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POETRY.

TRIBUTE TO AN OLD SHOE.

Adieu! adieu!
My poor old shoe!
What comfort I have had with you!
My sole companion day by day,
You've cheered and soothed my weary way!

A fond adieu!
My dear old shoe!
Most faithful friend I've found in you!
Alike midst fair or wintry weather
We've shared life pilgrimage together.

Now rent and torn,
And sadly worn,
Of every trace of beauty shorn;
The wither'd honest, heart-felt sigh
I feel that I must throw you by.

A sad adieu!
Poor worn-out shoe!
What sorry plights you've born me through!
And oh! it tears my tender heart
To think that you and I must part.

Once more, adieu!
My faithful shoe!
I never shall find the likes of you,
And I will bless your memory
For all the good you've been to me.

No other boot
Can ever suit
As you have done my crippled foot!
No other shoe can ever be
The tried, true friend you've been to me.

A last adieu!
Dear, earnest shoe!
Whatever may become of you,
Accept, dear, earnest, best of shoes,
This farewell offering of my muse.

N. Y. Editor.

YOUNG LOVE AND OLD LOVE.

Let us go, my little love,
Darting, let us go,
Hunting for the violets
Peeping through the snow.

Searching for the hyacinths
And the crocus fair,
While the tender new-born buds
Scent the morning air.

Everything seems new, my love,
Everything seems young;
Nature weaves her robes afresh,
Martin songs are sung.

Young bird lovers in the tree,
Building their first nest,
Seem to say in sweetest words:
"Young love is the best."

Sitting in the corner, love,
Old old man, and I,
In the autumn of our lives
"Nuthin's suneer sky."

We have seen the seasons pass
In their shade and glow,
Till our locks are whiter, love,
Than the driven snow.

We have seen our roses bloom,
And our roses die;
Many and many a summer time,
Darling, you and I.

After pleasure, after pain,
Talking now our rest,
Sitting in the autumn glow,
Old love seems the best!

HIS MA DECEIVES HIM.

"Give me ten cents worth of saffron, quick," said the fat boy to the groceryman, as he came in the grocery on a gallop, early one morning with no collar on, and no vest. He looked as though he had been routed out of bed in a hurry, and had jumped into his pants and boots and put on his hat and coat on a run.

"I don't keep saffron," said the groceryman, as he picked up a barrel of axe handles the boy had lip over in a hurry. "You want to go over to the drug store on the corner, if you want saffron. But what on earth is the mat—"

"At this joint the boy shot out of the door, tipping over a basket of white beans, and disappeared in the drug store. The groceryman got down on his knees on the sidewalk and scooped up the beans, occasionally looking over to the drug store, and just as he got them picked up the boy came out of the drug store and walked deliberately towards his home, as though there was no particular hurry. The groceryman looked after him, took up an axe handle, and went to the drug store, and the grocer surmised that was the trouble. Along with the boy came in a case in a barrel of sugar, and a

"What is it, a boy or girl?" said the groceryman, winking at an old lady with a shawl over her head, who was trying to hold a piece of paper over a pitcher of yeast with her thumb.

"How in blazes did you know anything about it," said the boy as he looked around in astonishment, and with some indignation. "Well, it's a girl, if you must know, and that's enough," and he looked down at the cat playing on the floor with a potato, his face a picture of dejection.

"O, don't feel bad about it," said the groceryman, as he opened the door for an old lady. "Such things are bound to occur. But take my word for it, that young one is going to have a hard life, unless you man your ways. You will be using it for a cork to a jug, or to wad a gun with the first thing your marks knows."

"I wouldn't touch the thing with the tongs," said the boy, as he rallied enough to eat some crackers and cheese. "Gosh, this cheese tastes good. I haven't had nothing to eat since morning. I have been all over this town trailing for nurses. They think a boy hasn't got any feelings. But I won't care a god darn, if a hadn't been sending me for neuralgia medicine, and bay fever snuff all winter, when she wanted to get rid of me. I have come in the room lots of times when ma and the sewing girl were at work on some flannel things, and ma would hide them in a basket and send me off after medicine. I was deceived up to about four o'clock this morning, when pa comes to my room and pulled me out of bed to go over on the west side after some old woman that knows ma and they have kept me whooping ever since. What does a boy want with a sister, unless it is a big sister. I don't want no sister that I got to hold, and rock, and hold a bottle for. This affair breaks me all up," and the boy picked the cheese out of his teeth with a silver he cut off the counter.

