ke as the damask rose you see,
the a brossom on a tree,
the tie sinty flower in May,
the the morning to the day,
the the norming to the day,
the the onn, or like the shade,
the te goard which Jonas had;
von an hit man, whose thread is spun,
rawn out and out, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom biasteth
the flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies.
The goard consumes, the man he dies.

Like the grass that's newly sprung, Or like a tale that's new begun. Or like the bird that's here to-day, Or like the pastied dow in May, Or like se hour, or like a span, Or like the singing of a swan;
Eyen such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended.
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is lone.

Lake to the babble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or into the sputtle in weaver's hand,
Or like the sputtle in weaver's hand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream;
Fon such is man, who lives by broath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.

The bubble's out, and look's forgot,
The shuttle is flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like to an arrow from the bow Or like swift course of water flow, Or like that time 'twixt flood and cub, Or like the spider's tender web, Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like a race, or like a goal.
Or like the dealing of a dole,
E'en such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate.
The arrow s'rot, the flood soon spent,
The time no time, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt, man's life soon don

Like to the lightning from the sky, Or like a post that quick doth his, On the a quarter in a song, Or like a journey three days long, Or like snow when summer's come, Or the the pear, or like the plum; P'es such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

THE LANDLADY OF THE GOLDEN SHEAF.

It is just forty-five years since my education was finished at Mrs. Middleton's Seminary for young ladies, the most genteel school in our part of Hamp-shire. I was 17, and the eldest of ten children. My father's farm was but a small one, held on lesse from our rich neighbor Diekson, the principal man in our parish after the Squire. He had two farms leased from him besides my father's and a large one which he tilled himself, kept a retinue of men and maids, did the best plowing, turned out the finest cattle, and made a vast deal of money by his dairy. His wife had died before I was born,

and his house was kept in prime order by the youngest of his aunts, Miss Mill-He had neither son nor daughter, but Master Harry, whom everybody thought a sensible and very handsome young man, and not half so purse-proud as his father. Being our landlord and next door neighbor, Farmer Dickson took a great deal of interest in us. He said the family was too large for my father and mother to manage without advice; that providing for them was his chief difficulty, and hearing that a distant relation of his, Mrs. Williams, landlady of the Golden Sheaf, wanted a wellbrought up girl, not as a servant, but to help in the housekeeping, they thought it might be a good situation for me.

To tell the whole truth, there was other reason for my going. Before I left school, Harry Dickson began to pay me attention. Not that I encouraged him much, but he would come after me, pleased with himself and everything and it did not please his father. The old man thought his son should look higher than a farmer's daughter, and my paracts having a good bit of pride, were just as angry when they came to know it. My father said he hoped no daughter of his would tempt a young man to disober h s father. My mother said she troped I had more spirit than to wish to marry into a family who did not think us good enough for them. Of course my father an I mother were right. I gave Harry back his ring, but it was after a good deal of crying. He swore he would never marry another, though his father should disinherit him; and to let Farmer Dickson and the whole country see that we were not set on trapping his son, it was settled that I should go to Mrs. Williams.

My father went one day to consult her, and, when all was agreeable, he took me and my trunk respectably in the London coach, which then passed through Chatford, our village, and stopped at the Golden Sheaf. For a country inn the house was large and haudeome. It had every convenience of yard and stabling, a good garden, a fine orchard, and some hundred acres of corn and meadow land. It was situated on the high-oad where Surry and Hampshire meet. The ground was high; and from the inn's upper windows one could see many a mile along the road and over the country. Stage coeches and carriers wagons stopped there; so did the country hunts and the traveling gentry, corn and cattle dealers on their way to London, farmers to and from the market town, and all who came or went spose well of the good housekeeping, the far-dealing, and the general civility of Mrs. Williams.

