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TO A BABY.

Well dear little mortal,
Set down on life's portal,
With never a question of choice of will;
Small pilgrims, set out
On a journey of doubt,
With your shrine at the top of a troublesome hill,
Look about with those eyes
Full of sweet, grave surprise,
And say what you think of the world, now you're in it?
Is it best worth your while
To meet life with a smile?
Or a frown, that you ever were forced to begin it?
Ah, "Life" is the name
Of a curious game!
And whether we smile, child, or whether we frown,
We must each play in turn,
Though we scarcely may learn
The rules of the game till the cards are thrown down;
'Tis a queer hurry-skurry,
Full of bother and worry,
For each player comes in with some trick of his own;
But the secret of winning
Lies all in beginning.
So be sure you are right, child, then—"Play it alone!"

A Child Shall Lead Them.

"For what are you watching, Clara?" asked a young man, sitting down on the step at the feet of a young lady, who had been standing there in silence.

"Only to see my ship come in," she said, "laden with treasure from my castles in Spain. It is overdue, you see, having been expected for some years, and I am naturally anxious."

He bent forward and took her pretty hands. "Dear Clara," he said, "believe that it has come, with me for pilot and master, and my heart's great love for cargo. It shall make you richer than your dreams. Say that you will have it."

The girl sat quite still for some minutes, still looking out over the wide bay. Then she laid her hand on the young man's head in a maternally caressing sort of way. "Dear Dick," she said, "you are twenty-two, and I am nineteen. You have two thousand dollars a year as clerk, and I have a very few clothes and some dozens of books that have been given to me. Besides that dowry, I should bring you three persons incapable yet of helping themselves, whom I am pledged to help from this night on. Do you believe there ever was a love which could stand the fret and jar and worry of such a future as you ask at my hands? It would mean drudgery, mean slaving for bread and clothes, premature age and listlessness, and the wearing out of affection. And if you fancy that you care so much for me as to be unterrified by such a prospect, do you suppose that I am selfish enough to let you incur the burden? You have a good mind, dear Dick, and this magnificent world begs you to know something of it. If you remain a counting-house clerk all your days, at least it shall not be my fault. I am going away the moment a situation opens. And until the other girls have finished school, I shall have no future apart from them and mother."

"But, Clara, I shall be advanced soon; and I should despise myself if I could take their strong support from your mother and sisters, and not offer them one in return. Of course I desired to have them with us. Five persons can be very comfortable in a small house on two thousand dollars."

"Oh, Dick, don't you know that I hate small ways, and that I have never been 'comfortable,' as you call it, since papa died? To-night I wanted you to see me in my graduation dress, and I had to change it because I could not afford to expose a trumpery shilling muslin to the damp. It must remain my best gown for half a dozen summers, perhaps. Oh, how I detest these stiff prints, and shapeless shoes, and flimsy ribbons, and all other subterfuges of genteel poverty! If you marry a family, Dick, your wife will wear black alpaca o' Sundays to the end of the chapter, and I'm so tired of black alpaca. I'll go forth into the world and conquer a black silk instead."

"But will you wait for me, Clara? You ought to have diamonds and velvets and all possible splendors, my queen. And you shall. Only say that you will take them at my hands, and I shall not count it hard to wait and work. Promise, dear."

"No, Dick dear. I am awfully worldy-wise for a girl of nineteen. There is a Becky Sharp in me, I do believe, to be developed under fostering circumstance. I want the diamonds and the velvets, but I don't want you to shut your young life in to their attainment. You can do better. No, I will not even promise not to marry some rich man. I can bring him what is an even exchange—gentle breeding and culture and good looks. I don't like hard work, I don't like pinching even as a filial duty, and I can't tell how long I shall hold out."

"Oh, Clara, if you loved me you could not talk so! You would wait, as Rachel waited for Jacob."

