Why don't you take the Papers.

Why don't you take the papers,
The life of my delight?
Except about election time
And then I read for spite.

Subscribe, you cannot I see a cent—
Why should you be afraid?
For cash thus paid is money lent
On interest four-fold paid.

Go then, and take the paper,
And pay to-day, nor pray delay,
And my wo ful heart is mine ease,
You'll live till you are gray.

An old newspaper friend of mine,
While dying with a cough,
Desired to hear the latest news,
While he was going off.

I took the paper and I read
Of people in fortune,
He bought a box—and is he dead?
No!—hearty as a horse.

I saw a printer's debtor once,
Racked with a scorching fever,
Who swore to pay his debt next day,
If ther distress would leave her.

Next morning she was at her work,
Divested of all pain,
But she forgot to pay her debt,
Till taken down again.

'Here Jesse, take these silver wheels,
And pay the printer now!'
She slept, and slept and then awoke,
With health upon her brow.

I knew two men, as much alike
As e'er you see two stumps,
And no phrenologist could find
A difference in their bumps.

One takes the papers, and his life
Is happier than a king's,
His children all can read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down, broke his crown,
And killed him, "very good."

Had he been reading of the news
At home, like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
Would not have happened him.

For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bills when due,
Can live in peace with God and man,
And with the printer too.

The Man with a Good Natured Wife.

Once upon a time there was a man whose name was Gudbrand; he had a farm which lay far, far away upon a hill-side, and so they called him Gudbrand on the Hill-side.

Now you must know this man and his good wife lived so happily together, and understood one another so well, that all the husband did the wife thought so well done there was nothing like it in the world, and she was always glad whatever he turned his hand to. The farm was their own land, and they had a hundred dollars lying at the bottom of their chest, and two cows tethered up in a stall in their farm-yard.

One day his wife said to Gudbrand—

"Do you know, dear, I think we ought to take one of our cows into town and sell it, that's what I think, for then we shall have some money in hand, and such well-to do people as we ought to have ready money like the rest of the world. As for the hundred dollars at the bottom of the chest yonder, we can't make a hole in them, and I am sure I don't know what we want with more than one cow. Besides, we shall gain a little in another way, for then I shall get off with only looking after one cow, instead of having, as now, to feed, litter and water two."

Well. Gudbrand thought the wife talked right good sense, so he set off at once with the cow on his way to town to sell her, but when he got to town, there was no one who would buy his cow.

"Well! well! never mind," said Gudbrand, "at the worst I can only go back home again with my cow. I've both stable and tether for her, I should think, and the road is no farther out than in," and with that he began to toddle home with his cow.

But when he had gone a bit of the way, a man met him who had a horse to sell, so Gudbrand thought 'twas better to have a horse than a cow, so he swopped with the man. A little farther on he met a man walking along driving a fat pig before him, and he thought it better to have a fat pig than a horse, so he swopped with the man. After that he went a little farther, and a man met him with a goat, so he thought it better to have a goat than a pig, and he swopped with the man that owned the goat. Then he went on a good bit till he met a man who had a sheep, and he swopped with him too, for he thought it always better to have a sheep than a goat. After a while he met a man with a goose, and he swopped away the sheep for the goose, and when he had walked a long, long time, he met a man with a cock, and he swopped with him, for he thought in this wise, 'Tis surely better to have a cock than a goose. Then he went on till the day was far spent, and he began to get very hungary, so he sold the cock for a shilling, and bought food with the money, for thought Gudbrand on the Hill-side, "'Tis always better to save one's life than to have a cock."

After that he went on home until he reached his nearest neighbor's house, where he turned in.

"Well," said the owner of the house, "how did things go with you in town?"

"Rather so so," said Gudbrand, "I can't praise my luck, nor do I blame it either," and with that he told the whole story from first to last.

"Ah!" said his friend, "you'll get nice-

ly cained over the coals, that one can see when you get home to your wife. Heaven help you—I wouldn't stand in your shoes for something."