She was a tall, thin woman, upright, active, and still handsome, bordering on 60. Her black bair was but thinly sprinkled with gray. She had a good deal of gentlewoman in her manner, always wore a black tabnet gown, a tam-bourd spron, and a cap of Nottingham lace, which was fine enough in those times. But there was something in her look so stern and rigid that made one careful of one's doings before her. Her atory, which we had heard in private from Father Dickson, was both sad and singular. She had been brought up in one of the most respectable inns in the county of Cornwall, and married a rich farmer. He left her early a widow, with an only daughter. She managed the farm well, however, and was a prosperous woman. Her daughter grew up a beautiful girl, and the mother's heart was wrapped up in her; but the son and heir of a neighboring 'Squire in-duced her to elope with him, and mar-riage into his high family was not to be thought of. Mrs. Williams was a wo-man of high spirit, strict, and proud. It is said the poor girl never dared let it be known where she lived, for fear of her mother; she sold her house and farm, left that part of the country, bought the Golden Sheaf, and she set herself up where nobody knew of her sill, in her hand.

family or history; she had been doing

well for many a year.
Stern as she looked, Mrs. William was kind to me, and I did my best to please her. There was a good deal of novelty and life to be seen about the inn. I soon got over the parting with my mother and sisters, and was trying hard to think no more of Harry, though I had made up my mind—minds are easily made up at 17—to live unmarried, for his sake. Thus the summer wore away, the harvest passed, and the dull days of November came on. I had got accustomed to the ways of the house. Though good, it was an old one. There was the best parlor, and the best kitchen opening from it; numbers of pantries, closets and cupboards, and stairs behind the old dresser, leading right up to Mrs. Williams' own room. It was over the porch, and had windows on three sides, which gave her a view of all who came or went. Her accounts were kept there in an old-fashioned ashdesk, so were her choice recipes, and she had them for making everything.

There was a cupboard set in the thick walls, its doors not to be distinguished from the rest of the waistcot, in which Mrs. Williams kept the most rare and curious of her stores. I was once permitted to see them as a great privi-lege, for she never trusted the key to any hand but her own. There were spices and essences at the time of my story, but not common yet, old China which had been brought in by the first of the East India Company's ships; mixtures for taking out stains, powders for destroying moths, and a poison for rats, invented long ago by some of the Cornish people, and of a terrible nature, so Mrs. Williams told me, and I can remember now that the poison resembled nothing I ever saw but red pepper, an expensive luxury at that time, and kept in the cupboard also.

It may be believed that I was in great favor, for not only were her treasures shown to me, but I had tea with Mrs. Williams in the porch room every even-ing. She took kindly to me from the first, because I exerted myself to learn housekeeping, which my mother said was the principal thing for a young woman expecting to have a home of her own, and still more because I kept quiet and sober, and had no looks of levity. Nothing of that kind would have been allowed at the Golden Sheaf, inn though it was, the house being kept with the greatest propriety. There were no jokes, and very little gossiping, plenty of work, for almost everything was made at home, and a great deal of coming and Our quietest time was about the middle of November, just before the winter fairly begun. Then Mrs. Will-iams got her cattle killed, and her meat salted, and most of the servants were busy about the work in the yard and buttery.

One close, cloudy day, such as come so often at the Martinmas time, I was sitting in the best kitchen, close by the window, doing some needlework, and Mrs. Williams was in her own room, settling the accounts, for it was in the afternoon. The sound of a horse's hoofs upon the road made me look out, and there was a gentleman handsomely mounted, with a servant after him, as gentlemen did in those days. looked as if they had traveled far, and

were coming to rest at the inn. about him. He walked in not at all strange-like, and asked me in the most civil and courteous manner if Mrs. Williams lived here, and if he and his servant could have dinner. The first question was in a low tone, the second in a louder key; and before I could soswer it, Mrs. Williams came down. Judging from her look, he was quite a new-comer. I thought the gentleman glanced curiously at her at first, and then, seemingly satisfied that all was right, repeated his question about the dinner, saying that he was a stranger in that part of the country, but that he had heard so much of the Golden Sheaf that he wished to stop and dine at the

1 never saw Mrs. Williams receive any gentleman with more respect and cere-mony. She courtesied him into the best parlor, called her hostlers to help his servant with the horses, took his orders for his dinner, and set about cooking it herself, for the cook was hard at work in the buttery. My first notion was that she had discovered him to be some great person traveling in disguise, and I half-expected to be told of it. Mrs. Williams used to talk to me a good deal when we were alone in quiet afternoons; but now she went on cooking and making things without saying a word, and there was a queer, fixed look in her face, which I could not understand, but it kept me from talking. I laid down my work and rose to make the eel soup; it was one of those things for which the house was famous-a Cornwall dish, I believe-and I had been trusted with the making of it of late, to my great exultation, but now

she stopped me.
"No. Mary; finish your sewing; those linens will be wanted. I'll make the soup myself."

sewed away, wondering who the gentleman could be, and what had got over Mrs. Williams, tili, happening to look up, I missed her out of the kitchen. She had gone up to her own room, but she came oack in a minute with a paper in her hand which she shook into the soup, and then threw it into the fire.

