Preble County Democrat.

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Select Poetry.

THE BRIDE'S DEPARTURE.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. ARMY.

Brother! speak in whispers light,
'Tis my last—my last good night!
Never more our steps will stray
Through the garden's scented way;
By the homestead of the bees;
Neath the shady chestnut trees;
By the meadow's winding stream,
Gentle Brother! smile and bless—
'Tis my last—my last caress.

Sister! with thine eyes of blue,
Hither come and weep "adieu!"
Let thy arm around me twine,
Let thy cheek repose on mine,
While I gaze into thy face,
Circled in this dear embrace.
Thou hast ever proved to me,
All that love could wish to be;
Yet I leave thy heart alone—
Brother—Sister! bless your own.

Mother! thou hast rocked my head
Softly on its cradle bed—
When the storm was raging high,
Sweetly sung love's lullaby—
Yet I part—I part from THEE.
Who henceforth will sing to me,
When my forehead aches with pain?
I shall miss that early strain.
Mother! with thy accents mild,
Bless, oh! bless thy weeping child.

Father! thou hast loved me well—
More than human tongue can tell—
More than wealth, since childhood's hour,
Thou hast lavished on thy flower.
Now, thy locks are waxing grey,
From thy heart I pass away:
Never more thy lips, at eve,
On my cheek their kiss will leave—
In thy prayer of undertone,
Mother! Father! bless your own.

Select Miscellany.

A DESPERATE RACE.

A Story of the Early Settlement of Ohio.

Some years ago I was one of a convivial party, that met at the principal hotel in the town of Columbus, Ohio, the great seat of Government of the *Buckeye State*.

It was a winter evening, when all without was bleak and stormy, and all within was blithe and gay; when song and story made the circuit of the festive board, filling up the chasm of life with mirth and laughter.

We had met for the purpose of making a night of it, and the pious intention was truly and most religiously carried out. The Legislature was in session in the town, and not a few of the worldly Legislators were present upon this occasion.

One of these worthies, I will name, as he not only took a big swath in the evening entertainment, but as he was a man *more* generally known, than even our worthy President, James K. Polk. That man was the *famous Captain Riley*, whose narratives of suffering and adventures is pretty generally known all over the civilized world. Captain Riley was a fine, fat, good humored joker, who at the period of my story was the Representative of the Dayton District, and lived near that little city when at home. Well, Capt. Riley had amused the company with many of his far-famed and singular adventures, which being mostly told before, and read by millions of people, that have never seen his book, I will not attempt to repeat them.

Many were the stories and adventures told by the company, when it came to the turn of a well known gentleman who represented the Cincinnati District. As Mr. —— is yet among the living, and perhaps not disposed to be the subject of a joke or story, I do not feel at liberty to give his name. Mr. —— was a slow believer in other men's adventures, and at the same time much disposed to magnify himself into a marvellous hero, whenever the opportunity offered. As Capt. Riley wound up one of his truthful though marvellous adventures, Mr. —— coolly remarked that the Captain's story was all very well, but it did not compare with an adventure he had 'once upon a time,' on the Ohio, below the present city of Cincinnati.

"Let's have it! let's have it!" responded from all hands.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Senator, clearing his throat for action, and knocking the ashes from his segar against the arm chair, "Gentlemen, I'm not in the habit (quite notorious for it!) of spinning yarns of marvellous and fictitious matters, and therefore it is scarcely necessary to affirm upon the responsibility of my reputation, gentlemen, that what I am about to tell you is the God's truth, and—"

"Oh! never mind that, go on Mr. ——," chimed in the party.

"Well, gentlemen, in 18— I came down the Ohio river, settled at Losanti, now called Cincinnati. It was at that time a little settlement of some twenty or thirty log and frame cabins, and where now stands Broadway Hotel, and blocks of stores and dwelling houses, was the cottage and the corn patch of Mr. J. E., a tailor, who by the by bought the land for the making of a coat for one of the settlers.

