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Across the River.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

When for me the silent oar
Parts the Silent River,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange Forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

'Mid the crowd that come to meet
Spirits sin forgiven,
Listening to their echoing feet
Down the streets of heaven—
Shall I know a footstep near
That I listen, wait for here?

Then will one approach the brink
With a hand extended,
One whose thoughts I loved to think
Ere the veil was rended,
Saying, "Welcome! we have died,
And again are side by side."

Saying, "I will go with thee,
That thou be not lonely,
To yon hills of mystery;
I have waited only
Until now to climb with thee
Yonder hills of mystery."

Can the bond that makes us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away, like foliage sear,
At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must forever live and grow.

I shall love the angels well,
After I have found them
In the mansions where they dwell
With the glory round them.
But at first, without surprise,
Let me look in human eyes.

Step by step our feet must go
Up the holy mountain;
Drop by drop, within us flows
Life's unfailing fountain;
Angels sing with crowns that burn;
We shall have a song to learn.

He who on our earthly path
Bids us help each other—
Who His well-beloved hath
Made our Elder Brother—
Will but clasp the chain of love
Closer when we meet above.

I CANNOT AFFORD IT.

Mr. St. John entered the fashionable dry goods store of Lovering & Brothers to see one of the proprietors.

He had stepped out for a moment, one of the clerks informed him.

And withdrawing to an obscure corner, he stood watching, with a half-amused, half-comical look upon his handsome face, the streams of gaily-attired women that floated past him, gazing with envious and admiring eyes upon the rich fabrics of every hue and texture, that were suspended from the ceilings and spread out upon the broad counters.

Many of them were known to him, but he was in no mood to meet the sparkling glances and gay sallies that he knew would be showered upon him if he made them aware of his presence; for Mr. St. John was rich and a bachelor. He had been so flattered and besieged by ambitious mammas with marriageable daughters as to make him almost resolve to always remain one.

So he stood back in the shadow, marking with curious eyes unconscious betrayals of the natural dispositions like glimpses of feminine human nature, and which the dear creature would not have had him observe for the world.

As he stood there, the two Misses Parker came in, charming and brilliant girls, in whose society he had passed many a pleasant hour.

They were lavish in their purchases.—And as Mr. St. John contrasted their smiling countenances with the careworn face of their father whom he met in the street scarcely an hour before, hurrying from one friend to another to borrow money to pay a note on the point of being protested, their lively chatter jarred harshly on his ears.

Isn't it lovely! exclaimed one of the sisters, holding up some costly trimming. I suppose pa will scold when he sees the bill; but so he would if it were half as large.

To be sure he would, responded the other. And I'm not going to let the Dayton girls outshine me, you may be certain.—It's my belief that they give the party simply on account of St. John's return from Europe. I suppose they are trying to catch him for Georgiana. Did you ever hear anything so very ridiculous?

Never! Such horrid taste as the girl has in dress, too! She showed me the new silk she is going to wear. Would you believe it? It is blue! And she is as dark as an Indian.

That's for the benefit of Mr. St. John; it is his favorite color. I met him on the street yesterday. How tall and handsome he has grown!

Yes, and he is so rich! Pa says he is worth half a million, if not more.

Here the two girls passed along out of sight and hearing, quite unconscious of the proximity of the subject of their remarks.

Good heavens! was Mr. St. John's inward reflection; are all women so heartless, so wrapped up in vanity and display?

He was about to quit the store in disgust, when his attention was arrested by a low and gentle voice, which aroused a host of vague but pleasant recollections. He turned eagerly in the direction whence it proceeded; and as his eyes rested upon a slender, neatly-attired, lady, they lighted up with pleasure.

A woman would have noticed that the bonnet, though neat and fresh, was not of the latest style, and the mantle of last season's fashion; but men rarely observe such things. All that St. John saw was the graceful form, the fair and gentle face of the wearer.

Sweet Rose Lennox! he thought, she looks as lovely and fragrant as her n[ame.]

Can her fresh and guileless nature be so perverted as to care for nothing but outward show?

In the meantime, Rose made a few simple purchases, quite unconscious of the eyes that were following her every look and motion.