"Yes, to have you take some tender-eyed Leah meantime I suppose. And there is no hint that Rachel could have done better. Jacob was thrifty, and the other young men, if there were any, didn't have larger flocks and herds. Besides, what were fourteen years in that uneventful, vegetating age? Fourteen days are longer now, with their opportunities of growth and action. I want to see the world's fine society. I want to look on every sod, or pavement, or building of this globe, which genius or heroism has made memorable. I want to study art. I want to be felt as a power in the world—I, an ignorant provincial without a sixpence. If it will be any comfort to you, I am willing to tell you, Richard, that I fancy myself in love with you to-day, and here. But what do we, boy and girl who have grown up together, know about that matter even? In one little year of absence you may have far outgrown me, with my worldliness and pettiness, and found the sweet madonna whom Heaven meant for you. In one little year I may have proved that all the tendencies of my undisciplined nature lead away from you, and toward some middle-aged sage. My father's and mother's was a school-boy romance of first love, and they were wretched even before poverty came. Perhaps I never shall marry. Certainly I will not until I have lived a little of my individual life."

"And where and how is this individual life to be lived, Clara?"

"I wish I knew. Mr. Stone, dear good master that he is, has been trying to find work for me. Ah, here he comes, with news, I hope. Good-evening, sir. You have letters. You need not mind speaking before Richard. I have been telling him my plans, or want of them."

The benignant master smiled kindly on the young couple, whose story he fancied that he read. "Very well, then," he said. "But you must both be prepared for a present total absence of 'Richard' from all schemes of a career, Clara, I have two situations to offer you: the first is that of teacher at the old Maple Ridge boarding-school, at a salary of six hundred dollars the first year."

"And the other?"

"The other is a sort of superintendency in the house of Furlong & Foot, in New Babylon. Furlong was a chum of mine, a good fellow, in college, and I wrote him about you. If you go there, you begin with a thousand dollars and fixed hours of work—from eight to six. Your evenings, therefore, will be your own, with a midsummer vacation of a fortnight."

"And you think I could give satisfaction?"

"I have no doubt of it. You understand book-keeping pretty thoroughly. You write French and German readily enough for business necessities. You will soon rise. But, Clara, you must remember that a female clerk in New Babylon is indistinguishable from a saleswoman to the eye of fashion, which tabooes both. That fine society for which you long will have none of you; whereas, as a teacher, you may be allowed to pitch your tent upon its outskirts, and sometimes cross its shining fields."

"But I will make it desire me," said the girl, with her eyes shining. "I will begin as clerk, and I will end with a *salon*. I know I should hate the petty life of a boarding-school, and I have not patience for stupidity and emptiness, as you have, dear old master. Thank you. I will go to-morrow, and in a year you shall see that I lead."

At the end of her first year Clara Wells was cashier and confidential clerk of the great retail house of Furlong & Foot. She had studied its affairs with constant diligence. The artistic eye which she inherited from her father was offended by the incongruous arrangement of the crowded shop. She suggested changes here and there, massing of colors, managing of background, altering of lights. People began to come to see this extraordinary bazaar. The partners, much interested, consulted her judgment. She advised the introduction of certain new departments, at that time unheard of in their line of trade. They hesitated, but consented. Fashionable ladies were delighted, and profits proved large. The house saw that this ingenious brain should be used in the direction of affairs, and promoted her again and again. She had conquered her black silk long ago; she had put more money in the family purse than she had dared to hope; she had discovered, with satisfaction, that she had a first-rate business head; and still all that she longed for seemed afar off. Furlong & Foot's confidential clerk had no part in the social circle whose representatives daily brushed idly by her solitary desk than the porter who carried their parcels. Yet these were women no better bred than she, much less well taught, seldom so handsome, and not half so useful. She was not in the least morbid about a lack of recognition. Hitherto, she said to herself, there had been nothing in her to recognize. At five minutes to eight every morning she had opened the little gate of her high pen and become a calculating machine, an animated manual of profit and loss, a tradesman's guide. At five minutes past six she had closed the little gate, and reappeared as a very tired and dull young woman who must give some time and thought and handiwork to her clothes, write letters home, study at least the markets and the general news of the journals in her determination to comprehend her business in its fullest scope, who must practice enough to make her music a serviceable tool in society, and read a good book now and then for her hungry mind's sake. What was there left of her, body or brain, which any sane mortal would desire?

