the ingenious arrangements of the house, or of the wonderful structure of the man, the harmony and adaptation of all his parts.

In the human skeleton, about the time of maturity, are 165 bones. The muscles are about 500 in number. The length of the alimentary canal is about thirty-two feet. The amount of blood in an adult averages thirty pounds, or full one-fifth of the entire weight.

The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter, and beats seventy times per minute; 4,200 times per hour; 100,800 per day; 36,772,200 times per year; 2,665,440,000 in three score and ten; and at each beat, two and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of it; one hundred and seventy-five ounces per minute; six hundred and fifty-six pounds per hour; seven and three-fourths tones per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes.

The lungs will contain about one gallon of air, at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe, on an average, 1,200 times per hour; inhale 600 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells the lungs exceeds 30,000 square inches, an area very nearly equal to the floor of a room twelve feet square.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds and eight ounces; of a female, two pounds and four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it, directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number, forming a 'body-guard' outnumbering by far the greatest army ever marshalled.

The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness.—Its average area in an adult is estimated to be 2,000 square inches. The atmospheric pressure being about fourteen pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of 40,000 pounds.

Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain one-fourth of an inch making an aggregate length of the entire surface of the body of 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

Man is made marvelously. Who is eager to investigate the wonderful works of Omnipotent Wisdom, let him not wander the wide world round to seek them, but examine himself. 'The proper study of mankind is man.'

Eph's Will.

A Scotchman, being nigh unto death, called in a lawyer to draft his last testament. Knowing that the man's estate would scarcely pay the expenses of his funeral, the attorney was surprised to hear him say "I give a hundred pounds" to this friend and to that. "You have no such money to give," he remarked. "I ken that, mon, as weel as you, but it'll show my good will to them." An old negro, of whom the following story is told, seems to have had a similar confusion of ideas:

Old Eph took a notion the other day that he must make his will, and called to consult a lawyer for that purpose. The attorney gathered a pencil and a piece of paper and prepared to make a schedule.

"Well, Eph, what property have you got?"

"Well, sah, dare's dat onery bobtale dawg dat neber sleeps, or if he does he's allers talkin' in it. I leabe him to dat neffy of mine. I nebber did like dat niggah."

"All right," said the attorney 'there goes the dog.'

"Den dar's dat hazel spitter sow.—Leabe her to whoebber kin cotch her."

"The sow is disposed of," said the lawyer.

"De 'baccy box an pipe kin go to de boy as soon as he gits old enuff."

"It is so recorded," answered the attorney.

"De house and de lot goes to de gal."

"But there's an encumbrance on the house, Eph."

"What's dat you say?"

"There is an encumbrance on the house."

"Oh, dar am, am dar? Den I am wuff more dan I thought I was. Leabe de 'cumbrance to de ole woman to live on."

Where Quil Belong.

An Austin teacher was instructing his class in natural history.

"To what class of birds does the hawk belong?" he asked.

"To the birds of prey," was the reply.

And to what class do quail belong?"

There was a pause. The teacher repeated the question.

"Where does the quail belong?"

"On toast," yelled out the hungry boy at the foot of the class.—*Texas Siftings.*

"The Egyptians have just killed a false prophet." If he predicted that the first two weeks of May would be sunshiny and warm it is a wonder the Egyptians didn't resort to more extreme measures.

Men's Work and Woman's.

The finest looking specimens of manhood, in every class, are to be found among men between the ages of thirty five and fifty, but how many comely women can be found even among those who have compassed only the smaller number of years mentioned above? The home work of women, whether she be wife or servant, needs revision; if only genius can enable a person to be at the same time master and servant, nurse and ruler, then genius in this direction, if there is any, should make itself known for the benefit of those who are fighting magnificently against overwhelming odds. With a slighter physique than man, a physique that is occasionally subject to peculiar duties to which that of a man can offer no parallel, woman is expected to daily endure a strain that no man would tolerate for any length of time. Until what is modestly called housekeeping and recognized as the noble science that really is, and is carefully studied, the slaughter of women by overwork will continue for at present it requires that every woman shall be a prodigy of sense, industry and endurance.

A Western Woman's Complaint.

A correspondent furnishes the appended paragraphs. From this it is to be inferred that there are some women in Idaho who are not very beautiful.

When he had finished with the climate, soil and productions of Idaho, one of the group asked:

"How about the education facilities?"

"That's the only thing we lack," repled the old man, with a mournful sigh. We've got schools enough, but we can't keep no teachers."

"What's the trouble!"

"Well take my school, for instance—only two miles from the nearest house, eminently situated on top of a hill and paying the highest salary.—We can't keep a teacher over two weeks."

"Do they die?"

"Some do, though it's no place for dying. We had a young fellow from Ohio, and he met a grizzly and whistled for him. The grizzly cum. We had another, and a widder run him down and married him inside of a month. The third one was lame and the Injuns overtook him. Then we tried women folks. The first one got married the night she lit down there; I took the second about the middle of the third week, and next one was abducted by a stage robber."

"Why don't you get the ugliest, homeliest woman you can find—some perfect old terror, like that lantern-jawed, razor-faced female over by the ticket window?"

"Why don't we! Stranger, you Eastern folks will never understand us pioneers in the world—never.—That,s my wife—the identical school teacher I married, and she was the handsomest one in the drove!"

Convicted by a Monkey.

The case "a monkey on the witness-stand," reported from India, does not seem to be an isolated one. Domestic animals have many times played the part of the dog of Montargis in revealing crime, and wicked men need to hide their deeds from eyes that are not human eyes, in addition to their ordinary secrecy.

In England not long ago, some foot pads attacked a traveling musician, injured him severely and robbed him of all his money.

The musician had several monkeys, all of which were killed except one. That one escaped by climbing a tree.

As soon as the robbers had disappeared, the monkey came down the tree and ran to the nearest house. Its antics and cries induced a man to follow him to the spot where the musician was.

Afterward some men were arrested on suspicion of the robbery. The monkey was brought before them. As soon as the little animal saw the men, he began to scream and leap toward them, which convinced the officers that the prisoners were guilty of the crime.

Boyish Wit.

The late Dr. Wm. Arnot, of Scotland, was noted for broad and accurate knoweldge of the Bible, and for a ready wit, equal to every emergency.—He was the youngest child in a large Scotch family, and, having a weak body with an alert tongue, was often imposed on by his older brothers and sisters. In contests with the tongue he was pretty sure of a victory, but stood no chance of success in rougher squabbles. After a brief absence from home the father called the children to give an account of their behavior.—They all turned on William and told hard stories about him, each one putting on an extra touch and making him out a great mischief-maker. Many of their tales were manufactured out of whole cloth, and William listened, finally his father turned to him and said:

'Well, William, what have you to say to all this?'

He could hardly keep his face when the little fellow replied:

'Blessed are ye when all men shall revile and prosecute you.'

The aptness of the reply atoned in part for an irreverent use of Scripture, and the father came into full sympathy with the prosecuted boy.

Obstinancy and intollerance are the surest proofs of ignorance. A man's horizon is measured by his knowledge and by his capacity of knowing.