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Poetry.

[From the Signet and Journal.]

Our friend, General A. C. Garlington, furnishes the beautiful lines on "Life—its Types." In sweet cadence they are not behind the "Summer Rose" of Richard Henry Wilde.

LIFE—ITS TYPES.

BY GEN. A. C. GARLINGTON.

The blushing Rose, at early morn,
In dewy freshness greets the eye;
But ere another day shall dawn,
Its drooping leaves will fade and die.

The glowing Clouds that skirt the sky,
Along the track of parting day,
With rapture fill the gazer's eye,—
How soon to melt and pass away!

The queenly Moon, through starry skies,
With silvery train leads on her way;
When from her couch Aurora hies,
She flees before the brighter day.

But sweet Spring-time will come again,—
The rose again will lift its head,
And, 'neath the genial sun and rain,
Will bloom as if 'twere never dead.

The bright Sun, too, will rise again,
And shed his beams of golden light
To gild the clouds, and hill and plain,
As though they ne'er were hid from sight.

And the Moon's sweet face, seen from afar,
Will shine again o'er land and sea,
As on she moves, from star to star,
In robes of light and majesty.

Thus life is chequered o'er its way
With flitting shades of dark and light—
The lesser and the brighter ray,—
A shifting scene of day and night.

The blushing Rose, the Moon, the Cloud—
Fit types of mortals here below;
The smile, the sigh, the tear, the shroud—
And then to mother Earth they go.

But another scene will open soon,
Where neither eve nor night shall be;
And a glorious and Cloudless noon
Will shine throughout eternity.

Selected Story.

[From the Cincinnati Monthly.]

John Stephen's Pericardium.

"Now I am going to tell you just what my husband said to me this morning, Doctor, word for word," and the invalid, Mrs. Stephens, lay back again on the sofa pillows, the very picture of misery. The family physician, who was called on an average to the Stephens mansion three hundred and sixty times a year, drew a chair to the couch and waited quietly for his patient to open her book of complaints.

"Last night, you see, Doctor, I had an ill turn, and he wanted to come for you; but when I got so he dared leave me, he concluded then we'd better let you sleep."

"Much obliged to him, said the Doctor, with a little sarcastic emphasis on the personal pronoun.—"Last night was the first undisturbed night's rest I have had for a week."

Mrs. Stephens continued: "This spell was the same I had the last time you were sent for, Doctor—"

"A slight nervous attack," broke in the physician, "nothing more."

"Well, it don't make any difference what you call it, it was mighty hard to bear; but let me tell you what my husband said first, Doctor, before we go into symptoms. When he was going down to breakfast, he says to me, "Kate, what shall I send you up?"

"Says I, 'I don't want anything in the world but a good, strong cup of tea. Tell Bridget to send it up in the little tea pot.' I saw, Doctor, that he didn't move after I said this, so I turned and looked up at him, and such a picture of rage and disgust I never saw in my life. Finally says he, 'Tea! tea! tea! its nothing but tea from morning till night. Kate,' says he 'you are the color of a Chinaman now. Why don't you order a good piece of beefsteak, and a slice of brown-bread, and a cup of chocolate; that would be a sensible breakfast?

"But, John,' says I, 'you forget that I am sick and have no appetite.' I was all ready to cry, but I was determined that he shouldn't have the satisfaction of seeing the tears fall.

"Forget,' says he; 'forget? I wish to Heaven I could forget! Its nothing but grunt and groan from one year's end to another! I have lost all patience with you,' says he. 'When we lived in part of a house, and you did your own housework, you were as well and happy as anybody, and no man ever had a pleasanter little home than John Stephens; but what have I now to leave or come back to?' and this, Doctor, is what he ended up with,—

"'Kate,' says he, 'you are nothing more or less than a drunkard! and in the sight of God, more culpable than most of the men who stagger through the streets; because the majority of those poor devils have some excuse for their conduct, and you haven't the slightest. You have a luxurious home, a husband doing his level best to make you happy—every thing under the light of the sun to please you, and yet you will persist in swilling tea.' Yes, Doctor, swilling was the word he used—boo! hoo! hoo! Oh dear me! to think I should ever have lived to hear such dreadful language out of my husband's mouth; and then, says he—'and making me as miserable a wretch as walks the earth.'"