But now she could afford to hire her sewing, to delegate certain routine work, to occupy a new territory on her map of life. She had met by accident a well-known journalist—a lady of literary reputation and established social rank. By her she had been kindly invited to her weekly receptions. "It is the first step," she thought, with beating heart. "I will go."

Plainly this was a door not barred with gold nor opened but to golden keys. The spacious rooms were filled with men and women whose names were honored—authors, artists, actors, journalists, men of science, famous travelers. She had never heard such talking. The atmosphere became electric. She felt that she, too, could talk. Her eyes shone; her color rose. The most apropos little speeches seemed to make themselves with her voice. She was not only beautiful, but brilliant. Her *debut* was certainly a success.

When her second year was half done, Mr. Furlong offered her a Christmas gift of his hand, heart and fortune. This grave, handsome, elderly bachelor had treated her from the first with a fine courtesy and respect. She liked him thoroughly. "Poor Dick," she sighed, softly, to herself. "It is far better so for him also." So she wrote him a sisterly letter of farewell; and in three weeks Mr. and Mrs. Furlong sailed for Europe.

Four enchanted years had Clara Furlong in the Old World, ripening under prosperous sunshine into a sumptuous womanhood, and returning to make her drawing-room in New Babylon a genuine *salon*. She sometimes smiled to herself at thinking how vast her old ambitions had seemed to her, how easily she had compassed them, and how smaller than pin-points they had become. And sometimes she vaguely wondered whether life with Dick would have involved deeper experiences and larger vision. But one day she ceased to smile and wonder, for, with one swift turn of Fortune's whirling wheel, her husband was a bankrupt and a paralytic.

* * * * * * * *

The crowded cars seemed to seethe and blister in the scorching summer sun. Dust filtered through the closed blinds, and the cinder-laden air burned instead of cooling. Two little curly-headed babies of two years old and four, fidgeted and murmured on their flaming plush-covered sofa. The lady with them, talked to them, diverted them, with an unwearied ingenuity and patience. But when the train ran into the great junction station of Deerfield, she rose with a deep sigh of relief. "Now, little ones," she said, "mamma can get you some nice cool milk. Robby, sit very still, and take care of Dicky, and watch to see mamma come through that door with both hands full of things for her brave little men."

Robby sat bolt-upright, a large sense of responsibility looking out of his steadfast eyes. Dicky cuddled up to his protector, serenely confident of future bliss. Trains ran in and out, screeching like demons. Men on the platforms rushed and shouted as if the world's work were to be finished in the five minutes' pause of the Limited Express. The warning bell rang. The wheels began slowly turning. Four blue eyes were still fixed upon the door, through which no mamma came. As the train glided out into the daylight a new passenger caught sight of the waiting children.

"Whose boys are you?" he asked, eagerly, slipping into the empty seat.

"Mamma's," said Robby.

"And who is mamma, dear?"

"Mamma is— Mamma says we is not to talk to peoples. She said she'd come froo that door with bofe hands full, and we is so 'tarved!" added poor Robby, obedient but wretched.

"Good heavens! she must have been left at Deerfield!" exclaimed their new friend. "Conductor, where can I telegraph back to Deerfield that these children are in safe hands?"

"Not till you reach West Chatham—6.30. Probably the lady will take the 5.20. Better dispatch to Jones, conductor, also."

"Now, Robby, see here. It's going to take mamma a long time to find what she wanted, and she would like to have you stay with me till she comes back. And in my bag I think there are some great big sweet oranges. Your papa's name was Mr. Furlong, was it not?"

"Yes; he died ten, seven, two months ago. Mamma was sorry. Is dose velly big olanges? 'Cause Dicky's hungry; he's so little, and it's so hot."

"We'll see. Here's one. And did you ever hear about the crocodile that lived in an orange grove, and couldn't pick one because he was so short, and didn't have any stilts? Well, I'll tell you."

That morning Mr. Richard Ware had felt sure that business required him in Lowell before dark. But now he found ample time to take his captives to the best hotel of Chatham, put them tenderly to bed, and return to the station on the chance of finding their distracted mother. When she stepped on the platform he thought how superbly handsome she had grown, but he only said, "They are sound asleep, Mrs. Furlong, and they've been as jolly as wood-sawyers, I assure you. But as you won't believe me till you've seen them, a carriage is waiting for you."