"Well, I put up a cabin, by the aid of my neighbors, and put in a patch of corn and potatoes, about where the Fly Market now stands, and set about improving my lot, house, &c.

"Occasionally I took up my rifle and started off with my dog, down the river, to look up a little deer or bear meat, then very plenty along the river. The blasted red skins were lurking about, and hovering around the settlement, and every once in a while carried off one of our neighbors, or stole some of our cattle or horses. I hated the red devils, and made no bones of peppering the blasted serpents whenever I got a sight at them. In fact, the red rascals had a dread of me, and had laid a great many traps to get my scalp, but I was not to be caught napping No, no gentlemen, I was too well up to 'em for that.

"Well, I started off one morning pretty early to take a hunt, and went a long way down the river, over the bottoms and hills, but could'nt find a bear or deer. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I made tracks for the settlement again. By and by I sees a buck just ahead of me, walking leisurely down the river. I slipped up, with my faithful dog close in my rear, to within cleverly shooting distance, and just as the buck stuck his nose in the drink, I drew a bead upon his top knot, and over he tumbled, and splurred and bounded awhile, when I went up and relieved him, by cutting his wizand.'

"Well, but what has that to do with an adventure?" said Riley.

"Hold on a bit, if you please, gentlemen—by jove, it had a great deal to do with it—for while I was busy skinning the hind quarters of the buck, and stowing away the kidney fat in my hunting shirt, I heard a noise like the breaking of a brush under a mocca-in up the bottom. My dog heard it and started up to reconnoitre, and I lost no time in re loading my rifle. I had hardly got my priming on, before my dog raised the howl, and broke through the brush towards me with his tail down; as he was not used to doing, unless there were wolves, painters or Indians about.

I picked up my knife, and took up my line of march in a skalking trot up the river. The frequent gullies on the lower bank made it tedious travelling there, so I scrambled up to the upper bank, which was pretty well covered with buckeye and very little underbrush. One peep below discovered to me three as big and strapping red devils, gentlemen, as ever you clapped your eyes upon! Yes, there they came, not above six hundred yards in my rear; shouting and yelling like devils, and coming after me like h—l broke loose!"

"Well," said an old woodsman sitting at the table, "you took a tree, of course?"

"Did I? No, by ——, gentlemen, I took no tree just then, but I took to my heels like sixty, and it was as much as my dog could do to keep up with me. I ran until the whoops of the red skins grew fainter and fainter behind me, and clean out of wind, I ventured to look behind, and there came one single red devil, puffing and blowing, not three hundred yards in my rear. He had got on to a piece of bottom where the trees were small and scarce. 'Now, thinks I, my old fellow, I'll have you,' so I trotted off at a pace sufficient to let the red devil gain on me, and when he got near enough, I wheeled and fired, and down I brought him, dead as a door nail, at a hundred and twenty yards!"

"Then you scalped him immediately?" asked the woodsman.

"Mighty clear of it; for by the time I got my rifle loaded, here came the other red skins, shouting and whooping close on me, and away I broke like a quarter horse. I was now about five miles from the settlement, and it was getting towards sunset. I run till my wind began to be pretty short, when I took a look back, and here the two red devils came snorting like mad buffaloes, one about two or three hundred yards ahead of the other; so I acted 'possum again, until the foremost Injin got pretty well up, and I wheeled and fired, at the very moment the red devil was 'drawing a bead' on me; he fell head over stomach into the dirt, and up came the last red devil——"

"So you laid him——," gasped several.

"No," continued the Senator, "I didn't lay him, for I hadn't time to load, so I laid legs to the ground and started again. I heard the blasted whelp every bound after me. I ran and ran till the fire flew out of my eyes, and the old dog's tongue hung out of his mouth a quarter of a yard long!

"Something kind of cool began to trickle down my legs into my boots—"

"Blood, eh? from the shot the varmint gin you?" said the old woodsman, in a great state of excitement.

"I thought so," said the Senator, "but what do you think it was?"