Is that all, Miss Lennox, said the clerk.

All, to-day.

If you were thinking of getting a dress, I can show you something that will suit you.

As I cannot purchase, I will not trouble you, was the low and quiet reply.

No trouble at all, Miss, said the clerk, unrolling the goods, and spreading it out upon the counter.

It was a heavy, lustrous silk—brown, with a glint of gold in it, not unlike the color of the soft hair that shaded her forehead.

It caught the eye of the Parker girls, who were passing, and they gathered eagerly around it.

It's just the sweetest thing I ever saw! exclaimed the oldest, enthusiastically.—Why don't you get it, Rose? You have nothing for the party next Thursday, and it is just what you want.

Only four dollars a yard, suggested the clerk—gathering up the silk in heavy folds so as to display its lustre and beauty.

There was not the slightest touch of envy or regret in the soft blue eyes that rested admiringly upon it.

It is very pretty and quite reasonable too;—but *I cannot afford it.*

These word were spoken quietly, and with such an entire unconsciousness that she was admitting anything painful or humiliating, that with the wonder it aroused in the hearts of her companions was mingled an involuntary respect; though it was conduct they could not have imitated, and but vaguely comprehended.

St. John made inquiries in regard to Mr. Lennox the next day, and learned that he had sustained some heavy losses, but was still supposed to be doing a good business.

Presuming on former acquaintance, he resolved to call at his house.

Despite the adulation he had received, and his really fine personal advantages, St. John was no coxcomb, and well knew that with a girl like Rose Lennox he must stand on his individual merits. So, not venturing to call for her who was uppermost in his thoughts, he was shown into the family sitting-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Lennox sat, with their eldest children.

Rose was among them, and the blush that mounted to her cheek, the bright smile she gave him, as their eyes met, spoke a warmer welcome than even her father's extended hand or cordial greeting.

But having testified, by looks rather than words, her pleasure at seeing him, Rose left the entertainment of their guest to her parents. And, disappointed as St. John was, he could but admire her utter unconsciousness that his visit was intended for her, and absence of all desire to attract his notice.

As he conversed with her father, his eyes wandered to the place where she sat sewing; noting every expression of the pure, young face, even to the quivers of golden-brown lashes that shaded the rose-tinted cheek, especially the sweet womanly charm of her low, quiet tones and gentle movement.

The richest party robe never looked half so lovely as that simple home dress of brown merino, worn with no ornament, save a dainty ruffle at the wrist and throat.

You will be at Mrs. Dayton's to-morrow evening? he contrived to say as he took his leave.

No, I am not going.

A shade of disappointment crossed St. John's face, almost immediately followed by a gleam of satisfaction as a happy thought struck him.

The next evening Rose was sitting in the parlor, quite by herself.

Her mother was up stairs with the younger children, and her father preparing to go out.

Mr. Lennox looked in upon her a moment, as he passed through the hall.

Do you regret your decision in regard to the party, my daughter?

No, indeed, papa, returned Rose, smiling brightly, into that care-worn face.

Mr. Lennox laid his hand lovingly on her head.

My blessing! if I pass successfully thro' this crisis it will be owing to the strength that you have giving me.

Are things looking any brighter, papa?

A great deal brighter, my child. You know I told you that I could retrieve my losses, if I had time. Mr. Hart, my principal creditor, has offered to give me six months. It was owing to something that Mr. St. John said to him. He is a noble hearted young man. God bless him!

The heart of Rose echoed this wish, as her father hurried away. For the first time regrets mingled with her thoughts, as they reverted to the gay gathering, from which she had been debarred.

I suppose *he* will be there, she murmured.

A gentleman to see Miss Rose, said Katy, opening the door.

Rose lifted her eyes and the object of her thoughts stood before her.

Not sorry to see me, I hope? said John, taking her unresisting hand i[n his.]

Sorry? Rose turned her [face lest] that he might not see how s[orry] they were. Oh, no, she falt[ered,] only surprised. I thought [you were] sure to be at Mr. Dayton's

Shall I tell you why I did not go, inquired St. John, as he took a seat by her side.

The cheeks of Rose grew as red beneath that earnest gaze as the flower from which she was named.

