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The Cambridge Era.
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*THE VAQUERO.**

Oh, who is so free as a gallant *vaquero?*
With his beauty of bronze 'neath his shady *sombrero;*
He smiles at his love, and he laughs at his fate,
For he knows he is lord of a noble estate;
The prairie's his own, and he mocks at the great,
"Ho-ho! Hai! Ho-ho!
Head 'em off! Turn 'em back!
Keep 'em up to the track!
Ho-hillo! Ho-hillo!
Cric—crac!"

Oh, Donna Luisa is proud as she's fair;
But she parted last night with a lock of her hair,
And under the stars she roams, seeking for rest;
While she thinks of the stranger that came from the west,
And Juan bears something wrapped up in his breast—
"Ho-ho! Hai! Ho-ho!
Head 'em off! Turn 'em back!
Keep 'em up to the track!
Ho-hillo! Ho-hillo!
Cric—crac!"

His proudest possessions are prettily placed
His love at his heart and his life at his waist.
And if in a quarrel he happen to fall,
Why, the prairie's his grave and his *poncho*† his pall,
And Donna Luisa—gets over it all!
"Ho-ho! Hai! Ho-ho!
Head 'em off! Turn 'em back!
Keep 'em up to the track
Ho-hillo! Ho-hillo!
Cric—crac!"

The Padre may preach, and the Notary frown,
But the *poblanas*‡ smile as he rides through the town;
And the Padre, he knows, likes a kiss on the sly,
And the Notary oft has a "drop in his eye,"
But all that he does is to love and to die—
"Ho-ho! Hai! Ho-ho!
Head 'em off! Turn 'em back!
Keep 'em up to the track!
Ho-hillo! Ho-hillo!
Cric—crac!"

* A California cattle-driver. Furnished with revolver, lasso and long-lashed whip, these adventurous gentry conduct the half-wild cattle of the plains over miles of their surface, and, with their gay sashes, high boots, gilded and belled spurs and dark, broad hats (*sombreros*) present a very picturesque appearance. † Cloak. ‡ Peasant girls.

—*Frank Desprez, in Temple Bar.*

The Half-Timer.

"Pottering done here with a spring-cart." This was painted on a little sign-board fastened to the side of her father's house. He "pottered," did small jobs in moving goods and furniture with his spring-cart and a poor old horse. And now, the horse was dead and the cart broken—run into by an omnibus on Market street in busy Manchester. Mary's father brought home a piece of the shaft. The police had taken away the rest, and that was the end of the pottering business. She was sitting in her mother's dismal chamber, just before it happened, and leaning out of the window she looked into the street. She looked up at the sky, but there was nothing to be seen, for the little two-story house stood under a huge brick arch that sprang over house, street and all, and landed on the opposite side-walk, and made a brick sky over her head. The street itself seemed half lost in the bottom of a well, for a great mill rose high over the arch, and threw its black shadow over the whole place. Another arch sprang over the next row of houses, and on top of these the engines and cars flew along every few minutes high over the tops of the chimneys.

Just as she looked out, she saw her father enter the little place with the piece of broken shaft in his hand. The children playing on the sidewalks laughed at him and tried to catch the piece of broken harness that trailed along the ground behind the poor old man. Mary knew in a moment what it all meant. Something had happened to the spring-cart and the horse. They could never buy another cart, and as for a horse it was quite out of the question, and that was the end of the pottering business. The horse had brought them nearly twenty shillings a week (about five dollars in our money), and on that they three, Mary and her father and mother, had contrived to live.

And the horse was dead. She heard her father say so as he entered the house. She looked up at the brick sky and wondered what would become of them now. But the sky only dripped black drops of water, that fell with a splash in a pool in the street. A train rolled over the top of the sky, and it seemed to thunder.

Suddenly a bell began to ring high up in the air, somewhere above the brick sky. Mary looked to the left and saw a man open a gate in a fence that stretched across the street just beyond the arch-way. Then a number of women, dressed in long white aprons and with small red shawls tied over their heads, came up the street and passed under the arch and entered the gate. Mary knew they were the spinners in the mill, and she at once slipped down from her seat, and with soft footsteps stole down stairs and out of doors. She crossed the street and then stood under the brick archway near the gate. Presently a woman approached, and stepping up to her, Mary said, boldly:

"Do 'e want me in your mill?"