Not being blood, we were all puzzled to know what the blazes it could be, when Riley observed—

"Melted deer fat which I had stuck in the breast of my hunting shirt, and the grease was running down my legs until my feet got so greasy that my heavy boots flew off, and one hitting the dog, nearly knocked his brains out."

"We all grinned, which the Senator noticing, observed—

"I hope, gentlemen, no man here will presume to think I am exaggerating?"

"Oh! certainly not—go on, Mr.——," we all chimed in.

"Well, the ground under my feet was soft, and being relieved of my heavy boots, I put off in double quick time, and seeing the creek about half a mile off, I ventured to look over my shoulders to see what kind of a chance there was to hold up and load. The red skin was jogging along, pretty well blowed out, about five hundred yards in the rear. So at it I went—in went the powder, down went the ball about half way, and off snapped the ramrod!"

"Thunder and lightning," shouted the woodsman, who had been worked up to the top notch in the Senator's story.

"Good God! wasn't I in a pickle?—There was the red whelp within two hundred yards of me, pacing along, and loading up his rifle as he came! I jerked out the broken ramrod, dashed it away and started on, priming up as I cantered off, determined in turn to give the red skin a blast anyhow, as soon as I reached the creek.

"I was now within a hundred yards of the creek—could see the smoke from the settlement chimneys; a few more jumps, and I was by the creek; the red devil was close upon me; he gave a whoop, and I raised my rifle—on he came, knowing I had broken my ramrod, and my load not half down. Another whoop! whoop! I pulled trigger, and——"

"And killed him?" chuckled Riley.

"No, sir! I missed fire, by thunder!"

"And the red devil——" shouted the old woodsman in a phrenzy of excitement.

"Fired and killed me!!!"

The screams and shouts that followed this finale brought landlord Noble, servants and hostlers running up stairs to see if the house was on fire.

Too Mirthful.

"Do stop that girl's laughing! It really makes me nervous to hear her.—From morning till night her mouth is open, either laughing or singing, just as if there was no trouble or sin in the world. I never saw such a rattle-brain thing as she is in my life!"

So Hetty was made to suppress her glee, and, to sing low. This was the utmost that her rulers could accomplish, for the girl's *heart* was light within her, and overflow it would. But check after check was given her; and month after month she was told, with awful seriousness, that she was too wild, too merry, too imaginative; that it was her duty to measure her steps, her morals, her very smiles; to hold down her imagination; always to turn her thoughts towards reading cooking, mending and sewing, when she caught them starting off for a revel in the regions of beauty and delight—for the fair, fair skies of fancy; and always to wait till she didn't care whether she moved or stood still, spoke or held her tongue, when she glowed with a quick impulse to do or say something. Well, they managed to tone Hetty down somewhat; but she never could be made to become exactly serious and proper until the hand of sorrow took her heart and pressed it so hard—so *very* hard—that the joyousness which had so long dwelt singing in it was crushed out and went, none knew wither Many burdens were bound for poor Hetty's heart, and it bore them bravely till the spring of joy was broken; then each additional load pressed down with more hopeless weight. Now she is what blindly they tried to render her when she was a child.

O, let the children and the maidens laugh and sing. Do not, O, do *not*—be always checking and rebuking them for being gay. Little time enough have they before care will begin its gnawing and grief and pain. They will grow old and grave anon, never fear. Their glory will soon enough be darkened, their buoyancy cease. The canker and the blight will not pass them. Darkness and disaster sooner or later, shuts down the morning light of all. O, the fated, the unconscious young! But let them, while the impulse yet is in them, laugh and play, and dance and sing.—And if, perchance, ere the merry days are over, any *sleep*, murmur not. "Happy the early dead."—*Willis's Musical World.*

One Hour.

There was once a lad who, at fourteen, was apprentice to a soap boiler.—One of his resolutions was to read one hour a day, or at least at that rate; and he had an old silver watch, left by his uncle, which he timed his reading by. He stayed seven years with his master, and his master said, when he was twenty-one that he knew as much as the old 'squire did. Now let us see how much time he had to read in seven years, at the rate of an hour a day. It would be twenty-five hundred and fifty-five hours; which, at the rate of eight reading hours a day, would be three hundred and nineteen days, equal to forty-five weeks—even to eleven months, nearly a year's reading. That time spent in treasuring up useful knowledge would pile up a very large store. I am sure it is worth trying for. Try what you can do. Begin now.