I was just thinking about you, and wishing that I could thank you for the kindly office you performed for my dear father.

I am going to ask him to perform for me a far more kindly one; to give to my keeping the brightest and sweetest rose that ever bloomed. When he asks me what your wish is, oh, Rose—if I could say my Rose—what shall I tell him?

What Rose told him could be easily inferred by one who looked in upon the two a few minutes later, and saw how quietly the head of Rose reposed upon St. John's shoulder, as though it was the most natural resting place it could find.

Rose was as modest as lovely.

I don't see how you came to choose me, Paul, when surrounded by so many stylish and beautiful women?

Who would so gladly do their best to dissipate my fine fortune returned St. John laughing.

He then told Rose of the little scene he had witnessed in the store of Lovering & Brothers, and he had resolved, then and there, to do his best to win her, who when tempted to expenditure beyond her means had the strength of mind to say, I Cannot Afford it.

Important Requisites in a Wife.

Mothers are, in a great degree, responsible for the wives their daughters make. If they do not train them early to take their share in household work—if they do not teach them to cook and superinted the household, to sew mend and knit—there is the blame if they do not fulfill the duties they undertake, when they become wives and housekeepers. In every situation in life, high or low, this sort of knowledge is the greatest advantage. If the husband is rich, the wife should know how to disburse riches most advantageously; if he is poor, she should know how to make a little go a great way, and should have been taught that "many a little makes a mickle."

There is no necessity that the gaining of such information should interfere with either intellectual acquirements or elegant accomplishments. A well regulated mind can find plenty of time to attend to all these pursuits. When a girl is nine or ten years old, she should be obliged to take some regular share of the household duties upon her shoulders, and to feel responsible for the manner in which her part is performed—such as washing the cups and saucers, cleaning the silver, or arranging and dusting the parlor and attending to her own mending. This should not be done occasionally and neglected whenever she does not feel in the mood of performing the task, but should be considered her special work, and its non-completion should receive rebuke and correction. When older, girls should begin to take turns in making bread, cakes, pies and puddings—should learn *effectually*, and not stand by and see others do them, but learn to do the work practically. Many a husband's affairs have suffered sadly for want of these domestic accomplishments. The wife tries to learn—tries to do her duty—but her early education was sadly neglected, and she must always be the sufferer thereby. On the other hand, if a girl has been well taught in her youth, when she becomes a wife she understands fully the management of household concerns, and many a husband has been saved from ruin by his wife's knowledge of economy and good management.—Daisy Eyebright, in *Country Gentleman.*

Sleep.

Sir Philip Sidney calls sleep "the poor man's wealth," and he might have added, it is every man's health. Men have often, according to their notions, attempted to limit or extend the hours of sleep. Thus, the "immortal Alfred," of England, divided the day into three portions of eight hours each, assigning one for refreshment and the health of the body by sleep, diet and exercise, another for business, and the third for study and devotion. Bishop Taylor considered three hours', and Richard Baxter four hours', sleep sufficient for any man.

"Nature requires five,
Custom gives seven,
Laziness takes nine,
And wickedness eleven."

The error into which these and others have fallen arises not only from the fact that in this, as well as in other things, every man is a law to himself, but from the varying amount required in each individual case at different times, depending upon the amount of renovation required by the nervous and muscular systems. John Wesley, the distinguished founder of Methodism, who attained the age of eighty-eight, and who could command sleep on horseback, says very properly, in some curious remarks which he has left upon sleep, that no measure will do for all, nor will the same amount of sleep suffice even for the same person at all times. A person debilitated by sickness requires more of "tired nature's sweet restorer" than one in vigorous health. More sleep is also necessary [when] the strength and spirits are exhaust[ed b]y hard labor or severe mental efforts.

[An] Elmira farmer wrote to Mr. Greeley [for] advice as to whether plaster was [good to] put on potatoes. Horace said [he sa]w used gravy or butter on potatoes, [and] supposed any one could get ac[quainted] to plaster if they made an effort.

A Sermon to Young Ladies.

Now, ladies, I will preach to you just a little sermon, about an inch long. I don't often preach, but in this case nothing but a sermon will do.