The woman stopped and looked at the child. A small, thin-faced creature, with bare arms and feet, clothed in a black woolen frock, much worn, and far too small for her. Pale, blue eyes, yellow hair, a small mouth, and with an anxious and frightened expression on her face.

"What be yer name, lass?"

"Mary. My father lives yon—he potters—but the horse is dead. I'm 'most ten."

"Sure?"

"Yes. Ten come Michaelmas."

"Does your father know?"

"No. I haven't asked him. He'll be willin'; for the horse is dead and the cart is broken."

"Come on. One o' my lasses is sick. Ye can scavanger for her, and then I'll see yore folks."

"What'll 'e give me?"

"Two-and-sixpence the week."

In silence the child took the woman's hand, and they both entered the gate. The man standing there looked at Mary sharply, but the woman said it was all right, and then they came to a strange place that seemed like a pit sunk in the ground.

The woman led the way past the rows of shining machines quite to the end of the room, near the windows. Mary glanced out of one window and found that she was at the top of the mill, and high above the railway that sprang over the top of her house under the arches. Beyond she could see whole rows of chimneys, and here and there a mill towering far above the houses and streets. She looked about the room and saw a number of men and women standing as if waiting for something, and with them she saw a number of boys and girls very like herself. There was little time to notice them, for the woman put a bundle of greasy rags in her hand, and bade her wipe the dust from the machinery. A long iron frame, higher than her head, stretched from side to side of the room. On the front of the frame stood a row of iron spindles, each wound with a white thread that stretched backward to a wooden spool on top of the frame.

"Now mind yourself; it's going to start."

Suddenly, with a loud roar, the whole row of spindles began to spin swiftly round, and at the same time they rolled quite away from her.

"Now 'er 'll come back!" shouted the woman in Mary's ear.

Then the great frame, spindles and all, rolled forward again. Mary thought it would crush her against the wall, and she started back in alarm.

"Follow 'er! Follow 'er!" screamed the woman. By this Mary understood that she was to keep with the machinery, walking after it as it rolled back, and stepping backward as it advanced again. Forward and backward, forward and backward rolled the machinery, and Mary followed it, and wiping the dust and lint from the shining steel at every step. The woman also walked forward and backward, watching the threads, and patiently knotting them together with a twist of her fingers as fast as they happened to break.

With bare feet Mary pattered over the stone floor, carefully stepping over the iron tracks where the wheels of the machinery rolled backward and forward, and steadily wiping away the dust that continually settled on the machinery. She looked up and down the room, and saw two little boys and three mites of girls, just like herself, all marching forward and back with the men and women, and keeping pace with the busy machinery. The room became very warm and close. The perspiration dropped from her chin, and trickled down her bare arms. And the noise. It was dreadful! How could she ever do this all day long, and every day, in the long, long weeks. Then she remembered the broken cart, and she stepped out the quicker to keep up with the roaring machinery.

Some one touched her shoulder, and turning round she found a small boy walking beside her. He had a stone pitcher in his hand, and he stepped backward and forward beside her, and keeping clear of the machinery as it ran in and out.

"Have some?"

Mary gladly took the pitcher in her wet and blackened hands, and retreated to the wall and took a long drink of the water, for she was very warm and thirsty.

"Thank 'ee."

The boy took the pitcher, and then shouted in her ear:

"You're too young. The 'spector will be lookin' for 'ee."

"The 'spector?"

"Yes. He's the perlice. Oh! There! He's yon now."

The boy walked quickly away, and Mary gave one terrified glance round the room. At the door stood a gentleman with a cane in his hand. She knew he couldn't be one of the work-people, for he had a silk hat and his hands were clean. He must be the inspector. With a beating heart she went back to her work, and began to pace backward and forward after the rolling machinery. She looked at the woman mending the threads, and wished she could speak to her. She would tell about the broken cart and the poor horse. Some one touched her arm. She was startled, and for an instant stood still; but the machinery came against her, and she was obliged to spring backward to escape it. It was the woman, and before Mary could speak, she said:

"He's wantin' ye. Go yonder, and mind what ye say to him."