"Oh, Richard," she said, "I think I died a thousand deaths before I got your dispatch. How good, how good, you were! How few men would have noticed two little unknown waifs!"

"Probably I shouldn't, if I hadn't known your little urchins at a glance. They are startlingly like you, Clara; and though the children of Alice call Bertram father, they are like no other children in the world to me, notwithstanding."

"You are very good, Richard."

"On the contrary, I am very depraved. I have been pumping those innocent babies with the most ingenious persistency, abusing their new-born confidence in me in an absolutely shamelesss way; and translating their dialect into English as well as I can, and filling up certain gaps in their narrative with my own preternatural acuteness of inference, I discover that you have been working yourself half to death to take care of them, that you are about to consign them to your mother, and break your heart about them, in order that you may be freer to complete your own suicide under the name of earning your bread, and that you told me the blackest sort of fib when you answered my offer of help, after Mr. Furlong's death, with the declaration that you didn't need any thing."

"Richard, could I take your money when—"

"When you didn't take me? Certainly, and of course. You didn't need me, and you did need that. As I told you then, I have more than I shall ever use, and, as I tell you now, no other woman will ever have any claim upon it. Your small men are in this room, and I'll wait outside for you. Oh, don't apologize. That is what I have been doing for the last ten or fifteen years, you know."

Presently Clara opened the door. "Robby is awake, and calling for Uncle Dick," she said.

"What is it, Robby?"

"Couldn't you live with me and Dicky and mamma, and tell me about crockendyles evely day?"

"I should like it of all things, Robby, if mamma will let me. I've asked her several times already."

"Oh, please, mamma, let Uncle Dicky come! He knows such nice crockendyles and fings. Please let him, mamma!"

"'A little child shall lead them,'" said Uncle Dicky, under his breath.

"Richard," said Clara, "eight years ago I was a selfish, ambitious schemer, utterly unfit for you. Now, at least, I can appreciate your worth, but—"

"Robby," said Uncle Dick, "when an alliance is desirable between two great powers, and conditions are difficult to settle, an envoy extraordinary is commissioned to facilitate an agreement. And I think, on the whole, you are the most successful ambassador I ever heard of."

The Story of Garibaldi.

A characteristic anecdote of Garibaldi is related in a "Life" of that General, recently published. One evening in 1861 he was met by a Sardinian shepherd, who was lamenting the loss of one of his lambs. Garibaldi at once proposed to his staff that the mountains should be explored for the little vagrant, but after an unavailing search the soldiers retired to rest. Not so the General, however. For the next morning Garibaldi, who was accustomed always to be the first man awake in the camp, was found by his attendant in bed and fast asleep. On being aroused he opened his eyes in some alarm, and instantly inquired whether the rest of the house were awake or not. He was relieved on receiving an answer in the negative, and stretching his arm under the counterpane of the bed, he brought to light a tiny lamb, which he handed to his friend, urging him to take it with all speed and without being observed to the disconsolate shepherd. The friend had just time to remark that by the side of the bed was a saucer, in the bottom of which remained a few drops of milk.

European Agricultural Prospects.

*Mr. James Caird writes to the London *Times* as follows: "The agricultural returns of Great Britain show a small increase in wheat and barley and a decrease in oats. The acreage of wheat has increased 50,000. Estimating Ireland at a slight increase, the total acreage of wheat in the United Kingdom is 3,400,000. The new crop is fully up to the average and better than for some years. It will yield 11,500,000 quarters, leaving 13,000,000 quarters to be drawn from abroad. The French wheat crop is believed to be below the average, and the French will be buyers instead of sellers. The present prices will probably be maintained, or perhaps be slightly increased, but there will be no scarcity. The potato crop will be about the same in extent as last year's. There is less disease than for several years past at the same period. Young cattle have increased 40,500 and lambs 263,000.