Firstly—You are perfect idiots to go on in this way. Your bodies are the most beautiful of God's creations. In the Continental galleries I always saw groups of people gathered about the pictures of women. It was not passion; the gazers were just as likely to be women as men; it was because of the wondrous beauty of a woman.

Now stand with me at my office window and see a lady pass. There goes one! now isn't that a pretty-looking object? A big hump, three big lumps, a wilderness of crimps and frills, a hauling up of the dress here and there, an enormous, hideous mass of hair or bark piled on the top of her head, surmounted by a little flat, ornamented with bits of lace, birds' tails, &c. The shop windows tell us, all day long, of the paddings, whalebones, and steel springs which occupy most of the space within that outside rig.

In the name of the simple, sweet sentiments which cluster about a home, I would ask, how is a man to fall in love with such a piece of compound, double and twisted, touch-me-not artificiality, as you see in that wriggling curiosity?

Secondly—With that wasp waist, squeezing your lungs, stomach, liver, and vital organs into one-half their natural size, and with that long tail sweeping on the ground, how can any man of sense who knows that life is made up of use, of service, of work, how can he take such a partner? He must be desperate indeed to unite himself for life with such a fettered, half breathing ornament.

Thirdly—Your bad dress and lack of exercise lead to bad health, and men wisely fear that instead of a helpmate they would get an invalid to take care of. This bad health in you, just as in men, makes the mind as well as the body fuddled and effeminate. You have no power, no magnetism. I know you giggle freely, and use big adjectives, such as "splendid," "awful," but then this does not deceive us; we see through it all. You are superficial, affected, silly; you have none of that womanly strength and warmth which are so assuring and attractive to man. Why, you have become so childish and weak-minded that you refuse to wear decent names even, and insist upon baby names. Instead of Helen, Margaret, and Elizabeth, you affect Nellie, Maggie and Lizzie.—When your brothers were babies, you called them Bobby, Dicky and Johnny, but when they grow up to manhood, no more of that silly trash if you please.

My dear girls, you must, if you would get husbands, and decent ones, dress in plain, neat, and becoming garments, and talk like sensible, earnest sisters.

You say the most sensible men are crazy after those butterflies of fashion. I beg your pardon, it is not so. Occasionally a man of brilliant success may marry a silly, weak woman; but to say, as I have heard women say a hundred times, that the most sensible men choose women without sense, is simply absurd. Nineteen times in twenty, sensible men choose sensible women. I grant you that in company they are very likely to chat and toy with those overdressed and forward creatures, but they don't ask them to go to the altar with them.

Fourthly—Among the young men in the matrimonial market, only a very small number are independently rich; and in America such very rarely make good husbands. But the number of those who are just beginning in life, who are filled with a noble ambition, who have a future, is very large. These are worth having. But such will not, they dare not, ask you to join them, while they see you so idly, silly, gorgeously attired. Let them see that you are industrious, economical, with habits that secure health and strength, that you would be willing to begin at the beginning in life with the man you would consent to marry; then marriage becomes the rule, and not, as now, the exception.—*Dr. Dio Lewis.*

A Vacant Profession.

There is an astonishing anomaly in this age of close competition—a vacant profession. What makes it the more remarkable is the fact that there is also a large class of unemployed persons, preeminently fitted by nature to fill it, who are hungering and thirsting for work. They are standing on the border of this industrial Canaan, some in comparative idleness and absolute discontent, others in hopeless struggle against want and temptation.

We speak of the profession of nursing, which offers a field for thousands of women who have "nothing to do," and for thousands more who are working at the greatest possible disadvantage.

It is quite unnecessary to discuss the peculiar fitness of women for such work. They have proved it. Whenever it has fallen to their lot to minister to the sick of their own households, they have succeeded, in spite of ignorance and lack of training, to an extent which points plainly to a professional career. If womanly tact and intuition can accomplish so much by the aid of "arb tea" and other "old wives' fables," what might it not do by the aid of a little more learning and a constantly growing experience?

There is a demand for trained and experienced nurses, and the demand could easily and profitably be increased by being fed.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

[For The American Union.]

LINES

Written on the death of Mark Edward, son of John R. and Ann Wright, aged 5 years and 2 months, who was killed by a cart-wheel May 9th, 1871.