"Well, how does your pa take it, said the groceryman, as he charged the boy's pa with cheese, and saffron and a number of such things.

"O, pa will pull through. He wanted to boss the whole concern, and ma's share, an old woman that takes snuff, fired him into the hall. Pa's sat there on his hand sled, a perfect picture of despair and I thought it would be a kindness to play it up to him. I found the cat asleep in the bathroom, and rolled the cat up in a shawl and brought it out to pa and told him the nurse wanted him to hold the baby. It seemed to do him good to feel that he was indispensable around the house, and he took the cat on his lap as tenderly as you ever saw a mother hold an infant. Well, I got in the back hall, where pa couldn't see me, and pretty soon the cat began to wake up and stretch himself, and pa said, 'sch-sh-tooty, go to sleep now, and let pa hold it,' and pa he rocked back and forth on the hand sled and began to sing, 'by low, baby.' That settled it with the cat. Well, some cats can't stand music anyway, and the more the cat wanted to get out of the shawl the louder pa sang, and by and by I heard something rip, and yelled, 'scat, you brute,' and when I looked around the corner of the hall the cat was bracing himself against pa's vest with his two nails, and yowling, and pa fell over the sled and began to talk about the hereafter like a minister does when he gets excited in the church, and then pa picked up the sled and seemed to be looking for me or the cat, but both of us was off as scarce. Don't you think there are times when boys and cats are kind of few around their accustomed haunts? Pa don't look as though he was very smart, but he can hold a cat as well as the next man. But I am sorry for ma. She was just getting ready to go to Florida for her neuralgia, and this will part a stop to it, cause she has to stay and take care of that young one. Pa says I will have a nice time this summer pushing the baby wagon. By the great horn spoons, there has got to be a dividing line somewhere, between business and pleasure, and I strike the line at wheeling a baby. I had rather catch a string of perch than to wheel all the babies ever was. They needn't procure no baby on my account, if it is to amuse me. I don't see why babies can't be saved off unto people that need them in their business. Our folks don't need a baby any

more than you need a safe, and there are people just snagging for babies. Say, how would it be to take the baby some night and love it on some old bachelor's doorstep? If it had been a bicycle, or a breech loading shot gun, I wouldn't have cared, but a baby? Bah! It makes me tired. I'd rather have a prize package. Well, I am sorry for the horse I was driving running violently down a steep hill and over a dilapidated bridge at its foot.

As the boards of the old bridge flew up behind us, it seemed almost miraculous that we were not precipitated in the stream beneath and drowned. Arriving home and relating our narrow escape to my father he simply said to me, 'Another time hold in your horse before he starts.'

How many young men would have been saved if only in life they had said, when invited, to take the first step in wrong doing, 'No, I thank you.'

It John, at that time a clerk in the store, had only said to one of the other clerks when invited to spend the evening in a drinking saloon, 'No, I thank you,' he would not today be the inmate of an insubstantial asylum.

If James, a clerk in another store when invited to spend the evening at a gambler's table, had said, 'No, I thank you,' he would today have been perhaps an honored officer in the militia, instead of occupying a cell in the State prison.

Had William, when at school said, when his comrades suggested to him that he write his own name for some farm school and sign his father's name, 'No, I thank you, I will not do it,' he would not today be serving out a term of years in prison for having committed a forgery.

In my long and large experience as an educator of boys and young men I have noticed this, that resistance to the devil in whatever form he may suggest wrong doing to us is one sure means of success in life. Tempting with evil is always dangerous.

"Avoid the beginning of evil," is an excellent motto for every boy starting out in life.

On how many young men have endeavored, when half-way down the hill of wrong doing, to stop, but have not been able! Their own passions, appetites, lusts, and bad habits have been able! Their own passions, appetites, lusts, and bad habits have driven them rapidly down the hill to swift an irretrievable ruin.

My young friend, stop before you begin to go down hill, learn now to say to all invitations to wrong doing, from whatever source they may come, "No, I thank you," and in your old age, glory-crowned, you will thank me for this advice.