—The effect of a balloon-descent was tried on a camp-meeting near Cincinnati lately. The balloon came sailing down in the middle of prayer, but it broke up the meeting. As the aeronaut had ballast left, some of the people wanted him to give an ascension exhibition; but the expostulations of the preacher to please not turn the camp-meeting into a circus prevailed.

—In Wyoming Territory a deputy sheriff and party following the trail of highway robbers, were found dead in a ravine. They had been murdered by the robbers.

AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.

THE WAR IN BOSNIA—AUSTRIA'S DIFFICULTIES IN HER CONQUEST OF TERRITORY.

In the capital of Austria, an Empire of thirty-five millions of people, they indulged recently in great rejoicings over a victory gained against the insurgent Bosnians at Serajevo; and the Bosnians are a group of people of so little account in the eyes of Europe that when they were handed over to Austria at Berlin by a mere stroke of the pen it was not deemed worth while to tell the Turkish representatives that the Congress intended to give them away absolutely to His Majesty at Vienna. But in the same breath in which they rejoiced over this victory the Austrian government prepared the mobilization of five army corps and named the commanders. If a decisive victory has been gained it might scarcely be thought necessary to take steps for putting in the field so large a force. Indeed, this force could scarcely be called for if Bosnia was in such a condition that the government expected to be compelled to hold it like a conquered country for a year to come. But some days since it was hinted that at the first evidence that the Servian government was implicated in the present resistance to Austria an Austrian force would move into that country, and now it is reported that Austrian officials have come upon proofs at Serajevo that both Montenegro and Servia have given such aid to their neighbors as amounts to a violation of their obligations toward a nation with which they are at peace. Can it be, then, that a portion of the force that is apparently to be mobilized is to be sent to take care of the Servians? An Austrian invasion of Servia would be a new complication in the course of events in Europe, and would scarcely be regarded with indifference by Russia. But it does not yet appear that Austria is absolutely done with the first resistance. Bosnia was always a troublesome possession to the Sultan, and it is not likely to be less troublesome to its new owners. In the first place the people are a hardy, warlike race. They constituted the best soldiers of the Sultan in the days when his soldiers were invincible, and the feudal system exists in all its vigor there yet, and thus gives the local lords an organized control of all means of resistance. In part of Bosnia an insurrection defied the Ottoman Power for two years when that Power had the sympathy and assistance of all the Moslem elements in the population; but Austria has no such sympathy and of course no assistance. She is hated and resisted by the Moslems because she is Christian and hated by the Christians because she is Austria; and all are agreed to resist her. But if she finds herself so far in control of the Bosnian trouble that she ventures to invade Servia there may be some intimations from Russia that such a course was not contemplated at Berlin and is not to be indulged on suspicion. Any communication of that nature would furnish a point of new interest for European diplomacy generally.

While several Powers are prepared to come in to limit the operations of Austria no Power that is able is disposed to help her out of her trouble, either diplomatically or militarily, and in some countries there is open rejoicing over her difficulties. She has become the cat's-paw of the settlement made against Russia as much as against England, and if Austria is hurt, or a new war is made against Turkey, Russia will shed no tears. But Austria's greatest trouble in the case will come when she has to settle with the wrath of Hungary for her attempted accession of territory against the will of that people. Germany has within a few days threatened the Sultan, Austria is at loggerheads with him, and he is even threatened with such a fearful visitation as an ultimatum from Athens. None of these Powers will make war, for Germany is under heavy bonds to keep the peace and dare not stir; Greece only means to bully and fume, and Austria has her hands full. In view of all these facts the Padishah may smoke his pipe and laugh at the efforts of Austria in the mountains, sure that if Austria keeps its threat to strike at Servia the Russian bear will object, and that those who have torn his dominions asunder will yet fight one another in the long delayed quarrel over the spoils.—*Herald.*

A Paradise for Help.