FROM OUR NEW DICTIONARY.—Dog stealing "in the second degree"—hooking sausages. An a cute angel—any angel that enables you to cross a street so as not to run against a bore.

Think of the Poor.

Kind reader, the morning is cold, the wind blows sharp and keen, and while you may be comfortably housed and warmly clad, give a thought and perform an act of charity for the poor that surround you. They are God's children, and must be fed and clothed, for while it has pleased Him to crown you with plenty, and place you above the reach of want, 'tis surely no crime for you to give a little to your less fortunate neighbors.

It is true that we may not have much destitution this winter as we have done in previous ones, for those manufactories that suspended operations last fall, have most of them resumed, thus giving employment to thousands of hard working mechanics, that last winter were the subjects of charity, and who filled to overflowing, our soup houses and other benevolent institutions; still, we venture to say that within the sound of the State House bell, there are hundreds of families that to-day need a helping hand. Perform the part of the good Samaritan, and visit these children of poverty in their lowly dwelling places, administer to their wants and necessities, for by these little actions you will not only prevent much suffering that would otherwise occur, but you would be carrying out that golden rule—"Do unto others as you would have others do to you."

We say, "Remember the poor," for though to-day you may be reveling in all the luxuries that money and friends could possibly furnish, to-morrow's setting sun may find you a mendicant at the door of charity. Though to-day all may seem sunshine and happiness to-morrow may bring its howling blasts, and storm clouds may well up in your path, and engulph you in their vortex.

Give a thought and care for the poor. Go to work and search them out in your own immediate neighborhood, and give them such relief as may be in your power, and you will feel much happier and better for having furthered the ends of charity, by the performance of a kind action towards your poorer neighbors. Commence your good deeds early, and wait not until exposure and want shall have laid low the manly forms of those whom the Father of All recognizes as His children, and loves them with a parent's love.—*Philadelphia Commonwealth.*

☞ Mrs. Rebecca Cutwright died in Upshur county, Va., not long since, at the age of one hundred and six years. An obituary of her says:

She was the first white woman who settled in the valley of the Buckhannon river, coming to Western Virginia when quite young and living with her husband in a hollow tree, at the mouth of Turkey run, in what is now Upshur county. The deceased retained all her faculties in vigor until the close of her long and eventful life, and on the morning of her decease was caressing one of her great grand children, when, feeling weary, she requested the child "to be quiet, while granny would lie down and sleep." The venerable old lady then lay down upon her bed and "slept the sleep that knows no waking." Her descendants number between four and five hundred.

LOVE OF FAIR PLAY.—Strolling leisurely about Uncle Sam's big shipyard, in Washington, the other day, we observed a regular hard-weather sailor-looking chap from a man-o'-war, who, in turn, was watching two men dragging a seven foot cross-cut saw through a huge live oak log. The saw was dull, the log terrible hard, and there they went—see saw, see saw,—pull, push, push, pull. Jack studied the matter over awhile, until he came to the conclusion they were pulling to see who would get the saw, and as one was a monstrous big chap, while the other was a little fellow, Jack decided to see fair play; so giving the big one a clip under the ear that capsized him end over end, he jerked the saw out of the log, and giving it to the small one, sung out—

"Now run, you beggar!"

A NEW DISCOVERY IN LIGHT.—A new discovery in light is about to be introduced, which, if it realizes the averments of the patentees, will revolutionize all our existing methods of illumination. It was first publicly exhibited during the visit of the queen to Cherbourg, while her majesty was passing at night from her own ship to that of the emperor.