"Il at's the red pepper; it will do now," said she, taking up a spoonful, and making believe to taste, but she did not. I stitched on for a minute or two, though my blood was running cold, and the boiling of the soup in the large, quiet kitchen sounds through my head even now. Mrs. Williams was standing at the window with her back to me. I never knew what made me do it; and, without a word or thought but that it must be done, I ran to the fire, gave the saucepan a poke, and sent the soup a blazing up the chimney. As it fizzled up, the thought of her anger came over me; I knew not what I did; but, uttering a wild cry of fear, I rushed to the nearest door, and it was the best parlor. The next thing I remember is crouching behind the gentleman who had started up and stood in the door, as Mrs. Williams came forward with two knives,

"Pooh! never mind the spilling of the soup," said he, understanding at once what I had done, which, indeed, was easily seen. "You would not be angry with the child for that; she could not help it, I dare say. I can dine with-out it. You don't know me, Mrs. Will-iams," he continued, coming a step nearer where she stood, still looking at me with a deadly chitter in her eyes.

me with a deadly glitter in her eyes.
"Don't I?" said she, I think she was
trying which one of the knives was the

"Well," said the gentleman, "you may know me to be Edward Winstanely, but you don't know that I married your daughter, and brought her home a lady. I never meant to act the villain with her. We were privately married, but while the old gentleman lived it had to be kept secret, and we knew you would not keep it. This is why I come to-day to surprise you; but you will come to Winstanely Park to give us your bless ing. You are not going to faint?"

She had staggered back against the wall, her white lips set, and her eyes growing glassy. He and I, and half a dozen of the servants whom my scream brought in, she pushed away, and with a desperate effort, darted up-stairs, and we heard her lock herself in her own room. The whole house was terribly frightened. What Mr. Winstanely thought, I do not know, but he asked me no questions, and never seemed to suspect anything about the spilled soup. We all went about our business, for work never slacked in that house on any account, and the evening's coach was expected. Just before it came, Mrs. Williams' bell rang, and the house maic' said she wanted me. When I came into the room she was setting at the desk looking like herself again, but her face was still white, and she had her long, knitted purse, full of guineas, in her hand.

"Mary," said she, "you are a good girl—take this and go home—I'll take care that you get no blame." "I want no money, madam," said I,

"but I'll go home, if you will let me, and never say a word, except to my father and mother."

She held out the purse once more, and then pointed to the door, but could say nothing; it must have been a hard pull for her proud spirit. I got out of the room as quick as I could, threw on my hat and cloak, and got into the coach as soon as it came up, leaving trunk and all behind me.

My father and mother were mightily surprised when it set me down at their door in Chatford just as the clock struck 12. They were still more astonished when I told them what had brought me home. My father first called me a brave, good girl, and then advised me not to be proud about it, because it was the work of Providence, and we were bound on all hands to keep such a story quiet about Farmer Dickson's relation. The story was kept between me and them; but my home-coming got wind, and Farmer Dickson came in a great hurry to know why Mary had left her good situation. My mother would not have reflections cast on her child, so she rold him in the parlor, and what she sa Iid don't know, because the door was fast shut; but he came out rubbing his hands and clapped me on the back, saying: "You are a fine girl, Mary, and if Harry don't finish that business, I'll make you to be Mrs. Dickson myself."

I think I have not much more to tell. Harry did finish the business. There were some people in our village that never got over the wonder of it; but I am proud to say the Dickson family did not lose by me, for, ten years after, Mrs. Williams died in her inn, and left the property in equal shares between me and her daughter, Lady Winstanely. She had never gone to the park but once, and then she would neither eat, drink, nor sleep in the house, but saw her daughter and her grandson, now heir to the estate, and then went straight back to the Golden Sheaf. She never took another girl to stay with her, and what she said about my leaving I never heard. The maids had a story among them, and they always stuck to it that I went on account of something that came down the chimney and frightened Mrs. Williams out of her senses. They said one thing that I am inclined to think might be true-that she never liked to make eel soup after, nor cared to look at red pepper.