Australia is the servant-girl's paradise. A lady in Melbourne, who had advertised for domestic aid, received a call from a pretty maid, with unexceptionable references, a pleasing manner, and a willing disposition. The lady was charmed, and engaged her at once. "But I have always had a whole day's leave of absence every fortnight," the young girl remarked, pausing on the threshold, "and an evening a week besides." "You shall not be deprived of them," was the encouraging reply. "And this is a very lonely place, ma'am," the girl rejoined, "and I could not come home by myself. Would the master mind coming for me?" The lady hesitated a moment, but as a good girl is not to be picked up every day, she finally consented; and when her husband returned she informed him that he would have to refuse all invitations for two nights in one week and one in the other in order to go after the new help.

FARM AND GARDEN.

ORCHARD AND NURSERY.

Fall Planting.—Other things being equal, the better condition of the soil the greater comfort in working, insuring better planting, and the less pressing character of other work are all in favor of fall planting. Besides these, the trees having become established in the soil, start much earlier in spring, and are thus better prepared to resist the summer drouths than those set in spring. In far northern localities, in which there is but a brief period between the time when trees can be taken up, and the setting in of winter, spring planting is preferable, but where there are some weeks of autumn weather, it is better to plant all but the stone fruits in autumn. *In autumn planting it is well to make a* mound of earth around the base of each tree, from 10 to 15 inches above the general level. This serves to keep water from settling at the roots, and protects them from frost, helps to keep away mice, and serves as a stay or support for the tree in a much better manner than staking. The earlier trees are planted, after they have completed their growth and ripened the wood, the better.

Stripping the Leaves from nursery trees is regarded by many as improper, but if done at the right time there is no objection to it. When the leaves have done their work they are of no further use to the tree, and will fall in a heavy storm or with the first frost, and no more injury will result from stripping them off by hand than if they were left to be removed by natural agents, provided it be done when they are fully mature and prepared to fall. Stripping, properly done, allows the trees to be set out some weeks earlier than otherwise, in the fall. If left on, the trees would be difficult to pack; there would be danger of heating in the package, and if the tree were planted with the leaves on, they would carry on an evaporation that would greatly injure if it did not kill it. Windfalls should not be wasted; they may be used for vinegar, for drying, or be fed to the pigs. Those who have large orchards find it profitable to provide a hand-press to treat windfalls as they occur, long before the general pressing, and materially increase the amount of vinegar.

Propagating.—Budding may be continued so long as the stocks are in growing condition; cut the ties of those buds that have taken. Collect peach and plum stones, and keep in sand until sown.

THE FRUIT GARDEN.

Strawberries.—Keep the beds entirely free from weeds, and remove all runners not needed.

Blackberries and Raspberries push their growth so early in spring, that fall planting is especially desirable for them. If they have not been already shortened, do it now. If it is desired to propagate Black caps, and other varieties that root from the tips, branches should be left uncut for the purpose; while they often take root without help, it is well to make sure by placing earth on the ends of the canes, to hold them in place.

Currants and Gooseberries may be pruned when the leaves have fallen, or will drop at a slight touch. Cuttings of this year's growth should be set at that time; make them four to six inches long, and set four inches apart in rows, with one bud above the surface. Cuttings this month, or early next, will usually be well rooted by winter.

Grapes.—In gathering, use scissors made for the purpose, which hold the bunch after it is severed, and avoid the necessity of handling, which, by removing the bloom, greatly injures their appearance and consequently the sale. Gather in trays or shallow boxes and keep in cool, airy room for a few days, until the skin toughens somewhat.

Pears need careful watching that they may be picked as soon as they mature; with some varieties, a delay of a few days will cause loss by decay at the core. Whenever the stem of the fruit parts readily from the branch, the pear should be picked, no matter how hard, and ripened in the house. Select specimens are sent to market in shallow boxes holding but a single layer, each pear wrapped in white or colored tissue paper. Pruning to bring the tree into proper shape may be done now.—*Agriculturist for September.*

Iron and Steel.

The secretary of the Bristol (England) Iron Trade Association, in his recent annual report, estimates the pig-iron productions of the world, in 1876, to have been 13,847,213 tons, of which Great Britain produced 6,555,997 tons; United States, 2,093,236 tons; France, 1,439,536 tons; Germany, 1,862,000 tons; Belgium, 440,958 tons; Russia, 397,500 tons; Sweden, 339,486 tons; Austria, 480,000 tons; and other countries 238,500 tons.