The raw material may be a cheap gas, made from the commonest meterials, and the increase of brilliancy is obtained by passing through a new medium which is alleged to have all the advantages of lime without its destructibility. The calculations put forth are that a light equal to that of 500 street lamps and lasting 12 hours can be obtained at a cost equal to 87½ cents, or 3s. 6d. sterling, while for domestic purposes one jet equaling in effect 18 pounds of candles, and costing only 4d. (8 cents) for 12 hours, will give a light fully equal to 3 argand lamps, and double that of any ordinary gas burner.

It is asserted also that the requisite apparatus is cheap, perfectly portable and capable of being managed even by a child—that the light is free from smell very white, extremely pure and characterized by the property of burning steadily, continuously, and without diminution. The pattentee is Hon. E. Fitzmaurice.

They are Passing Away.

"They are passing away."—And they are passing away. As we are often made to realize the uncertainty of this existence, by being called to part with some dear friend. To-day we see a circle of friends in perfect health, smiling along by the prospect of long life and happiness, and ignorant of the uncertainty of human life; there is no thought in for this world and the happiness in store for them. To-morrow some one of that silent messenger passes and death and one of their number with high hopes and expectations, is cut down, to be seen upon earth no more. Look upon that happy family, now seated around the home fireside: they know not the meaning of the words "care and sorrow"—will it ever be thus? Again we visit them; but now they gaze in mute despair upon the inanimate form of their darling. Death has visited that family, and taken the flower of the household, the youngest, from that little flock. Surely now they must truly realize the force of that short sentence—"They are passing away."

Come with me to the death-bed of the Christian. His family are gathered around him, and are listening for the last time to his words of instruction!—Hark! he is imploring them to put no value on the fleeting things of this world but place their trust on high. He too has passed away, and as his friends gather around his grave, and hear those solemn words, "Mingle ashes with ashes, and dust with its original dust," they feel in their inmost souls the solemnity of this truth, "They are passing away.

ALWAYS BE POLITE.—An elderly lady, passing down a busy street in New Haven, was overtaken by a sudden shower of rain. She was some distance from any acquaintance, and had no umbrella. She was deliberating what to do, when a pleasant voice beside her said,—

"Will you take my umbrella, madam?"

The speaker was a boy, perhaps ten years of age.

"Thank you," said the lady, "I am afraid you will get wet."

"Never mind me, ma'am, I'm a boy and you are a lady."

"But perhaps you will accompany me to a friend's not far off, and then I should not find it necessary to rob you."

The boy did so, received the thanks of the lady and departed.

Two years rolled by, the lady often related the circumstance, as often wondering what had become of her gentlemanly little friend, but little thinking ever to see him again. In the dull season winter this boy was out of employment, and the circumstance coming to the knowledge of this lady, she gave him a good home till March, when she introduced him to a good situation.—Verily, kindness seldom goes unrequitted.

☞ Little Frank is dead! He came when the trees were green and the flowers were blooming, and the birds were singing, and remained with us two years—two short years of almost ceaseless warbling. After we had learned to love him—learned each particular note of his little song, and looked upon him as essential to our daily pleasures, he dropped upon his little parch, and died—died while the notes of his last warble yet lingered in our ear—lingering melody never to be forgotten; for we will be reminded of his short existence, radiant with cheerfulness and music, whenever we hear his fellows of the forest trees, a remembrance slightly tinged with sadness, yet as full of happiness as was little Frank of life, and glee, and song, but a few hours agone! "Poor little Frank is dead—but don't tell the little ones just now—they loved him so!"

☞ The following bit of advice by Stephen Girard, the Philadelphia millionare, is worth remembering by those who want purchasers for their wares:

"I have always considered advertising—liberally and long—to be the great medium of success in business, and the prelude to wealth. And I have made it a rule, too, to advertise in the *dullest times*, a long experience having taught me that money thus spent is well laid out, as, by keeping my business continually before the public, it has secured me many sales that I would otherwise have lost."

COPARTNERSHIP.—A colored firm in Newark, N. J., having suffered some pecuniary embarrassments, recently closed business, and the senior member gave the following "notis" to the public:

"De disholution of coparships heretofo resisting twixt me and Moses Jones, in de barber profession, am heretofo resolved. Pussons who ose must pay de inscriber. Dem what de furm ose must call on Jones, as de furm is insolved.

