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The Young Widow.

She is cunning—sometimes witty,
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young and not too old;
Inviting, half-reppellant,
Now advancing, and now shy;
There is mischief in her laughter,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature,
Sue is schooled in every art;
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of the heart;
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile:
O, a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow all the while!

Are you sad? O, then, how serious
Will her pretty face become?
You are angry, she is wretched,
Sadden'd, friendless, tearful, dumb.
Are you mirthful? How her laughter,
Silver-sounding, will ring out!
She [illegible] catch, and play you,
[illegible] a trout.

[illegible] nearly fifty,
[illegible] ing, deep and wise;
[illegible] of twenty,
Y[illegible] With the love-light in your eyes—
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who can win and fool you all.

How Mr. Keith Managed.

'Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work never done,' quoted Mrs Keith. She had finished her work for the day, everything was tidied and she was taking up her sewing, when Mr. Keith upset a vinegar bottle and a bowl of gravy in the kitchen cupboard, rummaging after a knife which was in his pocket all the time. Mrs Keith relinquished her idea of a little season of quiet, and went on to set matters in order again. Mr. Keith followed to oversee her—a habit some men have.

'I wish you would try to be a little more careful, Henry. You do not realize how many things I have to see to

'Humph!' said Mr Keith, sitting down in a basket of freshly ironed clothes; 'I never would complain of such a trifle as that! If I didn't know, I should think all the women were in slavery'

'And you would be correct, Henry. You haven't the faintest idea—'

'Nonsense, Mary! Why, I could do your work and three times as much more and get all through by ten o'clock!'

'Could you, indeed?'

'To-besure, if you would only give me the chance of it.'

'You shall have it,' said Mrs. Keith, quietly. 'I have long wanted to visit my Aunt Susan. I will do so now, and you may keep house. I shall have to cook up something—'

'As if I couldn't cook! You will do nothing of the kind, Mary I shall live like a prince, and you will see how nice I will keep everything. You will hardly know the house, when you return.'

'I dare say,' remarked Mrs Keith; but when can I go?'

'To-morrow, if you like.'

'And are you sure you can manage?'

'Sure!' what a look he gave her; you shall see'

Mrs. Keith laughed a little to herself when her husband left her at the depot, and turned his steps homeward to clear the breakfast things, and prepare dinner. She only wished she could be there invisible, and see him manage.

'Let me see,' soliloquized Keith, entering the kitchen: 'I'll wash the dishes first, and I'll put on one of Mary's dresses to keep me clean'

He fastened it around his waist with a pin, rolled up his sleeves and looked about him. The fire was out, but after much trouble he succeeded in rekindling it, and then began the dishes

He took them to the sink, plugged up the spout, and put them to soak in a pail of cold water

'There, they're washed,' said he to himself, now for something to wipe them on. I'll take the table cloth. Such a fuss as women do make about work—Why, I could wash all the dishes in the neighborhood in half a day. This stew pan smells of grease, I wonder what's the matter with it? There, I've got smut on my hand! there it goes on the china saucer, deuce take it! I wish there was no smut; hillo, there's one plate gone to smash! And I've stepped into that potato dish that I set on the floor to dry, and that's gone to the shades! Oh, there goes the cream pitcher! Never mind; accidents will happen! I guess I'll trim my beard next; mother always trimmed mine, in the morning! Contound [illegible] black the chimneys are!'

Conversing with himself Mr. [illegible] the chimneys into the basin [illegible] stated a moment He had heard that boiling water was cleansing [illegible] alded the chimneys and the result [illegible] a hundred different pieces to [illegible] nney.

'[illegible] gracious!' cried he, 'who'd have thought it! There's somebody at the door. I'll just step out as I am. It can't be anybody that I care for so early as this.

A small boy presented himself, eyeing Keith with ill suppressed mirth.

'Be you mistress of the house?'

'Yes—that is, I am the master!' said Mr. Keith with dignity; 'what can I do for you?'

'Nothing, I guess; Marm sent me over to see if you—that is, if the mistress of the house would take care of the baby while she goes shopping?'

'No,' roared Keith, 'I've other fish to fry.' The boy put his thumb to his nose, and Mr. Keith, after slaming the door as men always do when they are out of temper—returned to the kitchen The fire was all out, and the room decidedly smoky.

'I'll go down the cellar and bring up some coal,' said he, and he started briskly down the stair On the second step, he put his foot through a rip in his dress skirt, stumbled and fell to the bottom of the cellar, smashing a basket of eggs, and knocking over a shelf loaded with [illegible] milk.