There are at present fifteen works in Great Britain, producing steel by the Siemens and Siemens-Martin processes, employing 90 open-hearth processes and about 500 crucibles. The capacity of the former is equal to 250,000 tons per annum, and that of the crucibles to 20,000. The production of open-hearth steel in Great Britain during 1877 reached 137,000 tons.

—Life is a pendulum swinging between a smile and a tear.

TWO ROBBERS.

When Death from some fair face
Is stealing life away,
All weep, save she, the grace
That earth shall lose to-day.

When Time from some fair face
Steals beauty, year by year,
For her slow fading grace
Who sheds, save she, a tear?

And Death not often dares
To wake the world's distress;
While Time, the cunning, mars
Surely all loveliness.

Yet though by breath and breath
Makes all our fairest prime,
Men shrink from cruel Death,
But honor crafty Time.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—How to get ahead—Steal into a cabbage-patch.

—The man who loved the watch dog's honest bark was not a tramp.

—Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

—One bell serves a parish, and one helpful hand serves many a cause.

—Knowledge and timber should not be much used until they are seasoned.

—Motives are like harlequins; there is always a second dress beneath the first.

—To be in a passion is to punish one's self for the faults and impertinences of another.

—Kind words are better than gold, and the voice of a friend has saved many a man from ruin.

—How immensely would our conversation be abridged if all mankind would speak only the truth.

—Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all; and him least who is indifferent to all.

—The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.

—False friendship is like the parasitic moss which feeds on the life of the tree which it pretends to adorn.

—Abuse is the penalty levied on the bond of praise, and can be rendered effective only when noticed.

—The label upon a bottle of ague remedy, requesting the patient to shake well before using, is superfluous.

—The fat girl of Iowa, who weighed six hundred pounds, is dead. It used to be her regretful boast that she never sat on a man's knee in all her born days.

—Sharks are numerous along the Atlantic coast just now, says the Detroit *Free Press*, and it is really appalling to see the wild struggles of an old maid as a lobster reaches out for her heel.

—When placed under a microscope the sting of a bee presents a polish of dazzling beauty, but when placed in the end of a man's nose it takes on the semblance of a rat-tail file dipped in vitrol.

—A writer has aptly remarked: "Take a company of boys chasing butterflies, put long-tailed coats on the boys, and turn the butterflies into dollars, and you have a fine panorama of the world."

—"I sigh for one glance of your rye," warbled an impecunious fellow as he wandered into a leading saloon a few days ago. He got but a "glance," his range of vision being suddenly transferred to the outer air.

—The *Breakfast Table* publishes the startling information that there are no reserved seats in heaven. Most people would banish all uneasiness on that account if they could only make sure of obtaining standing room.

—A Milwaukee girl's pet dog was sunstruck. She had a tent built over the sufferer and ice-bags placed about his poor head, but her stern father came home and ordered hydropathic treatment in a bag from the bridge.

—"What is the national air of this country?" asked a foreigner in Washington. "That is the national lair," replied a native, pointing to the Capitol, "but the animals are all out in the jungle just now, chasing voters."

—A love-smitten youth closed his letter with, "I send you ten thousand kisses, darling." If "darling" has had any experience in such matters, she knows that one kiss on the lips is sweeter than ten thousand on paper.

—Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul
And change to purpose strong;
But he who lets his feelings run
In soft, luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done
And faints at every woe.

—One of the end men of a newly organized minstrel troupe applied at one of our book stores yesterday for a comic almanac fifty years old. He explained that the troupe wanted to study up a stock of jokes a little fresher than those used by the minstrels now on the road. That troop should be encouraged.

—How doth the busy fly
Improve each day that passes;
Without, however, bettering
The butter and molasses.
How clinging are his feet
At morn when we're reposing,
How well his mission he fulfills
By keeping us from dozing!

—An M. D. who lately opened an office was favored by a visit from his young wife. Wishing to start an interesting subject for conversation, he said: "My dear, how many people do you suppose pass by my office in the course of an hour?" "I should judge they all passed by," nonchalantly exclaimed the wife.

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