"Pretty plain talk," interrupted the Doctor, with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

"Oh yes," sobbed the victim, "and so awfully coarse and unkind. If I had had a spell, and died there before his very face, I don't believe he would have cared a snap of his finger. I tell you, Doctor Ellis, there is such a thing as a man becoming hardened."

"Evidently," replied the physician with a laconicism absolutely painful.

"But my husband has nothing in the world to trouble him but just my poor health; and I am sure I can't help that." This remark was more in answer to her companion's tone and manner, than the one single word that had accidently escaped his lips, and this the Doctor felt.

"Anybody would think by the way he goes on," continued the irate woman "that I enjoyed myself with spasms and cramps, and fainting fits. Anybody would think it was a pleasure to me to feel, every time I see a funeral procession, as if the hearse was going to stop at our door next. Oh yes, such a life is very enjoyable, very, indeed."

Doctor Ellis took no notice of these last words; the man's eyes grew luminous, and his whole face declared that he considered himself master of the situation; and if Mrs. Stephens had not been so entirely taken up with her own ailments, mental and physical, that honest face would have betrayed him.

"You say," he began, settling himself in the large easy chair, and assuming a strictly professional air, "that your husband has nothing to trouble him but your health; how do you know that, Mrs. Stephens?

"How? Why, how do I know anything? By the evidence of my senses. Don't I know that John Stephens has a splendid business that looks after itself, a magnificent income, and money enough to live on the bare interest, as well as a family need to live, if he never entered his office again while he has breath?"

"But money isn't everything, Mrs. Stephens," proceeded the physician, with a calmness almost mephistophelian. "There are other troubles beside money troubles. How about health, madam?

"Health?" repeated the lady with a smile she intended to be sarcastic to the last degree. "Health? Doctor Ellis! Why, there isn't a healthier or sounder man than my husband in the whole United States. He eats more in one meal than I do in three months."

"There is nothing the matter with your husband's stomach, Mrs. Stephens." Dr. Ellis shaded his face with his hand, and waited farther developments. Mrs. Stephens mistook this attempt at forced concealment for emotion, and immediately assumed a sitting posture, brushed her hair away from her forehead, and looked piercingly into her companion's face.

"Why do you accent the word 'stomach' so strongly, Doctor Ellis!" she inquired in anxious tones. Mrs. Stephens was forgetting herself, and this the Doctor hailed as an excellent omen.

"Only that I might make you understand that a man's digestion could be most unexceptionable, and yet he be far from being sound in other directions."

"Then you mean to tell me that my husband is sick?"

"I do."

"Perhaps you will still go further, and say dangerously?"

"If you desire it."

"Oh, Doctor Ellis, how cold and unfeeling you are! I should think you ought to know by this time,"—and just here Mrs. Stephens broke down entirely, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Ought to know what, Mrs. Stephens?" inquired the Doctor, with uncalled-for deliberation.

"You ought to know—to know—that my—my husband's health and life are of a good deal more consequence to me than my own."

"Ah, indeed," interrupted the physician, with an elevation of his bushy eyebrows, immensely suggestive of a contrary opinion, as well as several excellent reasons for said opinion.

"Doctor Ellis, will you be so kind as to tell me what's the matter with my husband?"

Mrs. Stephens was now on her feet—tears all wiped away, eyes flashing with a resentful spirit, and only a little quiver of the lip, to show how deep a wound the kind heart in her bosom had sustained. There she stood, reproachful, defiant, determined, womanly. The Doctor was delighted, and such an honest face it was that he carried round with him from door to door, from sunrise to sunset, every day in the year, that it was a mighty hard matter to keep it from a betrayal of the whole purpose.

"Mrs. Stephens," said he, "you have no cause to be alarmed. If I can only get your co-operation in the business, I feel certain that I shall be able to make a well man of your husband in a few months, at the longest; but as true as I sit here before you, I cannot do this alone."

"Why have I not been informed of this before?" broke in Mrs. Stephens, imperiously.

"Who was there to inform you, madam? Your husband does not know his condition, and I should really like to be told when you have been sufficiently calm to hear all that was necessary for you to know."

"But, Doctor Ellis, I should think you ought to have understood that my own health and comfort are nothing, compared to my husband's." Mrs. Stephens was weeping again. "There is no sacrifice I would not make for him."

"Curious creatures," muttered the Doctor; "delightful bundles of contradictions! How the mischief was I to know, Mrs. Stephens, how much you care for your husband? I am sure you spent the last half hour complaining about him. Is that the way women generally testify their regard for their husbands?"