'Deuce take it! exclaimed he, scrambling to his feet, and rubbing his head, 'how do women manage with these infernal long dresses! I shall break my neck with this yet!'

The fire made again, Mr. Keith bethought him of dinner. He looked at the time piece; it was one o'clock Almost time for dinner! He had heard his wife say that a rice pudding was easily made, he would have rice pudding and boiled potatoes, and broiled steak

He filled a basin with rice, stirred in a little sugar, dropped in an egg, and set the vessel into the oven The potatoes he washed in soap suds, that they certainly might be clean, and put them into the tea kettle because they would boil quicker.

The steam was frizzling in the frying pan; he was proceeding to set the table when the bell rang. He caught the pan from the fire to keep it from burning, and made haste to the front door. There he remembered it would not do to just the thing to go to the door with a frying pan in his hand, so he deposited it on the parlor [illegible] and answered the ring

Mrs Jer Mudge was on the steps, dressed in her best

'Yes—I—dare say,' stammered Keith, 'my wife is absent and I am the Bridget.'

Mrs. Mudge sailed into the parlor, which was darkened to exclude the sun, and without stopping to look at her seat, sunk into the frying pan on the sofa

'Jupiter,' cried Mr. Keith, 'you've done it now.' Mrs M sprang up, the grease dripping from her rich silk on the carpet Her face grew dark She was tempted to control herself; bowed haughtily and left the house

Keith returned to the kitchen a little crest-fallen, for Mrs. Mudge was a lady before whom he desired to appear particularly well.

There was a tremendous cracking in the oven. He thought of his pudding and looked in The burnt rice had hopped all over the oven; the basin had melted apart, and the pudding was not done. He shut the door upon the ruins in disgust, and looked after his potatoes only to find them a perfect jelly And just as he made the discovery there was a sharp peal at the door-bell. Creation! there's that abominable bell again. I wish folks would stay at home—I'll lock all the doors, and cut all the bell wires after to day

At the door he found Mr and Mrs. Fidget and their children

'My dear Mr Keith! how do you do?' cried Mrs. Fidget We were in town and thought we'd just step into dinner.—Where's Mrs Keith?

'She's gone away,' said Keith ruefully, wondering what he should feed them on; 'walk in, do; I'm the housekeeper to-day'

'Yes, I should judge. But of course you make a splendid one. I remember you used to be frequently telling Mrs. Keith and myself how very easy housekeeping must be. It must be mere play to you. Don't put yourself out, I beg!

'Put myself out, indeed!' cried Keith, retreating to the kitchen. Good gracious! what shall I do? I'd give a hundred dollars if Mary was only here—Where shall I begin?'

He drew out the table and set it with[illegible]th, then took off the plates and [illegible] cloth—the very one he had wiped [illegible]shes on. The task completed, [illegible] more potatoes, and some [illegible]gued the steak to a cinder; [illegible] potatoes when he did his meat and put them all upon the table—There was a loaf of baker's bread in the cupboard; he paraded that, and called his guests to dinner

A quizzical smile spread over Mrs. Fidget's face at the sight of the repast.—Keith was in a cold perspiration

'Ma, my plate is all greasy, and so is my knife; I can't eat on dirty dishes, cried little Johnny Fidget.

'And my fork is wet all over with water that's dropping off the table cloth; and my tater sin't half biled,' cried little Sue Fidget.

A slight noise in the kitchen drew the attention of Mr. Keith.

'Jupiter!' cried he, if Mrs. O'Flaherty's dog ain't making off with my steak!'

He jumped from the table and started in hot pursuit. The dog made the best of it; Keith's unaccustomed attire was a sad drawback, and he made but little headway

'Kill him,' he yelled to the crowd that joined in the pursuit. I'll give fifteen dollars for his hide.

Mrs O'Flaherty herself appeared on the scene, with a skillet of hot water.

'Tech him if yer dare!' [illegible] break the bones of every mother's son of yees Stand from forninst or ye'll rue the day'

Keith took a step forward: stepped on his skirt and pitched head first in a wine cellar, where half a dozen men were playing cards

'The devil in petticoats!' exclaimed one gamester. [illegible] the place was emptied quicker than a wink

The police picked up Mr. Keith considerably bruised, and carried him home. His company had taken their departure, and somebody, not having the fear of the law upon them, had entered and stolen a hundred dollars' worth of property.

Then Mr. Keith sent the following note:

DEAR MARY:—Come home. I give up beat. A woman does have a great deal to do. I confess myself incompetent to manage. Come home and you shall have a new silk dress, and a daughter of Erin to divide your labors.