Hardly knowing what to do or say, Mary stepped into the aisle and went toward the inspector with trembling steps. He took her hand, and led her away out into the round tower. Closing the door to keep out the noise, he said:

"You are not ten years old?"

"No, sir. I'm ten come Michaelmas."

"But the government does not allow little girls to work in the mills before they are ten."

"Oh, sir!" burst out Mary, beginning to cry, "the horse is dead—and I had to—father—he can't potter now."

"Don't cry! I'm not going to hurt you. I'm the inspector, and the government sends me to look after children like you. Do you know what the law is?"

"No, sir; I never seen one."

"The gentleman smiled, and began to stroke her damp, yellow hair.

"Well, the law says that you must not go to work in the mills till you are ten."

"Yes sir. I'll be ten very soon."

"And even then you can work only half the time—a half-timer, you know. You can come at six in the morning and work till half past eight. Then they must give you half an hour for breakfast. At nine you can begin again, and work till one. Then you must go to school in the afternoon at two o'clock, and stay till half past four."

"But I must work all day," said Mary, "for the horse is dead."

"But the government does not allow it."

Mary paused a moment, and then said:

"Who's the government?"

"Why—the Queen."

"Oh! The Queen. I've heard o' her."

"And on Saturday the work must stop at twelve. Then the next week you must go to school in the morning and come to the mill in the afternoon at two o'clock and stay till half past five. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir. I'll be a half-timer."

"Yes. You'll be a little half-timer girl. See, here's a bit of paper with all this printed on it, and you can show it to your father."

"And may I go back and work in the mill now? The horse is dead, you know, sir."

"It is against the law, but as your birthday is so near, I will excuse it. See! Here's sixpence to take to Mother."

Mary looked up with wide-open eyes, and with the back of her grimy hand she brushed away the tears to see the clearer. Sixpence from a policeman! And he wouldn't take her away to jail! What a good and handsome man he was! She paused and looked earnestly in his face, and then said, slowly:

"Did you ever see yon Queen?"

"Yes; once."

"And did she tell 'ee to say this to half-timer lasses like me?"

"The inspector hesitated a moment, and then he said:

"Yes. She sent me to look after the little ones in the Manchester mills."

"She be good,—bean't she?" said Mary. Then, after a little pause, she added that she "must ha' known the cart was broke and the horse was dead; you see, yon woman's going to give me half-a-crown, and that's half the rent. Oh! may n't I go back now?"

The inspector smiled and put a piece of paper in her hand. She took it, and opening the door went back once more into the roaring mill, confident that the good Queen was looking after her welfare, and would save her from more work than her young limbs could bear. Half a day, only! She could do that. She had thought it was to be all day, and had thought she could certainly never do so much, even if she never earned anything.

Months and months have passed away, and Mary still works in the great mill at Manchester. Soon she will be fourteen, and a big girl, and then, the inspector says, she can become a "full-timer;" and in place of the poor little half-a-crown, she will have seven or eight shillings a week. How much that will seem to the family in the little brick house under the railway arch!—*St. Nicholas.*

A Professional Beggar's Tricks.

A fellow was discharged from the Hartford jail on Saturday who gave an interesting exhibition of his skill as a contortionist and sham cripple.

Taking off his coat he doubled one arm close up to the shoulder then put on his coat, and he had all the appearance of a man who had lost one of his arms; nothing less than an actual examination could have detected the trick. A twist of the arm and it came up part way to the shoulder, every joint of the wrist and fingers being out of place, and giving the hand a shocking appearance. A jerk of the leg, and it appeared turned almost around and considerably bent; another wriggle, and he had a deformed shoulder. Thus fixed he started around the room, twisting himself along, a figure that would excite the sympathy of any kind-hearted person.

He could distort his face, turn up his eyes in a way to look like a helpless affliction of those organs and make that part of his body correspond to the shocking figure described. He told those present how he had imposed upon the charitable. One lady had actually fed him with bread and milk from a spoon, supposing he could not raise his crippled arm to his mouth, and sent him off with nine dollars in his pocket as her contribution to his deplorable condition. A railroad conductor, taking compassion on him, passed him free for nearly two hundred miles, and at the end of the route gave him one dollar.