BY D. R. W.

Dark and cloudy was the day
When Eddie left for school;
But he, before the sunset, lay
A lifeless corpse so cool.

A shaft from Death had struck him down,
Before he reached his home;
His brother took him in his arms,
And called his father come.

From evils thou hast been removed
To brighter scenes on high—
By father, mother much beloved,
Who now are left to sigh.

Farewell, dear Eddie. Though you're gone
Through grace we'll follow thee,
And when with earth we shall be done
We hope thy face to see.

Thy merry laugh we seem to hear,
Although we see thee not;
We'll suffer on in pain and care,
And hope to share thy lot.

Heaven is still brighter now,
As thou art there to live;
While to the afflicting stroke we bow,
And to God's glory live.

Wait for us, Eddie, on the shore
Of everlasting bliss,
For soon we'll sing forevermore
With thee where Jesus is.

A Sensible Resolve.

"Did you ever hear, sir, how it was that Edwards, the mason, gave up drinking?" said a workman to my father, one day, when he was talking to him about the evils of intemperance.

"No," said my father, "how was it?"

"Well, one day Edwards was drinking in a public house, when the landlord's wife came to call her husband to dinner.

"What's for dinner?" said the man.

"Roast goose," replied his wife.

"Is there apple-sauce?" he asked.

"No," she answered.

"Well, go and make some; I won't eat goose without apple-sauce."

When the woman had left the room to prepare this delicacy, Edwards was so impressed by the scene that he had witnessed that, for the first time in his life, he began to think what a fool he had been.

"Here's this man," said he to himself, "can't eat his dinner of roast goose without apple-sauce, while my poor wife and children at home are glad to get a herring for their dinners, and very often can't have even that. Whose money, I should like to know, goes to provide this fellow's good things? Mine, and that of other poor fools like me. Well, what's done can't be undone. It's no use crying over spilt milk, but that fellow shan't dine off roast goose again at my expense. So he paid his reckoning, and walked out of that public house never to enter it again."

The same thing is going on in thousands of public houses all over the country—the landlord and his wife and children feasting on the best of everything, and the poor tipsy men who pay for it having scarcely enough to keep themselves and familes from starving.

City Girls.

The girls of the principal cities in this country are noted as follows:

Baltimore, the handsomest.
Boston, the most intellectual.
New York, the gayest and most expensive in dress.
Washington, the most airy and superficial.
Philadelphia, the most refined and ladylike.
Chicago, fastest and most dissipated.
Toledo, the biggest feet.
St. Louis, the most reckless.
New Orleans, the most traveled.
Cincinnatti, the greatest flirts.
Louisville, the proudest.
Detroit, the wildest.
Cleveland, the most graceful and entertaining in conversation.
San Francisco, the most indifferent.
Richmond, most anxious to be loved.
Mobile, the most liberal entertainers.
Hartford, the best musicians.
Buffalo, the dullest.
Rochester, the longest hair.
The girls in the country for making the best wives.

Agriculture in Great Britain.

In 1869 there were 36,100,153 acres of land under cultivation in the United Kingdom of Great Britain. During 1860, the number was increased to 46,177, 370 acres, distributed as follows: In England, Scotland and Wales, 30,407,579 acres; Ireland, 15,652,578; and in the channel islands, 116,213 acres. There were 11,755,053 acres devoted to corn crops, including beans and peas, of which 9,548,041 were in England, Scotland and Wales; 2,173,109 in Ireland, and 33,903 in the islands. The amount of land devoted to wheat in England, Scotland and Wales was about 200,000 less than in 1869, which represented an estimated diminution of 700,000 quarters in the home supply. At the end of the year, the total number of each kind of live stock in the United Kingdom was: Horses, about 2,580,000, of which England, Scotland and Wales possessed about 2,050,000, and Ireland, 530,000; cattle, 9,235,000, of which 5,403,000 were in England, Scotland, Wales, and 3,796,000 in Ireland; sheep, 32,786,000, of which the number in England, Scotland, and Wales, was, was 28,397,000, and in Ireland 4,333,000; and pigs 3,650,000. During the year, there was an increase of 159,000 in the number of cattle.