"Oh, don't, Doctor Ellis, please don't," pleaded the terrified woman. "I will never complain again—never—if you will only let me know what I can do for him. Do you know, Doctor, I had begun to think lately that something must be amiss with him, he was growing so irritable. Poor dear! how wicked and thoughtless I have been."

"This, then, is the trouble. I shall take it for granted, Madam, that you know something about physiology, and can follow me without difficulty?"

"Oh, yes—yes, for mercy's sake, go on."

"Very well, I find that the pericardium—"

"The pericardium?" repeated Mrs. Stephens.

"You know what that is."

Evidently Mrs. Stephens' anatomical knowledge was limited. She shook her head in despair. "Something about the heart, isn't it?" she asked at last.

"Yes, the pericardium is the membranous sac that holds the heart. Well, sometimes this sac—it is no matter about particulars, Mrs. Stephens," and Doctor Ellis suddenly came to a stand still.

"It is enough, though, for me to say that we are both passably anxious that this heart should remain where it belongs. Mr. Stephens must be amused. He wants the opera, the lecture, the social circle, entertaining books—a happy home—music. You play and sing, do you not, Mrs. Stephens?"

"Oh yes—I used to," and Mrs. Stephens' tones were so pitiful now, that big Doctor Ellis really was obliged to wipe both his eyes and his nose. Before he was aware, the lachrymal duct had got the upper hand. "Well, try it again; get a teacher, and go to practicing."

"But how am I going to manage my spasms?" sobbed the lady.

"Well, perhaps between us both—you using your will power, and thinking of your husband, going out with him, and taking care of him—and I doing my best in my way, we may be able to subdue them; but you must remember this, madam—do not let Mr. Stephens have the faintest suspicion that you think anything is the matter with him; and above all, do not treat him like an invalid. Just amuse him, and all that, just as you used to when you were first married.

Another series of sobs from Mrs. Stephens.

The Doctor arose to go. His patient had entirely forgotten that he had left no prescription.

"About tea, Doctor?" she asked, as he prepared to leave. "Do you think it very hurtful?"

"As an occasional tonic, I have no objections to tea; but as a daily beverage, madam, it is an invention of the devil. Good morning."

John Stephens sought his home that evening with a heavy heart.—He believed his wife a confirmed invalid, or hypocondriac—it mattered little which; one was as bad as the other. His remonstrances and pleadings had proved of no avail; he was doubtful even, whether his wife loved him. He opened the door softly with his latch-key. This had become habitual; seldom did the gentleman show himself to his wife until after the dinner bell had summoned the family to the dining room.

A strain of music met him on the very threshold. Abt's beautiful song was being rendered, and his wife was the musician. He was just in time to hear—

"The eyes that cannot weep
Are the saddest eyes of all."

For a full year this charming voice had been silent as the grave.

"Company, perhaps," he muttered. Curiosity overcame him. He opened the parlor door and peeped in. Mrs. John Stephens, all alone, and becomingly attired, was as enthusiastic over the rendition of a piece of music as he had ever seen her.

"What does this mean," Kate, he asked, with outstretched arms.

"That I have given up tea, and am going to try hard and be well! I guess my voice will all come back, John."

"I guess so," replied he, folding her close to his heart.

Three months after this, the cure was so radical that Doctor Ellis made a clean breast of the whole thing; and there is no word or set of words that can provoke so hearty a laugh in the happy home of the Stephens' as this physiologically scientific one—

Pericardium.

Miscellaneous.

A SOUTH AFRICAN ADVENTURE.

It was on the afternoon of one of the hottest days of an African summer that I left my farm to ascend the Draakensburg Mountain, for the purpose of finding, if possible, an eland—a species of antelope— to replenish my larder for the coming Christmas. I was at the time living alone in a glen formed by two spurs of the mountain, with but few neighbors, and no town within fifty miles; but my Kaffres had become sufficiently civilized to understand that Christmas-time meant unlimited eating, and I wished, by providing game, to save an ox. I had only five or six miles to go, and was well mounted; so I did not hurry, but, leading my horse up the steep pass, reached the place where I intended to sleep, just as the sun was setting.