Yours, faithfully,
H. KEITH.

One-Armed Ingenuity.

A correspondent writing to the Indianapolis Journal, says:—

At Pennsylvaniaburg, Ripley County, Indiana, I met a most remarkable case of one-armed ingenuity. Robert Lewis, a young man without home or kindred, who had to earn his bread by hard, daily labor, early in the war, and at the minimum age, entered in the service as a private in General Spooner's regiment, the 83d Indiana. At the battle of Chickasaw Bluff, Robert lost his arm at the shoulder—After much suffering he returned to his former home. The loss of an arm only seemed to impress him with the idea that greater energies would be required to make an honorable living.

He began to study at night and every leisure moment. He soon qualified himself for teaching At this time he did what would usually be, under similar circumstances, a very foolish thing—he got married. But his wife accepted the situation, and was willing to laugh at poverty and help her husband to earn their bread.

He taught school in the winter, and in the summer began to build a house. I was through his house a day or two ago. It has six rooms, is of the gothic style of architecture, and is neat and substantial throughout. From foundation to roof all the work was done by this one armed man except that his wife and her mother assisted in raising it. Not being able to procure joists to suit him, he sawed them out of a wide, two inch plank

He laid the foundation, built the chimneys, made the door and sash—in short, no hammer or any tool was heard about the building of that house except those wielded by his arm. Let any one try to start a ten penny nail with only one hand and he will doubt this story; but, strange as it may appear, it is in every respect true

It would pay one for a trip to Ripley County to see the devices of Robert Lewis to make the difficult work for two armed man easy of accomplishment by a one-armed soldier At the time I was there he was completing a baby wagon, which could compare with the neatest of those sold in the market

A Story for Swearers.

A gentleman once heard a laboring man swear dreadfully in the presence of a number of his companions. He told him it was a cowardly thing to swear so in company, when he dared not to do it by himself The man said he was not afraid to swear at any time or any place

'I'll give you ten dollars,' said the gentleman, 'If you will go into the village churchyard, at twelve o'clock to-night, and swear the same oaths which you have uttered here, when you are alone with your God'

'Agreed,' said the man 'tis an easy way of earning ten dollars'

'Well, you come to me to-morrow, and say you have done it, and the money is yours"

The time passed on; midnight came. The man went to the graveyard. It was night of pitchy darkness. As he entered the graveyard not a sound was heard; all was still as death. Then the gentleman's words, 'alone with God,' came over him with a wonderful power The thought of the wickedness he had committed, and what he come there to do, darted through his mind like a flash of lightning He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take another step, he fell on his knees, and instead of the dreadful oaths he come to utter, the earnest cry went up, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!

The next day he went to the gentleman, and thanked him for what he had done, and said he had resolved not to swear another oath as long as he lived.

Hurrah for Prohibition!

The Temperance folks are waking up,
Throughout the Yankee nation,
To put the liquor traffic down,
And drive it from creation.
And stills and drinking dens are doom'd
To lawful demolition,
For all good men are going in
For legal prohibition.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
For all good men are going in
For legal prohibition.

We've tried persuasion long enough,
No use to try it longer;
It will not stop the traffic, and
We must have something stronger.
The heartless fiends who make and sell
The bev'rage of perdition,
Must have their "breathing holds of hell"
Shut up by prohibition!
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

Too long king Alcohol has reigned,
All moral suasion scorning;
Too long his murd'rous savages
Have fled the land with mourning.
Rumsellers care not for our prayers,
Our tears, or demolition!
But there's a power can make them quake—
'Tis legal prohibition!
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

No scoffs of foes or doubts of friends
Shall weaken our endeavor
To brand the traffic with disgrace,
And wipe it out forever!
Right on shall go the noble work,
Until its full completion;
We'll "fight it out upon this line"
Of total prohibition!
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

A Shot at the Decanter.

There is a current story that a Quaker once discovered a thief in his house, and, taking down his grandfather's old fowling-piece, he said, 'Friend, thee had better get out of the way, for I intend to fire this gun *right where thee stands*.' With the same considrate spirit we warn certain good people that they had better take the decanters off their tables, for we intend to aim a Bible truth right where that decanter stands. It is in the wrong place. It has no more business to be there at all than the thief had to be in the honest Quaker's house. We are not surprised to find a decanter of alcoholic poison on the counter of a dram-shop, whose keeper is licensed to sell death by measure; but we are surprised to find it on the table or sideboard of one who professes to be guided by the spirit and teachings of God's Word. That bottle stands right in the range of the following inspired utterance of St. Paul: "It is good neither to eat flesh, *nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth*.' This text must either go out of the Christian's Bible, or the bottle go off the Christian's table. The text will not move, and the bottle must.