A Western Lawyer's Plea Against the Fact.

Gentlemen of the Jury:—The Scripture saith, "Thou shalt not kill;" now if you hang my client, you transgress the command as slick as gre[ased lightning] as plump as a goose-egg in a loafe[r's hand]. Gentlemen, murder is murder, wh[en] committed by twelve jurymen, or by an individual like my client. Genth[emen,] I do not deny the fact of my clien[t] having killed a man, but is that any reason why you should do so? No such thing, gentlemen; you may bring the prisoner in "guilty," the hangman may do his duty, but will that exonerate you? No such thing. In that case you will all be murderers.—Who among you is prepared for the brand of Cain to be stamped upon his brow today? Who, freemen, who in this land of liberty and light? Gentlemen, I will pledge my word, not one of you has a bowie-knife or a pistol in his pocket. No, gentlemen, your pockets are odoriferous with the perfumes of cigar-cases and tobacco. You can smoke the tobacco of rectitude in the pipe of a peaceful conscience; but hang my unfortunate client, and the scaly alligators of remorse will gallop thro' the internal principles of animal viscera until the spinal vertebræ of your anatomical construction is turned into a railroad for the grim and gory goblins of despair.—Gentlemen, beware of committing murder! Beware, I say, of meddling with the eternal prerogative! Gentlemen, I adjure you by the manumitted ghost of temporal sanctity to do no murder! I adjure you by the name of woman, the main-spring of the tickling time-piece of time's theoretical transmigration, to do no murder! I adjure you by the love you have for the esculent and condimental gusto of our native pumpkin to do no murder! I adjure you by the stars set in the flying ensign of your emancipated country to do no murder! I adjure you by the American Eagle that whipped the universal game-cock of creation and now sits roosting on the magnetic telegraph of time's illustrious transmigration to do no murder! And lastly, gentlemen, if you ever expect free dogs not to bark at you; if you ever expect to wear store-made coats; if you ever expect to wear boots made of free hide of the Rocky Mountain buffalo, and to sum up all, if you ever expect to be anything but a set of sneaking, loafing, rascally, cut-throated, braided small ends of humanity, whittled down into indistinctibility, acquit my client and save your country!

The prisoner was acquitted.

What to Do.—Labor is ennobling, and man is invigorated and elevated by work. No one can heartily address himself to it without being blest in his deed. Let a man step out of doors early in the morning saying, "Here am I, able and willing to work; show me whatever is to be done, and I will take that part of it which suits me best, and do it with all my might," and he compels general respect. But if he says, "Here am I, needy and famishing, with a wife and children looking vainly to me for bread: I am willing to take a place in the Custom House, a clerkship in a city dry goods store, an appointment on the Police, or even a situation on a newspaper," the multitude will not conceal their disgust. For he, being in need, should consider not what he would prefer, but what he can get, and take hold of it with frank alacrity. His way to finding out what he would like lies through doing cheerfully whatever he can get.—*Tribune.*

Early Frugality.—In early childhood you lay the foundation of poverty or riches in the habits of your children. Teach them to save everything—not for their own use, for that would make them selfish—but for some use. Teach them to share everything with their playmates, but never allow them to destroy anything. I once visited a family where the most exact economy was observed; yet nothing was mean or uncomcomfortable. It is the character of true economy to be as comfortable on a little, as others can be with much. In this family, when the father brought home a package, the older children would, of their accord, put away the paper and twine neatly instead of throwing them in the fire, or tearing them to pieces. If the little ones wanted a piece of twine to play scratch-cradle, or spin a top, there it was in readiness; and when they threw it upon the floor, the elder children had no need to be told to put it again in its place.

A curious and beautiful effect was produced by one of the ice-making machines built lately in Philadelphia. This was a cake of manufactured ice, in the center of which, completely enclosed by the translucent material, was a bouquet of fresh flowers. Every leaf and flower was perfectly visible, while the brilliancy of the colors was enchanced by the refraction through the ice. This specimen of summer entombed in winter was produced by the Carre ammonia process, a French invention under which these machines are operated.