The scene around, though quite different from our ideas of what it should be in December, was very beautiful. There was no snow, no leafless trees with their delicate tracery set off by the glittering hoar-frost, nor dark green firs bending under their white load; but still there was enough to keep me standing, forgetful of fire-wood and all I had to do for my comfort during the night.

I was on a narrow ledge of rock, separated from the network of hills beyond, by a deep, perpendicular gorge, at the bottom of which, so low down that I could hardly distinguish it, ran a little burn. The setting sun gave the peaks that rich purple hue seldom seen away from heather; and on the other side, as far as the eye could reach, lay the thorn-covered flats and hills of Natal.

Under the rock was a large cave, where I had determined to sleep.—It had in olden times been a regular resort of the Bushmen, but few came near it now—indeed, I had not known they came at all, but on going in, I found some calabashes, and the ashes of a newly-made fire, that could have been left only by them. There were other marks on the walls, though evidently of great antiquity: rude sketches and drawings of cattle, horses, bows and arrows, and even of a Bushman riding. It is most curious that a race so low down in the scale of humanity that their language contains only a few unpronounceable clicks, and who, with the exception of fire, in their mode of life differ but little from the ape, should have learned to do this. It may be that it is a remnant of an old sign-language, or the last relic of some former civilization. It was a full moon, and, after admiring the wonderful lights and shadows thrown by it on the broken ground, I turned in and slept till near daylight.

As soon as I could see, I started to hunt. Much to my annoyance at the time, though I had afterward cause to be thankful that my horse was spared such a gallop as riding down an eland entails, I could find nothing, and could tell by the spoors that no herd had been about for some days. It was nearly noon before I became convinced of this; and tempted by the shade of a line of tree ferns, edging a little brook whose bubble sounded refreshingly amid the great heat, I took my saddle off, knee-haltered Prince, and lay down. Of course, I soon dozed off, but became awake in a couple of hours—I say 'became awake,' because it was not the natural rousing up of a person who has been asleep, but a sudden return to consciousness, without any movement, and with all my wits about me, and that inward feeling, which perhaps some of my readers may have experienced, of something being wrong, and a tension of all the powers of hearing to discover what it is. I had not long to wait; whiz came a tiny arrow, striking the stone on which my head had been resting, and where my cap still was. It did not require much thinking to know that a Bushman's hand held the bow it had come from, nor to determine that the best thing for me to do was to roll quietly into the bed of the little brook below me. Luckily this would afford good shelter, and I could almost reach the edge with my hand.

The tremendous violence with which these streams come down from the hills during the heavy thunder-storms, wears a deep passage even in the hardest ground; and, though there was only about an inch of water, and it was not a yard broad, the banks were to the full four feet high. Leaving my cap where it was, I rolled over as quietly as I could; but just as I was disappearing, another arrow came and struck me in the thigh, the only part not yet in safety. It took all my self-control to continue my movements as before until I stood crouching at the bottom, "Why," the reader may exclaim, "the pain of such a tiny arrow could not be so very great!" No, neither is the bite of a snake in itself; yet of the two the latter is the least to be dreaded. It was poisoned with that deadly skill for which the whole tribe is famous; and, as I stood below, I knew I had little chance of seeing another sunrise.

However, with that self help that men who lead a solitary life acquire, I instantly drew my hunting knife ripped up the trousers, and with a steady hand cut out the arrow-head, not sparing myself. I then took my flask and poured powder into the wound, and gently striking a match, set fire to it. That done, I took off my belt, and using my full force, strapped it a little above, as tight as it would go.

I do not think that in doing all this I had any hope of saving my life; there was only a sort of feeling that I was doing my duty. The pain was not very great, and my chief thought was for vengeance on the malignant creature, that I looked on as my murderer. I rightly imagined he was not aware of his success. No doubt he thought he had missed me, and that I was still lying asleep—in proof of which I soon heard the whiz of another arrow striking above. Moving down about a yard, to where the overhanging ferns would conceal me, I quietly raised my head; the ground was slightly rising, and I could see around for some distance. There was my horse unconsciously grazing away, but the grass was too long for me to see my enemy's whereabouts. I, however, guessed that he would try and get between us; and so I waited, watching and grasping my rifle.

Ten minutes passed in silence, and then I fancied that the grass was moving unnaturally. In another second, a hand and bow appeared; I heard a little twang, and saw the tiny messenger of death again pierce the spot where I had been. I kept myself from firing, though I covered the place. Surely he would become impatient, and give me a better opportunity. Another ten minutes, and suddenly, in a different spot, which commanded a better view of my cap, a little black head peered over the grass. It was enough; I fired, a shrill shriek and a spasmodic spring into the air told me that I had nothing more to fear.