LIGUE JOHNSON.

☞ The following verdict was rendered by a coroner's jury, and is now on file in the clerk's office in one of the counties of Iowa:

"We find the deceased came to his death by a visitation from God, and not by the hands of violence. We find upon the body a pocket-book, containing $2, a check on Fletcher's bank for $2-50, and two horses, a wagon and some butter, eggs and feathers.

Sympathy

Sympathy is that attribute or quality of the human mind by which we become united in the feelings or interested in the feelings or interests of others. This emotion is excited and brought into life, not only by the pains and trials of others, but also by their joys and their pleasures. When it is aroused in our bosom by the sufferings of others we are led to commiserate, to condole with, and give consolation, as far as we are able, to those in need.—In the hour of death, when we behold parted ones, for those whom they dearly and tenderly loved, it is then that our sympathies are called forth, and we are induced to administer the balm of comfort which only a sympathising heart can supply. In all cases of misery or pain this natural attribute of the heart prompts us to afford succor and relief Such acts from the satisfaction of having done right, always fully repay those who engage in them, and yield as much happiness to him who gives, as to him who is the recipient of such sympathy. It is a duty that we owe to those who suffer, not merely to sympathize with them, but let our sympathy lead to action by charity and kindness.—Monthly Offering.

BRIEF, BUT COMMON HISTORY.—I saw him first at a social party. He took but a single glass of wine, and that at the request of a young lady with whom he conversed.

I saw him next, when he supposed he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy the slight desire formed by his social indulgence. He thought there was no danger.

I saw him again with those of his own age, meeting at night, to spend a short time in convivial pleasure. He said it was only innocent amusement.

I met him next, late in the evening, in the street unable to reach home. I took him thither. He looked ashamed when we next met.

I saw him next reeling in the street. A confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy were on his tongue. Shame was gone!

I saw him yet once more. He was pale, cold, motionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting place. In the small procession that followed every head was cast down, and seemed to shake with uncommon anguish.

His father's gray hairs were going to the grave in sorrow. His mother wept to think that she had ever given birth to such a child.

Mrs. Partington on Longevity.

"I've always noticed," said Mrs. Partington, dropping her voice to the key that people adopt when they are disposed to be philosophical or moral, "I've always noticed that every year added to a man's life has a tendency to make him older, just as a man who goes on a journey finds, as he jogs on, that every milestone brings him nearer to where he is going, and farther from where he started. I haven't got the exorbitance of feeling that I had once, and I don't believe I shall ever have it again if I live to the age of Methusaleh, which, heaven knows, I don't want to. And, speaking of long life, I haven't any desire to live longer than the breath remains in my body, if it isn't more than eighty years—I wouldn't wish to be a centurion, and the idea of surviving one's factories always gives me a disgreeable censoriousness. But whatever is to be, will be, and there is no knowing how a thing will take place till it turns out."

BRAZIL.—Brazil now occupies a very respectable position in the list of powerful nations. Her government is stable and permanent. There is considerable popular liberty, and the masses of her people are progressing rapidly in civilization. Her military and naval resources are large. She has a fleet of sixty-two vessels of war, of which thirty are fine steamers. Her navy is more efficient and larger than ours. She has a standing army of 25,000 men, and her national guard numbers 400,000.

A QUICK QUARTER.—A boy worked hard all day for a quarter; he bought apples, and took them to town and sold them on the street for a dollar he bought a sheep. The sheep brought him a lamb, and the fleece brought him another dollar. He bought another sheep. The next spring he had two lambs and a yearling sheep. The three fleeces he sold for three dollars, and bought three more sheep. He now had six, with a fair prospect. He worked there he found an opportunity, for hay, corn and oats and pasturing for his sheep. He took the choicest care of them and soon had a flock. Their wool enabled him to buy a pasture for them, and by the time he was 21 he had a fair start in life, and all from the quarter earned in one day

☞ One of the most curious facts, recently revealed by the publication of custom house tables is, that there was imported into this country last year three hundred thousand pounds of opium. Of this amount, it is estimated, from reliable data, that not more than one-tenth is used for medical purposes. The habit of eating opium is known to be spreading rabidly among lawyers, doctors, clergymen, and literary men; and enormous quantities are used by the manufactures of those poisonous liquids which are dealt out in drinks in the saloons and groceries that infest every city and village in the country.