The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul. There is a satirical poem, in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and fitting his bait to the taste and business of his prey; but the idler, he said, gave him no trouble, as he bit at the naked hook!

—Whatever Midas touched turned into gold. In these days touch a man with gold and he'll turn into anything.

FACETIÆ.

—A relative beauty—a pretty cousin.

—A Clerical Error—The want of a(c)curacy.

—Josh Billings says codfish is as good as an umbrella to keep one dry.

—It is suggested that the first piece of music performed by Adam must have been "warblings at Eve."

—People who are always fishing for compliments do not need long lines. They will get their best bites in shallow water.

—"Husband, I must have some change to-day." "Well, stay at home and take care of the children; that will be change enough."

—A gentleman who has been struck by a young lady's beauty has determined to follow the injunction and "kiss the rod that smote him."

—A smart boy was asked by his father what business he would follow. "The marble business, and I want ten cents to buy a stock."

—A young lady went into a music store and asked the clerk if he had "Loving Eyes," (the song). He replied, "I'm told so by the girls."

—The pitiable plea of the defendant in a breach of promise case in Iowa is that he "was in earnest about marrying that girl until he got that rheumatism."

—A city missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "because I have preached so much without notes."

—"Do you like novels?" asked Miss Fitzgerald of her backwoods lover. "I can't say," he replied, "I never ate any; but I tell you I'm death on possum."

—The French style of betting is quite novel. If the lady loses, she gives the gentleman what she chooses; if the gentleman loses, he gives her whatever she asks for.

—"For whom are you concerned?" asked a judge of a witty lawyer. "I am *concerned* for the defendant, may it please your honnor, but I am *retained* by the plaintiff," was the reply.

—"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you hollerin' for when I am going by?" "Humph," returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I am hollerin'?"

—A child three years old, who had seen parched corn, but not the trees in bloom, came in one day in early summer with her eyes as round as buttons, and said, 'O, mamma, pop corn all over the pear trees!'

—"Mary, dear, are you not well? Why don't you come down stairs?" "Oh don't bother me, ma. I've got one eyebrow blacker than the other, and I can't find a pencil, and it won't wash off, and I don't know what to do at all!"

—A very excellent lady sought to instruct her grandchild in relation to the provident care of heaven. "Who gives you your daily bread?" asked she.

"Dod!" replied the child; "but Uncle Peter puts the butter and sugar on!"

—A boy at Des Moines, Iowa, was recently excused from school to attend a funeral; but the truant officer found him soon after witnessing a game of base-ball, and asked why he did not go to the funeral. With the utmost coolness the boy replied: "I went down to the house to attend it but the man isn't dead yet."

A traveller, being in a coffee-house with some gentlemen, was largely drawing on the credulity of the company. "Where did you say all these wonders happened, sir?" asked a gentleman present. "I can't exactly say," replied the traveller, "but somewhere in Europe—Russia, I think."—"I should rather think It-a-ly," returned the other."

—A lady, walking down town, saw a little boy pinching his younger brother, who was crying bitterly. "Why, my boy," said she to the young tormentor, "don't you know you're doing very wrong? What would you do if you should kill your little brother?" "Why," he replied, "of course I should put on my new black pants and go to the funeral."

—The other day one of the "High Joints," as the Commissioners are irreverently called by the Washington *Capitol*, said to a pretty girl, "Where are all your handsome men? The ladies are all very well, but 'pon my soul, you know, I haven't seen a handsome man since I've been here." "Ah," said the young lady sweetly, "but you have handsome men in England, I presume?" "Oh, yes, of course, plenty of them!" "Then, why," she asked, "did not the Queen send one here?"

"Does the Doctor Know It?"—In a Western village a charming, well preserved widow had been courted and won by a physician. She had children; among them a crippled boy, who had been petted and, if not spoiled, certainly allowed great, "freedom of debate." The wedding day was approaching, and it was time the children should know they were to have a new father. Calling the crippled boy the [illegible] said:

"George, I am going to do something before long that I would like to talk [illegible] with you."

"I am intending to marry Dr. Jon[illegible] a few days, and—"

"Bully for you, Ma! Does Dr. Jo[illegible] know it?"

Ma caught her breath, but failed to [illegible]ate a response.

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