Getting out as quickly as possible, I dragged myself—for the limb was now much swollen, and becoming more and more painful—to my saddle, where I carried in a little bottle some *eau de luce* for snake bites, and poured out a large dose. After taking it, I caught my horse, saddled it, and picking up two of the arrows, went to have a look at the dead Bushman. He was scarcely over four feet high, with arms so long and thin as to reach deformity, short and bow-kneed legs supporting a little round body—he had evidently not been starving lately—and features so closely resembling those of an intelligent ape, that, had there been a tail, no one would have thought twice about the matter. I did not remain long; there was no time to lose, so, taking his bow, I mounted, and putting my horse at his best pace, started on my long ride. I knew perfectly well that the only chance, such as it was, of saving my life depended on my reaching Ladysmith that night, and obtaining medical assistance. The distance was fully sixty miles, and with but one exception, there was nothing but Dutch *boers'* houses on the road, whence I could not hope for any help. For the first twenty miles I kept steadily on my way, though the agony was dreadful, and I could hardly sit my horse. I then reached an Englishman's farm, pulled up, told my story, and asked for spirits to keep my strength up, and the loan of a fresh horse. I shall not easily forget his wife's scared look as she came out and saw me by the light of her flickering candle. I suppose I must have seemed half mad. They brought me out a full bottle of whisky and a tumbler, which I filled and drank off neat; but they had not got a horse "up." They were, he said, all running, and it would take hours to find them. So I started again. I do not remember much more of that wild, moonlight ride; I became drowsy and half delirious, just retaining sense enough to go straight. How I did it, I do not know, as for the greater part of the way there was no road, and even in daylight and with nothing the matter, I should have hesitated in more than one place. However, Providence or instinct guided me right; and, as I was afterwards told—for I remember nothing about it—I reached the town at one A. M.—just eleven hours after I had left.—I had finished the whisky on the road, and it was to that the doctor ascribed my ultimate recovery.—For nine days I was in a high fever and delirious, and it was more than six weeks before I got up; and for years afterward the wound did not heal. Even to the present day it occasionally bursts out afresh, and will probably continue to do so to the end of my existence.

A QUAINT ESSAY ON DOGS.—The following essay on dogs was written by a small New England boy last summer: "As this is the tale of a dog, it may be inferred that every dog has a tail, and that every tail has a dog. I have never seen a dog's tail run over two feet, but the tale of a dog can be of any length, and two feet always run under the tail. As every dog has its tail, and every tail its dog, so also has every tail its wag and every wag his tale. A dog can wag his tail one day out of two, but a wag can tell his tale eight days out of a week, making a total difference between the wag of a tail and the tale of a wag of two days, seven wags and a tail. Mr. Shakspeare (late of England), says that every dog has his day, but it can also be said that every day has its dog, so that we have day-dogs and dog-days—dog-days are twenty-four hours long without the tail, but day-dogs and watch-dogs run to any length if they are not chained. A watch-dog on land is the same as a watch-dog on ship-board, but they are entirely different from dogging a man's watch or watching a man's dog. I have often seen a star fish, but I never heard of a star dog, although astronomers do say there is a dog-star, and that by falling down over a dog you can see stars, but this double vision does not affect the measurement of a dog; he contains just eight feet, two fore and two hind. There are many ways in which this dog's tale could be drawn out, but a good, healthy dog's tail should not be over six inches long."

Sidney Smith's description of himself in eighteen hundred and forty-four:

"I am seventy-four years of age, and being Canon of St. Paul's in London, and a rector of a parish in the country, my time is divided equally between town and country. I am living among the best society in the metropolis, and at ease in my circumstances; in tolerable health, a mild whig, a tolerating churchman, and much given to talking, laughing and noise. I dine with the rich in London, and physic the poor in the country—passing from the sauces of Dives to the sores of Lazarus. I am, upon the whole, a happy man; have found the world an entertaining world, and am thankful to Providence for the part allotted to me in it."

BEAUTIFUL FEET.—"What ugly feet!" said a little girl, pointing from a window to a Band of Hope girl, about her own age, who was passing. To her supprise her mother answered:

"I think Caroline has the most beautiful feet of any girl in the village."