Ivan of Russia.

When Peter III. ascended the throne he had the curiosity, disguised and accompanied by one or two other persons, to visit Ivan. The visit was made in great secresy. The captive's condition had been altered for the better a short time before, and the visitors found him sitting in a cell, simply, but cleanly dressed. The Czar asked him who he was; he answered:

"I am Czar Ivan VI."

And when he inquired how he knew that, he said his parents had told him and when he spoke of his parents tears streamed from his eyes. In all his long years of degradation and misery he had not forgotten them. He also said that he remembered that when he was with them one of their keepers, named Korf, was very kind, and did all in his power to make them happy. On hearing this, Korf, who was one of the visitors, was obliged to retire lest his emotion should betray him. The result of this visit was to increase the comforts of the poor captive.

But when, a few months after, Peter III. was deposed and killed, and the Czarina Catherine II. reigned in his place, she became uneasy about Ivan, and a plot was formed to compass his death. In the same chamber where Ivan was confined were two officers, who had orders to kill him should an attempt be made to effect his release. Such an attempt was made, to which it is supposed the Czarina was privy.

On the 4th of July, 1764, an officer and fifty soldiers forcibly entered the fortress, and making their way to the chamber of Ivan, demanded his release, at the same time trying to batter down the door. Hearing the tumult, the two officers inside immediately drew their swords and fell furiously upon the helpless prisoner. Ivan fought for life with all the energy of despair; at first he implored for mercy, then, though unarmed, he struggled fiercely. He attempted to seize the sword of one of his assailants, and though wounded and his poor hands dreadfully cut, succeeded, and broke it in two pieces across his knee; but while doing this, the second stabbed him through the back from behind, when he fell and was quickly dispatched.

Foreign Ship Builders.

The United States House Committee on Commerce heard additional arguments on the bill proposing to amend the navigation laws so as to authorize the issuance of American registers to foreign-built ships purchased by American citizens, being addressed by ex-Representative John Lynch, of Maine, and Representative Ward, of Pennsylvania. The latter, in the course of his remarks, said that it was understood that Glasgow was, perhaps, the greatest rival of the United States in iron shipbuilding, and he desired to call the attention of the Committee to the relative rates of wages paid by Glasgow shipbuilders and those paid by shipbuilders in the United States, so that it might be seen with whom we have to compete in the matter of wages. According to a table prepared in 1872, in Wilmington, Del., and other shipyards, and in Massachusetts, the wages to ship carpenters ran from $16 to $21 a week, and the relative proportions were still kept up. In Glasgow the wages of that class of workmen were from $8 71 to $10 16 a week. In Delaware and Massachusetts blacksmiths from $13 to $14 67 a week, while in Glasgow the wages are from $8 71 to $9 43 a week. Boiler makers in Delaware and Massachusetts from $12 to $13 50 a week; in Glasgow from $7 26 to $8 71 a week. Laborers in Wilmington and Massachusetts from $7 50 to $10 67; in Glasgow from $4 30 to $5 57. The average pay of the classes of workmen mentioned is in Glasgow 25s., or $6 53 in gold in our currency. Mr. Ward also read from the document to show that home, as known to American mechanics, was unknown to mechanics in Glasgow, twenty or thirty families there, in some instances, living in one tenement house. Certainly, he said, this committee would do nothing that would tend to reduce our mechanics to a similar condition, and he expressed the hope that the committee would see that it was best for the interests of the country that the bill should be laid aside and not be held up as a disturbing element.

Boots in Melodrama.

A strolling troupe announced "La Tour de Nesle" for their last performance. An overflow resulted. The actors were in high spirits, and full of fun. Mlle. Schneider, discovering an old pair of russet boots behind the scenes, put them, by way of a joke, into the hands of *Buridan* as he was going on the stage. Accepting of the awkward handful, he placed the boots on a table on the stage and quietly went through his part; when another actor took possession, and made his exit with one under each arm. In the next act *Marguerite de Bourgogne* entered carrying the mysterious boots and passed them to Gaultier d' Aulney; he turned them over to *Orsmi;* in short, before the curtain fell, the boots, though foreign to the piece, had been borne in succession by every personage. The audience watched for their appearance; while wondering what it all meant, and applauded them to their heart's content. Twelve months afterward, another company set up their bills, and "La Tour de Nesle" attracted everybody to the theatre; but before the first act was over there was symptoms of displeasure, which gradually increased, until the uproar was so great that the curtain fell on a half-played piece; benches were torn up, lights put out, and only the arrival of the Mayor at the head of a troop of soldiers put an end to the tumult. Then the Mayor turned on the poor manager, who protested his inability to understand how the riot came about. "That is all nonsense," returned the Mayor. "Your conduct is disgraceful. You have misled the public and mutilated a masterpiece. Where are the boots?"