☞ Beware of a silent dog and still water.

☞ To cure the toothache—let an emetic run over your foes.

☞ The man who lately received a lock of hair, is on the look out for a key to it.

☞ Old maids are fond of pain, but connoisseurs are averse to dates.

☞ What is that which increases the effect by diminishing the cause? A pair of snuffers.

☞ Chaff generally arises from treading on a man's corn.

☞ A man of no account—a ready-money trader.

☞ When does a man become four-handed? When he doubles his fists.

☞ Why are the inhabitants of Illinois the sickliest? Kaze they are all Ill. people.

☞ Why is a lean puppy like a man in meditation? Kaze he he is a thin cur.

☞ Advertisement by a lady on the the shady side of forty,—"Lost, a host of charms."

☞ The man who makes jokes at matrimony has probably found matrimony no joke.

☞ Come out here and I'll lick the whole of ye—as the urchin said when he saw a jar full of sugar-sticks in a candy store window on a Christmas morning.

☞ A lady being asked to waltz, gave the following sensible and appropriate answer:—"No, thank you, sir—I have hugging enough at home."

☞ An Englishman's lunch—a slice of 'am, a honion, six beggs, and a quart of hale.

☞ Among the vows that a man has to mak at Japan when he is married, is only that he will find plenty of tea and rice for his wife during her life.

☞ Mrs. Speckles says the best vegetable pill yet invented is an apple dumpling; for destroying a gnawing at the stomach it is a pill which may always be relied on.

☞ When you have quarreled with anybody, and a lawyer urges you to go to law to redress your wrongs, you may remember the dog, who said so to the cat, and then ran off with her dinner.

☞ A White Mountain guide thus philosophically explains why it is that young ladies are more venturesome on the edges of precipices than the youths of the sterner sex:—

"A gal," says he, when she gets into a ticklish place, allers expects a feller will be a holding on to her, and she does it just out o' bravery [bravado.]—But a man when he makes a fool out of himself in that way, knows he's got to stand it himself."

☞ A tasty old bachelor perpetates the following: "It is singular how pious new clothes make people. For a month after the Misses Flirt get mantillas, they are at church thres times a day. Should the women paint heaven, the wall would be all festooned with French bonnets and bocade satins."

JAPAN A PARADISE FOR OLD MAIDS.—A prominent feature of our social system is also left out by their domestic code, and that is old maids. No single women are allowed in Japan; probably because they are considered dangerous members of society. Every man is allowed one legal wife, and as many second wives as his means will permit him to support. The second wives are selected by law by the poorer classes of society, whose relatives are unable to maintain them, and the children are all adopted by the legal wife, who is the only acknowledged mother. The old rule is therefore, reversed in Japan, where, instead of a boy not knowing his own father, hundreds do not know their own mother.

☞ At St. Barthelemy, in France, an old peasant lay on his death-bed. His son went to fetch the curate, and stood knocking at his door for three hours.

"Why didn't you knock louder?" said the curate.

"I was afraid of waking you," answered the clown.

"Well, what is the matter?"

"I left father a dying, sir."

"You did? Well, he must be dead by this time!"

"O, no, sir," said the simple ton; neighbor Peter said he would amuse him till I came back."

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.—I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example and a memory that will soon rot.

I leave to my parents the rest of their lives, as much sorrow as humanty, in a feeble and decreped state, can sustain.

I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I well could bring on them.

I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness and shame, to weep over my premature death.

I give and bequeath to each of my children, poverty, ignorance, a low character, and a remembrance that their father was a monster.