The passage itself is so clear that it can hardly admit of a cavil or a doubt. It teaches the holy and benevolent principle that abstinence from things that are naturally hurtful to others is a Christian expediency that has the *grip* of a moral duty

It would be easy to prove unanswerably that alcoholic beverages are injurious to those who use them. The famous athlete, Tom Sayers, was once asked by a gentleman, 'I suppose that when you are training, you use plenty of beefsteaks, and London porter, and pale ale?' The boxer replied, in my time I have drunk more than was good for me, but when I have business to do, there's nothing like water and the dumb bells.' After retiring from 'business,' he took to drink and died like a sot. Cold water made a Samson; alcohol laid him in his grave

The inherent wrong of using intoxicating drinks is twofold. First, it exposes to danger the man who tampers with it; for no man was ever possitively assured by his Creator that he could play with the 'adder' that lies in a wine-cup without being stung by it. Second, it puts a stumbling-block in the way of him whom we are commanded to love as ourselves.

Now, on the same principle—not of self-preservation merely, but of avoiding what is dangerous to others—what right have I to sustain these fountain-heads of death from which the drink-poison is sold? What right have I to advocate their license, to patronize the traffic, or even in any way to abet the whole system of drinking alcoholic stimulants at home or abroad? If a glass of wine on my table will entrap some young man, or some one who is inclined to stimulants, into dissipation, then I am thoughtlessly setting a trap for his life. I am his tempter. I gave the usage my sanction, and to him the direct inducement to partake of the bottled demon that sparkles so seductively before him. If he goes away from my table and commits some outrage under the effects of that stimulant, I am, to a certain degree, guilty of that outrage. I gave him the incentive to do what otherwise he might have left undone. The man who puts the bottle to his neighbor's lips is accountable for what comes from those lips under the influence of the dram, and is accountable, too, for every outrage that the maddened victim of the cup may peretrate during his temporary insanity.

It is an old fashioned total abstinence that we are pleading for. We ask it, as Paul did, for the sake of those who 'stumble.' 'Oh, those stumblers!' We dare not speak of them. It would touch many of us too tenderly. It would reveal too many wrecks that angels wept over It would open tombs whose charitable green turf hides out of sight what many a survivor would love to have forgotten. It would recall to me many a college friend who went down at midday into blackness of darkness.

And to-day I see this social curse coming back into our houses, into our treets, into our daily usages of life, with redoubled power. Would that every parent were a 'prohibitory law' to his family! Would that every pulpit and every platform would thunder forth the old warning cry, 'Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder' At the *last!* at the LAST! But, oh! who can tell when, that 'last' shall ever end? When will the victim's last groan be heard? When will the last horror seize upon his wretched soul?

A VERY worthy fisherman by the name of Grizzle, was drowned some time since, and all search for his body proved unavailing. After he had been in the water some months, however, it was discovered on the surfaee, and taken to the shore, whereupon Mr Smith was dispatched to convey the intelligence to the much afflicted widow.

'Well, Mrs. Grizzle, we have found Mr. Grizzle's body.'

'You don't say so!'

'Yes we have—the jury has set on it, and found it full of eels!'

You don't say Mr. Grizzle's body is full of eels?'

'Yes it is, and we want to know what you will do with it?'

'Why, how many eels do you think there is in him?'

'Why, about a bushel.'

'Well, then I think you had better send the eels up to the house, and set him again.'

CASTING OUT DEVILS.—A Methodist preacher of a large muscular frame and a huge hand, with a powerful grip, some years ago was holding a meeting, at which quite an interest was awakened. A number of persons had come to the anxious seat, and some had been converted. A group, consisting of two or three young men and as many young ladies, were present, whose object in coming was to have merriment. The minister kindly requested them to observe decorum befitting the place. One of them ventured in rather an ungracious manner to reply that they had "understood that miracles were worked there, and he had come to see some performed" Upon this, our robust friend, the minister, coolly took the young man by the coat collar, deliberately led him down the aisle, and opening the door, without ceremony landed him outside, quietly remarking: "We do not work miracles here, but we cast out devils!"

SAVE A MOTHER'S TEAR.—Not long ago, two friends were sitting together engaged in letter-writing. One was a young man from India The other, a female friend, part of whose family reside in the far off land. The former was writing to his mother in India. When his letter was finished, his friend offered to inclose it with hers, to save postage 'If sent separately it will reach her *sooner* than if sent through a friend, and *perhaps it may save her a tear*' His friend was touched with his tender regards for his mother's feelings, and felt with him that it was worth paying the postage to save his mother a tear!