A Russian Nihilist.

Of the late Czar Nicholas, "A Russian Nihilist" tells in *The North American Review* a striking story. A young student, a relative of the writer, had with a few friends formed a literary society in which the works of contemporary political economists, publicists and philosophers were read and debated. The secret police denounced this society as a revolutionary organization, and the young student was imprisoned and sent to Siberia. All possible influence was brought to bear upon the Czar, but in vain, and at last the young man's mother, meeting the Czar one day in the Summer Garden, knelt and implored her son's pardon, asserting his innocence. The Czar seemed touched, end promised to give the youth a personal interview. The latter was brought to his Majesty the next day, and the Czar, forcing him to his knees before an image of the Saviour, exclaimed: "Can you swear before the Almighty God that neither you nor your associates had any criminal design against my life? Can you swear that you believe in the holiness and eternity of the Russian autocracy?" The surprised prisoner answered: "I can swear to your majesty that neither I nor any of my friends had the remotest idea against your safety. As to the autocratic form of government, I cannot conscientiously swear that I believe in its eternity. The history of other countries teaches us that the time must come, even in Russia, when the people themselves will take part in its government." The Czar tenderly embraced the student, and, giving him a ring drawn from the Imperial finger, said: "This is a token of respect from your Czar. You have been sincere and truthful to me, and there is nothing I hate so much as a lie." He then approached the table where lay the student's sentence of exile, and with one stroke of the pen—signed the paper! "I pity you from the bottom of my heart," he said; "you are an honest man, and an honest man, true to his convictions, is more dangerous to autocracy than an unprincipled rascal. Therefore, I must punish you, though never was this duty more painful to me than now. God bless you, my son, and judge me mercifully if I should appear to be in the wrong." Then once more embracing the student, he dismissed him to Siberia.

A Mammoth Farm.

A correspondent of the Troy *Times*, traveling in Dakota, writes from Fargo, a town, he says, now only eight years old, containing 6,000 inhabitants, describing the cultivated farm of William Dalrymple, containing an undivided estate of 50,000 acres, extending twelve miles along the fertile bottom lands of a most beautiful river, and then back into the interior eleven miles more, the whole covering an area of over thirty square miles.

Of this, 20,000 acres were last year sown in wheat, which has yielded 250,000 bushels as a reward for the husbandman's toil. The soil of this Red River farm is peculiarly rich, and adapted to the production of just the cereal cultivated. The upper surface is an alluvial deposit of great fertility, under which is a deposit of marl, containing in large quantities the phosphates and silicates needed in the formation of the berry and the stalk of wheat.

Of course it would be impossible to operate such a farm from one headquarters, so the land is apportioned into subdivisions of 2,000 acres each, every one of which is presided over by a superintendent, who is under the direction and orders of the owner. Each chief overseer has a nice house, in most cases handsomely fitted up, and finished, in several instances, in most excellent taste. Near the superintendent's house is the hands' boarding-house, where all the harvesters board. Back of these buildings are located the granaries and stables, and, a little further removed, the machine shops, engine rooms, and windmills. All the buildings follow a plain but quite attractive style of architecture, and answer every purpose intended. Each subdivision has the same set of buildings, and is operated in quite the same way.

To run the farm it requires the services of 450 men and over 300 horses and mules; to keep the accounts, three bookkeepers and two cashiers are kept constantly busy. Water is pumped by windmills several miles back into the interior from the river. Seventy-five reapers and binders are used in the harvest, and pile up yellow sheaves at the rate of 1,000 acres per day. During the entire harvest season last year they were retarded only one half day by inclement weather. The grain is separated from the straw by eighteen steam thrashers, which puts it in the bins at the rate of 1,000 bushels per day.