Comparisons are Odious.

The parties in Washington who have been trying to abolish the Presidency, sent to English Minister Thornton, among others, to get his views as to the proper form of government to substitute or the present. Sir Edward replied as follows: "In reply to your letter of yesterday, I must express my regret that it is out of my power to give you the details for which you ask. It must indeed be supposed that my duties here are very light if I could find time to write what would require so much thought and labor as to the relative merits of the Government of the United States and Great Britain. The question reminds me of the phrase which 1 had to copy so often when a boy, that 'Comparisons are odious, and it would ill become her majesty's Minister to enter upon the discussion of a question which might lead to such a comparison."

Something New in Surgery.

Dr. Holmes, of Helens, Mon., recenty removed a tumor from the left side of Mr. B. F. Herrin of the size of an ordinary apple. While the operation was being performed, Mr. Herrin was reading the news in a daily paper and was not aware that the knife was being used until the tumor was placed on the table before him. The method of destroying sensibility was this: The doctor took a ball of snow, added to it a teaspoonful of table-salt, and applied this freezing mixture to the tumor until the surface was white. When the knife was used the tumor was insensible.

THE Japanese say that we are reversed. They call our penmanship "crab-writ-ing," because they say "it goes back-ward." In a Japanese stable we find the horse's flank where we look for his head. Japanese screws screw the wrong way. Their locks thrust to the left, ours to the right. A Caucasian, to injure his enemy, kills him; a Japanese kills himself to spite his foe. Which race is right?

PRINCESS LOUISE is said to have de signed the Arctic medal

COLE YOUNGER.

Painting Pails in the Minnesota State Pris on-The Transgressor's Road.

This is the home of the Younge brothers. Naturally the Northfield trio were the much sought after of the convicts yesterday. I brought up the rear of the first party to arrive, and Bob, looking up from his work, caught my eye, and with a pleasant twinkle in his own, nodded recognition, and, when I had advanced, extended his hand and asked how I had been. He seemed as indifferent as ever as he continued his work of piling up pails, remarking, "This is good exercise, you see," and smiled.

"You look fat and well," I remarked; and he does, very much so.
"Yes. I've been sick; but we have plenty to eat, and are as well treated as

could be expected." His arm is still stiff, and always will be. Cole has entirely recovered from his wounds, and even his left eye, the nerves of which were paralyzed by the passage of the ball which is lodged beneath the right eye, does not trouble him. He flads his "sublime life" in revolving pails upon a sort of spindle, and applying the first coat of white paint by a rapid process. Jim, who conversed but little yesterday, revolves a machine by which the pails are grained, while, after the bands have been painted brown by another mechanical process, at which a red-headed convict assists, Bob piles the pails up in regular tiers. They occupy the first three cells on the lower tier at the right of the main entrance, and all look as though they were stall-fed-fat enough to kill. Sheriff Barton was o the party yesterday, and the prisoners seemed right glad to see their big-hearted guardian when first captured. The Captain wears a heavy gold chain, a present from Miss Henrietta Younger, received not long since. It was formerly the property of Col. Younger, the father of the boys, and is a token now of the kindness on his part to both sons and daughter.

Cole seems more depressed than when I last talked to him, just before sentence was pronounced at Faribault. He appreciates that he is to a great extent the cause of the punishment that is inflicted upon his brothers, since he led them into a course of unparalleled crime.—

Minneapolis Tribune.

The Peruvian Way of Electing a President.