"Why, mother! Just look at them!" she replied.

Then her mother said;

"'Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,
Through summer's heat and winter's snow.'"

He that does evil that good may come, pays a toll to the devil to let him into heaven.

A cool request—drink to me only with thine.

BUSINESS LAW.

The following brief recapitulation of business law is worth a careful preservation, as it contains the essence of a large amount of legal verbiage:

It is not legally necessary, to say on a note "for value received."

A note made on Sunday is void.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

A note made by a minor is voidable.

A contract made with a lunatic is void.

A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected.

If a note is lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay it if the consideration for which it was given can be proven.

An endorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with a notice of dishonor within twenty four hours of its nonpayment.

Notes bear interest only when so stated. Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.

Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.

The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without consideration is void.

Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money is not always conclusive.

The acts of one partner bind all the rest.

BE ECONOMICAL.—Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out, you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a large barn, where there are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage; and drop by drop the rain comes in the chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than the blanket will reach or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing, never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember that it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

ORIGIN OF AN OLD PROVERB.—The following account of the saying, "those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones," is interesting. At the union of England and Scotland (in 1707, we believe), great numbers of Scotchmen flocked to London. Buckingham hated the Scotch bitterly, and encouraged marauders to break the windows of houses occupied by them. Some of the sufferers retaliated by breaking the windows of the Duke's house, which had so many that it was called the "Glass House." The Duke complained to the king, and the monarch replied, "Ah, Steenie, Steenie! those wha live in glass housen' should be careful how they fling stanes."

A political orator, speaking of a certain general whom he professed to admire, said that on the field of battle he was always found where the bullets were thickest. "Where was that?" asked one of his auditors. "In the ammunition wagon,' yelled another.

"If this jury convicts my client," said a Missouri lawyer, rolling up his sleeves and displaying his ponderous fists, "I shall feel compelled to meet each one and hammer justice into his soul through his head.' Verdict of not guilty.

"I never shot a bird in my life," said a friend to an Irishman, who replied, "I never shot anything in the shape of a bird but a squirrel, which I killed with a stone, when it fell into the river and got drowned."

Why even the editors of newspapers advertise in them. Do you not see it every fall? "Wood wanted at this office." "Potatoes taken in payment for the *Chronicle*.—Apply to the editor."

Prayer is the voice of faith at mercy's door.

WACKUP'S IRONING.

Mr. Wackup, a married man of Bridgeport, quit work early the other afternoon, and went home to fix up for the purpose of spending the evening—or rather half the night—with a number of his friends. He found his wife lying upon a lounge enjoying a sick headache, but he couldn't find a clean shirt. Mrs. Wackup said his shirts were washed, but not ironed, and she was too ill to do it, and it was the girls afternoon out. A shade of disappointment clouded his brow, and rushing into the kitchen, he slammed the door with much earnestness, and fortunately found an iron on the range, nice and hot. Then he dived into the basket of dampened clothes, and found one of his shirts at the bottom, just as he expected.

He spread the garment out on a table without first removing the oil-cloth cover, and hurriedly consulted his watch. Then he couldn't find the iron holder, and substituted his pocket handkerchief, and after burning four of his fingers, and breaking one of the commandments, he landed the hot iron on his shirt bosom. He thought the garment had a strange look, but supposed it would assume its proper shape when ironed, and he shoved the iron up and down like a jack-plain. The labor seemed so easy that he mentally said he had a mind to follow the business for a living. Then he undertook to turn his shirt, and just because it adhered to the glazed table-cover, he gave it a violent jerk, adding at least six inches more to the split in the back.

Then he noticed for the first time that he had set the hot iron on the tail of his garment, and scorched a hole in it as large as his hand, and in his haste to remove the smoothing machine he neglected to use the holder, and dropped the hot fraud on his choice toe; and when Mrs. Wackup who was startled by the intensity of his language, entered the kitchen holding her head with both hands, she discovered her husband hopping about the room on one foot, and clasping the other with both his hands. The sympathy that Mrs. Wackup tendered was not of a nature that her blistered husband yearned for just at that particular moment. She placed her arms akimbo and indignantly observed:

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you old fool! dancing the can-can around here, and your poor wife nearly dead, too! And"—here her eyes rested upon the wreck on the table—"and if the old idiot hasn't gone and ruined my best chemise! O, the—the—." Wackup didn't tarry to hear his infuriated better-half finish the sentence, but adroitly dodged the broom-handle, and limped out of the room and up stairs to bed without his supper. The next morning he told his friends that the reason he failed to keep his engagement, he was suddenly attacked with the cholera morbus at the supper table, and liked to have died during the night.