The Comanche Indians.

An American who has been studying the life, habits and traits of the Comanches, thinks that there are at present from 10,000 to 12,000, of whom about 2,500 are warriors. Wholly nomadic, they have no villages or fixed habitations, but roam and plunder 800 to 900 miles from north to south and 700 from east to west. They own large herds of horses and mules, obtaining horned cattle only for their immediate wants, because they cannot drive these as fast as they want to move. All their animals are procured by robbing the Mexicans and Americans, and all their wars are undertaken more for plunder of this sort than for any other purpose. They never take men prisoners, though they kill and scalp them; but they carry off women and children; make wives of the former, and rear the latter as their own. They have never had any permanent places of abode, as the absence of all mounds or tumuli in the territory they range over clearly proves. They seem to have been born on horseback, where they do all their fighting, and in attacking trains they always endeavor to stampede the animals by cries and war-whoops—a stampede rendering destruction of a train almost certain. If they attack a village, they kill everybody they encounter, and then drive off the stock. The chiefs of these Indians do not inherit their authority, but acquire it by superior knowledge, personal bravery, or success in war. Any social disagreement is adjusted by a council of chiefs and seniors of the lodges; but these disagreements are few, and family feuds are rare. Indeed, they live together more harmoniously than many civilized people do. Of law they have no notion, nor have they any conception of national policy. They never observe treaties any longer than self-interest prompts, in which they resemble most enlightened peoples. Their religious ideas are very crude and indefinite. In an evil spirit they do not believe, but ascribe both good and evil to the good spirit. Their conception of a future life is indistinct; but they hold that men who have stolen the most horses and taken the most scalps will have the best chance of happy hunting-grounds in another world. Fire is sacred with them, and used in all of their religious observances. Ties of kindred are very strong, and extend not only to relatives by blood, but by marriage. Offenses against any member of a family are avenged by all or any one connected with it. They are polygamists, some chiefs having ten or twelve wives. Infidelity on the part of a wife is punished by cutting off the nose, and the seducer is obliged to give up his available property to the injured woman. The husband exercises absolute dominion over the wife, who does all the work while he fights and steals. Going into a fight they divest themselves of everything except breech-cloth and leggins. They call themselves Natini, meaning live, or first alive, people.

Profits of Sugar Orchards.

A comparison of the results of successful manufacturers of maple sugar, by Henry M. Seely, Secretary of the Vermont Board of Agriculture, gives the average amount realized last season—which was an average sugar year—at 4.3 cents per pound, and also presents interesting items on the subject of profits in sugar-making. It is demonstrated that the expense is proportionately less in a large sugar orchard than in a small one; that improved apparatus for sugar-making decreases its cost, and to make its manufacture profitable labor must be economized in all possible ways.

The produce varies with the seasons, as is proven by the different returns of the same orchard and same manufacturer. Orchards will vary in productiveness, and this is also true of trees in the same orchard. Some seasons the snow is deep and extra labor is required to break roads, and on some farms more valuable wood is burned than on others.

L. C. Davis, South Reading, finds that his receipts vary from year to year, not only according to the price of sugar but the quantity manufactured from the same number of trees. For ten years past he has tapped about three hundred trees, which have yielded on an average one thousand pounds of sugar per year. This has obtained as high as fourteen cents and fifteen cents per pound and as low as ten cents. At the last-mentioned price Mr. Davis received a balance of $48 in favor of his sugar orchard of 300 trees. W. O. Brigham, Bakersfield, tapped 450 trees last year, received nine cents per pound for the product, and gained as clear profit $89. A. M. Foster, Cabot, who has made sugar at as low a cost as five cents per pound, regards seven and a half cents a fair average cost at the present prices for labor. He thinks a good sugar orchard pays better than a dairy in proportion to the capital invested.

LOST HIS LIFE.—"Accidents will happen," says the Mooresville, (N. C.,) *Gazette*, after having told how "Jule Davidson escaped from the officers in charge of him, and to escape the mob, climbed a tree, and losing his foothold (the trees were covered with ice that night), fell. The chain with which he was bound caught on a limb, and his body was suspended between earth and heaven, where it was found next morning."