[Minister Richard Gibbs' Letter to Secretary Fis I have the honor to inform you that the election for President of the Republie commenced on Sunday, the 17th of October, and, by law, snpposed to continue for eight days, is virtually over, Gen. Mariano Ignacio Prado being the successful candidate. It is difficult to understand the politics of the country, except by a long residence; there does not appear to be any particular principles at stake, nor, as in our country, party platform, but merely personal ambition. The two candidates were Gen. Mariano Ignacio Prado, who had filled the Presidential chair previously during the years 1866-'67, being placed in power by a revolution in December, 1865, and ousted by another in January, 1868, and Rear Admiral Lizardo Montero. Mr. Prado is supposed to have been sustained by the party in power to-day, Rear Admiral Lizardo Montero being the candidate of the apposition From what I could observe during my short residence here since my arrival, I should judge that the adherents of Prado were more numerous in the higher classes, and composed of the more respectable part of the population. To an American citizen, the elections are decided more by force than by suffrage, The tables or polling-booths are placed in open spaces or squares, one in each parish, and the party who takes the booth and holds it is the successful one. It is well known that both parties had been arming for some time past; conflicts had been numerous and frequent between the clubs of the rival candidates, causing bloodshed and death. As the day of the taking of the booths approached, fears were en-tertained of a bloody strife, and great alarm existed among all classes. On the afternoon of the 16th, all stores were closed, and the streets nearly deserted, the various clubs were formed, armed, and placed in buildings near the polling tables, to begin the strife during the night, so as to have them by daylight. About midnight firing could be heard in various parts of the city, which lasted until about 6 in the morning, except in the parish of Santa Ana, where the contest lasted until 10 a. m.; the adherents of Prado had taken all the polling-tables, and by this act he declared the successful candidate. telegrams from various parts of Republic up to this date, it appears that the same result was attained in the great majority of provinces heard from. In Lima the number of deaths officially given is twenty-five, and wounded some sixty or more. The military and police arrangements of the Government to preserve order were most admirably carried out; if they had not been, the loss of life would have been immense and the strife would have lasted many days. All establishments, banks, hotel and stores were closed; great parts of the inhabitants were in their houses with closed doors, and the city had the litical clubs of either candidate.

The Sagacity of Wild Geese. The large flocks of wild geese which are constantly passing over the town are frequently shot at, but they generally fly at too high an attitude to be reached by the leaden missiles. Sometimes, however, the shots take effect. The other day we were watching a flock flying southward, when the report of a gun was heard and we observed one of he geese begin to fall slowly. The others, perceiving that their comrade was wounded, uttered shrill cries of distress, and about a dozen of them flew under the wounded bird, huddling together so that their backs formed a sort of a bed upon which the wounded one rested. They buoyed it up for some time, the others meanwhile looking on and manifesting their concern by uttering loud, discordant shrieks. Finding that their companion was unable to accordant.

company them longer in their flight. they abandoned him to his fate, and he fell to the earth and into the arms of an expectant Chinaman. - Anaheim (Cat.) Gazette.

IMPRISONED IN A CLOSET.

offerings of an Old Lady in New Hamp shire-Her Narrow Escape from Death, The Boston Journal contains the following in reference to the accidental imprisonment of an elderly lady in a loset in her house in the town of Hill, N. H., on Saturday, which was briefly referred to in our telegrams: "About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, as a resident

of the town was driving home from his work, through a sparsely-settled distriet, and passing the house of one of his neighbors, he thought he heard a sound like a groan issuing from it. Apprehensive that something was wrong, he made his way through the snow to the house and gained an entrance. The rooms were very cold, and there were no signs that any one had been about since morning. In a moment he heard a faint moan, apparently coming from a dark closet near the front door. He unfastened the door of this and beheld on the floor the inanimate form of Mrs. Salom P. Sanborn, an elderly lady of feeble health. The limbs of the weman were stiff with cold, and she was unable to articulate distinctly. He carried her into the sitting-room and built a fire, and then summoned the nearest neighbor. A physician was also called, and the other members of the family sent for. After being restored to consciousness in the evening, Mrs. Sanborn related the story of her terrible sufferings during the day. She had been left alone in the morning, the head of the family being at his work, and at her request the wife going away to attend a sick neighbor. Soon after she was seized with a fainting spell, and tried to walk to the door to get fresh air, but in her weakness and confusion accidentally opened the closet door, which suddenly closed, with a strong springlock upon the outside, and she, unable to help herself, fell to the floor. This was the only part of her experience which she remembers. She had recollections, however, of a partial realization of her condition. She could hear teams passing at intervals, and she would try to make herself heard, but in her weakness she was unable to arouse any one. She heard the clock strike hourly until noon, when, convinced that she could not survive until the family returned, she gave up all hope, and, unable to make any further effort for relief, awaited death in her dark prison. She said she dreamed of attempting to cut holes through the door near the lock. An examination proved that the poor woman had, in her delirium, found a knife and cut two holes through the door, as she had related, but the opening did not enable her to push back the bolt. Her story and the discoveries made showed that the sufferings of the woman during the nine hours she was imprisoned must have been terrible. Her frozen limbs testified to the cold

possibility that she may recover.' Scarlet Fever.