"Well!" said Gudbrand on the Hill-side, "I think things might have gone much worse with me, but now, whether I have done wrong or not, I have so kind a good wife, she never has a word to say against anything that I do."

"Oh!" answered his neighbor, "I hear what you say, but don't believe it for all that."

"Shall we lay a bet upon it?" asked Gudbrand on the Hill-side. "I have a hundred dollars at the bottom of my chest at home; will you lay as many against them?"

Yes! the friend was ready to bet; so Gudbrand said there till evening, when it began to get dark, and then they went together to his house, and the neighbor was to stand outside the door and listen, while the man went in to see his wife.

"Good evening!" said Gudbrand on the Hill-side.

"Good evening!" said the good wife—"Oh! is that you? now God be praised."

"Yes! it was he. So the wife asked how things had gone with him in town?

"Oh! only so so," answered Gudbrand; "not much to brag of. When I got to the town there was no one who would buy the cow, so you must know I swopped it away for a horse."

"For a horse!" said the wife; "well, that is good of you, thanks with all my heart. We are so well to do that we may drive to church, just as well as other people, and if we choose to keep a horse we have a right to get one, I should think. So run out, child, and put up the horse."

"Ah!" said Gudbrand, "but you see I've not got the horse after all, for when I got a bit farther on the road, I swopped it away for a pig."

"Think of that now!" said the wife, "you did just as I should have done myself, a thou and thanks! Now I can have a bit of bacon in the house to set before people when they come to see me, that I can.—What do we want with a horse? People would only say we had got so proud that we couldn't walk to church. Go out, child, and put up the pig in the stye."

"But I've not got the pig either, said Gudbrand, for when I got a little farther on, I swopped it away for a milch goat."

"Bless us!" cried his wife, how well you manage everything! Now I think it over, what should we do with a pig? People would only point at us and say, 'Yonder they eat up all they have got.' No! now I have got a goat, and I shall have milk and cheese, and keep the goat too. Run out, child, and put up the goat."

"Nay but I haven't got the goat either, said Gudbrand, for when I had gone a little farther on I swopped it away, and got a fine sheep instead."

"You don't say so!" cried his wife, "why you do everything to please me, just as if I had been with you, what do we want with a goat? If I had it I should lose half my time in climbing by the hills to get it down. No! if I have a sheep, I shall have both wool and clothing, and fresh meat in the house. Run out, child, and put up the sheep."

"But I haven't got the sheep any more than the rest," said Gudbrand, "for when I had gone a bit farther, I swopped it away for a goose."

"Thank you! thank you! with all my heart," cried his wife, "what should I do with a sheep? I have no spinning-wheel, nor carding-comb, nor should I care to worry myself with cutting and shaping, and sewing clothes. We can buy clothes now as we have always done, and now I shall have roast goose, which I have longed for so often, and, besides, down to stuff my pillow with. Run out, child, and put up the goose."

"Ah!" said Gudbrand, "but I haven't the goose either; for when I had gone a bit farther I swopped it away for a cock."

"Dear me!" cried his wife, "how you think of everything! just as I should have done myself. A cock! think of that! why it's as good as an eight-day clock, for every morning the cock crows at four o'clock, and we shall be able to stir our stumps in good time. What should we do with a goose? I don't know how to cook it, and as for my pillow, I can stuff it with cotton-grass. Run out, child, and put up the cock."

"But after all, I haven't got the cock, said Gudbrand; for when I had gone a bit farther, I got as hungry as a hunter, so I was forced to sell the cock for a shilling for fear I should starve."

"Now, God be praised that you did so! cried his wife, whatever you do, you do it always just after my heart. What should we do with the cock? We are our own masters, I should think, and we can be abed in the morning as long as we like.—Heaven be thanked that I have got you safe back again, you who do everything so well that I want neither cock nor goose; neither pigs nor kine.

Then Gudbrand opened the door and said—

"Well, what do you say now? Have I won the hundred dollars?' and his neighbor was forced to allow that he had.

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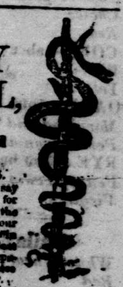
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