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Oh, let me kiss my baby once,
Once before I die;
And bring it sometimes to my grave
To teach it where I lie.

And tell my husband when he comes
Safe home from sea,
To love the baby that I leave
If ever he loved me

And tell him, not for might or right
Or for sworn marriage vow,
But for the helpless baby's sake,
I would have kissed him now.

—JEAN INGELOW.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—A strapping fellow—the barber.

—A lady describing an ill-natured man, says he never smiles but he feels ashamed of it.

—Should young ladies be good oarsmen because they know how to "feather" their "sculls?"

—"Has sound color?" asks a philosopher. "Oh, yes. Have you never heard of your roan voice?"

—When does the rain become to familiar with a lady? When it begins to patter on her back.

—A new brand of cigars is called "The lottery ticket," because only one in a thousand draws.

—Sleighing item—One of our fashionable tailors has a cutter that costs him fifteen hundred dollars a year.

—"How greedy you are?" said one little girl to another, who had taken the best apple in the dish; "I was going to take that."

—Shovel, brothers, shovel with care,
Shovel if none of your neighbors dare,
Shovel in the teeth of the Nor'westaire,
Shovel in spite of the biting air,
Shovel a path for the passengaire.

—A good soldier, who goes to perform an act of charity, must observe the following orders: 1st—Order alms! 2d—Carry alms! 3d—Present alms!—*Whitehall Times.*

—It is said that the very center of the earth is the only spot where one can be merry all the time, and the reason is that, as science tells us, everything there loses its gravity.

—Said a railroad engineer to an Irishman whose cow had been killed: "But she did'n get out of the way when I rang the bell." "Faith, thin," said Pat, "ye didn't sthop when she rang her bell, naither."

—A divine passing a fashion church, on which a new spire was being erected, was asked how much higher it was to be. "Not much; that congregation don't own very far in that direction."

—Some people can even jest with misfortune, as was evinced last week by a man who, when thrown out of his sleigh into a heap of snow by the roadside, said that he had lost his balance in the bank.

—In struggling to make a dull-brained boy understand what conscience is, a teacher finally asked, "What makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "Father's leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

—Resident gentleman to Town Crier: "What a horrid sound that bell of yours has, Walter; you ought to have one with a better tone." Walter (sarcastically)—"Sir! It's informashin I give the people, nae mewsik!"

—The man who strikes his wife and afterward repents and takes her to his arms again can find but one song in the language with which to express his feelings. It is the one which begins, "Come to my bosom, my own stricken dear."

—The janitor's instructions to his son: "When you meet the first floor, bow and take off your hat; for the second, uncover; for the third, carry your hand to your head; for the fourth, nod; for the attic floor, let the lodger nod first."

—Squire (to old butler)—"Pat, ye old rascal, you've been at the whisky again; I can tell by the smell." Pat—"Arrah, yer honor, if 'twas yerself that didn't know the smell of the whisky so well, it would be the betther for all av us."

—She was trimming the lamps, and just as a wick dropped out of reach her mother heard her exclaim, "O, the Dickens!" "There! there, my child! why will you indulge in such expressions?" Then she fingered for the lost wick and exclaimed: "Why, ma! isn't that a natural suggestion of Pickwick?"

—The *Season* says that the late Dean Richmond once asked a would-be deadhead the grounds of his application for a free pass. "Simply because I don't want to pay." The testy old railroad king at once handed him a pass, and said: "Sir, I respect you. You're the first deadhead that ever told the truth."

—A lady taking tea at a small company, being very fond of hot rolls, was asked to have another. "Really, I cannot," she modestly replied; "I don't know how many I have eaten already." "I do," unexpectedly cried a juvenile upstart, whose mother had allowed him a seat at the table. "You've eaten eight; I've been countin'!"

HIS PAPER.—Dried apples and cord-wood are not taken at par for subscriptions by the Watsonville (Cal.) *Transcript*, which adopts as its motto:

We do not belong to our patrons,
Our paper is wholly our own.
Whoever may like it may take it.
Who don't can just let it alone.

—If "home is where the heart is," what a vagrant is the coquette!

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