which she had endured, while the

wounds upon her hands showed how

she had struggled. Notwithstanding

her age and feeble health, there is a

The Boston Board of Health has issued a circular prescribing certain precautions for the prevention of the spread of scarlet fever, from which we make

the appended extract :

"Scarlet fever is like small-pex in its power to spread readily from person to person. It is highly contagious. The disease shows its first signs in about one week after exposure, as a general rule, and persons who escape the ill-ness during a fortnight after exposure may feel themselves safe from attack. Scarlet fever, scarlatina, canker rash, and rash fever are names of one and the same dangerous disease. When a case of scarlet fever occurs in any family, the sick person should be placed in a room apart from the other inmates of the house, and should be nursed as far as possible by one person only. The sick chamber should be well warmed, exposed to sunlight and well aired. Its furniture should be such as will aired. Its furniture should be such as will permit of cleansing without injury, and all ex-tra articles, such as window drapery and woelen carpets, should be removed from the room during sitkness. The family should not mingle with other people. Visitors to an infected house should be warned of the presence of a dangerous disease therein, and candren, especially, should not be admitted. On recovery the sick person should not mingle with the well until the roughness of the skin, due to wei until the roughness of the skin, due to disease, shall have disappeared. A month is considered an average period during which isolation is needed. The clothing, before being worn or used by the patient or the nurse should be cleaned by boning for at least one hour, or, if that cannot be done, by free and prolonged exposure to outdoor air and sun-night. The walls of the room should be dry-rubbed, and the cloths used for the purpose should be burned without previous suaking. The ceiling should be scraped and whitened; the floor should be washed with soap and water, and carbone said may be added to the water—one pint to three or four gailons."

Hunting the King of Beasts.

The favorite plan adopted by lion hunters in Algiers for luring their prey numers in Algiers for luring their prey is to select a favorable plot of level ground below a commanding eminence, where the hunters, armed with rifles conceal themselves. A stake is driven into the center of the plot, to which a kid is tethered. It is about 2 in the morning, and the moon fall and bright. About twenty minutes' dalay, and the heavy silence of the place is broken by an ominous sound in the distance. It is appearance of a place afflicted and abandoned during two days, the 17th and 18th. Yesterday all was going on as usual. No attacks on persons or persons or property have taken place; the bloodshed was only between the powhipping his haunches with his tufty tail, and leisurely following the scent. The piteous bleating of the doomed kid accolerates his pace, and when within a few feet of his victim he crouches down to gloat over the prospective meal. He advances, and with a stroke of his paw advances, and with a stroke of his paw nearly dispatches the kid. Almost dead, it attempts to crawl away. Then the lion's feline instincts are apparent. He plays with the dying kid as a cat does with a half-dead mouse. While he is thus engaged the hunters take steady aim at point near one of the fore shoul-ders or behind his ear. He sends up a terrific yell, and rolls over dead.

THE Marquis de Castellane caught in the act of cheating at cards, in one of the Paris clubs, and has been obliged to resign his seat in the Chamber of Deputies. His name has also been stricken from the roll of two of the THE LORD'S PRAYER

By right of creation,
By bountiful provision,
By gracious adoption—
in heaven—
The throne of Thy glory,
The portion of Thy children,
The temple of Thy angels—
1 be Thy name—
By the thoughts of our hearts,
By the works of our hands—
dom come—

Thy kingdom come—

Of Prividence to defend us

Of grace to refine us,

Of glory to crown us—

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven— Towards us without resistance By us without compulsion, Universally without exception, Eternally without declension— this day our daily bread— Of necessity for our bodies, Of eternal life for our souls-

Of eternal life for our souls—
And forgive us our treepasses—
Against the commands of Thy law,
Against the grace of Thy gospel—
As we forgive those that treepass against us—
By defaming our characters,
By embezzling our property,
By abusing our person—
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver u

from evil—
Of overwheiming afflictions,
Of worldly enticements,
Of Satan's devices, Of error's seduction

thine is the kingdom, the power and the gior

forever—
Thy kingdom governs all,
Thy power subdues all,
Thy giory is above all. As it is in Thy purpose,
So it is in Thy promises,
So be it in our prayers,
So it shall be to Thy praise,
[This paraphrase is credited to M. Pierre

Wit and Humor.