In Plymouth Church, Sunday morning, Mr. Beecher refused to give a notice in the following characteristic and Beecher-like manner. He said: "I am requested to give a notice which puts me in a little difficulty; I don't want to, and I do want to. Amaranth Dramatic Association wish to give a benefit, in the Academy of Music, next Saturday evening. They wish to pay all the expenses themselves, and give all the receipts to the poor of Brooklin.—Now, I want the poor to have all the money they can get, but I don't want to advertise a theatrical company, and therefore I shall not give the notice." [Great laughter.]

Man is creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of his act. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her spirit seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure, she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if ship-wrecked, her case is hopless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.—*Irving.*

Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than habit; and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit.

WHY THEY'RE GOING TO STRIKE.

A labor strike is said to be impending. The carpenters say they don't get enough to pay their board.

Shoemakers, that it takes their awl to keep them at work, and their sole dependence is often in their last job.

Painters say that they have become literally hue-ers of wood.

Upholsterers complain that hangings have gone out of fashion.

Boiler makers aver that Congress has kept the country in hot water to such a degree that they have no chance.

Blacksmiths complain that all the forging is done in Wall street, and there is no chance.

Tailors say they mean to give their costomers fits.

The hatters have kept ahead.

The gas-fitters will go in for light work.

Printers say they are tired, and can't "set up any" longer—that's what's the matter.

Bakers say they knead more, and don't like to see so many rich loafers.

Butchers complain of being asked to work at killing prices.

Candlemakers urge that wick-ed work ought to be well paid for.

Wheelwrights say that all the spokesmen in Congress voted more pay before retiring, and they expect to do as well as their felloes.

The papermakers say their business is such that it brings them to rags.

And, finally, the plumbers propose to have their customers do the work, and charge double price for superintending it themselves. Each superintendent will have three tenders, one to fill his pipe, another to hold his hat, and a third to act as substitute when he goes to "see a man."

[*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

OBITUARY OF A WESTERN EDITOR.

Ye editor sat in his rickety chair, as worried as worried could be, for ye devil was grinning before him there, and "copy" ye devil sayed he.

Oh, ye editor grabbed his big quill pen, and it sputtered ye ink so free, that his manuscript looked like a war map, when—"Take this," to the devil spake he.

He scribbled and scratched through the live-long day, no rest or refreshments had he; for the devil kept constantly coming that way, and howling for more cop-ee."

Day by day he scissored and wrote a saying the whole countree; while ye devil kept piping his single note "A little more outside cop-ee!"

And when ye boys in ye newsroom hear the sound of unequal fray, the voice of a blow and a blasphemous word, "He's raisin' the devil!" say they.

And oft when a man with a greivance came in, ye editor man to see, he'd turn his back with a word of sin—"Go talk to the devil," sayed he.

And ever and oft, when a "proof" of his work ye proprietor wanted to see, "Ye proof shall be shown by my personal clerk; you must go to the devil, said he.

And thus he was destined through all of his life, by this spirit tormented to be; in hunger and poverty, sorrow and strife, always close to ye devil was he.

Ye editor died. * * * But ye devil lived on! And the force of life's habits we see, for ye editor's breath no sooner had gone, than straight to ye devil went he.—*Ex.*

USEFUL PROVERBS.

Waste nothing—neither time, money, nor talent.

Always tell the truth; you will find it easier than lying.

He who gives a trifle meanly is far meaner than the trifle.

A heart full of grace is better than a heart full of notions.

Men looking at the faults of women should shut their eyes.

If we seize too hastily, we may have to drop as hastily.

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of our delusions.

Prosperity is a blessing to the good, but a curse to the evil.

Let everything have its place and every business its place.

Better be upright with poverty than be wicked with plenty.

The tenderest heart loves best the bold and courageous one.

He who laughs at cruelty sets his heel on the neck of religion.

Time never sits heavily upon us but when it is badly employed.

Whatever you dislike in another take care to correct in yourself.

Resolve to perform what you ought and perform what you resolve.

The stupid great man, like a clown, gets up only to tumble down.