Would that every boy and girl, every young man and every young woman, were equally saving of a woman's tear.

IT is a beautiful thing to go out on the highway and behold the moving throng, and feel that we are brethren of a common family. We may condemn the vices of a man; we may shrink from an entire class of the human family as companions, but when the helpless cry of infancy, or the trembling limbs of age demand our aid and sympathy, we are made to feel that each of us is but one atom in the great ocean of humanity, hastening to that shore where the surging billows never cease as they carry us onward to our eternal destiny. Twice during our lives each one of us must inevitable require the aid of our fellows—at our birth and our death.

'HAVE you ground all the tools right, as I told you this morning when I went away?' said a carpenter to a rather green lad whom he had taken for an apprentice.

'All but the hand saw, sir!' replied the lad very promptly; 'I couldn't get all the gaps cut of that.'

A CRITIC calls the verses and sentimental stories of young writers the teeth-cutting and measles of literary infancy.

SLIGHT of hand—Refusing an offer of marriage.

Phunnygraphi.

A Promising Missouri Juvenile.

They have some promising children around Ironton. Not long since a big boy appeared in school one morning, when the following dialogue occurred between him and the teacher:

'Can you read?'

'Don't know,' was the reply.

'Can't you spell easy words?'

'Don't know.'

'Do you know the alphabet?'

'Yes.'

'Try this word.'

'H o r s e.'

'What does that spell?'

'Don't know'

'What do you ride at home?'

'Mules.'

'Try this word?'

'B r e a d.'

'What do you eat at home?'

'Acorns.'

'Try this word!'

'B e d.'

'What does that spell?'

'Don't know.'

'What do you sleep on at night?'

'Sheepskins.'

'Try another'

'G l a s s'

'What does that spell?'

'Don't know'

'What do you put in the windows at home?'

'Pap's old hats.'

'Try again.'

'W a t e r.'

'What does that spell?'

'Don't know'

'What do you drink?'

'Whiskey.'

'You can take your seat and study your lessons.'

'Mister, I reckon you couldn't give a fellow a chaw terbacker, could yer?'

'Take your seat.'

'Now, look here you needn't put on any style; you're a nabolitionist, and I ain't going to this ere school any more. Mam told me if you sassed me to come home, and I'm going'

The youthful Missourian then and there finished his education, and has not been to school since No doubt he will in a few years be up for Congress on the Democratic ticket.

FORGOT HIS NAME.—The Democratic style of voting is well illustrated in the following case, which took place in New York on the 5th inst.:

An Irishman presented himself in a central election district, and desired leave to deposit his vote.

'What name?' asked the inspector.

'Michael Murray, sir!' replied the would be voter.

'Michael Murray, Sir? no such name on the list,' called the inspector, adding, 'There's a Michael Murphy!'

'Hould on, gintlemen, hould on, gintlemen,' exclaimed the excited Irishman. 'Hould on,' continued he, as he pulled a piece of paper from his pocket, and proceeded to read 'Sure, and it *is* Michael Murphy, instid of Michael Murray!'

Of course, this man, who had forgotten instructions, did not vote.

PAPER.—The paper having the largest circulation—the paper of tobacco.

Paper for the 'roughs'—sand paper.

Paper containing many fine points—the paper of needles.

The paper that is full of rows—the paper of pins.

Papers illustrated with cuts—editorial exchanges

Drawing paper—dentist's bill.

A paper that takes—a sheriff's warrant.

Ruled paper—the French press.

MR NOAH OLD has just added the following rare articles to his Museum of Curiosities:

A plate of butter, made from 'the cream of a joke.'

The musket of a 'shooting star.'

A pocket-book for 'change of the moon.'

A 'print' of Time's foot.

A business card of the 'Trade Winds.'

AN old lady announced in court at Atlanta, Ga., that she 'had no counsel,' that 'God was her lawyer.' 'My dear madam, He does not practice in this court,' replied the judge.

'MRS. BROWN, they say your husband follows very crooked ways.'

'Well, Mrs Smith, that is not strange, for when he was a boy he got so much in the habit of chasing snakes, that he never could get over it.'

'WERE you guarded in your conduct while in New York?' said a father to his son, who had just returned from his first visit to the city.

'Yes, sir, part of the time by two policemen.'

AN impertinent fellow asked a gentleman at a public gathering why he had shaved off his side whiskers, and was answered, that to meet some man who required more 'check.'

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