A KENTUCKY dealer has over a million dollars in whisky. There's reel estate for you.

THE statue in butter of the Dreaming Iolanthe is said to be in the purest Gre cian style.

Or late years more interest is taken in a college scull contest than in a college skull contest.

"Nor lost, but gone before!" ex claimed the man when his hot blows off and ahead of him.

A LATE book is entitled "Half Hours With Insects." What a lively half hour one can have with a bee.

ADAM and Eve, we suppose, were the first to start "turning over new leaves. They did it to keep up with the fash-DISTANT Relations-People who im

agine they have a claim to rob you if you are rich, and to insult you if you are poor. It is rather unkind to present a maid-

en lady with a copy of "Paradise Lost.' The title is too suggestive now that leap year has glided away. THE joys of this world are indeed fleet-

ing, but when a lot of boiled molasses gets into a girl's hair at a candy-pulling it may stick for weeks.

A NASHVILLE man answered a Chicago advert sement "How to win at poker, and received for his \$2 the following, "Hold four aces or don't poke."

TALMAGE was opposed to shoveling snow on Sunday until one Sabbath morn he took a slide of seventeen feet and landed on the back of his head. SHARP-SHOOTING:

What is the reason that neither was hurt, After the duel was done? Because each stood in the safest place— That is, before the gun.

In his sermon to journalists, Talmage claimed to be of the guild. "Good Heavens!" exclaimed the super, he heard of Edwin Forrest's death, "Another of us gone!"

THE Grand Duke Alexis wants this country to treat him the same as a private citizen. After being allowed to stand up in a street-car a few times he will discover his mistake.

We only heard one man "swear off" on New Year's day. He was going down the street, and suddenly sat down on his spine on the cold side of the pavement. Then he swore off-and on-for about five minutes.

"TAKE something?" inquired a stran ger of the crowd in a saloon, one day last week. "Don't-mind.fi-do," cried the gang in chorus, springing to their feet and advancing. "Well, then," exclaimed the stranger, breaking for the door, "take a walk!" They took it.

"You are a bad, wicked man," said the poor fellow, as he lay on the icy sidewalk to his friend who had escaped the fall. "Wicked-how?" asked the friend. "Because," replied the other, as he prepared to crawl to his feet, "the Bible says the wicked stand on slippery places. You stood—therefore you are wicked."

GOOD OUT OF EVIL. An orange, rich and ripe,
He gave to me one day;
An orange big and round—
I scarce knew what to say,
I pendered deep and long;
At last did thought divulge
The reason why he gave—
It made his pocket bulge.

Happy that man whose steadfast roof has ne'er begun to leak, who has no Brussels carpets spoiled by the weather's latest freak. For if he has his household goods all wringing—so to speak—'tis scarcely possible he can act with patience and be meek. Though yet if the roof was like a sieve-whether flat roof or oblique, the landlord will come around for rent with most undsanted cheek.

An Oft-Told Tale.

A young gent of this city visited his girl the other evening, and, as luck would have it, they manged to secure the parlor to themselves—her father being in another room. Suddenly the old gent heard the loud exciamation: "Dear George, how cold your nose is!" and immediately he began to inspect the premises. He discovered the lovers seated on the extreme ends of the sofa, and wouldn't have suspected anything but for the powder that was on the shoulder of the youth. As it was the latter left without his hat, and feels rather sore about the affair .- Daily Bluff City.

Preads Competition.

English manufacturers look with little cordiality on the French Exhibition of 1878. The London papers say "the world is tired of exhibitions." The fact is, they dread snother competition with American manufacturers in the presence of the world. Their defeat at Philadelphia is well understood in Europe, and is hurting their foreign trade, and another such at Paris in 1878 would be likely to prove a serious blow to British