WATCH YOUR NEIGHBORS.

Watch your neighbors; don't give them a chance to move without your seeing them; if you do, they might do something wrong and you not know about it. To be sure, you never know of them doing anything very wrong, but they might have if you had not watched them. And if you see anything that is not right, be sure and tell everybody you know all about it. Don't give them a chance to redeem their failings, and if possible make all your actions and look after that it was a great deal worse than you are describing for the blacker you make your neighbor's character the more conscious you will feel of your own spotless virtue. Of course you never did anything wrong, or if you did, you were smart enough not to let other people find it out; (that is, you think you were), and so it is your duty to make the most out of your neighbor's weakness, and that will warn other people to be careful and keep a mask over their sins and failings, and the worse the story you have to tell the faster it will spread. It is said there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, but if it ever happened here, the world would surely come to an end. So keep talking about everything wrong you see, and try to see all you can. It does not matter if you neglect your own duties; they are comparatively little importance, and that will help some one else to keep the talking going; for then they will have something to say about you. So, it's your neighbors you must watch, and not yourselves.

Phila. News: "Woman's rights" exclaimed a Philadelphia man when the subject was bronched, "What more rights do they want? My wife bosses me; our daughter bosses us both, and the servant girl bosses the whole family. It's time the men were allowed some rights."

"No, young man, it doesn't hurt you a particle to sow your wild oats. Go ahead and sow all you wish. But it's the gathering in of the crop that will make you howl. And you will have to gather it, too. If you don't it gathers you in, and one is a cat deal worse than the other."

STOP BEFORE YOU BEGIN.

Success depends as much on not doing as upon doing; in other words, "stop before you begin," has saved many a boy from ruin.

When quints a young lad I came very near losing my own life and that of my mother by the horse I was driving running violently down a steep hill and over a dilapidated bridge at its foot.

As the boards of the old bridge flew up behind us, it seemed almost miraculous that we were not precipitated in the stream beneath and drowned. Arriving home and relating our narrow escape to my father he simply said to me, 'Another time hold in your horse before he starts.'

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WORDS OF WISDOM.

It is better wear out than to rust out.

True wisdom, in general, consists in energetic determination.

There is a certain dignity to be kept up in pleasure as in business.

Justice is the beginning of political equality, but brotherly love is the completion of it.

Character is bigger than intellect.

Nature has written a letter of credit on each man's face which is honored everywhere it is presented.

Never be cast down by failure. It is a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again.

Men who think for themselves do not believe quite so much as those who take what they have from heaven; but they are apt to be a better quality of faith.

JOSEPH BILLINGS ON CHARITY.

Joseph Billings thinks the charity of the world is a commotion, and he gives it up. "Ood cold, snowy storm, non this winter, he says a thin old man living to sell a couple of lead pencils at the chairs of an elevated railway station, exploring each passer-by to purchase, as he was starving. Seven passed without buying. 'Shy' was eighth, and he bought them and passed on to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Sam, having an errand at the Gilsey house, he thought he would try his luck with pencils on the way. He took the two he had bought, pulled his coat a little up and hat down, and set out in the dark. At Twenty-fourth street he stopped a three-colored-looking pedestrian with:

"These buy me two pencils for my mathematics. I've starved. I have nothing to eat for 24 hours, etc." The man pushed him aside, saying gruffly: "I can buy three for a quarter down street," and went on. Three others being appealed to did not do the same. At last he slumped into the Gilsey House and tried the jelly on a man at the bar who tossed him a quaffer, saying: "Take that, old man. I don't want any pencils." Then 'Shy' revealed himself and told the story of his experience as an amateur pencil-seller to the great amusement of the assembled company.

When the short man begged the tall woman for a kiss, she stooped to concur.

A clergyman in the vicinity of Hartford, advertised for his enthusiastic church members to sit the other six hundred on fire.

It is said that a Wisconsin woman was cured of dyspepsia by falling into a river. Falling into a river—and not getting out again—is a sure cure for any disease.

Don't be too anxious to solve a conundrum. We know a man who got two black eyes in endeavoring to find out the difference between a man and woman, who were fighting.

A little boy, who had snatched from his sister the half of an apple which his mother had divided between them, justified his action by saying that she always taught him to take his sister's part.

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